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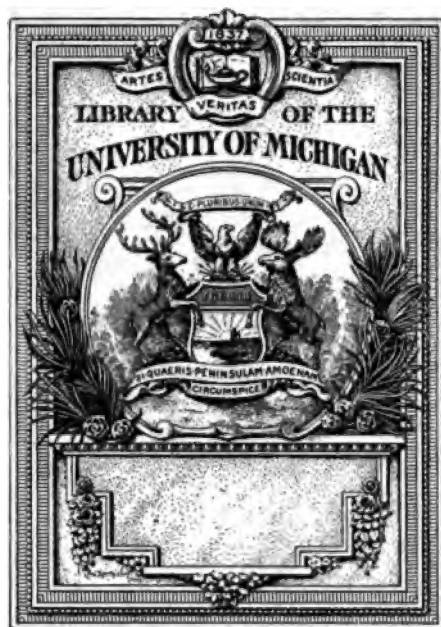
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OF

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IN ITS

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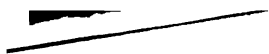
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Meliora.

ART. I.—CONTINENTAL CHARITIES.

1. *Six Months Among the Charities of Europe.* By John de Liefde. Two vols. London: Strahan. 1865.
2. *Penitentiaries and Reformatories.* (Odds and Ends. No. 6.) Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.
3. *The Quarterly Review.* October, 1860. Article II., 'Deaconesses.'
4. *The Fortnightly Review.* December 1, 1865. Article VII., 'The Condition of our State Hospitals.'

ENGLAND owes much to its insularity. Much of our manliness, independence, sociality, even adventure spring from it. Some may call it narrowness, as Frenchmen do; but no strength of character is possible without it. It is a mistake, however, to assume, with M. Cousin and others, that geographical limits and physical formation account for everything, although we would give his theory great scope as far as our own isles are concerned. Certain elements of character that Frenchmen call insular, were peculiar to the Teutonic races that have made Britain what it is, long before they landed upon our shores. They are qualities of race, as much as any features can be; but have, no doubt, been heightened by the character of the country itself. Our commerce could scarcely have grown to be what it is but for a certain sharpness of boundary between us and other people. What our vessels convey to all parts of the world would, doubtless, have been supplied by other nations had they geographically intervened, and our relations would have been more confined to the people in our immediate proximity. Hence, as it has been said, the sea, which seemed to disjoin us from all the world, has proved to be our ring of marriage with all nations. And yet Dr. Arnold wrote, thirty-six years ago, that 'if we were

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not physically a very active people, our disunion from the continent would make us pretty nearly as bad as the Chinese.'

We cannot help our geographical conditions. An elevation of 600 feet of the area of the British Isles and channels, according to Sir H. de la Beche and others, would unite us to the continent of Europe again, and the Thames might once more be a tributary of the Rhine; but we do not know that it is much to be desired. We can get on very well without it, and not be very self-centred either. It is too late now to complain of our insularity, since we have been doing all we can to destroy it. We have loved home with a strong Teutonic affection, but it has made us not sentimentalists, but philosophers. For what is philosophy but 'home-sickness,' as Novalis called it—the wish to be everywhere at home? We have fought with our neighbours and against them; loved them, hated them, and suffered with them. We have learned from them, and they have been taught by us. Our politics have been affected by theirs, theirs by ours; our habits, customs, fashions, and modes of speech even, have been mutually re-active. We have bridged the channel by books, hidden it by newspapers, destroyed it by telegraphs, and, nevertheless, it exists, and we cannot lose our nationality even in the wildest cosmopolitanism. A certain tinge of race colours us still. Our communion has been literary, commercial, political, and social, but it has not been complete. Travels, newspapers, and books have not embraced every relation, or disclosed every *imperium in imperio*. Here and there an individual has seen and narrated with fidelity and skill some small portion of this hidden life, and generous sympathisers have been on either side to cheer and enlighten each other's labour. But there are many problems we have in common, many activities, many glaring wants, social anomalies, and fervid wishes, that the public at large has known very little about. A little pamphlet, a review article, a hastily-written book or two, or a casual allusion in a newspaper, has served to show their existence, and little more. Absorbed in our own schemes, we have been too often forgetful that others were working in the same field, and might warn or encourage, rebuke or sustain us. The poor, the weak, the helpless, the sinful, the despairing, are everywhere; and charity has the same large heart, if it may not have the same fruitful brain and cunning hand. For love lies deeper than race, and faith is stronger than nationality.

In most other avenues of our activity we have profited by our interchanges, but in matters of public charity our knowledge has been small and our profit less. Yet here, surely, we
may

may learn as much as anywhere else. Nearly all the absurd scientific paradoxes of otherwise acute minds, as Professor de Morgan has shown, have arisen from their ignorance of what has been already done and determined on the special subjects taken up, and made possible for the future. 'Only prove to me that it is impossible, and I set about it this very evening,' a sanguine, self-complacent savan once said to him, after he had been lecturing upon the squaring of the circle; and no doubt the silly man kept his word.* Had M. Comte, the 'high priest' of positivism, only thoughtfully considered how the scheme of Pythagoras ended in the 'mummeries of an impotent free-masonry, and the enthusiastic ceremonies of half-witted ascetics,' he would never have elaborated his, in many respects absurd, 'Politique Positive,' although we have been latterly told to regard it as presenting hypotheses, rather than doctrines and an actual organic polity. A comparison of general efforts, past and present, but especially the latter, is as surely necessary to a sound system of charitable organisation and administration, as it is in any other department of human life and labour. The result of such a comparison, if it could be made—and it is possible—would be immensely beneficial. There would be fewer failures and more successes. Peculiarities of climate, crime, and criminal race, must have their determining influences; and it may be found that one country has been blindly labouring on in a certain way, at great expense and anxiety, to effect that which was impossible, unless its own national laws were altered and its special schemes simplified. Another country has met a special form of social or sexual heresy in a plain, thorough, and satisfactory manner, whilst others are floundering about midway between justice and mercy, harshness and imbecility. It is right these things should be known and carefully examined. A pigmy may stand on an Alp, if he only be a pigmy after all, and one may enter into the labours of another if he have neither the wit nor the wisdom to invent and construct for himself. It is only fair that this broad comparison and self-examination should reach to philanthropic studies, as it has reached everything else. As an organ, 'Meliora' has always aimed to act in this spirit, but much yet remains to be done that can be done by no mere analytical or suggestive criticism. A work like the one at the head of our article is a valuable contribution to what one may call comparative sociology, from its special point of view. If some one would give us as much information

* For this special reference see 'Budget of Paradoxes,' No. XXXII. 'Athenæum,' October 14, 1865; but the whole series is interesting.

about other continental charities not expressly Christian, as all described by Mr. de Liefde are, and some other, too, would do the same for North America, we might see at a glance what positions are taken, and what results are attained, in the new crusade against existing civilisation itself.

It is not only a greater extension of the charitable spirit that we want, but better methods of turning it to practical account. Philanthropy, if it is to be successful, must become more scientific, and to be scientific it must first of all be historical, so to speak. Few forms of government, not less than few forms of science, can be expected to have a spontaneous origin. They must grow out of old elements, and profit by old failures and successes. New schemes for social regeneration may be desirable, but they are not to be elaborated in the study of a recluse, or the cell of an anchorite. The best way to be an accomplished physician, or engineer, is not by ignoring the sum of past or present activities, but by mastering them, and putting their methods to such original uses as observation and experience may suggest. Unfortunately, however, in charitable matters we have too much of the developing out of one's moral consciousness. Not that charitable persons have always acted in defiance of this real method of progress, but that it is to be desired that they should understand it better, and act more in accordance with it. Charity, so noble and generous a sentiment, yet requires to be fenced about with laws and proprieties. It is an excellent and powerful force, but it may become a destructive one. It quickens the imagination like a charm, but it may also madden the judgment like a curse. It often begins by denying existing facts, to end by surrounding itself with illusions of its own. It is true we are beginning to get clearer views of the aims and limits of social science, but what a dazzling, erratic, disorderly thing charity is yet. Its ethics, economy, and polity have yet very much to be determined and established. Science affects everything, from cookery upwards, but it has yet scarcely reached charitable regions. We not only fail to understand what is, but are always ready to believe in what is not. A charlatan is safe in trading on charity when every other occupation is gone. New schemes run away with all our logic. They flare across the horizon, and pass away into darkness again, like the comets that wheel above us with such gigantic menace and terrible teaching. They organise, perchance, and everything seems complete for a while; there is no flaw, no weakness anywhere, but they end like the wonderful vehicle constructed on the same principle that Holmes, the American, has told us about, that

‘Went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,
Just as bubbles do when they burst.’

Charities, like metaphysical terms and civilised races, will degenerate. Thus even our State hospitals, usually considered to be models of orderly arrangement and scientific method, are passing through this phase. Instead of homes for the recovery of the sick, they are becoming, as Mr. Hart describes them, ‘the infirmaries of the workhouse.’ He continues, summarising the results of the late Commission:—

‘The infirmaries having grown gradually in size and importance, the system of their present administration presents all kinds of variety. In some the buildings are good; in others they are execrable, and entirely incompatible with the welfare of their inmates; some have a resident officer, others have none; some few have paid nurses; in some the guardians provide the drugs, in others the paid medical officer farms the place himself, providing drugs, attendance, and dispensing for the inmates. There is no uniformity; there is a general meanness of administration; frequent examples of neglect, amounting to extreme cruelty; many instances of gross maladministration; and a prevailing ignorance of the principles on which what are in truth great hospitals should be managed, and of the means by which such establishments may be made to fulfil their functions, and to deserve their name.’

A similar administrative looseness and unscientific method prevail elsewhere. A criminal, at present, is an imperfectly understood being, and the arrangements made for him frequently turn upon wrong principles. He is alternately fondled and punished. He knows society is against him, and yet the moment he passes over into its power he gets only a little more of its previous hardness, severity, and bitterness. He gets pressed into a dull, stupid sort of mechanical betterness by prison life, and the moment he comes out again he meets the old distrust, the old harshness, and the old begrudging charity. Grind him by severity, and you have but concentrated the demon that is in him; bribe him into piety, and you make him a hypocrite, until, were he honest, he would speak like base King Richard:—

‘And thus I clothe my naked villainy,
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.’

The young poor, the depraved vagabonds, the orphan child, the abandoned woman, are all wanting the help that no mere charity can render them. They want to be understood, and then they want help; they must first be made rational before we can expect them to be saints. Pity is good, but as Mr. de Liefde says, ‘Compassion alone does not make an efficient officer in a gaol: * * * to love is one thing, but to be able to teach is another.’ Fine buildings, high patronage, and stir-

ring annual meetings do not create success ; but humble, loving, patient, faithful workers, steadied by the strong calm and the conscious power which flow to them as they work, by the ascertained laws of fact, and not the fleeting figments of fancy, and recognising behind all their endeavours the potential energy of natural law and order, as harmonious expressions of the Divine Being and Will.

We do not regard continental charities as signal examples of what we ought to do, or ought never to have done. We do not think our insularity has so far cramped us as to make an external status the only true one for understanding our position and duty. But it will better us to take it. Egotism, individual or national, is never the mood likely to do us most good. To understand ourselves, it is necessary we should know others, and to better ourselves we should faithfully study others, and bring our comparisons home. There are characteristics we can never engraft, but there are virtues and excellencies we may both acquire and supplement. As a contribution to the historical aspect of charities, Mr. de Liefde's work will help to do much for us. It is simple, unpretending, but solid. He has seen all he writes about with his own eyes. He brings the very institutions he writes about to us, and we can enter into all their details without difficulty or weariness. Perhaps, at times, he is too much influenced by the colouring of annual reports, and sermonises where description would have been more natural ; but the difficulty is to escape such faults, and he has evidently done his best, cheerfully and lovingly. The value of his work would have been much increased had he adopted a broader principle of selection, but its unity and coherence would have been impaired. As an illustration of the mighty power of Christian love, the work is perfect of its kind, but as a glance at European charities it is therefore a little defective. There are several institutions described that are almost identical in their nature, whilst one or two specimens are altogether omitted. It is possible, however, that some of these were included in the twenty-six he visited, although not, from various reasons, included in the fifteen he has described. We miss, for instance, any account of one of the several continental institutions for the treatment of idiots and cretins, and as they are in every way remarkable, and one or two of them are managed by persons of English and American fame, the omission seriously impairs the completeness of the book. It is true he gives an account of the establishments at Laforce, which include one for idiots and incurables, but many will regard this as an insufficient presentment of what is being done for this class upon the continent.

tinent. Still the work is a very valuable one. As recording examples of quiet moral heroism, it is healthy and refreshing; and as depicting an out-of-the-way world, it is novel and readable. It should be in the hands of all managers of public charitable institutions, and subordinate officers may learn from it many a lesson of loving patience and manly struggle that will help them to love their work, and brave their difficulties with newness of energy and life. A book of aphorisms for charitable people would be a most excellent thing; it would help them to be wise when they are often only soft-hearted, and just where they are simply too idle to be anything but alms-givers. It would be useful for those who sustain charitable institutions, as well as those who officer them. But it would seem a hard, cold, formal, exact book, and so full of rebuke to many who give, as Jack Bunting swore, because they know not what else to do, that it would be unpopular and unreadable. Here, however, is a mass of concrete advice, logic, philosophy, ethics, and political economy, and one forgets the irksomeness of the lessons in the pleasant prattle of our Dutch guide, who has gone through so much hard travelling, read so many heavy, voluminous reports, and, surviving all, treats us to sketches and pictures that are sweet, cheering, and idyllic.

Although many of the establishments described by Mr. de Liefde indirectly owe their origin, according to his views, to English sympathy and liberality, they present some curious contrasts with our own institutions. Here, in England, for instance, we move *en masse* in committees, if we want to establish a philanthropic society, and with a *noverint universi* in the shape of a resolution to the effect 'that this society be called' so and so, we have forthwith originated a scheme; money, officers, and other things being mere subordinate matters that may or may not come afterwards. But in most of the cases given by Mr. de Liefde it is otherwise. We have a picture of one man toiling for a project in view, sacrificing position and money, giving up house and home, a wandering beggar like Fliedner, an aged joiner like Wurtz, a persecuted martyr like Fingado, and struggling heroically until his one object was accomplished. And so there are romantic biographies that impart an indescribable charm, and contrasts strangely with our own mostly prosaically-formed institutions. Perhaps, of all, there is none more interesting than that of Philippe Jacob Wurtz, the joiner, of Neuhof, near Strasburg, who founded an establishment there for indigent children. Quaint pictures of Strasburg life come out. His mother was a poor washerwoman, and could only give her son a little,

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simple, rudimentary German education. A knowledge of French was necessary to enable a man to get on, but only German was taught in the schools, and the private teachers who taught French were called 'lantern-preceptors,' because they usually guided themselves to and fro through the dark streets at nights by their own lanterns. But no lantern-preceptor could young Wurtz afford, and so he lived his life, a Frenchman, without ever being able to speak his own country's language. Then came his travelling apprenticeship, and other trials, ending with the founding of his establishment in his eightieth year. Other histories are interesting from another point of view. Here are some people who have 'fought their doubts and gathered strength,' and who, while others have been losing themselves in the intricate mazes of theological controversy and metaphysical doubt, have worked out eloquent testimonies to the strength of Christian love and the heroism of Christian faith. Dr. Fliedner, the founder of the Deaconesses' House at Kaiserwerth, in Rhenish Prussia, imbibed rationalistic ideas at Giessen and Göttingen, but a visit to England changed his mind. 'Here he witnessed a living Christianity abounding in works of love towards the poor, the lost, the prisoner, and the outcast, such as he never saw before. This, which was quite new to him, set him thinking seriously about the source whence numerous streams of disinterested self-denying charity obtained their supply.' Mr. Georgi, too, was a rationalist, as a young man, and a disciple of Kant and Hegel, but found truer illumination in Thomas à Kempis's Imitation of Christ. At the asylum for poor neglected children at Düsseldorf, near Düsseldorf, he carried into action the gentlest but firmest Christianity. When he went, he found sticks and cudgels there that had been used to keep the boys in order, and he had them carried out in solemn procession. 'Ah!' cried one of the boys, 'this fellow thinks he will manage us without a stick.' 'I think I will,' he replied drily. It would have been well for our own asylums and reformatories had they had officers as true and as firm as Mr. Georgi in this respect. Pastor O. G. Heldring, again, went through the same fiery trial of doubt at Utrecht. He became a pantheist, and wandered in the barren regions of the everlasting No. 'It was then,' he says, in a short sketch of his own life, 'that an unspeakable craving for *faith* arose in my soul. I became acquainted with the writings of Jacobi, Hamann, and Claudius, and they convinced me of the preciousness of knowing God through faith.' He became a patriarch to the poor, blessing a Veluwe sand-heath, the result of man's disafforesting, with water for the body,

body, education for the mind, religion for the heart. Then came the Steenbeek Asylum for 'Magdalens,' with its admirable rules and spirit, the Talitha Kûmi, and Bethel, for the details of which the reader must seek the book itself. We have mentioned these incidents because they are remarkable, and really give great interest to the work.

Another feature that will not fail to attract attention, is the literary character of many of these foreign charities. Some have their printing presses, and issue a cheap literature for their own use and that of outsiders; others have their special organs, usually edited by the presiding genius of the establishment, in which its activities and its claims are faithfully and continually presented. This excessively Germanic element comes out strongly in contrast with our own heavy system of dull annual reports. Thus Fliedner's Deaconesses' Institution, at Kaiserwerth, has a monthly publication, cheaply produced on the spot, and called 'The Friend of the Poor and Sick' (*Der Armen und Kranken-Freund*). 'It is ably written,' says Mr. de Liefde, 'and gives full information about the work of the deaconesses in particular, and also regarding the social and religious condition of the people and mission work in general.' Father Zeller, of the School for the Poor, at Beuggen, also published a 'Monthly Journal of Beuggen' (*Monatsblatt von Beuggen*), as a medium of communication between the establishment and the brethren educated there and scattered all over the world. 'Perhaps there never was a periodical published in the German tongue which had such an extensive and beneficial influence upon school and family life. Wherever there is a Christian philanthropic establishment, or a Christian school, or even a Christian family taking interest in philanthropic pursuits in the South of Germany, Zeller's "Monatsblatt" is to be found in the library, in the study, or on the bookshelf of the parlour.' Some very useful and suggestive aphorisms by Zeller, collected from the memories of his own children, the teachers, servants, and pupils, were given in that periodical in 1861. The Deacon House at Duisburg, on the Rhine, has a cheap weekly journal in connection with it, having a circulation of 5,000 copies, and largely contributing to the unity and success of the diaconate. It is called the 'Sunday Paper' (*Sonntagsblatt*), and chiefly deals with the Inner Mission for Rhineland and Westphalia. Every deacon, no matter where he may be, in Europe or America, has it sent to him, and is thus enabled to know how every branch is going on. And if a specially important letter arrives, it is copied with chemical ink, and each brother gets a copy of it at once. The same spirit and power is seen in the 'Correspondenzblatt';

pondenzblatt,' issued by Pastor Bräm, of Neukirchen, of whom we have more to say presently. These publications not only pay their own way, but foster everything that can contribute to the success of their respective institutions, keep up the interest of old servants and inmates, and knit all scattered workers into loving unity and power. The hint they give to us is a useful one, and well deserves consideration. We can scarcely say as much for some of the methods mentioned whereby funds have been procured for some of the institutions. Mr. Spittler's box is certainly a charitable curiosity, and there should have been an engraving of it. Twice has it been disposed of by lottery, and twice has it been given back again to the Beuggen institution; 'and now it is kept,' says Mr. Zeller, 'as a remembrancer till the Lord give us further hints about its destiny.'

If anything could add to the evidence already existing of the permeating power of Christian truth, charity, faith, and teaching, it is the account of these institutions, their rise, progress, sustenance, and success. It even struck the veteran educationalist, Pestalozzi himself, when he visited the school at Beuggen. 'Thus, as Pestalozzi wanted the children, as it were, continuously to bathe in the rivers of creation, Zeller wanted them at the same time to bathe in the ocean of divine truth—the Scriptures. Nor was Pestalozzi opposed to this; he only lacked the requisite simplicity of sight to see how it could be effected. But he saw it realised at Beuggen, and he marvelled at it with joyful surprise. It was in July, 1826, that the patriarch visited Zeller's establishment. Upon entering the house, his way on both sides was lined with a row of children and pupil teachers, who welcomed him with a hymn. Moved to tears, the venerable grey-headed old man walked up the broad flight of stairs to the large school-room, and took his place at the teacher's desk. An oak wreath was presented to him, but he put it on the head of Zeller's little son, saying, in a voice almost stifled with tears, "Not to me! Not to me! This wreath becomes innocence!" He stayed four days at the establishment, and inquired minutely into its organisation, and the spirit in which it was conducted. And what was the impression made upon him? When walking through the house he constantly said to himself, as overwhelmed with surprise, "What a power! What a power!" It is also asserted, that after having seen Zeller's work, he said, "I wish I could begin my labours over again.'"

Some persons may object to the monastic character of most of these institutions, but it is a necessary element of their power. In most there is perfect freedom, and the inmates can leave

leave when they choose ; nay, a dismissal is generally resorted to as a punishment when all other discipline fails. Of course, no criminal reformatories are included in the book, or this statement. It is not an easy idea to fix in popular minds as to what such institutions are. Some good but ignorant people about Strasburg frighten their children into submission by saying they will send them to Neuhoof, but that is extremely unlike either a convent or a prison. English people, however, must regard the name Wichern gave to his brethren as an unfortunate one. They are called *convicts*, not because they have been convicted of any crime, but from the monkish Latin *convivo*, to live together, which really expresses the simplicity, earnestness, and family feeling which characterises all their relations. It is just this family feeling and organisation which constitute the life and soul of such institutions as Wichern's, Father Zeller's School, Pastor Dietrich's Asylum for Discharged Prisoners and Neglected Men, the Neuhoof School, and many others mentioned by Mr. de Liefde. There is nothing like it, so far as we know, in England. Wichern's system is in many respects the best, as it is the most complex. Twelve boys of varying ages form a family, and have a house, garden, &c., of their own. The young ones have older ones near to help them, and the older ones are pleased to see themselves looked up to. Each family elects its own *Friedensknabe*, or Boy of Peace, who is the leader, counsellor, and arbiter of their daily affairs. Over him stands a brother, who is called the House-father, and is one of another family band of 'convicts' who share the same roof. A Candidate of Theology also lives with them, and forms the link connecting the family to Wichern himself. The brothers are as elder brothers to the young family, and a most cordial attachment exists between them. As the children are of all ages, so are they of all trades and characters.

'Each household is characterised by a family spirit peculiar to itself; and this causes a commendable ambition to keep up the family honour and reputation. Nothing is more dreaded by a family than to see one of its members censured for laziness or bad conduct in the weekly report, which is read in the presence of all the inmates of the establishment. So every one of the twelve is taught to feel an interest in maintaining the rules and regulations of his family, however multifarious these may be, and however cumbrous they may seem to be to those who stand outside. Such a thing as clannishness, however, is kept out with might and main, sufficient provision being made for the mingling of the families as one community. At school the children are classed according to their ages and capacities; in the fields and the workshops according to their trades.

trades. The family union there completely disappears ; but no sooner does the bell ring for meals than it is formed again, each one, arranging in military file, marching to its own house, to enjoy for an hour the benefits and comforts of a happy home.' To link this family life with society outside, a system of patronage was formed in 1857, in connection with Wichern's *Rauhe Haus* at Horn. Each family has a patron who belongs to the richer class in Hamburg. He receives a monthly account of its proceedings, and a school report every quarter. Once or twice in the year he entertains them at his own house, and when there is a family festival, he, in turn, becomes their guest. When the child leaves the house, he visits the patron, and tells him his plans and wishes, so that the after results are as beneficial as the current ones.

This family unity is admirably maintained even in religious worship, and has the effect of opening the hearts of both the children and the brethren in a way which no indiscriminate intercourse possibly could do. Confidence, sympathy, and help spring out of it. Corporal chastisement is never heard of, or even necessary. To quote Mr. Spencer's words, as applied by him to the method he has himself sketched out, they receive their punishment 'through the working of things rather than at the hands of individuals ;' * and the result is that the children recognise its justice, and there are no displays of temper, harshness, or severity. If a child will not work, he gets no food, and if he commits a theft, he is left to experience the distrust of his own fellows. The same method is adopted at the agricultural colony at Rijsselt, called the *Netherland Mettray*. Some boys played at marbles instead of working, and when afternoon came for them to continue their labour, marbles were given them that they might play again, with excellent effect. Others fetched tea from the kitchen for an invalid, breaking the rules by so doing, and being fond of drawing, a cup and a saucer were brought for them to copy. They copied them, and when handing them back to the director they said, with downcast eyes, 'Sir, we understand you ; it shall never happen again.' Others robbed an orchard, and no one would speak to them, or shake hands with them for eight days, by a self-concerted arrangement. Before the time was up, the culprits could bear the isolation no longer, and confessed their sin, and craved pardon. 'One of us has a little money,' they said ; 'we will go to the farmer and pay the damage.' Even after the boys are apprenticed, the family feeling and oversight are continued. The results of

* 'Education : Intellectual and Moral.' By Herbert Spencer. p. 126.

all this sympathetic oneness, as far as all the children's institutions are concerned, are marvellous, and the same may be said of a similar spirit amongst the various deacon and deaconesses' institutions upon the continent. It will be well if our kindred establishments can but be imbued with a similar spirit. Separate dwellings may be expensive for a large establishment, but the system can be easily adopted without them. To throw a boy or a girl in amongst a crowd with no organisation resembling or symbolising the family, is a dangerous proceeding, engendering coldness and hardness of heart, and creating that sense of loneliness and dislocation, which, if an analysis of character were faithfully made, would be found to have made crime and vagabondism first possible and then actual in about three-fourths of our juvenile and growing population. Let us strive to be natural first, and then our charity may flower into usefulness, order, and practical success. Otherwise, it will be long before we can point to results that will justify all our enthusiasm and warrant all our expenditure.

We have purposely refrained from dwelling specially upon any one of the establishments described by Mr. de Liefde. The task would be endless; it would be but to reproduce the work itself, and we are more anxious that that should be studied than anything we can say about it, or draw out of it. But we must make one exception in favour of the Society for the Education of Indigent Children, founded by Pastor Bräm, of Neukirchen. It is unique. He seems to have taken the hint for it from the somewhat clumsy system of Poor Law administration once common in Germany. Orphans and foundlings, instead of being decently provided for, as with us, were boarded out in private families, and often sold by auction to the lowest bidder! Thus, in 1849, Ferdinand Fingado, of Lahr-Dinglingen, who founded an orphan house there, bought three girls at an auction for nine florins, that is fifteen shillings each, which sum included feeding, clothing, and education for twelvemonths. Occasionally such children were never thought of afterwards, and became slaves of their owners, begging publicly like wretched poor, and sometimes doing even worse things for their keepers. Pastor Bräm saw that the plan could be, and must be, reformed. He travelled hither and thither, lectured, wrote, and discussed. He felt sure that good families could be found to put children into, but he was laughed at as a dreamer. He tried some experiments in families connected with his own congregation, and with the happiest results. A society was formed, and received the sanction of the Government. It undertook the education of such children as were 'either abandoned only but not neglected,

lected, or neglected but not yet ten years old.' This provision was made to keep the society as much as possible from doing the work of criminal reformatories, which it was never intended to do. A child had to bring certificates as to its health and vaccination, and a small outfit of clothes, and if its parents were living they were not to interfere in its management. A suitable family was selected, and the child was placed in its care, nearly the whole amount of the society's charge for it (£5. 8s.) going to the family; its schooling, medical treatment, and extra clothing being found by the society. Periodical visits were made by the friends of the society, not to control its management, but to assist and encourage in it. 'The Christian family parlour is the best reformatory,' Zeller used to say, but Bräm took care it should be a Christian one. He was very careful in this respect, and especially anxious to be satisfied as to the character of the housewife. 'We have found,' he said, 'that it is better we seek the families than that the families seek us;' and then he adds, they should be 'made willing, not by our persuasion, but by their own conviction.' Various branch societies are now in active operation, and with very cheering results. The following table is the best evidence of the society's worth:—

	1853-4.	1855-6.	1857-8.	1859-60.	1861-2.
A. Total number of Children taken in since the beginning.....	195	215	232	255	288
B. Sent out	50	84	102	128	165
C. Died	2	4	8	10	11
D. Still under the care of the Society ...	143	127	122	119	112
E. Number of Families	85	90	89	88	79
F. In Apprenticeship or Service	30	39	58	57	38

The practical application of all this can scarcely be better put than in Mr. de Liefde's own words, and we make no apology, as we think none will be needed, for the long quotation:—

'Why should there exist such things as asylums and training establishments for poor children in a Christian land? It is true, some children are so thoroughly degenerated and so unmanageable, that their training is utterly impossible except within the walls of some prison-like building. But their number is comparatively very small, and a few reformatories would suffice to meet their case. But why, at so many places all over Christian Europe, should a few compassionate, kind-hearted individuals—at so much toil and trouble, and with endless running to and fro in the sweat of their brow, hopefully praying God, and often hopelessly praying men—
try

try to bring together as many pounds and pence as will suffice to build and support an establishment for the training of a number of children, who might be trained in our own families quite as well, nay, much better? Suppose we, masters of families, took each of us one such abandoned child, only one, into our houses? All the asylums in Europe would be superseded at once. You would hardly feel it in your daily expenditure, and society would have a heavy burden taken from its shoulders. Why, in many cases, the adoption of such a child might even be considered a privilege to those adopting it. In this house, for instance, lives a married couple, who, for years, have looked in vain for the realising of their parental hopes, and already have almost wholly relinquished lively expectation. How delighted would they be if they had to treble their annual expenditure to meet the wants of a nursery, and to pay for toys, and for schools, and for carriages, from the young master's pony cart to the baby's perambulator! A few doors farther on lives a single lady, to whom it is a real study, all the year round, how to get her spare rooms filled with guests, and her time made up with amusement. And opposite lives a family, which in the course of a few years carried three, four children to the grave, and erected stone monuments on the little tombs; but they never thought of such a thing as taking living monuments under the hospitable roof, in memory of the deceased darlings. * * * I know that many objections might be made to this theory, both by political economists and wise pedagogues. It would encourage proletarianism, and hold out a premium to immorality. It would give an education to poor children far too high for their destiny in this world. It would interfere with the rights of the children of the families, and cause strange confusion among the ranks and classes into which society must be divided. I know all these objections and many more. But I doubt whether any of them touches upon the *true* reason of our refusal to adopt strange children. Let us be honest, and confess we don't like it. We will rather support a dozen of them at an establishment than take one into our own house. We are prepared to suffer continuous trouble and pain day and night for a child of our own, even though it should reward us with ungratefulness, and threaten to turn out a cause of parental grief in later days. But to take upon ourselves the trouble and responsibility of caring for somebody else's child, even though it should be likely to turn out very successful—this is a height of charity which few arrive at. Such is human nature. It is a beautiful commandment that we should love our neighbours as ourselves; but Christendom will have to learn a great deal before it can be said to understand that commandment.

But for Englishmen the real point of Mr. de Liefde's work lies in the account he has given of Wichern's brethren, of the deacons of Duisburg, and of the deaconesses of Kaiserwerth and Paris. The novelty of such things is the keenest rebuke they can give. Here are agencies within the reach of Christian men and women that are despised and ignored simply from false pride, affected purity, and Protestant scorn. Here are men we cannot leave to the control of the police, women we may not cast off for ever, children we cannot forsake or destroy, sick that want visiting, and reformed that want helping, in hundreds, nay, in thousands, left entirely at the mercy of officials who do not care for them, never will love them, and certainly never make Christians of them; and who do their work simply because they are paid for it, or cannot get anything else to do, or like to be persons of authority in a small way. Our blue books have revealed this over and over again. There has been cruelty in an asylum or a work-house, and it is found that some attendant is to blame, an
old

old soldier, a sailor, or a person whose chief recommendation has been obstinacy, muscle, and hard-heartedness. There has been an outbreak somewhere, and we find this loveless, ruthless duty-driving behind it all. Good prison officers, nurses, sick visitors, schoolmasters for destitute children, are everywhere wanted, and rarely to be found. How are we to get them? Where are they to be trained? And what are we to do with them when they are ready for service? As far as men are concerned, Wichorn has answered all these questions by bold and indestructible facts, and Fliedner has done the same for the other sex. The facts are in these volumes, they are to be met with every day upon the continent, and they have become part and parcel of European history. Theologians may shrug their shoulders in righteous disdain, and turn away, muttering 'Rome' through their teeth; but people have ceased to be frightened by bugbears of that kind, and must have reason for passion, and common sense for scorn. A grand burst of noble joy swelled all hearts when Florence Nightingale and her band of fellow-labourers went forth to brave sickness, danger, and death for the sake of suffering men, and great was the good that came of their faithful and loving labour. They were deaconesses in fact, but not in name, or we might have spared them our praise and preached of proselytising. German ladies had done a similar thing in the previous European war, and German deaconesses did the same in the Schleswig-Holstein war. But it is not upon such great occasions that the truest valour, fortitude, and Christian love are exhibited.

The eyes of the world are like the eyes of a master, and do more work, as the proverb runs, than the hands of the workmen. It is in a daily struggle with want, and woe, and wretchedness, unseen, unknown, and unchronicled, that we get glimpses of the heroism that makes martyrs, and the love that canonises saints. These volumes help us to realise both for other countries, but not for our own. Several institutions have sprung up in London and Liverpool, as the result of the fever of feminine devotion that burned during the Crimean war, but as yet we are far in the rear of our neighbours, and have much to learn. A solitary institution may do good if it only helps to familiarise our minds with a great idea, and understand the mighty forces of such imponderable agents as love, faith, and genuine devotedness. But it cannot overcome prejudice and destroy cant; it cannot spread a network of living agency over our island; it cannot compass all its crying want and obstinate necessity; it cannot express even the full force of its own powers, or picture out for us the possibilities of

of their ultimate expansion. The importance of an agency in connection with the Christian Church, which shall do all the deaconesses of Germany and France have done and are doing, whatever name its workers may be called by, must so force itself upon the general mind, that independent but simultaneous organisations shall spring up, and work with a will, and then, and not till then, shall we realise many of our cherished dreams, and overcome many of our at present overwhelming difficulties. The question of a female deaconate, or whatever else it may be thought proper to call it, with or without the accessories of an order, is sure to be soon seriously re-opened, and either fully accepted or finally rejected; and having thus incidentally touched upon it, we may return to the question of deacons proper.

The term may be objected to, and a better may be found, perhaps; but we do not want to quarrel about words; we advocate things. It is men like Wichern's 'brothers' and the Duisburg deacons that we want, and if they can be secured the more easily by calling them by another name, by all means let us do so. We may object to the semblance of monasticism that comes out in Wichern's regulations, but we cannot deny that they work well, and produce cheering results. It is true that a *Rauhe Haus* brother resigns his own will when he enters the establishment, and has no choice as to his field of labour. 'Dr. Wichern and his committee choose for him. They may send him out as a schoolmaster, or as a prison officer, or as a hospital nurse. They may send him to the banks of the Vistula, or of the Tiber, or of the Mississippi.' But wherever he goes he is a competent person, and when he entered the place he joyfully accepted its restraints. This might not do in England, but it works well in Germany and elsewhere. The brethren assure us, says Mr. de Liefde, of their freedom, happiness, and peace; and all we can answer is, 'We believe it, but we do not understand it. Viewed in the light of expediency, Dr. Wichern's scheme is quite clear; but viewed in the light of Christian liberty, it is a perfect mystery, and its realisation is a miracle.' But what do the men themselves say? some one will ask. Have they ever disclosed themselves in such a way that we can get to know what kind of men they are, whence they came, and what animates them? Yes, they have, and here is what they say:—

'We, the brothers here assembled, come from all parts of our beloved fatherland. Our homes are in Prussia, from the Memel to the Rhine; in Baden, Bavaria, Hesse, Württemberg, Thuringia, Hanover, Mecklenburg, Holstein, Schleswig. There is not one of us who is not in a position to earn his daily bread. Want has brought none of us here. When, in distant lands, we heard of the work which the Lord had begun, and is carrying on in this house, we prayed that we might

might be sharers of the blessing, and of the work among the children. Our house-father called us here to be helpers in the work, and not one of us has obeyed this call without the blessing of his parents. We bring neither money nor property; and if there were some of us able and anxious to give of their substance, they were prevented by a ripper wisdom than their own. What we have we freely give, namely, ourselves, as a thank-offering to God for the good of the community.'

These are noble words, and should stir many an English heart with a might and fervour unfelt before. Here is sceptical Germany, as we style it in our polemical moods, putting to blush Christian England, as we call our country, and opening an avenue for earnestness, devotedness, and faith, that should commend itself alike to our calmest judgment and most impassioned daring. Up and down in our towns and villages are many who would respond to such a lofty call and noble cause, were it once made possible by wise deliberations, careful organisation, and elevated minds. They would leave their sectarianisms, forsake their petty squabbles, forget their troubling selves, in such a pure and blameless work. They would be taught as they should be taught, by the bedside, in the school-room, the workshop, the little family, and for work done as streets are swept and bricks are made, there would be love permeating all, charity helping all, faith winning all. In doubt and difficulty, distress and hardship, there would be a word in season, which, 'fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in baskets of silver.' The results would encourage us, as those already attained should stimulate us. Wichern has felt no difficulty in disposing of his brethren; he has had applications from all parts of the world. In twenty-five years he had 846 applicants for admission (of whom 524 were refused), and 787 applications for them when fit for service; 252 were wanted as house-fathers or assistants in reformatories, 59 in workhouses, 57 as visitors for the poor, 93 as teachers in popular schools, 40 as house-fathers in orphanages, 170 for prisons, 36 for hospitals, and 80 for other various philanthropic purposes. Like the Duisburg deacons, they tended the wounded in the Schleswig-Holstein war; and there is such a tragic story of an exodus of colliers into Russia, and their release through the pilgrimage of two Duisburg deacons, that had we space we would quote it entire.

Here, however, we must leave the matter. It is one thing to suggest, and another to organise. Whether such agencies as we have advocated can be fitted on to existing institutions, or developed out of them, is a matter for more practical consideration on the part of others; that, in some form or other, they are necessary, few, we think, will be disposed to deny. Every year our charities are felt to be inadequate to meet existing wants, and yet we are continually enlarging
them,

them, with little satisfactory result, as some of our institutions show. Vice and want, sin and wretchedness, assume fresh forms, and we have to track them out, and meet them by improved appliances. An old system of charitable relief or mechanical duty ought no more to be tolerated than a Brown Bess in a regiment, or a hobble in a lunatic asylum. Let us have men, and heart-and-life machinery, since we cannot do without organisation; let us have science for our guide, where sentiment has failed; let us not be ashamed to learn, or begin again, or confess to failure, if by so doing we be made better workers, truer citizens, and nobler philanthropists. Life may defy our analysis, and humanity may be hard and obdurate as a stone, but we may pursue the one through its endless mazes to be quickened afresh by each new revelation, and may shape the other into something like virtue and beauty, by the rough blows of manly courage, and the quiet sculpturings of a chastening love.

ART. II.—IS MEDICINE A SCIENCE?

1. *Medical Errors. Fallacies Connected with the Application of the Inductive Method of Reasoning to the Science of Medicine*: being the Lumleian Lectures for 1864, delivered to the Royal College of Physicians. By A. W. Barclay, M.D., Cantab. and Edin. London: 1864.
2. *An Inquiry into the Reasons and Results of the Prescription of Alcoholic Intoxicants*. By Dr. F. R. Lees, Meanwood Lodge, Leeds (pp. 128).

IN our review of Dr. Anstie's work on 'Stimulants and Narcotics,' we commented on the chaotic condition of medical literature, its want of precise definitions and of systematic reasoning. The instances chiefly selected by way of illustration were the prevailing notions as to 'disease,' 'inflammation,' and the alleged varying action of alcohol. Dr. Barclay, however, takes a still broader exception, and shows, most conclusively, as regards the prevailing schools of medicine (the time has not come for an impartial inquiry into the claims of Homeopathy), that, beyond two or three specifics, such as quinine for ague and lemon juice for scurvy, medicine cannot really boast of possessing any law or principle of practice proved by a correct and rigid application of the Baconian method.

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The danger and the utility of this discussion are equally apparent. On the one hand, we perceive an almost blind confidence reposed by the multitude in doctors or in physio—a credulity that extends itself to the patronage of a thousand forms of blatant quackery, making impossible promises of restored health—cure by pill and potion, by drug or drink—by this ‘essence’ or that ‘stimulant’—but which leaves the disease more lethal or incurable than ever, in the great majority of cases: It would be well, and indeed it is necessary, to destroy all such ignorant and unreasonable expectations as to the power of drugs, or the knowledge of doctors; but, on the other hand, it is not well so rudely to disperse popular superstitions that a reaction shall set in towards general scepticism, inducing the question, in the very spirit of Pilate, ‘What is truth?’ Let us be assured that there is a truth, on this as on other points, attainable by men, if they will but patiently search for it, slowly accumulate their materials, forego ‘opinions’ and hasty hypotheses, ignore assumptions and authorities; in fine, adopt that method of just induction which has been so fruitful in other departments of study. Doubtless, there are peculiar difficulties within the province of medicine, but the results to be realised will be an adequate reward for all the pains bestowed.

A transatlantic author has observed:—

‘Between disease and the doctor there is a wall, thick and high, with here and there a loophole, which some scientific man has made. Men look through and see dimly in spots, and pass through some medicines and advice to palliate the mischief a little. The pain we feel when our friends die an unnatural death; our own reluctance to depart—life’s duties not half done, nor half its joys possessed; the sympathy which all men feel with those that suffer thus, making another’s misery our own—these drive us to break down that wall, to cure the disease, to learn the law of health, that all may ride in sound bodies the stage of mortal life, check the steeds at the proper bound, dismount from the flesh, and continue our journey in such other chariot as God provides for the ascension.’

It is quite true that as yet men see only spots of light in the field of disease. In a leader of the ‘Medical Times’ for Feb. 7, 1863, it was argued that ‘in some details a scientific basis can be predicated in medicine. Science, too, supplies infinite modes of exploration, diagnosis, and remedy, but we have not yet solved some of the most elementary problems of life: and till these are solved—till the natural history of health, and growth, and decay, is more minutely known—a scientific, as distinguished from an empirical, treatment of disease, is an idle dream. Medical practice may be sagacious, may be the effort of genius or imagination, may be successful, may be a boon to humanity—still it is art, not science.’ But there are certainly

certainly some problems of life sufficiently solved for us to entitle us to predict the direction from which help must come, and to ignore as impossible and absurd the claims of certain alleged agents of cure. There is enough known of biology and the laws of natural forces, of growth and decay, to deliver us from many pernicious practices and deadly superstitions.

In harmony with the common and historical meaning of 'Disease,' as a derangement of parts or function, the philosophy of medicine demands in each concrete case the solution of two problems: 1st. In what does this malcondition consist? 2nd. From what causes or conditions does it come? If these questions can be solved, three practical courses are open to us—namely, one 'curative,' one 'preventive,' and one 'palliative.' The doctor's duty, with a diseased person before him, is, first, to cure him as speedily as possible; second, to prevent the recurrence of his malady; third, when he can do no better, to palliate the injury and ease the pain. If it be inquired how are these three ends to be accomplished, the answer will be: 'We can cure either by dislodging the removable causes of the malady, whether internal or external, original, or sequential; or by applying counteractions—i.e. remedies that promote right action or lessen wrong: we can prevent only by avoiding the original conditions on which the effect depends: we can palliate symptoms or reactions, which are the sequels of the disorder (or the secondary disease), and thus give relief when we can do nothing else; or even sometimes when we are also touching causes.' If the inquiry be pushed—'How do we quell the causes or consequences of disease?' the answer of science is, By strengthening the vital system, since 'disease' is only another name for weak or perverted action of some kind: is a state of the organism which ceases, as a matter of course, when the conditions of the normal state are induced. There are but two conceivable modes of giving strength—the first is that direct one which holds in health, the supply of the natural elements of the body and of the associated conditions needful for assimilative and normal action; the second, and indirect one, peculiar to disease, the administration (according to some law) of medicines—that is, substances possessed of specific powers to suppress injurious, or promote remedial, function.

It was in view of the former agencies that a celebrated physician said on his death-bed, when his professional brethren lamented the loss which society would sustain by his departure—'Never mind, gentlemen, we shall leave behind us three better doctors than ourselves—*air, exercise, and diet.*' Now, this was not a mere *jeu d'esprit*, but the grave conclusion

conclusion of a long life of experience, and we venture to predict will yet become the last verdict of science.

As Dr. Lees points out in detail, the underlying condition of all but empirical or accidental medicine, is a comprehensive knowledge of the subject of treatment—the human body. This embraces, first, its anatomy or structure; second, and even more important, its physiology—*i.e.* the science of its functions as a living mechanism. The body is our instrument of knowing, feeling, thinking, doing: a microcosm wherein are concentrated, with marvellous and divine skill, all the laws, principles, and forces of physics and chemistry displayed in the macrocosm whereon we ‘live and move.’ Our body is compounded of the dust we tread, the air we breathe, the water we drink: from these it came, to these it will return. The forces which they contained, we possess and wield. The measure of their power, so far as they become us, is the measure of ours: no more, no less. What we have of force is received, not created: received through the appointed channels of our food, drink, and æthærial surroundings. There is no miracle in all this: the virtue that flows out of us was first drawn into us by the natural laws of assimilation. As the steam-engine represents precisely the physical strength put into it, as the steam-force exactly measures the fuel consumed and heat generated in the furnace, so our frame is the exact correlative of the food absorbed and transformed, and of the heat, electricity, and affinity which it embodies. As is the food, so is the body that digests it; as is the digestion, so is the blood; as is the blood, so the warmth and nutrition; and as those, such the strength of the body and brain. Of course, physical vitality has nothing to do, save instrumentally, with the principle of identity; the ego, or I, is not one of the correlated forces of heat, affinity, electricity, &c., but that which owns and uses the body as its servant.

‘The purple stream that through my vessels glides
Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides:
The pipes through which the circling juices play,
Are not that thinking I no more than they.
This frame, compacted with transcendent skill
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nursed from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes; I call it mine, not me.’

The insight of the poet is now made plain and palpable by the exact calculations of science. It is a literal truth, that the forces of the sun sent forth as chemic, calorific, and luminiferous waves of power over the vegetable kingdom, are gathered up and moulded into fruit and grain, and then, by a transforming process, centred, sublimed, and correlated into the

the power of the living man, thus becoming the means of sensation, and the conditions of noble and intelligent work. As Dr. G. G. Budd, F.R.S., well expresses it, 'Every kind of power an animal can generate—the mechanical power of the muscles, the chemical power of the stomach, the intellectual power of the brain—accumulates through the nutrition of the organ on which it depends.' In other words, whatever is the sum of force that any organism possesses or expends, is the exact equivalent of the force taken into it from without. We cannot originate power, we can only receive and dispense it; and for the use of this power, brought from the sun and fashioned into food, man is responsible. Nature, the true Prometheus, proclaims the end that awaits accomplishment:—

'This solid earth, this rocky frame
To mould, to conquer, and to tame;
And to achieve the toilsome plan,
My workman shall be man.'*

Human intelligence, peering into the secrets of nature, and perceiving the latent forces available for this end, responds:—

'Here let me work!
The busy spirits that eager lurk
Within a thousand labouring breasts,
Here let me rouse; and whoso rests
From labour, let him rest from life.
To live's to strive; and in the strife
To move the rock and stir the clod,
Man makes himself a god.'

Disease being the abnormal condition of this organism, it is from the hazards and accidents to which this noble instrument is liable that we derive the importance and dignity of medicine as a tentative, or possible, science of rectification. As a matter of fact, however, it must be conceded that disease is in general a self-infliction—the price we pay for our idleness or ignorance, our pleasures or our avarice. As certainly as a community pays the penalty of a fatal and costly epidemic of typhus or cholera, because it will not cleanse and purify its houses and its streets, preferring undertakers' bills and doctors' fees to local taxation; so individuals invite an access of gout or rheumatism, or the advent of an epidemic, by pursuing the pleasures of the table or of the 'social club.' As was long ago remarked by Addison ('Spectator,' No. 195, A.D. 1711):—

'Physic, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but, were men to live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world

* Professor Blackie.

are most healthy where they subsist by the chase, and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food beside what they caught. Blistering, cupping, and bleeding, are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications, which are so much in practice among us, are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in [attempts at] countermining the cook and the vintner.'

Hahnemann has said, 'As there is but one disease, there is but one remedy: if motion is lessened, it should be increased; if irritability is too great, it should be diminished.' This, however plausible in words, does not go far in fact. If weakness at a certain point be the beginning, and its continuance the progress, of illness, of course strength must be the beginning and progress towards well-ness; but the truth required is to know how to infuse strength, or how to avoid weakness. The weakness of disease is a 'result'—it is feeble action—action below par—and feeble action is the consequence of some force (as of bullet, blister, pest, or poison) that produced it by 'knocking down' the vital structure in which force was.

Diseases, consequently, are just as various as are the kinds of injury. Of course, all action is reducible to the truistic formula of 'too much' or 'too little,' which is only saying there is not the balanced action which constitutes life and health. We return, therefore, to the old conclusion, that food, drink, and air are the only possible physical materials of health and strength, and their appropriation the only possible remedial process. In short, the true *vis medicatrix nature*, of which we have heard so much, is vitality itself. When the centralised forces are dominant, they appropriate other forces by their stronger affinity; when they are weak, they succumb and fall before the rude forces of unorganised nature.

The theories of medicine have been fewer, in principle, than is generally supposed. In fact, as Lord Bacon says, medicine has been 'rather circular than progressive.' Hippocrates, however mistaken in his notions as to what the 'humours' of the body were, was substantially correct in his doctrine, that 'out of the excess, deficiency, or misproportion of the humours, diseases arise; and by restoring the due proportion disease is cured.'

Let the proportion include the constituent elements—the quality—and this will come to the modern stand-point, that true nutrition gives strength, and thus supersedes disease. Following out the fancy of Galen, who divided diseases into the hot or cold, dry or moist, Avicenna propounded the law that contraries are curative, or, as the vulgar would say, knock each other down. That grandest of quacks, Paracelsus, while mercilessly crushing out the authority of his predecessors,

cessors, virtually adopted their hypothesis, but concealed it under a new form of words. Each disease was due to a particular entity, and each entity had its remedy or arcanum. By these he signified a kind of indwelling force—which combatted and extirpated the opposing spirit of disease. Van Helmont's old *Archæus*, and Professor Beale's new vital force, are virtually the same; but instead of regarding disease as a positive antagonising entity, it is simply the reigning power of the organism 'put out of his way' by various circumstantial agencies. These views suggested to Boyle an idea which the profession has not yet developed into scientific distinctness, viz., that the true healing power is in the body itself, requiring aid, not frustration; and although the great physician Sydenham practically bled, starved, and blistered, he confesses to having often thought that 'more could be left to nature than we are in the habit of leaving to her.' Cullen's Scottish system was, in great part, founded on the notion of the *vis vitæ* being the curative agent. The antipathic and the allopathic systems are equally related to the assumed law, which has never been either inductively established or rationally explained, viz., *contraria contrariis curantur*. For our part, we cannot see anything like a law or a guide in the fact that, if you are cold you must get warm, if you are relaxed you must be astringed, if you are fat you must starve, and so forth. There is no meaning, only verbiage and truism, in all this. The real point is, what must be done or taken so that, with the least ultimate loss or injury, the present inconvenience may cease? To this Hahnemann responds with another and opposite formula—*similia similibus curantur*, which instructs us to 'cure like by like'—making the rule of practice to consist in this, that the nearer the analogy between the symptoms of a disease and the known symptoms following the use of drugs in health, the more effective will that drug be for its sister disease, as counteractive or preventive of its attack. Facts alone can determine whether this be so; but still an explanation of the facts would be wanted. Why should an artificial drug disease cure a random one? Why does one poison counteract another? If it does so, is it without loss of power to the living frame, in which the contest 'goes on'? How explain either the homœopathic or the allopathic result? Why does a diseased action cease in one part because you set up a diseased action elsewhere? The theories end where they began; the formulæ contribute little to our enlightenment. From out the chaos of conflicting hypotheses, however, the clear principle of the correlation of forces emerges once again. The body, as we have seen, is an organism created specifically for

for the concentration of force—force to become available, first, for the vital needs of the body itself; and the surplus, secondly, for the higher mental ends of human life. The sole and eternal condition of realising this force, is by the assimilation of the food wherein it is first deposited for our behoof and benefit. Food, through assimilation, gives force, while excipients and stimulants simply evolve or expend it in involuntary action. This is the grand blunder into which doctors are perpetually plunging; they confound the transference of force from food *to* tissue, with the ‘evolution’ of force *from* tissue consequent upon irritating its vitality by contact with ammonia or alcohol; and then, after entering the expended force as a part of ‘capital stock,’ they finally affirm that ‘this thing which restored the body to its normal state is therefore food!’ The fact is, nothing can restore a broken engine, or an impaired spring, to its normal state, except that which repairs the injured constitution of each; and to subject either to an additional strain by the ‘evolution’ of force, can only aggravate and intensify the ruin. If, then, there be any trust in the principles of biology and the laws of force, they are sternly opposed to the lowering and narcotising system of treating disease. This system, at once so fatal and so fashionable, is a direct assault upon weakness; a drain upon power and its prime sources in nutrition. Can we raise a man by knocking him down? Can we augment an engine’s power by emptying the furnace? Impossible as this seems, it is not one whit more impossible than the restoration of vital power to a diseased person by generating another disease, and additional debility, through the medium of fast or blister, purge, lancet, or alcohol.

One broad inference must be drawn from this view of the laws of life, force, and disease—namely, that drugs and strong drinks have no strengthening capacity. Entering the body with a certain constitution, they are found to be eliminated from it unchanged; and since they excite and liberate force—the force expended in the action of casting them forth—they inevitably leave the body so much weaker, besides injuring the delicate structure of the excited tissues, and causing the loss of lymph or serum that is compelled to flow out from their abraded surfaces.

Such were the conclusions arrived at in 1720 by the celebrated Dr. G. Cheyne, F.R.S., in his ‘*Philosophical Essay on the General Method of Medicines Fittest to Preserve Health,*’ and expressed in language as nearly similar to our own as it could be in an age when the correlation of physical forces was not understood as a law, though dimly seen as a fact:—

‘There

'There is not a more pernicious error in physic, or one more opposite to the expectation of patients (viz., the preservation or recovery of their health), than that very common and universally received opinion that there are bodies in nature, or in the *ma'teria medica*, or such as may be found out by art, by dividing, compounding, or altering them by the tortures of the fire, which will suddenly, or in any great degree, change or destroy the malignity of the morbid humours of animal bodies, or will entirely alter the nature, qualities, figure, size, and laws of cohesion of the particles that compose their fluids and solids, from an unsound and unhealthy state, to one of a kindly and benign nature (a wild notion, at first introduced and propagated by enthusiastical chymists, quacks, and symptom doctors). An animal body is nothing but a compages or contexture of pipes, an hydraulic machin, fill'd with a liquor of such a nature as was transfused into it by its parents, or is changed into by the nature of the food it is nourish'd with, and is ever afterwards good, bad, or indifferent, as these two sources have sent it forth.

'What is it, then, will it be said, that art, physic, or a philosophic physician can truly do to relieve the miseries, pains, and diseases of their fellow-creatures? A great deal, if judiciously and honestly directed, and obstinately and exactly pursued: viz., by mending the juices, in the manner nature, the distemper, the age, and the habits of the patient point out. These (the juices) are the only things in an animal body in the power and under the dominion of a physician. If the principal intentions of the physician be to mend the blood and juices, they will in time, by the wise mechanism of nature, rectify and confirm the solids into their proper situation and tone; for it is out of and by the juices that the solids are nourish'd, figur'd, and cloath'd. Air and exercise will give them the proper firmness and degree of elasticity, and then the animal functions will be performed with facility and pleasure, and thereby the person will enjoy health and serenity. Art can do nothing but remove impediments, resolve obstructions, cut off and tear away excrescences and superfluities, and reduce nature to its primitive order; and this only can be done by a proper and specific regimen in quantity and quality, by air and exercise, and by well-judged and timely evacuation, and preparing the morbid juices for easier elimination, by means which, I fear, lie in a narrow compass, and depend mostly on the mild mineral medicines (which were never originally designed by nature to be introduced into an animal body, and always rend, tear, and wear them out faster, like spirits and chymical medicines, but in bad cases are, at first at least, necessary), judiciously managed with proper dilution.

'It is diet alone, proper and specific diet, in quantity, quality, and order, continued in till the juices are sufficiently thinned, to make the functions regular and easy, which is the sole universal remedy, and the only mean known to art, or that an animal machin, without being otherwise made than it is, can use with certain benefit and success, which can give health, long life, and serenity. The elasticity of the solids consists mainly in the original degree of attraction in the component elementary particles of the linear fibrils, primarily fashion'd by the Author of nature; and it is in this elasticity alone the force, power, and pleasure of life, and of the animal functions, consists.'

On one point we are in perfect accord with the great medical authorities—viz., that whatever the future may contain in its womb, the present age has seen no science of therapeutics. Dr. J. S. Bushman well observes, that 'It is a singular proof of the slow progress of medicine as a science, that the controversy which arose among the Greek physicians between two and three thousand years ago, known as that between the Empirics and Dogmatics, still exists.*' Nothing large and fundamental is settled; 'the discord of those who have disputed concerning these things' is as great as when Celsus made this very remark. Lord Bacon, nigh two

* 'Medical Times,' February 11, 1865.

centuries back, made it a charge against physic, that 'it has been more professed than laboured, and yet more laboured than advanced.' And commenting on that remark, in his presidential address to the Metropolitan Section of the Provincial Medical Association,* Dr. W. B. Richardson says: 'I fear the same remark holds good now. Overwhelmed with details beyond all possibility of human recollection, we are as far from principles as ever; nay, I think farther. Here we stand in physic on this second day of the seventh month of the year 1861, divided into two sects: the one trusting by exploration of the whole chaos to drop, by accident or good fortune, on some choice fact or generalisation; the other hoping by sitting down in one spot of the chaos, and studying that, to do the same thing. It brings us to that pass in the world's estimate, that when, by our ignorance, we publicly offer up to ignorance some great character in the drama of our generation, we are pointed at with contempt. The physician, as yet, can stand before no problem, and, resting on safe premisses, predict, with even ordinary certainty, the veritable course of the after phenomena; he is obliged to commingle and confuse the actual phenomena with the surrounding conditions, and in the confusion to hazard no conjecture without a sensation from the inner judgment that, after all, he may be wrong. . . . The day will come when medicine shall be master of her position, and the mind that can reach the height of the Æsculapian temple shall look down on disease, measure its intensity, gather its source, predict its results, repel its advances, or cut short its corruptions, with a precision which shall astound the world as deeply as our uncertainties surprise it now! But, I presume not that this revolution shall be in our day. I see in it no work of one hand, or one age. I fear that we shall do little to forward the end; but I know, at the same time, we may do much—we may commence the work.' Since, then, there is no science of medicine, and certainly never can be such a one as, by rectifying the penalties of transgression, will reconcile the pleasures of sin with the ease of the sinner, it becomes all the more necessary that the people should be taught the laws of health, by the observance of which disease may be averted. Nor should this be an anxious study, rather one of the most delightful; so that knowledge of the highest and most complex kind, present in our conceptions, should spontaneously regulate our habits, guide our architecture, and dictate our temperance; for, as the quaint writer from whom we have

* 'British Medical Journal,' October 5, 1861.

already cited a passage on the power and province of medicine wisely observes—

'He who lives physically must live miserably. The truth is, too great nicety and exactness about every minute circumstance that may impair our health, is such a yoke and slavery as no man of a generous, free spirit would submit to. 'Tis, as a poet expresses it, "to die for fear of dying." And to forbear or give over a just, charitable, or generous office of life, from a too scrupulous regard to health, is unworthy of a man, much more of a Christian. But then, on the other hand, to cut off our days by intemperance, indiscretion, and guilty passions—to live miserably for the sake of gratifying a sweet tooth, or a brutal itch—to die martyrs to our luxury and wantonness, is equally beneath the dignity of human nature, and contrary to the homage we owe the Author of our being. Without some degree of health, we can neither be agreeable to ourselves, nor useful to our friends; we can neither relish the blessings of divine Providence to us in life, nor acquit ourselves of our duties to our Maker, or our neighbour. He that wantonly transgresseth the self-evident rules of health, is guilty of a degree of self-murder; and an habitual perseverance therein is direct suicide, and, consequently, the greatest crime he can commit against the Author of his being; as it is slighting and despising the noblest gift he could bestow upon him, viz., the means of making himself infinitely happy; and also as it is a treacherous forsaking the post wherein his wisdom has placed him, and thereby rendering himself incapable of answering the design of his Providence over him. The infinitely wise Author of nature has so contrived things, that the most remarkable rules of preserving life and health, are moral duties commanded us, so true it is, that godliness has the promises of this life, as well as that to come.'

ART. III.—BROKEN FRIENDSHIPS.

"They are not Suttées who perish in the flames, O Nanuk;

Suttées are they who die of a broken heart."

HINDU POEM.

WHATEVER may be the reason, whether for insult offered or injury inflicted, or some deed of wanton treachery, or manifold ingratitude, or the speck of rottenness which brings about a swift and startling decay, or the unforeseen but inevitable collision of old and new principles, views, or affections, there is no sight in the world more sad and grievous than the scandal of a broken friendship.

It has been well said that the last inexcusable word or deed seldom comes until affection or reverence has been already enfeebled by the strain of repeated excuses. The more swift and unexpected the rupture, the more chance there is of ultimate re-union; but a gradually dissolving friendship cools the heart like evaporating dew. In the healing of a breach the quarrel usually is retraced step by step, if there have been first sorrow, then anger, then indifference; so the indifference must revive into anger, and the anger melt into grief, before the healing can be brought about, and then perhaps affection returns;

returns, not, it may be, like that which has never been tried, and so has never failed, but sincere and good of its kind.

In what follows, reference is only intended to those friendships which, solid and certain in their basis, and containing the vital elements of truth and tenderness, are fitted to afford reciprocal aid and comfort through all the chances and changes of our mortal life; and by no means to 'the leagues struck with cheap persons,' of which Emerson speaks, where no real attachment exists. Nor needs any account be made of disparities of humour or peculiarities of character and intellect, provided only the dispositions be well and truly matched; for a habit of sudden and unseasonable apathy, or epilepsies of wit and animal spirits which would damp or disgust one man, another would endure with equanimity, or even with pleasure. As a general rule, the smaller the original point of disagreement, and the more petty and mean its nature, the more bitter and lasting is the feud which follows. Hence, family quarrels are commonly full of animosity and ill-blood, because mercenary interests are often involved. It will also be found that great and suddenly-arising causes, such as any of those before enumerated, insult, treachery, deliberate ingratitude or injustice, or a direct conflict of principles, bring about an instant and violent wrench of separation; while the smaller motives, as absence, petty injustices, impatience under obligation, a want of tenderness, generosity, or temper, tend rather to a gradual cooling of affection, a process of dissolution which is longer but infinitely more fatal in its operation. Other faults, such as pride, inconstancy, untruthfulness, or a suspicious or contentious turn of mind, need not be discussed here; for though they are well calculated to cause divisions, they are qualities which, by a happy law of nature, exclude those who possess them from ever forming any friendship except of the most trifling, evanescent, and nominal kind, and these are foreign to our present subject. Again, some friendships are of that abstract and Platonic order that, firm and noble as they are, humanity conceives of them with difficulty. Splendid but cold, they radiate light, but emit no heat. 'Why insist on rash personal relations with your friend?' says Emerson. 'Why go to his house, or know his mother and brother and sister? Why be visited by him at your own? Are these things material to our covenant? Leave this touching and clawing. Let him be to me a spirit.' These men meet as though they met not, and part as though they parted not. Now that which is bloodless has nothing in common with the ill blood, the hot blood, and the cold blood, which cause so many quarrels: accordingly, ruptures rarely occur in friendships of this abstract and Platonic cast. Contrary

Contrary to the common saying, that half a loaf is better than no bread, we are disposed to think that in absence or the enforced separation of friends, unless the intercourse maintained can be frequent and unrestrained, it were better dropped entirely. You cannot be aggrieved by a silence to which you are held by mutual compact, nor can misapprehension arise about actions and proceedings of which you are in profound ignorance. We remember a case in point, of two men who had in their youth contracted a strong and ardent friendship. They were abruptly separated, under circumstances of a very painful and peremptory kind; the separation, then understood to be final, was absolute and complete, and not only physical but moral. Very sad and embittering events had been so complicated that no intercourse could be maintained without involving innocent people in undeserved distress and difficulty. So situated, these two accepted their position, embalmed their dead, if such an expression may be used, and the old familiar names passed their lips no more. Nearly a score of years elapsed, and they meet again, distinguished in their respective professions, and freed from all the entanglements of the past as regarded each other. Changed undoubtedly they were, as men must change, in the battle with time; but they certainly reaped the reward of the patient and silent fidelity with which they had borne their fate. As there had been no accusations, so there had been no recriminatory defence: they had not been tempted to think of each other the thing which was not; but were able to take up their friendship at the point where they had laid it down, only tightening, as it were, the loosened cords. And perhaps one of the best tests of the genuineness and excellence of an attachment is when, as in this case, absence becomes but the bridge which spans the gulf of separation.

There is one cast of temper which is particularly inimical to the duration of affection, namely, that which is restive, ungracious, or impatient under a sense of obligation received. There are some men who know no peace until they have 'paid off,' as they call it, such and such a debt of kindness; and if they cannot do this, it becomes a positive grievance with them, and not unfrequently the source of a secret ill-will. There is a fundamental deficiency of generosity in this: it often requires more love to receive than give, but between friends such questions ought never to arise. At the same time there are people who have an oppressive mode of affording aid, or making presents; and it may be taken as a general rule that, wherever a gift is fettered with conditions, or is regarded as conferring the right to be always advising, criticising,

criticising, dogmatising, and domineering about it, is enormously lessened, and that where the ob alluded to too often privately, or at all in public, t wholly cancelled. Scenes and misunderstandings matters to indulge in frequently, and women delight in them more than do men. For the most things are best settled without an explanatory rehearsal of arguments. Instinct, or what comes to thing—tact, experience, a healthy belief in yourself than in your friend, regard being had to the peculiar respective characters, will tend to prevent such oc The rarer they are in any case the better, but there people to whom such things never happen, and usually reliant on themselves and trusting toward On the other hand there are some people to w things are always happening, and such persons go world explaining themselves, and setting themselves whosoever will listen to them. It is well, he remember that it is given to few to receive both respect, and that in proportion as we demand sympathy lose in influence. These men and women who go sway the minds of others with the least effort in practice the least mutiny in result, are, it will be observed given to explanations or justifications. But thorough like these are very few, fortunately, or they would the world too much. Silence is said to be the secret in the world, and continence of speech is a great friendship. We hardly need to be reminded that ‘a separateth chief friends,’ and this mainly because people are not above listening to whispers are generally sagacious enough to attach weight to evidence in proportion to the value of it. Neither must it be forgotten that there were no listeners there would be no whisperers. it be to friend or foe,’ says the Eastern sage, ‘to other men’s lives, reveal them not, for he heard and thee, and in time to come he will hate thee.’ But speech will sometimes be forgiven, because the speaker yet be of a loving and faithful spirit; and in this aspect be said that a man is more disloyal in listening to his friend than in indiscreet complaint or accusation him. ‘If thou hast opened thy mouth against fear not, for there may be a reconciliation,’ especially an intemperate word bears no after fruit, for men are resent a fault according to the gravity of its consequences, rather than by the real culpability of the the amount of temptation under which it was

This, though common in practice, is wrong in principle. Whoso passes over in a child cruelty or untruthfulness, because no damage or palpable inconvenience is the result; or whoso punishes a youthful indiscretion, or a misfortune happening from carelessness, because direct loss or suffering accrues to him, teaches that child a very evil lesson. According to our notions, he who stands by and hears unkind things said of his friend, and remembers them and repeats them, is by many degrees worse than he who in the heat of vexation rashly clamours against his *alter ego*, because the first is a fault deliberately committed under no temptation, but the last is a transgression of a very different cast. It is worthy of note that in the Apocryphal book from which we have quoted, the betrayal of a secret is considered the most pregnant and insurmountable of all reasons for the dissolution of friendship. 'If thou betrayest his secrets follow no more after him, for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend. As for a wound, it may be bound up, and after revilement there may be reconciliation, but he that betrayeth secrets is without hope.' This is probably owing to the flavour of treachery, which is inseparably connected with this sort of lapsus, and also because it is in its nature an injury of an irremediable kind. Ill temper may be atoned for, and for injustice reparation may be made; but there are three things which cannot be recalled, 'the sped arrow, the lost opportunity, and the spoken word.'

Women often complain that with their sex a man coming between two friends is often a cause of quarrel, but they need not suppose themselves exceptionally afflicted. Men quarrel quite as often about women, only they perhaps say less about it. We once heard of two young gentlemen who travelled over a great part of the world together, and continued in perfect amity and good feeling towards each other by help of a simple expedient. Whenever they entered a town, or staid in any place where there was a diversity of company and sufficient hotel accommodation, they separated, each betaking himself to a different inn, having, of course, previously arranged when and where to meet for the purpose of continuing their travels. In the interim they sedulously avoided each other, and any necessary communication was made in writing; by this means they had each seen different things and persons, and happened upon different adventures. But many an honest friendship has perished, not even from rivalry, but because a sincere but untimely warning has been ill received. 'I shall not hear such things said, sir, of a lady whom I hope to, &c., and who is in all respects, &c.' We

have many of us known by experience this sort of thing; if the match goes off the friendship is resumed, but otherwise the shadow may remain, but the reality has for ever gone. And if, as we have heard, a husband separates female friends, so does a wife divide male friends. We appeal to all our bachelor readers whether this is not as true as sad. 'You see, my dear fellow, it does not suit my wife, &c.' Oh Damon! be warned in time; present your bridal gift and your congratulations, take up your hat and retire. 'You speak of her as dead,' says Milverton, 'is it so?' 'No,' replies Ellesmere, 'much the same thing—married.'

Of course, if a man gets a bad wife it is competent for former friends to surround and console him; but by a certain superhuman tenderness or generosity which makes women more or less angels, they seldom avail themselves of any such means of comfort. Insulted, ill-used, and neglected, they do not even take to tobacco or clubs, but they have been known to seek refuge in gaiety, in suicide, in good works, but most often in patience and in prayer.

Tyranny, however thorough and excessive, is hardly ever the cause of rupture in friendships between characters of a noble and faithful cast. This observation experience justifies and high authority corroborates. 'The finer the nature the stronger the tendency, when deprived of any valid reason for mutiny, towards an absolute and general submission.' 'What was liberty to him, what is she to any of us? We make a great fuss about her, and erect statues to her, and prate about her being the air we breathe—if we have it not we die, but we *don't* die, and we don't really care a pin about our liberty. What we like is a despotism—an iron despotism that we have raised up for ourselves, and we elect to grovel under it and grumble at it, and hug our chains tighter and tighter the while.' One of these dicta was written by a man, and the other by a woman, and we leave our readers to detect the masculine or feminine ring in which they will.

Prosperity and adversity are commonly supposed to be fertile sources of estrangement, and the onus is in such cases almost invariably laid on the fortunate man's shoulders; but in hasty conclusions of this kind there is often much injustice. If, apart from our own experience, we investigate such instances as come within our own observation, we shall see that twice out of three times the fault lies on the other side. There is much kindness and indulgence shown towards misfortune in the world, though it is the fashion in books to affirm the contrary; moreover, it is more easy for the opulent and fortunate to be forbearing, generous, and
cordial,

cordial, than for those who have toiled and failed, whose venture has been wrecked, and who have, so to speak, been made to bite the dust. Prosperity develops all that is unworthy and sordid in a low and unrefined nature, and it is the beggar who goes to the devil when he is set on horseback. But our remarks have reference only to those whose minds are of a certain elevation and nobleness, and with this limitation we affirm that success gives fresh vigour and energy to all good qualities, but adversity is a most severe and crucial test of temper. If some great and continuous good fortune creates any excessive and painful contrast of position and circumstances between men who have been friends, and there lies hidden in the character of the less prosperous person but one spark of envy or churlishness, one atom of vanity or selfishness, if there is the shadow of want of trust in his friend or trust in himself, these things are sure to appear in all their repulsiveness, and stand between him and his better self. He will be cold in his congratulations, or bitter in his comments, harping on his own misfortunes, or striving to diminish the merits of the other man. He will grudge in his heart, and be cold and haughty, and resentful of kindness, as he never was in better times, or he will wear an injured air, and be ostentatiously humble—*se poser en victime* in short—than which there is nothing more aggravating to behold. It is as well to own at once that such a position is a difficult one to both parties. Nothing but genuine humility or good self-assurance will save the less fortunate man from betraying this foolish touchiness, and nothing but immense tact, and an earnest, sincere, and persistent cordiality from the other side will overcome it if it once appears. But all this it is worth while to try. 'The days will soon be over, and the minutes are of gold.' Alas! if we knew, if we only knew, how in the shadow of after years, when the blood runs frostily in the veins, and friends are few, and the energy to make new ones has departed from us, we may miss from our side the one whom perhaps of all others we loved the best, and remember too late the resentful acquiescence, and the little sympathy and generosity we felt in his success on the one hand, and, on the other, our stinted tenderness and small patience to the downcast and wounded in spirit, we should cast away our own supineness and indifference and strive, while yet there is time, and with our best strength, to save the stranding bark of friendship.

If it be said that we take an extreme view of the rights, the duties, and the privileges of a friend, or that we overestimate the value attached to the possession of one, it must

be

Broken Friendships.

ered that there is about friendship this peculiarity, superiority, as distinguished from all other ties what- is contracted voluntarily, and by free selection ; in ties of blood and relationship, a man has no choice, he often drop into marriage through the force of ances, or are in a manner driven to out of self-defence, interest, or worried into by urgent entreaty on the part e who would be much better employed in minding their fairs. However odious a habit of perpetual carping and sing unquestionably is, there must still, even in the best ilated attachments, arise discussions and differences, for e there is no freedom there will be stagnation, and the ace of life is movement. Faults may and will be com- ed on both sides, and pleading remonstrance, argument, admonition may be found expedient, and even refreshing, aring always in mind that he who wants to bend the iron ust do it while it is hot, and that he who wishes to handle ad use it must wait till it is cool.

'Admonish a friend,' says the son of Sirach, 'it may be he hath not done it, and if he have done it, that he do it no more. Admonish a friend, it may be that he hath not said it, and if he have, that he speak it not again.' But admonishing is not upbraiding ; for that cuffing in misfortune, which the Hindoos call monkey sympathy, and of which Bildad the Shuhite affords the best example known, is, and ought to be, a legitimate cause for resentment. But it occasionally happens that the friend has not only done or said the thing imputed to him, but means to do it again, and in such a case the admonition often brings about an exhibition of that restiveness which is sometimes the prelude, and sometimes the signal, of a final rupture.

Miss Muloch has remarked that female friendship is equally strong and enduring as that of men, but that, these relations once interrupted, or dissolved, women are unable to resist the opportunity of publishing to the world those defects and infirmities in their former friends with which intimate confidence has made them acquainted. It is probable that some cases of the kind may have come under Miss Muloch's immediate observation, while her opportunities for lamenting the weakness of men have been less frequent, and perhaps comparatively limited in kind ; but we fear that what is more probable if affirmed of any particular woman, is no less true when affirmed of men in general. 'I do not know,' says Le Maistre, 'but I know men, and they are ho wicked.' 'You seldom need wait for the written life of to hear about his weaknesses, or what are suppose'

such, if you know his intimate friends, or meet him in company with them,' is the conclusion of the author of 'Friends in Council.'

Incendere quod adoraveram—'Is it for dis I painted you in stripes, and stuck a feather in your tail?' demanded the angry negro before he finally devoted his disobedient fetish to the flames. All history teems with such sentences as these: 'From having been his warmest friend he became his bitterest foe.' 'After their quarrel these two men, formerly so attached, became distinguished for their mutual and implacable enmity.' So true it is that the delirium of the convert is duly equalled by the vindictive animosity of a former idolater. As civil war is more cruel than any ordinary war, so are the feuds of parted friends more unappeasable than any other kind of feud. There is about these the sense of keen, personal animus not only felt but displayed. The unrestrained confidence of close attachment has made each combatant well aware of the weak points, and with a cruel instinct guides his sword to the tender or unprotected place. In this there is unquestionably a certain ungenerosity almost amounting to treachery; and, if it were fairly set forth to the contending parties, few but the very base would willingly act in this fashion; but the temptation is great, and yielded to almost unconsciously; indeed, only very lofty natures are capable of ruling their thoughts, and shaping their words and deeds wholly uninfluenced by previous knowledge and wounded affections.

Sometimes the rupture is unequal, and the friendship fails on one side only, and no amount of heart-yearning, no earnest endeavour, no pleading as tender and importunate as woman's prayer, can draw together the silver cords so loosened, or warm that death into life. Then comes the doubt, not of loving, but of being loved, when it is felt that anxiety and self-denial are so carelessly regarded, the loving sacrifice so little considered, tenderness so negligently handled, patience so hardly strained, mortifications so needlessly inflicted; and thus it comes to pass that the heart is consumed on the altar without even so much ceremony as the saying of a mass over the offering. Sometimes, indeed, we have seen these victims persist in repenting and reproaching themselves, though for no transgression, in the futile hope of wringing an avowal of regret, a demand for pardon, nay, even the shadow of an entreaty for forgiveness. Bootless effort! O hook so vainly baited! And then the bitter memory of that unavailing concession of right to wrong is stored up to shrivel the fading flower of affection, and the fire of it passes over the dim red embers

embers of expiring friendship, causing them to assume the pallor of ashes. Gone! irrevocably gone! A divorce is pronounced as final as ever was decreed by man—an interdict as heavy and potent as ever was uttered by Pontiff. Then bury your dead, and make no moan for him. A friendship resuscitated after this is about as likely to live as a galvanised corpse.

A hopeless estrangement, arising from a collision on first principles, sometimes divides very true and loyal friends. Some momentous question is at issue, or a crisis occurs in which it is necessary to act as well as think, and the effect of this is to bring to light a radical difference of opinion respecting the way certain things are to be regarded or dealt with. One man will cling to faith, the other will hold to reason; one will dream of loyalty to a dynasty, the other of patriotism to his country; one will uphold the cause of order, the other has espoused the cause of liberty. A grave cause of difference is not unfrequently the devotion of the one to some particular doctrine, which the other is unable even to discuss with equanimity; or, again, the exhibition of great severity or great indulgence towards particular sins or sinners. Reasons of this kind have separated, and will separate, many noble hearts. The division is complete and lasting—the healing not in their lifetime. Yet the actual existence and presence of personal esteem and attachment is still felt, though not seen; as it has wrought, it still does work. In proportion to the freedom with which it sprang up is its hardness in dying out. It lives even in shadow and sorrow after the wrench of separation, when meeting more in this life, and hope of it, except as enrolled in opposing armies, and marching under different banners, is over for evermore.

We will conclude with a passage *ad rem* from the writings of one who has in his time suffered perhaps more severely from such causes than it has fallen to the lot of any living man to do:—

‘It was a weary time, that long suspense when with aching hearts we stood on the brink of a change; and it was like death to witness and to undergo when first one and then the other disappeared from the eyes of their fellow; and then friends stood on different sides of a gulf, and for years knew nothing of each other or their welfare; and then they fancied of each other the thing that was not, and there were misunderstandings and jealousies, and each saw each other as his ghost only in imagination and in memory; and all was suspense and anxiety, and hope delayed, and ill-requested care. But now it is all over, the morning is come, the separate shall unite.

unite. I see them as if in sight of me. Look at me, my brethren, from our glorious land; look on us radiant with the light cast on us as by the saints and angels who stand over us; gaze on us as you approach, and kindle as you gaze. We died—you thought us dead; we live—we cannot return to you; you must come to us, and you are coming. Do not your hearts beat as you approach us? Do you not long for the hour that makes us one? * * * Is it possible that there is a resurrection even on this earth? O! wonderful grace; that there should be a joyful meeting after parting before we get to heaven.'

There is about these words a subtle tenderness, and a passionate beseeching, and beneath all there runs a steady undercurrent of secret triumph—triumph in the profound conviction of the power of the Infinite and the Unseen to prevail over the Finite and Seen, and of spiritual affinities to dissolve and vanquish even here and upon this earth all merely human antagonism and restlessness.

ART. IV.—EMPLOYMENTS FOR EDUCATED WOMEN.

OUR age, it is often said, is an age of questions. So, no doubt, had we means of full information on the matter, has every other age, more or less, been. For it is impossible to conceive any social condition which has not its evils, inconveniences, and difficulties, or any community of civilised men who would not have to exercise their understandings and prove their philanthropy in devising and carrying out means for the bettering or beautifying of their existence in some or other particulars. A due consideration of this obvious fact will save us from falling into the foolish habit of fancying the former times better on the whole than these; and, by preventing a querulous, unjust way of regarding our own time, will tend to fit us for a cheerful, patient grappling with the perplexities which may beset our path, and so lead us towards a satisfactory solution of them.

Still, there is no doubt, this age is, to a degree beyond most that have preceded it, impelled to busy itself with 'questions.' The very term threatens to become technical by frequent usage, in defiance of protest and ridicule on the part of purists. It would not be difficult, were this the occasion, to point out the cause or causes of this fact. Turn to what quarter of the world we may, glance at whatever province

vince of our own national life we will, questions meet us everywhere, in immense variety, and of all degrees of importance, ranging from those touching the most momentous truths of religion, and the vastest international interests in peace and war, down to that notable *Tanz-Frage* (dance question) which, as we learnt from a writer in the *Saturday Review*, was recently discussed and settled in the venerable Republic of Uri.

Among the questions more particularly forcing themselves on our attention of late years in England is this relating to employments for educated women, on which we purpose to speak briefly, not only with a view to foster and extend an intelligent interest in it, but also in the hope that we shall be able to offer one or two suggestions of a practical nature which may be of service to some who need them.

It is necessary, at the outset, to remind our readers that we do not intend, on this occasion, to enter upon the general subject of the employments of women; but we select as our theme only one special branch of it, involving considerations of singular delicacy and difficulty—employments for educated women. It is obvious that while the pressing wants of a large class in society have necessitated the enlargement of the sphere of female labour, and given origin to several excellent and useful schemes for the profitable occupation of women and girls, so that large numbers of them, who might otherwise have been still languishing in enforced idleness, are now diligently at work and earning a decent livelihood, the case of educated women is not yet provided for. We are sure that those energetic and devoted ladies, whose names are now well known to the world in connection with the schemes we refer to, will not suspect that it is from any defect of sympathy with their aims, or of appreciation of their labours, that we say we have still to inquire how to meet the peculiar want of educated women. It is too obvious to need particular proof that they derive no benefit from the emigration scheme, that they cannot do the drudgery of law-copying, nor take their place in a railway office to work the telegraph, nor stand for ten or twelve hours a day at the compositor's case in the printing office. These are tasks within the capacity of those who have not had the opportunity of more than the most elementary instruction.

Moreover, while these schemes have been devised for the benefit of such as have a livelihood entirely to seek, it is the present desire to throw out hints which may be serviceable to such as are not wholly without means of living, but who gladly increase them if only they could discover how to

and thereby save themselves from the misery of dependence, and from that equal or worse misery of sinking down, suddenly or with slow torture, from that position and way of life which education and habits of refinement have made almost more necessary to them than mere bread. It would be difficult, and it is not needful, to calculate the probable number of educated women now living in our own country whose case is such as we have in view. We imagine that very few of our readers will be at a loss to recall to mind one or more such persons within their own circle, however narrow it may be. No one will deny or doubt that there is a very large number of them altogether, and that though they form comparatively a small class in the entire community, they hold so important a relation to it, and are besides so keenly susceptible of a thousand pangs which the dull and uncultivated escape, in whatever condition they find themselves, that to study their interests is a task well worthy of the highest wisdom and the purest love, and fitted to engage the best sympathies of all. Indeed, the widest possible interest and sympathy may well be awakened by the consideration that every day makes additions to the number of this class, and that so long as death and unforeseen inevitable misfortune hold their own in this world, no family can boast itself of perennial exemption from the common liability, or be sure that one or more of its own members will not one day be the victims. Yesterday perhaps the blow of misfortune fell on the thriving merchant; his business is broken up, his fortune, built up by the labour of long years, is dissolved in a moment, and his future is a blank, to be filled up as best it may. To-day the clergyman is struck down by death; to-morrow it may be the physician or the lawyer. In all such cases there may be wives and daughters and sisters, who, unfitted by delicate nurture and the habits and associations of refined society for rough usage and hard work and contact with the coarse work-day world, must yet face such things or die. How many perish in the miserable struggle it is impossible to guess. They suffer for the most part quietly, and quietly at last they die. Only now and then a paragraph in the newspapers gives us a glimpse of the tragedies of this kind that are too plentiful around us.

What kind of task can be devised to meet the case of this class of sufferers? It must be something capable of being pursued privately and at home: it must be not purely mechanical, but must have some intellectual interest, must be better than toy-making and pastime, that the mind may be kept healthfully active and in a state of animated interest; and in order to be remunerative it must meet and
satisfy

satisfy some existing want or taste. The several tasks we are going to propose will, we think, fulfil all these requirements. They all lie within the domain of natural history; and the first is—

The collection, classification, and mounting of natural objects as specimens and illustrations of science.

Many of our readers have, no doubt, frequently seen and admired the pretty ornaments made with seaweeds tastefully arranged on cards; or have amused themselves by turning over the leaves of a portfolio on which favourite ferns are mounted; or have glanced with delight over collections of bright-hued butterflies, and sparkling insects, and rose-lipped shells. Well, let the time, and the patience, and the skill, and the refined taste which have gone to the composition of these elegant toys be turned to better account. Instead of choosing objects at random merely for their prettiness or their singularity, and making playthings of them, choose them methodically, and make them helps to the study of nature. Select a science, say botany, or entomology, or geology, or conchology, whichever you know most of, or are most attracted to, or have the best means of studying practically; and make it your object to collect and mount for preservation classified sets, as complete as possible, of the species comprised in certain genera or orders of plants, insects, fossils, or shells, each set forming either a trustworthy museum of one genus or order, or part of a more comprehensive systematic collection.

Or, the plan may be—and this will probably be the best adapted to the purposes and opportunities of those whose case we are considering—to give the collections a distinctive local character. Let each collector devote herself to one or more classes of natural objects,—the ferns, the mosses, the grasses, the seaweeds, the seashells, the fossils, the insects, or what not—of the particular district in which she lives. And let no one for a moment fancy that such ‘homestead,’ wherever it be, would be a too limited and barren field for the work. Nature is rich beyond our belief, and there is no spot of earth that is not sufficiently full of life and living forms and beautiful facts to engage the observation and task the study of a lifetime. This is no less certainly to be affirmed of the neighbourhood of our great towns, London included, than of our rural mansions and cottages. There is no doubt that such special investigations of nature in limited fields would lead to many new discoveries; and the local collections would be very important auxiliaries to the highest scientific studies. Just in the same way as the histories of parishes and counties and families

families may form valuable contributions to the history of a nation; and as the histories of nations in their turn are the elements of the vaster history of the human race.

A second task which we think it worth while to suggest, as peculiarly fitted for the pursuit of educated women, is the preparation of slides for the microscope.

More attention is now directed to the study of natural history in all its departments than was ever before paid to it. And observers are everywhere eagerly availing themselves of the microscope, as their most powerful and now, indeed, indispensable auxiliary. The very great demand for microscopes has led not only to a greatly increased production of them, but to immense improvements in their construction; and, what is of importance to almost all who need them, to the making of very serviceable instruments at a surprisingly low price. Objects properly prepared and mounted are of course in great demand; indeed, it is said that the demand for slides is now considerably beyond the supply. A large number of buyers no doubt seek nothing further than occasional amusement, and it is well that amusement so rational should be sought and furnished. But what we wish now to point out is that much more than mere amusement is easily to be had in this field. Hitherto, objects have been generally selected for what we may call, in the phrase of the day, certain 'sensation' qualities. For example, the compound eye of the bee, the tongue of the house fly, the antennæ of a cockchafer, eggs of various moths, scales of brilliant butterflies, globules of yeast, common cheese mites, and so forth. But it yet remains to reap a rich harvest of knowledge, both full and exact, in a wiser and methodical employment of the microscope. In Botany, *ex. gr.*, take any common hedge-side plant, chickweed, daisy, pimpernel; and let a set of slides be prepared for the exhibition of all its parts: root, stem, leaf, leaf-skeleton, flower-stalk, bud, flower; the component parts of the flower separately, viz., calyx, corolla, stamen, pistil; and, more minutely, let there be petal, pollen, &c.; then, fruit and seed. Sections also of the root, longitudinal and transverse, of the stem, of the stalk, the fruit, and the seed. Similar sets may be prepared of the beautiful mosses and of the smaller species of ferns and seaweeds. In entomology let a like plan be pursued. Instead of merely pleasant pastime and fruitless wonder over curiosities, let the object be the acquisition and diffusion of more exact knowledge of any and every fact and detail of nature. Devote a set of slides to the house fly: exhibit the head, the eye, the mouth, the antennæ, the tongue, the wing, the leg, the foot, &c. The study may be carried further

further by means of dissection, and internal structure be also illustrated in as full detail. In the same way, set forth the structure of the honey bee, the gnat, the common spider, the ladybird, &c.

Our third and last suggestion is, that those who have skill enough in drawing should turn it to account in connection with the microscope; having prepared slides according to the plan we have described, let drawings be made from the microscope of all the specimens, set for set. These drawings may be plain or coloured. It is obvious that if carefully and faithfully executed they will be of great service as illustrations and aids in the study of natural history, besides forming a very pleasing and diversified collection for the portfolios of many who are not students. Or books may be made of them, several drawings being mounted on each page, and some convenient, systematic arrangement being adopted. Of course, both specimens and drawings must bear the common and the scientific names of the objects.

Such are the hints we have to offer on this matter. We have made them as brief and simple as possible, our aim being merely to indicate a starting-point and the direction to go in. We have purposely abstained both from using technical terms and from attempting to give any purely practical instructions, which it is plain would require far more space than is here at our disposal, and which are more properly to be sought and easily to be found elsewhere. We have suggested nothing which is beyond the compass of average intelligence, education, and skill; and we have only to hope that these our hints may meet the eyes of some who need them and will act on them, and of some also who will be able to extend and perfect them. For, as we have said, this is but the starting-point; and the paths which branch out from it widen as they go, and divide and diverge into other attractive and fertile fields, so that every patient and courageous explorer and worker will find, day by day, fresh sources of interest, new themes for study, and exhaustless material for work.

ART. V.—BRIGANDAGE IN ITALY.

1. *Brigand Life in Italy. A History of Bourbonist Reaction.*
Edited, from Original and Authentic Documents, by
Count Maffei. 2 vols. London : Hurst and Blackett.
2. *Brigandage in South Italy.* By David Hilton. 2 vols.
London : Low, Son, and Marston.
3. *La Camorra.* Par Marc Monnier. Paris : Michel Lévy
Frères.
4. *English Travellers and Italian Brigands : A Narrative of
Capture and Captivity.* By W. J. C. Moens. 2 vols.
London : Hurst and Blackett.
5. *Discorsi detti alla Camera dei Deputati nelle Tornate del
4, 5, 8, e 11 Gennaio, 1864, dai Ministri dell' Interno e di
Grazia e Giustizia, e dai Deputati Massari e Castagnola,
nella Discussione Sulla Legge per la Ripressione del
Brigantaggio.* Torino.

IF Gray was right in saying that 'where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' then we should do well to correct our nomadic tendencies, and to stay at home instead of roving through every clime. Travel is a sad disillusioniser, at least in one respect. It may answer our purpose so far as regards the countries we visit, but it rarely does so with regard to the inhabitants. The picturesque devotee, who, in Roberts's pictures, kneels and prays so fervently before the gorgeous altar of some splendid cathedral, turns out to be a dirty beggar, who, while she mutters her prayers, holds out an 'itching palm' for such stray coin as we may be foolish enough to give. The Bedouin Arab, that simple-hearted child of the desert, as we used to deem him, proves to be child-like only in his ignorance and acquisitiveness. The brigand, whose bronzed face, piercing eyes, raven locks, and broad-brimmed, conical hat used to be found in the portfolio of every school-girl, we now know to be a thief, and very probably a murderer. The first delusion every continental traveller has discovered for himself. Mr. Palgrave has lately exposed the second ; while, as for the third, two English gentlemen had a few months ago very good reason to know that of all sham heroes the Italian brigand is the greatest sham, at least since the days when Byron made pirates the idols of romantic misses and downy youths. The narrative published

published by Mr. Moens, who, for more than a hundred days, was in the hands of brigands in the South of Italy, shows that these personages have scarcely one good trait. There was certainly nothing heroic in this case. For thirty armed men to stop a carriage containing five persons, of whom two were women, was not a strikingly bold feat. To be ever on the look-out for the troops, and to always flee when they approached, implies more caution than courage. To haggle about the ransom money which Mr. Moens had to pay for his release, shows more of the trading than the martial spirit. Their wits were keener for a bargain than their daggers for an encounter. They knew better how to *marchander* than how to fight. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to suppose that brigands have been always such as these. Some have been better. Some have been worse. There is as much difference between them as between volunteers fighting for a cause that they love, and mercenaries fighting for hire and spoil. Some have imperilled their lives for a prince whom they believed to be their lawful sovereign. Some have made use of his name only as a pretext for rapine. Some have been loyal patriots according to their lights. Some have been murderers, guilty of every conceivable atrocity. We propose to give an account of the history and the character of brigandage in Italy, the country where it has assumed the dimensions of a great social and national plague.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that brigandage is of recent origin. True, the enemies of the kingdom of Italy have pointed to it as a proof that the beneficent revolution of 1859-60 was a curse rather than a blessing. Yet they could not have been ignorant that this evil was in full force at the time that Victor Emmanuel became King of Italy, nor that it was in existence three centuries previously. Ferdinand II. of Naples absolutely encouraged brigandage. Seventeen years ago, he remarked to his Prime Minister, 'If I am compelled some day to abandon the kingdom, I shall leave to my successors an inheritance of fifty years' anarchy.' Under his fostering care brigandage had become a power in the State which it was expedient to recognise and to make terms with. Yet even he only made use of that which he found when he came to the throne. The origin of brigandage is to be found in feudalism, and in the endless wars and consequent misery that prevailed throughout Italy during the 16th and 17th centuries. No doubt, of late, the evil has been aggravated, but that has arisen only because Francis II., like his Bourbon ancestors, has made use of it for political purposes, and finding himself without an army in which he could trust,

trust, has commissioned lawless bands, which, if they could not restore his dominions to him, could at least render them a troublesome possession to his successor. Exactly 300 years before the close of his short reign we find that banditti existed in great numbers, and then, and for many years later, maintained a constant struggle with the Spanish intruders. About a century after this, in the year 1644, Count Maffei states in his valuable work, '*Brigand Life in Italy*,' that, the Duke of Medina being Viceroy of Naples, it was thought necessary to appoint a special viceroy for the country, with the object of keeping the brigands in check. Later, it was complained that 'robberies in the town and the country are incessant; exactions, plunder, and profligacy are of daily occurrence; all security is gone, trade is destroyed, and the revenues of the land are misappropriated.' 'In the year 1799 hordes of assassins, instigated by the Bourbons, and commanded by a cardinal of the Holy Church, carried through the whole kingdom the most fearful devastations, laying everything waste with sword and fire, and after exciting the most tremendous social anarchy that was ever known, succeeded in restoring an unworthy dynasty to a throne reeking with human blood. During the ten years of the reigns of Joseph Napoleon and Murat, brigandage, assuming the bearing of a mock national defence, again brought a long series of indescribable miseries upon the unhappy country, especially on Calabria.' It was at this period that the notorious Fra Diavolo lived. He was by no means one of the worst of the brigands. Michel Pezza, who was known under the above pseudonym, was probably as much patriot as he was bandit. Before the French invaded Italy, he had been an ordinary highwayman, upon whose head the reigning Bourbon of that time had set a price. When Ferdinand found himself dispossessed of his throne, he did not hesitate to employ and ennoble the man whom he had outlawed. Pezza was made a colonel and Duke of Cassano, and he amply repaid with his services the honour bestowed upon him. 'He occupied the passes, fought in the plains, surprised the cantonments, carried off the convoys, and then vanished among the mountains.' His capture was ordered by Napoleon, and it fell to the lot of General Hugo, father of Victor Hugo, to undertake this arduous duty. Fra Diavolo seemed to his pursuers worthy of his name. No sooner had they, after toilsome and rapid marches, come upon him than he was away safe from their hands. At last it came to a hand-to-hand conflict with cold steel. Pezza lost 1,000 of his 1,500 men, and then once more made his escape. Closely pursued and hemmed in, he resorted to a clever

clever *ruse*. His men dressed themselves up as French National Guards, and when the cavalry came up with them they found the pretended Guards insulting a miserable-looking captive, whom they declared to be Fra Diavolo. The cavalry wished to take him to their commander, but the Guards refused, on the pretence that they wished to get the reward which had been offered for the great brigand's capture. No sooner had they approached a wood than the pretended Guards opened fire upon the French cavalry, who, turning round, saw Fra Diavolo escaping into the dense forest. Ultimately he was taken, and Hugo endeavoured generously to have his captive treated as a prisoner of war, and tried as the Duke of Cassano, not Michel Pezza. But, says Victor Hugo, in his autobiography, 'it was too much the interest of the new royal house to discountenance the old, to let slip any opportunity of treating its defenders as bandits. Michel Pezza was condemned to death as an assassin.'

Fra Diavolo was neither the last nor the worst of the brigands who infested Southern Italy at that time. During the reigns of Joseph Bonaparte and Murat, brigandage flourished in spite of all attempts to suppress it. One of the worst of these wretches, Taccone by name, besieged the castle of an Italian baron, who, after a brave defence of many days, surrendered on the solemn promise made to him that no harm should be done him or any member of his family. No sooner had the besiegers been admitted than they perpetrated the last of outrages upon the baron's wife and daughters, and then set the castle on fire, completing their cruelty by throwing an infant into the flames. Another brigand chief, surnamed Il Bizzaro, trained large mastiffs to hunt men. Being himself at last closely pursued and hemmed in, he was reduced to so savage a despair, that in order that his retreat might not be betrayed by the cries of his newly-born child, he killed him by dashing his head against a tree. That deed sealed the monster's fate. The child's mother waited until the father was asleep, and then cut his throat, and, presenting herself to the authorities, claimed the reward which had been promised for the death of Bizzaro. The brigands were as false as they were cruel. On one occasion a detachment of troops fell into the hands of a bandit named Tarafante. The captives were then mustered, and the privates were told that their lives should be spared on the condition that they shot their own officers. The men refused to accept life on such terms, but at last yielded to the solicitations of the officers, and the unwilling murder was perpetrated. No sooner had this unnatural deed been accomplished

complished than the privates were themselves massacred to a man. The brigands were also superstitious as well as cruel and false. Generally, this superstition has been turned to account by the political party which made use of brigandage; but on one memorable occasion it was used with better effect. The inhabitants of Serra, who favoured the banditti, had been guilty of peculiarly shameful treachery against the troops of Murat, having murdered a large number of them during a negotiation. General Manhès determined to make a terrible example of them. The population of Serra was too numerous to be put to death. So he called the people together, and after vehemently upbraiding them for their wickedness, he said, 'I order all the churches of Serra to be shut, and all the priests, not one excepted, to be transported to Maïda. Your children shall be born without christening, and you shall die without sacraments. Like reprobates you shall be shut in your deserted town, and you shall not be able to escape my punishment by emigrating to another place. You are now for ever separated from the rest of the country. A severe watch shall be kept upon you, and if any one dares to go out, he shall be hunted up like a wolf.' The people were overcome with dismay. As Manhès left the town he was overtaken by a long procession of spectral appearance, consisting of the whole population, every one covered with a white garment, their heads bound with hair cloth, and their feet bare. The moment they saw the General they fell upon their knees, and, beating their breasts with stones, prayed him to execute them rather than consign them to a fate worse than death. Manhès spurred on his horse through the crowd of suppliants, and took no heed of their prayer. Thus placed under an interdict which even the Pope would not have dared to decree, the desperate people rose against the brigands and cut them down without mercy. After a few days, brigandage was rooted out from the district, and Manhès then permitted the priests to return and the sacraments to be administered. Immense was the joy of the inhabitants, and they were careful not to risk again a punishment so infinitely terrible to them. They kept up the remembrance of this event by substituting 'Santo Manhès,' for their exclamation 'Santo Diavolo,'—a doubtful compliment to the General.

The term brigandage includes two species of that evil—brigandage proper, and the Camorra. The first partakes of the nature of open warfare, and is to be found in the country districts; the second is a secret society, and flourishes chiefly in the towns. Both have one object—that of extorting from the public the means of subsistence for the extorters. The

brigand is a highwayman acting in concert with a large band of associates. The Camorrista trusts less to open violence than to terror. The brigand attempts no concealment, but relies on his sword and superior numbers. The Camorrista is surrounded with mystery—is the member of a dreaded organisation which is ubiquitous, and which punishes with the dagger those who offend it. The first, in fact, is military; the second civil. It is difficult to say which is the more ancient. Brigandage, as we have seen, had its origin in the middle ages; and the Camorra is referred to by Cervantes in his ‘Don Quixote,’ and is supposed to derive its name from a Moorish word signifying jacket. One would have thought that the open would be more easily dealt with than the secret foe—that brigandage would have been more easily suppressed than the Camorra. Nevertheless, it has not proved so. The first still exists, in spite of all the forces which have been brought against it; the second has been all but annihilated. How great a work it is which has thus been accomplished, we shall understand when we learn something more of the history and constitution of one of the most powerful and flagitious conspiracies against public order which the world has seen. Thanks to M. Marc Monnier and to Count Maffei, the accomplished Secretary of the Italian Legation in London, we may become thoroughly acquainted with the Camorra and all its iniquities.

M. Monnier defines the Camorra in two words, ‘organised extortion.’ During the reigns of the later Bourbons it was also legalised extortion, for—finding themselves powerless to cope with it—the sovereigns made use of it. The Camorriste were to be found in all the ports, especially in Naples. In fact, they had a chief in each of the twelve districts of Naples, in every town of the kingdom, and in every battalion of the army. Lounging about the quays, they would, as a matter of course, exact tribute from the merchants who were landing cargoes, and then pass the goods through the custom-house without further payment. At last the merchants, in self-defence, employed the Camorriste as porters, and thus evaded the customs duties while consenting to fill the pockets of these robbers. So complete was the organisation of the society, that it claimed its share of the money received by shopkeepers, and even by the sellers of vegetables in the market. The cabman, on receiving his fare, would give up a portion of it to some lazy bystander, without a word of expostulation. In almost every transaction of life involving the payment of money the Camorrista stepped in and demanded his tribute, which was always paid. Not to pay was to incur the most serious

serious peril—indeed, almost certain death. Every Camorrista wore two clasp knives, which he was not slow to use. When he did use them he struck *nella cassa* (up to the hilt). He was pretty nearly sure to escape detection. A murder would not unfrequently take place in the public streets, but no witnesses would be forthcoming. Those who saw the assassination would generally rush away, fearing that they might be called upon to give evidence, and knowing that, if they were, they themselves would be the next victims. If, in spite of these apprehensions, it was possible to obtain sufficient evidence to convict the murderer, the judges, for the most part, dared not pass sentence of death; or if they were bold enough to do so, no executioner could be found to carry it into effect. Murder was not only a venial sin, but a positive virtue, according to the Camorrista's code of morals. When initiated, the neophyte had to perform, at the bidding of the older members, some desperately lawless deed—generally the murder of a person who had rendered himself obnoxious to the society. If the neophyte hesitated, his own death was certain; if he complied, he was pretty nearly sure to escape severe punishment. A Camorrista might, indeed, be sent to gaol with impunity, for a gaol was scarcely a prison to him. He could always obtain whatever he pleased in the way of food or weapons. He was one of an organised brotherhood, whose members were to be found everywhere.

So widespread was this conspiracy against society, and so formidable were the conspirators, that the Bourbon Government found it necessary, or at all events expedient, to make terms with them. Liberio Romano, chief of the police, took some of the Camorriste into his pay, and, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, placed them in the police force. The experiment was to a certain extent successful, for the Camorriste, having secret sources of information, were able to give political information of a kind very valuable to a despotic sovereign. Moreover, they permitted some portion of the money raised upon the imposts by their comrades to reach the royal exchequer. Such was their position when the great events of 1860 took place. They were all-powerful, universally feared by the people, and, for want of power to suppress them, entrusted with authority by the King. Upon them depended whether the revolution would be successful or not. Had they chosen to give the signal on that memorable September 8th, when Garibaldi entered Naples amid the acclaim of half a million of people, the hero would have been a victim, the triumph a massacre. But the Camorra trusted and favoured Garibaldi. They saw in his red shirts kindred
spirits.

spirits. They little imagined that he was the precursor of a sovereign who would be too brave to fear them, too merciful to show them mercy. Garibaldi was inclined to make terms both with the Camorra of the city and the brigands of the mountains, and some of the latter, at all events, joined his standard. But when once Southern Italy acknowledged the rule of Victor Emmanuel, that ruler and his advisers determined to deliver the country from its chief curse. Thenceforward there was no treating with brigandage of either kind. It was a bold policy to adopt, and they who had the carrying out of it held their lives in their hands. But in this case as in most cases, boldness proved the safest course. The Camorriste, once so formidable, proved abject cowards. When they found that they were no longer feared they became fearful. They were first hunted out of the army, and in this operation ridicule was found a powerful agency. Then a sudden razzia was made upon those who were residing in Naples. The city was in a state of siege, with General La Marmora for its Governor; and, acting under his instructions, Signor Spaventa, the head of the police, arrested eighty Camorriste in one night, and the octroi—the duty paid upon merchandise entering the city—which had yielded but twenty-five sous, the next day yielded 3,400 francs. Another official, Signor Aveta, seized the leaders of the society. A third, Signor Jossa, displayed the most extraordinary vigour and intrepidity. Street murders by Camorriste were of daily occurrence, yet Jossa did not fear to accost one Camorrista after another, asking him whether he was not such a person—calling him by name—and on receiving an affirmative reply ordered him to march to prison. The Camorrista always obeyed, and the terror of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men was so thoroughly cowed, that he would walk unresistingly to gaol before his unarmed captor. Nor was Jossa content with such exploits. He would go into the country armed with an ordinary fowling piece, and betake himself to a place where he knew he would meet with a Camorrista. Having discovered him, Jossa ordered him not to move. The Camorrista, seeing an enemy, raised his pistol, but before he himself could fire received a shot from Jossa's gun. Panic-stricken he prayed for mercy. It was granted only on the condition that he would walk to prison. Then the two set out, the one marching in front, bleeding and in an agony of terror; the other with his gun upon his shoulder following lightly behind, as though he had been out for a day's sport, and was returning with a good bag. As they passed, the villagers, who had held the Camorristo in extremest awe, looked on with amazement. These measures had

had a good effect, but were not wholly successful. Though in prison, the Camorriste contrived, by the aid of their wives, to keep up the system of extortion upon the Neapolitans. At last the Government found it necessary to carry these troublers of the peace away from the country in which they had obtained such power, and they were deported to several of the small islands off the coast of Italy. At the present time the Camorra is virtually destroyed, and if Victor Emmanuel had done nothing else for Southern Italy than this work, he would have earned the lasting gratitude of the people. Unfortunately the demoralisation caused by the Camorra is more enduring than the Camorra itself, and it is only by slow degrees that the Neapolitans have learnt to appreciate the advantages of honesty and of justice, of taxes paid punctually, and of trial by jury.

It would have been well for Italy if the plague of brigandage had always been as amenable to remedies as that particular form of it which we have just described. But although there has been no lack of energy on the part of the Government, nor of bravery on the part of individuals, armed brigands still ravage Sicily and the southern provinces of Italy. Mr. Moens has described how the inhabitants of Palermo dare not venture for more than a mile or two outside the city gates, for fear of being carried off into captivity, and retained until a heavy ransom is paid. In some parts of peninsular Italy the inhabitants are little better off than the Sicilians, although for three years the Government has waged war with the brigands. Mr. Moens is inclined to blame the authorities for their remissness, and to think that greater energy and greater prudence would put an end to a state of things so disgraceful to a civilised country. Doubtless there was remissness in his particular case, for which he had a good claim for compensation on the Italian Government; a claim which, we have reason to know, was on the point of being acknowledged, when the *Times* published a leader protesting against such claim being made, and gave the Government in question an opportunity of refusal which it was not slow to use. But it would be a mistake to suppose that brigandage has been allowed to exist unheeded and unchecked. We have already shown that the evil is one of long standing. We have now to show how it is that it has attained such large proportions under the present régime.

Under Ferdinand II. brigandage had become the employment of half the inhabitants of the Two Sicilies, and it was so admired by the other half that the King found it necessary to make terms with it. Talarico, one of the most famous bri-

gands, was persuaded to lay down his arms and to retire to Ischia, one of the most beautiful islands on the face of the earth, on condition that he and his followers were maintained there at the expense of the Government. Such a close to such a career had the natural effect of attracting many adventurers into it, and at the time that Francis II. retreated to Gaeta the brigands were all-powerful. There were two courses open to his successor—conciliation or hostility. The first would have been most disastrous for the nation, would have riveted for generations to come the disgraceful yoke under which the Bourbons had allowed the fairest provinces of Italy to pass. It is to the credit of Victor Emmanuel that he did not entertain such an idea. At the same time it is to be regretted that more prudence was not shown in carrying out the opposite policy. The brigands who had joined Garibaldi, and who subsequently offered their services to the King of Italy, were repulsed; and one of the brothers La Gala, who had requested to be employed in putting down brigandage, thereupon betook himself to his old career, in which he obtained a terrible notoriety by the atrociousness of his cruelties. At the same time that the Government thus showed itself rigidly severe towards the brigands, it rendered itself very unpopular among the people. The Neapolitans had worshipped Garibaldi; and when he retired to Caprera, and his place was taken by a military governor, and when the old Neapolitan laws and usages were altered, when new and heavy taxes were imposed, and unseemly haste was made to deprive Naples—by far the most populous city in Italy, and the third city on the continent for size—of its position, the estrangement between the people and their new sovereign became very great. As Count Maffei—himself a representative of the Government—confesses, in almost every branch of the administration the authorities ‘altered the names, even when they did not alter the existing state of things; whilst, on the contrary, the secret of governing a new country in such a manner as to obtain the confidence of all classes, is to change the old system without altering the names. In effecting these changes, too, instead of making them gradually, and in such a manner as not to arouse the jealousy of the people, they were determined on and executed at once.’ This course was the more unfortunate, inasmuch as the invincibility of the brigands depends upon the sympathy and assistance of the people. It is because these have been given and are still given that brigandage still flourishes. There was another circumstance which told against Victor Emmanuel. He had been excommunicated, and, as such, was considered an outcast by

by the Neapolitan clergy, the most superstitious in Europe. Francis, on the other hand, had always shown himself a most obedient son of the Church, and a warm supporter of the priesthood. The brigands were no less devoted, and thus both religious and political causes helped to strengthen the hands of the brigands, and to make them powerful for evil.

Francis II. was not long in taking advantage of these circumstances. From his palace in Rome, with the connivance of the French authorities, and with the open assistance of the Papal, he organised an army of banditti, commissioned to ravage and destroy—to outrage the women and murder the men amongst his late subjects, whom he hoped by such means to regain. Scarcely had Francis fled from his capital than brigandage broke out. The brigands descended from the mountains, and did so much mischief that the Government appointed General Pinelli, a stern soldier, to take vigorous measures for repressing them. He at once issued a proclamation, declaring that all brigands captured with arms in their possession would be shot. This announcement excited some severe criticisms in England among the supporters of the Bourbons, and they declared that such a measure against men fighting in behalf of their legitimate sovereign was not to be tolerated. These advocates little knew the character of their clients. These loyal soldiers, as they were deemed, were guilty of all kinds of atrocities, and were led by Chiavone, a man who had been drummed out of the Neapolitan army, and whose cruelty was equalled only by his cowardice. But the strong remonstrances of English pseudo-philanthropists led to the recall of Pinelli. A few weeks later the evil became more aggravated than before. The appointment of General Cialdini as Lieutenant-Governor of Naples had a favourable effect. The General was popular, and in proportion to his popularity the brigands lost ground with the people. For a time nearly suppressed, brigandage broke out with greater violence than ever in the spring of 1862, and it became doubtful if Victor Emmanuel would be able to maintain his authority. General La Marmora tried the hazardous experiment of ordering a conscription to put down the brigands. It was perfectly successful. Thirty-six thousand troops were raised without difficulty, and the National Guard was mobilised. A committee was appointed in 1863 to inquire into the condition of Southern Italy, with especial reference to brigandage, and it was deemed necessary to pass a bill placing the country under martial law for a limited time, and giving power to the troops to shoot persons found fighting against the Government, and even the *manutengoli*, the peasants who supplied the brigands with

with food. This bill has since been renewed, and, armed with the powers conferred by it, General Pallavicini has been most successful in mitigating the evil which even at the present time is not wholly suppressed. The construction of new roads, which has been carried on with great spirit, has helped to render the career of the brigand far more dangerous than before. There is still, however, one great difficulty which the Government has to encounter. Partly from fear, but chiefly by reason of that traditional admiration of the brigand which has always prevailed in Southern Italy, the inhabitants too often aid the banditti by supplying them with food, and, what is quite as valuable, with information. In this way it becomes almost impossible for the troops to come up with the bandits. Mr. Moens has described how close are the relations between the brigands and the peasantry, and how, through them, the brigands obtain accurate knowledge of the position and strength of their foes, at the same time that the troops are utterly ignorant of the numbers and whereabouts of their antagonists. Probably Mr. Moens is right when he says that the only way to put down the forcible abduction of travellers, which is now the mode in which the brigands chiefly distinguish themselves, is to levy upon the district in which the capture is made the ransom which the captive has to pay.

Brigandage, at the present time, seems to have well-nigh lost its political and religious character, and to be carried on merely for purposes of gain. There is hope, therefore, that it may be confined within narrower limits than it attained two or three years ago. When it shall become the practice of only the needy or the vicious, and bear the same relation to society in Italy that burglary does to society in England, there will be no reason why it should not yield to such preventive and repressive measures as increased education and a more efficient police. But, whatever be the future of brigandage, its past will render it one of the most memorable incidents in the history of the establishment of the Italian kingdom, to which, indeed, it was a more formidable obstacle than the covert opposition of Napoleon, or the open hostility of the Bourbons. In truth, brigandage was one mode in which that opposition and that hostility were manifested. If it had not been for the direct support of Francis II., and the connivance of Napoleon, this terrible social pest could not have inflicted half the misery which is attributable to it. How terrible it was we shall best apprehend by following the careers of some of the most notable of the brigand leaders, and by learning what sort of men they were whom a king commissioned and a Pope blessed.

Caruso was one of the most energetic and most ferocious of the
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the brigand chiefs. His first exploit in the Capitanata—one of the districts which suffered most from the brigand ravages—was characterised by the ferocity for which he soon became distinguished. His band having received some supplies from a peasant, Caruso said that on his return he should require further assistance, and in the meantime he would give the peasant a remembrancer that was not likely to pass unheeded. With these words the bandit seized the hand of the unfortunate man, laid it on a table, and with a single blow severed it from the arm. Another peasant, suspected of being on good terms with the authorities and the troops, had both his arms and legs cut off, and was then thrown into a caldron of boiling water. On one occasion, hearing that a certain mason had acted as guide to the troops, Caruso seized about a dozen of the mason's companions and slew them with his own hand. At a place called Castelvetero he found twenty-seven persons at work in the fields. His band overpowered the poor labourers, bound the men to the trees, outraged their wives and daughters before their eyes, then barbarously mutilated the poor women, and ultimately put both men and women to death. During the month of September, 1863, he put to death two hundred persons with his own hands. Hardened as his followers were, even they were sometimes horrified at his ferocity. One day, finding himself and his band hard pressed by the military, and while fleeing before them, he met a poor charcoal-burner, and, going up to him, asked him in a familiar tone to allow him to light his cigar at the pipe the *carbonaro* was smoking. The latter complied; and Caruso, while with one hand he returned the pipe to its owner, with the other shot the poor man in the face. His followers remonstrated at what they considered wanton and useless cruelty, but Caruso replied that the troops would be sure to stop when they saw his victim in the death struggle, and this brief halt would be of service to the brigands. Caruso met his end under the following circumstances. He had attacked a farmhouse, and, with his usual love of slaughter for its own sake, had put to death all the harmless and unresisting inmates save one girl of rare beauty, whom he reserved to be his mistress. He had her carried away to a miserable straw hut and kept in confinement, and at last, growing reckless, he determined to pay her a visit, although he was closely pursued. He went to her, and his arrival was immediately made known to the National Guard, who quickly came up and captured him. He was sentenced to death, and suffered execution with the courage which he had always displayed, but in which many other of the brigand chiefs were shamefully deficient. The brothers *La. C.*

obtained an evil pre-eminence through the trial which they underwent after being taken from the French steamer *Aunis* by the Italian authorities. There was evidence of the fact that one of the brothers had cut off and eaten the ear of a captive for whom sufficient ransom was not forthcoming, and had jestingly remarked that priests' ears were good. The same wretches invited a young man named Francesco de Cesare to pay them a visit, and professed great friendship for him. On his arrival, and immediately after they had embraced him, one of them said, 'You must die, Francesco.' The victim, taking these words as a joke, laughed. Giona la Gala, however, called for a rope, bound his legs, and, while Francesco was still laughing, the bandit, drawing a dagger, pierced him with many blows; after which Cipriano la Gala shot him with a double-barrelled gun, and the rest of the brigands followed his example. Francesco's head was then cut off, and, with a pipe in its mouth, was placed in the sill of a window. His limbs were severed from his body and hanged on the neighbouring trees, with a placard on each, bearing the words, 'So are spies treated! This is the fate which awaits traitors!' The remainder of the body, cut into morsels, was afterwards roasted over a large fire and eaten by the cannibal supporters of the Bourbons. One of the brigands tried to make the uncle of the murdered man, who was a captive and a spectator of these atrocities, partake of the horrid banquet; and when he besought them, for the love of God, to spare him, they told him that they would eat him to-morrow. When these wretches were condemned to death they displayed abject fear.

Nearly as great monsters as these were Crocco, Ninc-Nanco, and others, of whom there is not room to speak. There were, however, a few exceptions to this rule of ferocity. Two or three brigand chiefs were worthy the name of soldiers, for they fought as men instead of as demons, and in a cause which they believed to be just. One of these was a Belgian, of high family, and a relative of Mgr. de Mérode, at that time Minister of War to the Pope. His career was short. Soon after he had placed himself at the head of an armed band in Southern Italy, and while in the very act of firing, with his own hand, a house which had been broken into, he was seized by the royal troops. When told that he was to be shot immediately, in accordance with the severe law which had been passed ordering the summary execution of brigands taken with arms in their hands, he was incredulous. Even when he was turned with his face to the wall, the posture of disgrace always appointed for brigands, he still refused to believe in his

his approaching doom, and was in the act of turning his head to speak to the soldiers when a bullet struck him, and he fell dead. José Borjès, a Spaniard, had a longer career, and gave much more trouble to the troops. He kept a diary, which fell into the hands of his pursuers, and is of remarkable interest. He was commissioned by the Bourbonists to take the lead of the 'national' movement in the Two Sicilies. He was particularly directed to proceed to Calabria, with the view of re-establishing the authority of Francis II. He was given to understand that a large force would be placed at his disposal, and that the country would everywhere rise in his favour. He was miserably disappointed. The promised reinforcements did not come. The people did not rise. Day after day, he and his little band were like partridges hunted on the mountains, weary and hungry. When at last a brigand force did join him, he soon found reason to wish himself quit of his allies. They were led by the infamous Crocco, whose horrible cruelties disgusted Borjès, and excited remonstrances that proved all in vain. The brigands stormed a town where the population was loyal to Victor Emmanuel, and, says Borjès, 'It is my painful duty to state that the most absolute disorder prevailed among our soldiers, especially among the chiefs themselves. Thefts, murders, and many other blamable excesses have been the only results of this attack. I have no authority whatever.' Borjès was deprived of all command, and yet held responsible for any disaster. At last he determined that the struggle was hopeless carried on in that way, and that he had better go to Rome for fresh instructions. Pursued and desperate he fought his way towards the frontier. At the last village in Italian territory he determined to give his worn-out followers an hour's rest. That determination was fatal to him. The royal troops came up, surrounded the house in which the brigands were, and forced them to surrender. During the few hours that passed before his execution, Borjès behaved with great calmness. He complimented his captor upon his gallantry. He declared of his two chief comrades that one was a knave and the other a brute. After confession in a small chapel he and his fellow-prisoners were led out to execution. 'Our last hour is come,' said Borjès, 'let us die like men.' He kissed his companions, and asked the Bersaglieri to aim at his head. Then, falling on his knees, he began singing with his countrymen a Spanish litany, and they joined in the responses. The litany was interrupted by a discharge of musketry, and Borjès and nine other Spaniards fell dead.

As we have stated, the most vigorous measures taken by the Italian Government have not been wholly successful in
suppressing

suppressing brigandage. From time to time we hear of daring feats performed by individual banditti; but it does not appear that the brigands are now acting from political reasons. Manzo, the captor of Mr. Moens, has more recently taken four Swiss gentlemen, and extorted from them a ransom far heavier than that paid by the Englishman. It does not speak well for the activity of the Italian army that this highwayman, for he is nothing else, should still be uncaught, and still be able to carry off travellers.* And yet, as we have shown, there has been no lack of energy on the part of the authorities. Placing under martial law the districts most infested was a severe but most beneficial measure. General Pallavicini's campaign was highly successful, and he made so many prisoners as to almost exterminate brigandage in one province which had suffered most severely. But the brigands found powerful support among the clergy, who are to a large extent Bourbonists. The village priests preached a brigand crusade from the pulpit, and spoke of the wretches whose atrocities we have described, as 'Our brothers, the brigands.' One priest addressed the Virgin Mary, and declared that he would no longer believe her immaculate if she did not give success to the brigands. These bandits are as superstitious as they are cruel. They generally carry some trinket which has been blessed by the Pope. Nor has Papal aid been confined to these articles. The guns taken from brigands who have fallen in engagements have generally borne the Pontifical mark. It is notorious that there were, if there are not now, offices open in Rome for the recruiting of brigands; a business in which Francis was assisted by the Pope's War Minister, De Mérode. The support of the peasantry has been secured by the payment of large sums for supplies of food. In fact, it would appear from Mr. Moens's book that the brigands were little benefited by their large gains, inasmuch as they had to part with them to the country people in order to obtain the necessaries of life. The approaching completion of the September Convention, by the recall of the French troops from Rome will, perhaps, deprive brigandage of one of its chief supports, Papal sanction. Pius IX. will feel that he must not any longer allow his guest, Francis II., to make Rome the centre of operations against the King of Italy, lest Victor Emmanuel should thereby obtain an excuse for invading the Papal provinces. A still more serious blow to brigandage than the loss of Pontifical support would be the alienation of

* After the above was in type, news arrived of the surrender of Manzo with four of his companions.

the peasantry, and that is to be secured by making them responsible for the ransom of 'prisoners' captured. When Pius ceases to bless, Francis to enlist, and the Neapolitans to be *manutengoli*, there is good hope that one of the fairest countries of Europe will be set free from one of the greatest curses that ever fell upon any country.

ART. VI.—DR. LYMAN BEECHER.

THE 'Autobiography' of Dr. Lyman Beecher has recently been published, under the editorship of his son Charles.* It consists of narratives taken down from Dr. Beecher's lips, or remembered by his children; letters; extracts from pamphlets; and some excellent explanatory and narrative matter by the editor. We propose, with its help, to put before the readers of 'Meliora' some interesting delineations and anecdotes of a man who was very remarkable in himself, did much good philanthropic work, and has bequeathed to the world a family which includes Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe amongst its other distinguished members.

Lyman Beecher was the son of David Beecher and his third wife, Esther Lyman. This David was the son of Nathaniel; who was the son of Joseph, and he was the son of John. We trace the pedigree thus, in order to reach the fact, that John Beecher was the son of Hannah, a widow, who came with the first New Haven immigrants from England in 1638. The three immediate ancestors of Lyman Beecher are said to have been men of physical strength in a descending ratio; Joseph could lift a barrel of cider and drink out of the bung-hole; Nathaniel was not quite so strong, being only able to lift a barrel of cider into a cart; David was short, like his mother, and could lift a barrel of cider and carry it into the cellar. By this queer cider-barrel standard, Dr. Beecher humorously measured the strength of his forefathers; he tells us nothing about his own. But he proved to be a stout temperance reformer, and lived to lift many barrels of wine and spirits out of public favour, and so out of existence.

David Beecher, his father, though a blacksmith, was one of the best read men in New England, and had the respect of educated circles. He had in him a strong dash of the politician, and a love for fun, both which qualities descended

* London: Samson Low, Son, and Marston, 14, Ludgate Street.

richly to his son. He had five wives in his day, and twelve children, of whom one was Lyman, born October 12th, 1775.

To the Anglo-Saxon and Welsh blood in the Beecher veins, Esther Lyman brought an addition of Scotch. She was tall, well-made, and fair, intelligent in conversation, and lovely in character, but died of consumption two days after Lyman, her first child, came into the world. So prematurely born and puny was he, that the nurse, seeing that the mother could not live, thought it useless to attempt to keep the child alive, and actually wrapped him up and laid him aside in murderous despair! Happily, another woman thought she would see if the little thing was living, and, finding it to be so, concluded to wash and dress it, but not without exclaiming 'It's a pity he hadn't died with his mother.' A good Aunt Benton, one of his mother's sisters, took the nursling to her own home; and to her care, and that of a capital nurse-girl, it was that the world owed the preservation of a very valuable life.

The nurse-girl, Annis, only thirteen years of age when she assumed this function for Lyman, had a great influence, Dr. Beecher says, on his character. She was intelligent, well-favoured, and pious, and in his early days talked with him 'about his soul.' Aunt Benton's husband was a substantial farmer, upright, tall, bright, dark-eyed, and of a pleasant countenance—the 'Uncle Lot Griswold,' in fact, of the 'Mayflower.' Uncle Benton was a saving, contriving, scheming farmer, who made and mended his own tools, harness, and plough, and grew his own food and materials for clothing. The way of life at his house was, therefore, that of varied agricultural and domestic industry,—ploughing, sowing, reaping, hay-making, flax-pulling, wood chopping, sheep-shearing, carding, spinning, cheese-making, and the rest of it. Amidst all this wholesome activity the little Lyman spent his first years. He learned also to hunt squirrels, quails, and partridges, and to fish. His Uncle Lot intended to bring him up to the farm, and make him heir to the homestead; but the boy defeated him. It was a long and tough ploughing job that disgusted Lyman with the farm. He was naturally quick, and the plough was slow,—one furrow one way, then back again for another,—and by the time the new fifteen acres clearing had been ploughed thrice over, Lyman was inexpressibly sick of the whole concern. That plough,—a curiosity in its way,—branded itself horribly on his memory. It was a curious thing of Lot's own manufacture,—clumsy, heavy, patched with old hoes and pieces of iron; yet Uncle Lot thought much of it. One day the boy drove the ox-team so as to graze the plough with the wheel. 'There, there, Lyman,' said

said the uncle, 'you've run over that plough, and broke it all to pieces.' 'Why, Uncle Lot,' replied Lyman, 'I haven't touched the plough.' 'Well,' retorted the uncle, 'I'd a great deal rather you had than to have gone so plaguey nigh it.' As ploughing could not fill the boy's mind, he failed to keep his attention properly upon it. He would get lost in reverie and castle-building, and would stalk on, dreaming, for in advance of the plough, until his uncle would say 'Whoa,' and come and give him a shake. One day, soon after that long and hateful task had been completed, Lyman and his uncle were walking together over Toket Hill. The boy fell into a brown study whilst there, and unconsciously kept saying 'Whoa!' 'Haw!' 'Gee!' as if the oxen were under his care at the time. 'Why, Lyman,' said the farmer, 'did you think you were driving the oxen?' It was then that Uncle Benton seems to have given up all hope of making the boy an agriculturist. Next day, as they were behind the barn, picking up apples, 'Lyman,' said he, 'should you like to go to college?' 'I don't know, sir,' replied the lad. But the next day they were picking up apples again, and without another word having been said by his uncle, the lad said 'Yes, sir, I should.' So the good uncle drove over to New Haven, and talked with the father, and the affair was settled between them. Uncle Lot was to clothe the student, and the father was to do the rest; but most of the bills were ultimately paid by the uncle. Lot Benton adopted another nephew for his heir, and gave him the homestead; but he bequeathed to Lyman a house, besides land, with about two thousand dollars. The work of religious training, begun by Annis, was carried on in the Benton family. Always they had family prayers, and the Bible was read aloud every morning. The first lessons, however, seem to have been chiefly lessons of terror. At that time in New England the Sabbath day was considered to begin on Saturday evening, and the rule was, that play must not begin on Sunday evening before they could see three stars. One Sunday evening, Lyman was too impatient to wait for the sidereal signal. Another boy who saw him said, 'That's wicked, there ain't three stars.' 'Don't care.' 'God says you musn't.' 'Don't care.' 'He'll punish you.' 'Well, if he does, I'll tell Aunt Benton.' 'Well, he's bigger than Aunt Benton, and he'll put you in the fire, and burn you for ever and ever.' That took hold. Lyman understood what burning meant, and the 'for ever' moved him deeply. 'What emotion,' said he once, 'I had thinking "no end, no end!" It has been a sort of main-spring ever since.' The school-master, Terror, was rough and coarse, but his lessons were rejected by the scholar, who grew up serious and

offence, with a settled fear of God, and dread of the day of judgment.

After passing through sundry schools, Lyman, at eighteen years of age, went to Yale College. Farmers' life and farmers' fare had made the young boy strong and hearty. The basis of all the tough, hard work of a long and most busy life was laid in this physical education. At college he had to pass under the harrow that older students always drag over the fresh men. On taking an apartment in college he was summoned to a room so full of tobacco smoke that he could not see across it, was there asked all sorts of questions in English and Latin, and received all manner of mock solemn advice. He became a fag to a big fellow named Forbes, who sent him on errands, and every day contrived to employ him in some business or other, worrying him down to indignation. One moonlight evening, at nine o'clock, as a few of his class were standing together, one said, 'Come, let's go down and break Forbes's windows.' 'No, no,' said Lyman, 'the streets are full of people.' 'Coward!' was the retort. But 'You've missed your man this time,' rushed out in hot rejoinder: 'I'm not a coward, but I'm not a fool. If any man will go at twelve o'clock to-night, I will.' The challenge was accepted; and at midnight the two youths went down, each armed with a couple of bricks, marched past Forbes's windows, and let drive one after the other. One brick struck the wall just above Forbes's head. The next day Lyman's father said, 'Lyman, Mr. Hubbard has been talking with me; he thinks it likely you were concerned in breaking Forbes's windows.' 'Well,' said the young student, 'he can't prove it, and you can't prove it, and God only can publish it if it's true.' 'Well, well,' said the father, 'I'll tell you what you'd better do. Just stop your class, and contribute enough to mend the windows, and say nothing.' So said, so done. The windows were mended, and the thing passed over; but Lyman was sent on no more errands. The young reformer's first work was effectual. The old fag system had received its death-blow from those bricks, and expired soon after.

At Yale, in his first year, he narrowly escaped drowning. He had already passed through several hair's-breadth escapes. At Uncle Benton's he had stumbled over the dye-pot, and sat down in a kettle of scalding water, throwing him into convulsions. He had also been very near being crushed to death by a falling tree. But he had a work to do in the world, and passed scatheless through all such jeopardies.

The prompt, courageous nature of the youth was shown in the following adventure that befel him at college:—One night
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he was awakened by a noise at his window. He listened, and found that somebody was pulling his clothes through a broken pane. He jumped up just in time to see his clothes disappear. The next moment he was out of the window, and in full chase. The thief dropped his booty, and fled down one street and up another, doubling and turning, but the lithe young student was too swift for him. 'I took him by the collar; he attempted to strike; I warded him off, and pushed him over and sprang on him, and choked him till he begged; then I let him up, saw he was fumbling in his pocket for a knife, took it away, and marched him back to my room, and made him lie on my floor, by my bed, till morning. If he stirred, I said, "Lie still, sir." In the morning I had him before the justice, Squire Daggett, who discharged him because I lost sight of him once round a corner. I met the fellow afterwards, but he would never look me in the eye.'

The celebrated Dr. Dwight had the greatest effect on the development of Lyman Beecher's mind whilst at college. Before Dr. Dwight's presidentship the college was in a most ungodly state; the college church almost extinct; most of the students irreligious; rowdies abundant; wine and liquors freely used; intemperance, profanity, gambling, and licentiousness common. Lyman escaped all these snares. He was invited to gamble once, complied, and won; next day played again, won again, then lost, and ended in debt. The shrewd boy saw immediately whereto that would grow if persisted in; he obtained leave of absence, went home for a week, broke the spell, and never touched a card afterwards.

Dr. Dwight put an end to the evil manifestations in the college. He preached down the spirit that had led most of Lyman's class to assume the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, &c., and made it skulk and hide its head. To a mind appreciative as Lyman's was, his preaching was a continual feast. Dr. Dwight's style was copious but polished, disciplined, and logical. He was of noble form, with a noble head, and had one of the sweetest smiles ever seen in a man. He always met Lyman with a smile, and Lyman intensely loved him. 'I loved him,' he said, 'as my own soul, and he loved me as a son; and once at Litchfield I told him that all I had I owed to him. "Then," said he, "I have done a great and soul-satisfying work. I consider myself amply rewarded."'

Lyman's great religious awakening occurred in the middle of his junior year, and a drunkard was concerned in it. One day, whilst at home, Lyman's mother-in-law looked out of the window and saw a drunkard passing. 'Poor man,' said she, 'I

hope he'll receive all his punishment in this life. He was under conviction once, and thought he had religion, but he's nothing but a poor drunkard now.' Following on these words there came into the young Lyman's mind a sudden impulse to pray. 'It was but a breath across the surface of my soul,' he said; 'I was not in the habit of praying. I rose to pray, and had not spoken five words before I was under as deep conviction as ever I was in my life. The sinking of the shaft was instantaneous. I understood the law and my heart as well as I do now, or shall in the day of judgment, I believe.' A long struggle ensued. By degrees the sky cleared. He felt reconciled and resigned, yet with alternations of darkness and discouragement, and a severe conflict whether it would be right for him to preach, which extended even into his divinity year.

In after life Dr. Beecher could deal more skilfully with such cases than he had known how to do with his own. His daughter, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, records that he was in the habit of saying to her that the kind of religious experience which supposed God sometimes to shine and sometimes to darken Himself, without any accountable reason except a mysterious sovereignty, was an entire mistake; that the evidence of religion should not lie in these changes, but in the mind's consciousness of its own steady, governing purpose, as witnessed by the habitual course of life.

He did not cease to insist on the necessity for a deep and genuine work of the Holy Spirit, in revealing to the soul its guilty and lost condition. But, for this very reason, he always insisted as strenuously on the necessity of distinguishing carefully between the phenomena resulting from a diseased state of the body, and those resulting from the genuine operation of the Spirit. The desponding and gloomy frames of some sincerely pious men he attributed in far greater degree than they did to the natural reaction of weakened nerves, or some form of physical disease. His daughter recollects his once laying down the memoir of a very celebrated and useful minister, saying, 'Oh, why will they print out all the horrors of a man's dyspepsia?' He constantly taught, in his mature life, that it was unphilosophical and unwise for young Christians, at the outset of their career, to subject their religious emotions to the test of close metaphysical analysis, at least to the extent in which this is often done. 'Some people,' he would say, 'keep their magnifying glass ready, and the minute a religious emotion puts out its head they catch it and kill it, to look at it through their microscope, and see if it is of the right kind. Do you not know, my friends, that you cannot

cannot love and be examining your love at the same time? Some people, instead of getting evidence by *running* in the way of life, take a dark lanthorn, and get down on their knees, and crawl on the boundary up and down, to make sure whether they have crossed it. If you want to make sure, *run*, and when you come in sight of the celestial city, and hear the songs of the angels, then you'll know you're across.'

On leaving college, Lyman had entered the Divinity School under Dr. Dwight, but his health was not good, and he did not study there more than nine months. His preachings then commenced. He was at first, perhaps, too flowery and rhetorical; was always hot, eager, impetuous, pungent. There never was any doubt about his earnestness. He soon, he says, found himself 'harnessed to the chariot of Christ, whose wheels of fire have rolled onward, high and dreadful to His foes, and glorious to His friends.' 'And I thank God,' he adds, 'that my labours have not been in vain in the Lord, but, together with those of the evangelical pastors and churches of my day, have successfully advanced, and will, with accumulated progress and shock of battle, terminate in the glorious victories of the latter day.'

In the latter part of his college course Lyman had become acquainted with the lady of whom most of his children are the offspring. Roxana Foote, whose mother was daughter of General Ward, was a girl of uncommon ability, beloved and paid homage to by all her companions. In the large family of her mother, and elsewhere, Roxana's was the mind that predominated; and her influence, whilst great, was an influence that made itself beloved. Lyman had 'sworn inwardly' never to marry a weak woman: his wife must have sense, must possess strength to lean upon; and Roxana had both strength and sense. The whole circle in which she moved was one of uncommon intelligence, wit, and vivacity. On her side, Roxana had read Charles Grandison, and had said she never meant to marry until she found Sir Charles's like. Instead of a Sir Charles Grandison, she found Lyman Beecher. One day, a happy party of young people went to a farmer's peach orchard, ate peaches, talked, and had a merry time. Returning home, Lyman accompanied Roxana, and 'somehow,' said he, 'those good-for-nothing saucy creatures would walk so fast, we couldn't keep up, and so we had to fall behind.' Lyman soon found there was something that must be said to Roxana, although he did not know exactly how to begin. The thing, however, was done; a half-consent was obtained, and this, in due time, grew into a whole one. Slight differences of religious opinion there were at first between the two
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young people; and at one time Lyman went over to Roxana's residence specially to converse with her about them, and, if the disagreement proved too great, to relinquish the engagement. He explained his religious views to her, and laid open before her what he conceived to be 'the great plan of redemption.' As he went on, her bosom heaved, her tears flowed, her heart melted, and his melted too; and he never told her to her dying day what he had come for. His trouble was lest she should be self-deceived. He feared lest her piety should be found to be mere headwork and natural amiability, and that she should prove not to have had a true change of heart. Her subsequent life, however, made fully manifest the genuineness of her religion.

It was in 1798 that Lyman Beecher entered upon his first pastoral charge. At East Hampton, Long Island, a man was wanted 'that can stand his ground in argument, and break the heads of these infidels;' and Lyman was found to be just such a man. He owned a horse, with saddle and bridle; all other property that he had went into a little white hair trunk on the pommel of his saddle. Thus equipped, he journeyed from New Haven to East Hampton. When he got there, the great question was whether there was to be a revival of religion, or whether unbelief was to rule the day; and Lyman Beecher girded up his loins to settle the point. 'I did not attack infidelity indirectly; not at all. That would have been cracking a whip behind a runaway team—made them run the faster. I always preached right to the conscience; every sermon with my eye on the gun to hit somebody. Went through the doctrines; showed what they didn't mean; what they did; then the argument; knocked away objections, and drove home on the conscience. They couldn't get up their prejudices, because I had got them away. At first there was winking and blinking from below the gallery, forty or fifty exchanging glances, smiling, and watching. But when that was over, infidelity was ended; for it was infidelity, for the most part, that had its root in misunderstanding.'

After a two years' engagement, the acquaintanceship with Roxana Foote ripened into marriage. Beecher's life was now full of intense activity, as, with brief exceptions, it continued to be for nearly half a century. A great shaking and awakening of the East Hampton people soon followed his arrival amongst them, and he did not suffer his marriage to leave time for the grass to grow under his feet. He preached seven or eight sermons a week, besides doing much other work; for, till superannuated, he was all his life long greedy of labour.

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The style of living in New England at the opening of the present century was very simple and plain. There was not a carpet in all East Hampton when Lyman Beecher and his wife set up housekeeping there; all floors were sanded. The first carpet was introduced, and made, by Roxana. She spun the cotton, and had it woven; she laid it down, sized it, and painted it in oils, with colours mixed by herself, with a border all round, and bunches of roses and other flowers in the centre. That carpet lasted well, and was thought superb by the inhabitants of East Hampton. 'Old Deacon Tallmadge,' one day coming to see the minister, stopped at the parlour door, and seemed afraid to enter. 'Walk in, deacon, walk in,' said Mr. Beecher. 'Why, I can't,' said the deacon, 'thout steppin' on it.' Then, after surveying it awhile in admiration, he asked, 'D'ye think ye can have all that, *and heaven too?*' Other improvements in New Hampton were due to the example set by the Beechers. The first orchard ever planted there was the result of Lyman's own enterprise and toil. His neighbours laughed at him for attempting it so near the salt water, but he persisted, and succeeded; and that orchard became the first of many. Mrs. Beecher, for her share, introduced flower gardening, with similar result.

After having been five or six years at East Hampton, the increase of his family made a larger income necessary, and this necessity ultimately led to his removal from that place, as his congregation declined to pay more annual salary than a miserable four hundred dollars. But meanwhile his wife endeavoured to make ends meet by taking in young lady boarders. It was at this time, with his house full of young people, that Lyman Beecher's constitutional mirthfulness developed itself more freely than ever afterwards. He had learned to play the violin whilst at college, and every day practised the liveliest airs; but if any of the girls began to take a dancing step, he would make the violin give a doleful screech, and thus always put a stopper upon the attempt. Some of the family were particularly annoyed by a monotonous tune he sometimes played; therefore, when they happened to be late in the morning, he would station himself on the stairs and play the miserable air over and over until all the delinquents had made their appearance. One evening he told the housekeeper that he would be up, do his work, and play a tune on the fiddle before she came down. The next morning his daughter Caroline was waked by hearing her father rushing into the sitting-room. He had heard a step overhead, and, seizing his violin, he succeeded in completing 'Yankee Doodle' and securing his retreat to the 

before the old housekeeper appeared. Undoubtedly, this genial, hearty, healthy minister was dearly fond of a joke. Once a discussion arose between him and his brother as to which was the heavier. On the way to the scales, in passing a wood pile, Lyman snatched up an iron wedge and slipped it into his pocket, and then quietly enjoyed his brother's surprise at being outweighed. Lyman especially enjoyed a joke with his half-sister Esther. One evening he went into her room without his hat. After chatting awhile he got up, pretended to look for it, and asked her help to find it. She hunted awhile, feeling on all the chairs and tables, and he stood watching her. Then she lighted a lamp and renewed the search. At last, happening to look at her brother's face and see its mischievous expression, she made such lively demonstrations as sent him off at full speed, with the assurance that she would never look for his hat again. Often in after years, when the hat had been really lost, one of the children was sent to Aunt Esther with the message, 'Father has lost his hat, and wants you to come and help him to find it.'

The maxim that children love best those who govern them best, was verified in his family. The mother was gentle, tender, sympathising; all the discipline of government was done by the father. With most of his children, when quite young, he had one, two, or three fatherly encounters, in which he taught them that obedience must be exact, prompt, and cheerful, by a discipline severe enough to be thoroughly remembered. Ever after, a word of decided command was always sufficient. The obedience demanded was to be speedy, and without fretting or frowns. 'Mind your mother; quick! no crying! look pleasant!' Such orders were obeyed with almost military promptness and precision. This method secured such habits of unquestioning, uncomplaining, and swift obedience, as left few occasions for further discipline. Strong and decided this government was, but it would have failed of its real effect, had it not been always attended with overflowing sympathy and love. His chief daily recreations were frolics with his children. He was fond of playing pranks with them, and trying queer experiments for his own amusement and theirs. As his children grew older, he let them share in his more elevated trains of thought, and by his intellectual companionship made his house a school of the best kind, in which he was all the while exerting a powerful influence upon the minds and characters of his children.

He was a great man of war, in a preaching and pamphleteering sense. He was a very powerful and ready-witted speaker,

speaker, and had a knack of writing pamphlets which travelled far and made much noise. The light in the candlestick at East Hampton first 'began to be seen afar,' when Lyman Beecher, shocked at the prevalence of duelling, let off a sermon against that horrible practice. The sermon, published, had a very great run, and led to the establishment of an anti-duelling association, and started a series of efforts affecting the whole Northern mind, and leading ultimately to a law against duelling. That sermon has never ceased to be a power in the politics of the United States. It, more than anything else, made the name of brave old Andrew Jackson distasteful to the moral and religious feeling of the people; and it hung like a millstone around the neck of Henry Clay.

In his parish of East Hampton were some Indians of the Montank tribe, to whom some unprincipled persons persisted in selling rum. There was a grogseller in the neighbourhood, who drank, and corrupted others. He always kept his jug under the bed, to drink in the night, until he was choked off by death. He would go down with his barrel of whisky in a wagon, make the Indians tipsy, involve them in debt, and strip them of all the corn they had. One consequence was that in winter the poor creatures had to come up twenty miles, buy corn, and carry it home on their shoulders, or starve. Mr. Beecher's spirit was stirred to indignation. The wickedness of the thing burned and burned in his mind, and he swore a deep oath to God that it should not continue. He talked to his deacons about it, and with other people, and aroused public feeling. He had read 'Rush on Intemperance;' and the *Christian Observer* contained accounts of efforts in London to repress immorality, drunkenness, and Sabbath breaking. All these fermented in his mind; and he preached, and afterwards rewrote and published a sermon on a 'Reformation of Morals,' which had similarly marked effects with his sermon on duelling.

• In 1810 he removed to Litchfield, in the north-west of Connecticut. It is described as being then a delightful village, on a fruitful hill, richly endowed with schools, both professional and scientific, with its venerable governors and judges, its learned senators, lawyers, and representatives, both in the national and State departments, and its population enlightened and respectable. The congregation increased on his arrival, and in a year or two, a great and long-lasting revival of religious feeling rewarded his earnest and animated labours. He was always a great revivalist;—never satisfied whilst religion slept.

Soon after settling at Litchfield, having occasion to attend two ordinations of young ministers, Mr. Beecher was painfully impressed on observing what large preparations for drinking


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were made for and accepted by the clergy. His alarm, his shame and indignation were intense. It was then that he woke up for the temperance war. Silently he took an oath before God that he would never attend another ordination so desecrated. He was not the first who had been thus struck. Already there had been so much alarm on the subject, that at the General Association at Fairfield, in 1811, a committee of three had been appointed to inquire and report. A committee had also been appointed by the General Association of Massachusetts for the same purpose. In the following year, at Sharon, the Connecticut General Association committee reported that intemperance had been for some time increasing in the most alarming manner; but that, after the most faithful and prayerful inquiry, they were obliged to confess that they did not perceive that anything could be done. The blood started through Mr. Beecher's heart on hearing this. He rose at once, and moved that a committee of three be appointed immediately to report, without loss of time, the ways and means of arresting the tide of intemperance. The suggestion was accepted; Mr. Beecher was made chairman of the committee, and on the following day brought in a report which he considered to be, in its results, the most important paper he had ever written. In this document were recommended appropriate discourses by all ministers of the association; the entire disuse of spirits at ecclesiastical meetings; that members of churches abstain from the unlawful vending or purchase and use of ardent spirits where unlawfully sold, and cease to consider the production of spirits a part of hospitable entertainment in social visits; that parents cease from the ordinary use of spirits in the family, and warn their children of the evils and dangers of intemperance; that farmers, mechanics, and manufacturers substitute palatable and nutritious drinks and give additional compensation, if necessary; that documents on the subject be circulated; that voluntary associations be formed to aid the civil magistrate in executing the law; 'and that these practical measures may not be rendered ineffectual, the association do most earnestly ontreat their brethren in the ministry, the members of our churches, and the persons who lament and desire to check the progress of this evil, that they neither express nor indulge the melancholy apprehension that nothing can be done on this subject; a prediction eminently calculated to paralyse exertion, and become the disastrous cause of its own fulfilment.' And then ensued an eloquent and most inspiring appeal. The report was thoroughly discussed and adopted, and ordered to be printed. 'I was not headstrong, then,' said Mr. Beecher in after years, 'but I was heart-strong,—oh! very, very! I had read

read and studied everything on the subject I could lay hands on. We did not say a word then about wine, because we thought it was best, in that sudden onset, to attack that which was most prevalent and deadly, and that it was as much as would be safe to take hold of one such dragon by the horns without tackling another; but in ourselves we resolved to inhibit wine, and in our families we generally did. All my expectations were more than verified. The next year we reported to the Association that the effect had been most salutary. Ardent spirits were banished from ecclesiastical meetings; ministers had preached on the subject; the churches generally had approved the design; the use of spirits in families and private circles had diminished; the attention of the community had been awakened; the tide of public opinion had turned; farmers and mechanics had begun to disuse spirits; the Legislature had taken action in favour of the enterprise; a Society for the Reformation of Morals had been established, and ecclesiastical bodies in other States had commenced efforts against the common enemy. The experience of one year had proved that nothing was impossible to faith.' The Massachusetts Temperance Society, 'the oldest meriting the name,' was formed in 1813, as the result of these measures of the Connecticut and Massachusetts associations. 'From that time the movement went on, by correspondence, lectures, preaching, organisation, and other means, not only in Connecticut, but marching through New England, and marching through the world. Glory to God.'

This temperance work was only a section of a large circle of philanthropic activity in which Mr. Beecher engaged with an almost boundless activity.

One day, in 1816, Lyman Beecher and his wife, Roxana, had been to make a visit to a parishioner two or three miles from Litchfield, had taken tea, and had enjoyed a couple of hours with the worthy family. It was a fine winter night, not very cold; there was a full moon, and the sleighing was excellent. Soon after leaving the house, the wife startled her husband by saying, 'I do not think I shall be with you long.' When he asked the reason for her so thinking, she told him that she had had a vision of heaven and its blessedness. She added much about her habitual peace, her joy in Christ, and her willingness to leave her husband and her children. From that moment Mr. Beecher felt that his wife would soon die; and, in fact, she did not live more than six weeks afterwards. Just before departing, she told her husband that her views and anticipations of heaven had been so great that she could hardly sustain them, and if they had been increased, she should have



been overwhelmed; that her Saviour had constantly blessed her; that she had peace without one cloud. It was her wish that all her sons should devote themselves to the work of the ministry; and her daughter Harriet tells us that this wish ultimately came to be fulfilled.

The shock of her removal was very great. The communion between her and her husband was an intimacy throughout the whole range of their being. There was no human mind in whose decisions he had greater confidence. Both morally and intellectually he regarded her as the better and stronger portion of himself, and he declared that after her death his first sensation was a sort of terror, like that of a child suddenly shut out alone in the dark. Her death occurred at a time when the New England ministry were in a peculiar crisis of political and moral trial. At that time Mr. Beecher was so oppressed by the constant turning toward her of thoughts and feelings which he had been in the habit of expressing to her, that, merely to relieve himself, he once sat down and wrote to her a letter in which he poured out all his soul. Again, in a time of great trial and obloquy, he came home one day, after having heard many things in his parish that distressed him. He was almost overwhelmed, and felt as if he must sink under the suffering. He went to sleep in the bedroom in which his wife had died, and there he dreamt a most consoling dream, which was not all a dream, by any means. First, he heard footsteps and voices in the next room, which he knew at once to be those of Roxana and of a much-beloved deceased sister of hers. Then he saw the door open, and the sister stayed outside, but Roxana came into the room, and approached the dreamer. She did not speak, but she smiled on him 'a smile of heaven,' and with that smile all his sorrow passed away. He awoke joyful, and the effect—a glad light-heartedness—continued for weeks after.

At the time of her funeral her son Henry Ward Beecher was too little to be taken to her grave. The children were told that their mother had been laid in the ground, and that she had gone to heaven; and Henry in his own mind united the two statements. Accordingly, one morning he was discovered digging with great zeal and earnestness, and when asked what he was doing, he lifted his curly head, and answered that he was 'going to heaven to find ma.'

The passage in 'Uncle Tom,' where Augustine St. Clair describes his mother's influence, is a simple representation of Roxana Beecher's influence as it has always been in her family. Mrs. H. B. Stowe says: 'I think it will be the testimony of all her sons that her image stood between them and the temptations

temptations of youth as a sacred shield; that the hope of meeting in heaven has sometimes been the last strand which did not part in hours of fierce temptation; and that the remembrance of her holy life and death was a solemn witness of the truth of religion which repelled every assault of scepticism, and drew back the soul from every wandering to the faith in which she lived and died.' Mr. Beecher rarely spoke of the loss that wrung his brave yet fainting heart. But years after, pointing one day to a large basket, he said, 'Henry, there are the sermons I wrote the year after your mother died, and there is not one of them good for anything.'

In process of time, as Roxana had desired, another admirable woman united herself with Mr. Beecher, and became a second mother to his eight children, and a first mother to several more. Mrs. H. B. Stowe thus describes the arrival of the new mother:—

'I was about six years old, and kept in the nursery with my two younger brothers. We knew that father was gone away somewhere on a journey, and was expected home, and therefore the sound of a bustle or disturbance in the house more easily awoke us. We heard father's voice in the entry, and started up in our little beds, crying out, as he entered our room, "Why, here's pa!" A cheerful voice called out from behind him, "And here's ma!"'

'A beautiful lady, very fair, with bright blue eyes and soft auburn hair, bound round with a black velvet bandeau, came into the room, smiling, eager, and happy-looking, and, coming up to our beds, kissed us, and told us that she loved little children, and that she would be our mother. We wanted forthwith to get up and be dressed, but she pacified us with the promise that we should find her in the morning.

'Never did mother-in-law make a prettier or sweeter impression. The next morning, I remember, we looked at her with awe. She seemed to us so fair, so delicate, so elegant, that we were almost afraid to go near her. We must have been rough, red-cheeked, hearty country children, honest, obedient, and bashful. She was peculiarly dainty and neat in all her ways and arrangements, and I remember I used to feel breezy, and rough, and rude in her presence. We felt a little in awe of her, as if she were a strange princess rather than our own mamma; but her voice was very sweet, and her ways of moving and speaking very graceful, and she took us up in her lap and let us play with her beautiful hands, which seemed wonderful things, made of pearl, and ornamented with strange rings.'

On her part, the new mother, in a letter to a sister, drew an equally favourable picture of the family into which she had entered.

'They did not expect us till the following evening, but it was a joyful surprise to them. I never saw so many rosy cheeks and laughing eyes. Catherine, however, felt too much, and was most overcome; the little ones were all joy and gladness. They began all, the first thing, to tell their dreams, for it seems they have dreamed of nothing else but father's coming home; and some dreamed he came without me, and some that he brought two mothers. They all became immediately very free and social, except the youngest [Charles], and he is quite shy; calls me "lady," and sometimes "dear lady;" but he loves his aunt much the best. I have never seen a finer family, or more agreeable.' 'I am delighted with the great familiarity and great respect subsisting between parent and children. It is a house of great cheerfulness and comfort, and I am beginning to feel at home.' 'It is a very lovely family, and with heartfelt gratitude I observed how cheerful and healthy

healthy they were; and the sentiment is greatly increased since I perceived them to be of agreeable habits, and some of them of uncommon intellect.'

The two volumes from which we are extracting give us almost throughout such a picture of New England life as fills us with admiration. The scenes we witness, the purposes of life that are disclosed, the persons we move amongst, who so greatly conceive and so nobly fulfil these purposes, all excite a strong interest, and impress with high delight. If this is the society it has produced, the crabbed old Puritan stock has fruited here right nobly.

Dr. Beecher was fond of all sorts of healthy rural sports and occupations. It was his delight to go hunting or fishing in the forests with his boys; to bring home at night, after a day's adventures, long strings of perch, roach, pickerell, and bullheads, with waving blades of sweetflag and other wild-wood treasures; and then to hurry and skurry to and fro, waving lights, cleaning the fish, and presiding solemnly over frying-pan and gridiron; for to his latest day he held that no feminine hand could broil or fry fish with that perfection of skill which was his as a master of woodcraft and woodland cookery. He was famous for his power of exciting family enthusiasm. When he had a point to carry or work to be done, he would work the whole family up to a pitch of fervent zeal, in which the strength of each seemed as the strength of four. When the firewood required to be cut, split, and carried under cover, a miracle of generalship was needed to get the immense pile finished. The axes rung, the chips flew, jokes and stories flew faster; and when all was cut and split, then came the great work of wheeling in and piling, and all the young children were sucked into the vortex of labouring enthusiasm. Several times in the course of each year every hand in the house required to be impressed into the household work, which would have lagged sadly but for the father's inspiriting talent. There was, for example, the apple-cutting season, when a barrel of apple sauce had to be made, to stand frozen in the winter, and be cut out from time to time in red glaciers, when wanted, to be thawed and eaten. An immense brass kettle is hung over the deep fireplace in the kitchen; a bright fire is blazing and snapping; all hands—children and servants—are employed on the full baskets of apples and quinces which stand around. The apple-peeler is worked by the father, who says: 'Come, George, I'll tell you what we'll do to make the evening go off. You and I'll take turns, and see who'll tell the most out of Scott's novels;' and so they go on, novel by novel, reciting scenes and incidents, which keep the eyes of all the children wide open, and make the work go on

on unflaggingly. Sometimes the father would raise a point of theology on some incident narrated, and ask the opinion of one of his boys, and run a sort of tilt with him, taking up the wrong side of the question, for the sake of putting the youngster through his paces. If the opponent did not make a fair hit, however, he would stop and explain what he ought to have said. 'The argument lies so, my son; do that, and you'll trip me up.' Much of his teaching to his children was in this informal but effectual way.

The two volumes abound with proofs that Dr. Beecher had a due appreciation of the wants of the muscular system. At Boston he kept a load of sand in his cellar, to which he ran at odd intervals and shovelled it vigorously, throwing it from one side the cellar to the other. His wood pile and wood saw were largely made use of to the same end of working off nervous excitement through the muscles. He had in the back yard parallel bars and other gymnastic appliances, and would sometimes astonish his ministerial visitors by climbing ropes hand over hand, whirling over on the single bar, lifting weights, and performing other athletic feats, in which he took for the time as much apparent delight and pride as in any of his intellectual exertions. He took, in some respects, great care of his body; though not enough in giving rest to his brain. He watched the winds, and dressed to suit; and attended to matters of diet and regimen. After his evening services he used to go directly home and spend an hour or two with his children, 'letting himself run down.' Lively, jocose, full of anecdote and incident, he loved to have his children about him at such times, and they were delighted to be with him. Often his old friend the violin had an airing, and a few antiquated contra-dances and Scotch airs were played—'Auld Lang Syne,' 'Bonnie Doon,' and 'Mary's Dream'—or 'Go to the Devil and shake yourself.' When the wife happened to be gone to bed before the father and his children, he would sometimes be inspirited to what Mrs. Beecher Stowe jocosely terms 'the verge of indiscretion.' It was even possible for his children to prevail upon him to exhibit the wonders of the double-shuffle, which he had sometimes danced on the barn floor at 'corn huskings' when a young man. But such exercises were rare, being much frowned upon by those graver authorities in the house on whom devolved the mending of the stockings. These innocent evening gala hours were observed as part of his system of regimen. He said that if he were to go to bed at the key at which he left off preaching, he must toss and tumble all night. He must let off steam gradually; then, he could sleep

like

like a child. And he was a capital sleeper. The moment his head touched the pillow he usually went away into the sleep-depths, and ceased not to remain there till his youngest child was sent to wake him up in the morning. This task was always reserved for the reigning baby, whom he solemnly instructed that it was necessary to take him by the nose and kiss him many times before the heaviness in his head would go off, so that he could lift it. Often he would still lie in bed on the pretence of fear lest there should be a lion under the bed who would catch his foot if he put it out; and repeated and earnest assurances of defence and protection from being eaten up were required from the curly head. Great would be the pride of the little monitor on leading him at last gravely into the breakfast-room, and telling, in baby phrase, how arduously this result had been attained.

Dr. Beecher's celebrity was great. He was considered the best and most powerful preacher in New England; but for no one thing did he become more celebrated than for his power of imparting hope to the desponding; and it was the painful and doubting hours of his own early life that had furnished him with the necessary knowledge for the guidance of hundreds of sensitive and troubled spirits to the firm ground of a cheerful religious hope. From the very beginning of his ministry he never preached without his eye on his audience. He noticed every change of countenance, every indication of awakened interest, and these he followed up promptly by seeking private conversation. His ardour in this pursuit was singular and almost indescribable. He used to liken it to the ardour of the chase. When a boy he had sprung into the water after the first fish that dropped from his hook; he did the same thing afterwards, as a fisher of men. At the same time, he was wary and skilful not to disgust, overburden, or even displease the soul that he was seeking to save. His eye, his voice, his whole manner, were modulated with the utmost solicitude and tact. He could get at the most shy, timid, and fastidious, and seldom were there any whom he could not please for their good.

In the height of his powers he seldom left himself much time for preparing for a public effort. If he had to preach in the evening, he was to be seen all day long talking with any and all, full of everybody's business and burdens till an hour or two before the time, and then he would rush up into his study, generally at the top of the house, throw off his coat, take a swing or two at the dumb-bells, then sit down and dash ahead, making quantities of hieroglyphics on little stubbed bits of paper about the size of the palm of his hand. The bells would

would begin to ring, and still he was writing. His wife would say, 'he will certainly be late,' and still he was writing. Messengers would run up and down stairs to urge him to make haste, and still he would go on writing. At last, just as the last stroke of the bell was dying away, he would emerge from his study with his coat very much awry; would come down the stairs like a hurricane; stand impatiently protesting whilst female hands, ever lying in wait, adjusted the cravat and settled the coat collar; would call impatiently for a pin to fasten his bits of paper together; would drop these into the crown of his hat; would hook wife or daughter like a satchel on his arm, and start away on such a race through the streets as left neither brain nor breath till the church was gained. Then there was the squeeze through the crowded aisles; and then came the bustle, the stir, and hush, to look at the minister as, with matter-of-fact, business-like air he elbowed his way through them and went up the pulpit stairs.

Dr. Beecher's celebrated 'Six Sermons on Intemperance' originated thus: About four miles from Litchfield is Bradleyville, where he used to preach on Sunday afternoons, and lecture besides once in the week. The first time he went there, there was a revival of religious feeling in the place, and a young man and his wife were amongst the subjects of it. This man became one of Dr. Beecher's most useful and hopeful assistants in the place; but at length he and his father became addicted to drink. On the discovery, Dr. Beecher was intensely shocked. As he rode home he thought to himself, 'It is now or never; I must go about it immediately, or there is no chance of their salvation.' Some sermons that he had projected years before, but had not completed, he now took in hand with vigour, and wrote under such a power of feeling as he never had written sermons under before. The sermons took hold of the whole congregation; Sunday after Sunday the interest grew, and became the most absorbing thing ever heard of. All the old farmers that brought in wood to sell, and used to set up their cart-whips at the groggery, talked about these sermons, and many of them resolved never to drink again. The father of the young man at Bradleyville was rescued, but the son was carried away. His mother had been an habitual drinker, and had nursed him on milk punch; the thirst for drink was in his constitution, and there seemed to be no help for it. In the 'Six Sermons' Dr. Beecher promptly advocated 'The banishment of ardent spirits from the list of lawful articles of commerce by a correct and efficient public sentiment, such as has turned slavery out of half of our land, and will yet expel it from the world.' The
traffic

traffic in spirits, 'like slavery, must be regarded as sinful, impolitic, and dishonourable.'

'Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appal the nation, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If, in every dwelling built by blood, the stone from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house, and who would dwell in it? What if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babblings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings, were heard day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls, and, by a preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building? Who would rear such a building? What if at eventide and at midnight the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane, or following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce, walking upon the waves, flitting athwart the deck, sitting upon the rigging, and sending up, from the hold within and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings? Who would attend such stores? Who would labour in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

'Oh! were the sky over our heads one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath the wailings of the damned, whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither,—these tremendous realities assailing our senses would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to the purpose of reformation. But these evils are as real as if the stone did cry out of the wall, and the beam answered it; as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall; as real as if the ghastly forms of departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed over the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries, and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailings of despair to come up from beneath.'

In 1826, circumstances having no connection with any ill-feeling between himself and his parishioners at Litchfield, led to Dr. Beecher's removal to Hanover Church, in Boston. As usual, a great revival of religious feeling broke out soon afterwards, and continued whilst he remained there. There was also a great revival of theological conflict. The Unitarians had then become predominant in those parts, and their enemies were either cowed or asleep. Dr. Beecher, a strong, though by no means a high Calvinist, put on the coals, and vigorously used the poker, and very great became the blaze.

With all that is usually called great, Dr. Beecher felt a strong sympathy. Genius and heroism moved him even to tears. We have already said that he was fond of music, and very susceptible to its influence. The house rang with psalm tunes and Scotch airs and ballads, with voices, flutes, and piano of the children, and the father's violin. For his ministerial brethren he had ardent love and admiration. To the good parts of each he gave tributes of most sincere and enthusiastic admiration. He was constantly acting in council and

and concert with them; he listened to their opinions, and never imposed his own upon them; and the great influence he exerted amongst them was always that of a brother and companion, and never that of a master. At their weekly meeting, he sat, a short, square man, in negligent undress, the favourite and boon companion of all, and the mark for jokes and sly witticisms on his personal peculiarities, which he always sent back with laugh-exciting sallies. Sometimes, while sermons, letters, or other things were being read, he would be seized with sudden whiffs of inspiration; and after fumbling in his pocket for his pencil, which was never there, would borrow his next neighbour's, dash off hasty notes, and pocket it. This would sometimes go on till half the pencils of the company were in one or other of his pockets, provoking the question, 'Well, doctor, how many pencils have you got in your pocket by this time?' and this would lead to a sudden recollection, a complete production of the goods, and a humorous distribution of them to their owners. His watch was a standing joke. He always wore one, and never remembered to wind it up duly. Wherever it was good to be, there he remained, till some one else reminded him that the hour was come. Then he would pull out his watch, shake it, inquire the time of his next neighbour, wind the watch up, and set it with an air of grave attention. It was his custom to carry about him two or three pairs of spectacles, on account of the inconvenience to which his absent habits would otherwise have exposed him. Once, in ministers' meeting, he was reading with great energy, and, as usual, throwing his spectacles upon his head at intervals when making comments on what he had read. At length he performed this customary motion with such ardour that the spectacles slipped over the back of his head, and when he returned to the manuscript, feeling for them in vain, he mechanically took from his pocket another pair, which he put on in front. 'Now, brethren,' said Dr. Wisner, 'we must look about us. The doctor has got on his spectacles behind and before; he means to look into the matter all round.' Those pleasant days of ministerial fellowship at Boston were never forgotten by Dr. Beecher. Addressed on the letters of his fellow-ministers are often found little notes of his, such as 'The man I loved best of all,' or 'The best man God ever made.' 'His friendship,' says his daughter Harriet, 'was constant and imperishable, passing the love of woman.'

In 1832 Dr. Beecher was inducted as Professor of Theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, and soon afterwards he was, in addition, installed as pastor of the 'Second Church' in that

city. In the college an anti-slavery society was soon formed by the students; and a revival of religion, as usual, took place in the church, under the efforts of the pastor. The anti-slavery society led to much trouble, a secession, and the establishment of another college; for anti-slavery was a serious matter in those days, and complicity with the guilt of slavery made sad work with the churches.

The editor of the 'Autobiography' thus describes the period of Dr. Beecher's residence at Walnut Hills, whilst Professor of Theology:—

'The house was full. There was a constant high tide of life and animation. The old carryall was perpetually vibrating between home and the city, and the excitement of going and coming rendered anything like stagnation an impossibility. And if we take into account the constant occurrence of matters for consultation respecting the seminary and the students, or respecting the church and congregation in the city, or respecting Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly, as well as the numberless details of shopping, marketing, and mending which must be done in the city, it will be seen that at no period of his life was Dr. Beecher's mind more constantly on the stretch, exerted to the utmost tension of every fibre, and never, to use an expressive figure of Professor Stowe, did he wheel a greater number of heavily-laden wheelbarrows all at one and the same time. Had he husbanded his energies and turned them in a single channel, the mental fire might have burned steadily on till long after three score years and ten. But this was an impossibility. Circumstances and his own constitutional temperament united to spur him on, and for more than twenty of his best years he worked under a high pressure, to use his favourite expression, to the *ne plus*—that is, to the utmost limit of physical and moral endurance.

'It was an exuberant and glorious life while it lasted. The atmosphere of his household was replete with moral oxygen—full charged with intellectual electricity. Nowhere else have we felt anything resembling or equalling it. It was a kind of moral heaven, the purity, vivacity, inspiration, and enthusiasm of which those only can appreciate who have lost it, and feel that in this world there is, there can be, "no place like home."'

At one time Dr. Beecher's large family were living scattered—in Connecticut, in Massachusetts, and elsewhere. A family meeting was at last effected in Ohio; the whole eleven children left to him on this side the stream of death met there for the first time. Mary, for instance, had never seen James,
and

and had only seen Thomas once. The old doctor was transported with joy. There were more tears than words. He tried to pray, but could scarcely speak, and his full heart poured itself out in a flood of weeping. Edward took up the prayer; and each one, in turn, uttered some sentences of thanksgiving. They then, *seriatim*, related their fortunes. After special prayer, all joined hands, and sang a hymn. Edward preached in his father's pulpit in the morning, William in the afternoon, and George in the evening. The family filled three front pews. On Monday morning they assembled, and after reading and prayers, in which all joined, they formed a circle. The doctor, standing in the middle, gave them a thrilling speech. He then went round and gave a kiss to each. During the afternoon the house was filled with company, each bringing an offering. When left alone in the evening, the family indulged in a general examination of their character; the shafts of wit flew thick. On Tuesday morning they all drew up in a straight line for the inspection of the happy patriarch; after receiving particular instructions, they formed into a circle, and the doctor made them a long and affecting speech. He felt that he stood in the midst of all his children for the last time in this world, and each word was heavy with the weight of the thought. Once more he embraced them tenderly, and each took a farewell kiss. With joined hands they united in hymn; a prayer was offered; and, closing all, a parting blessing was spoken.

In 1835 the second Mrs. Beecher died. In her last moments the glories of the heavenly world seemed to meet her view. 'Music!' she exclaimed, 'music! Can you not hear it? Oh, sing! sing!'

In 1846 Dr. Beecher visited this country. He delivered a temperance address in Edinburgh, before the Scottish Temperance League, and another in Covent Garden Theatre, London. He wrote a 'Letter for all Christendom' on temperance, and repeatedly preached and lectured on temperance during his stay.

We have not space to draw out the history of Dr. Beecher further. He lived to a great age; and his body, which he had taken care of, remained true to him, for when more than eighty years of age he could set his hand on the top rail of a five-barred gate and leap right over. But his brain, which he had not taken care of, prematurely failed him. A gradual decay fell upon it, as the result of overwork rather than of age. Encompassed by filial affection and tender care, he died in 1863, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Homes of the Working Classes, with Suggestions for their Improvement. By James Hole, Hon. Sec. of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. Published under the sanction of the Society of Arts. Longman and Co., London. pp. 214.

THIS elegantly printed and profusely illustrated volume is a timely and substantial contribution to the topic which it so elaborately and practically discusses. Mr. Hole is already favourably known by his 'Prize Essay on Mechanics' Institutes,' and by other publications on social science; but in the work before us, which evinces much patience in the collection of facts, and great and thoughtful care in their combination, he has done himself still greater credit, and conferred a more important benefit upon his country, than by any of his preceding efforts.

The book contains lithographs of Ackroydon, Copley, and West Hill Park Model Dwellings, and a large number of ground plans and other illustrations for the working out of the author's well-considered suggestions. The volume should be placed at once in every town-library in the country, for the study of our municipal representatives. Mr. Hole opens with a description of the evils of the existing dwellings, and points out the varied sufferings and frightful cost which the let-alone system entails. He then points out the social and legal difficulties in the path of amendment; what he deems to be the best means of overcoming them; and finally gives the most perfect examples of improvement which have been realised. Mr. Hole is not a one-idea social science reformer, and does not propound any single specific for our many social diseases. He calmly and accurately measures the different forces at work, and duly points out the fact that the drink curse is at once an enormous loss and a prodigious hindrance.

At page 53 we note a statement concerning the Leeds Model Lodging-house which will be interesting to the readers of '*Meliora*':—'*A few simple rules are hung up in different parts, for the preservation of order. Disturbances are very rare. The cause of them is the usual one—drinking, and their author is immediately turned out. No beer or spirits are allowed in the house, and there is never any attempt to bring them into it.*' This after an experience of sixteen years. The italics are the author's own.

At page 68 we find another passage of great significance:—'*One thing there is which is not to be found in Saltaire, and Mr. Salt deserves as much praise for its absence as he does for many things that he has provided. Not a public-house or beerhouse is there. And what are the results? Briefly these. There are now scarcely ever any arrears of rent. Infantile mortality is very low as compared with that in Bradford, from which place the majority of the hands have come. Illegitimate births are rare. The tone and sense of self-respect of the work-people is much greater than that of factory hands generally. Their wages are not high, but they enable them to secure more of the comforts and decencies of life than they would elsewhere, owing to the facilities placed within their reach, and the absence of drinking-houses.*'

All through the volume Mr. Hole shows the evil of bad or deficient legislation, and that wise laws can do much in controlling power used only under the incentive of whim, ignorance, or selfishness, working mischief for the public.

The Sixth Work; or, the Charity of Moral Effort. By S. Meredith. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

To account for the first title, it must be explained

explained that Mrs. Meredith, enumerating six sorts of work specified in the thirty-fourth and eleven following verses of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, finds that, of these, visiting the prisoner is the last. And not seeming to be aware that this injunction to visit the prisoners, like all the other instructions of Scripture, is spiritual in its object, rather than material, and that it is mental, and not physical, imprisonment that is here chiefly regarded, she identifies 'the Sixth Work' with the visiting of those only whose mortal bodies are under the gaolers' care. Her purpose, a very excellent one in itself, is, as explained in the preface, to induce consideration for the case of prisoners whom Christians too commonly shut out from their sympathy. 'In an attempt,' she says, 'which is being made to assist women who are struggling back to honesty and virtuous living, many obstacles are encountered, arising from ignorance of the condition of criminals, and neglect of their claim on the moral members of society. The publication of a short account of some movements connected with them is therefore believed to be much needed.' The book contains nine chapters: on popular interest in prisons; on evangelical work in prisons; on the charity of moral efforts; on 'Christ in prison'; on the Christian prison; on the cycle of crime; on female prisoners and their difficulties; and on the honesty pledge. There is much that is judicious and valuable in all these chapters; to ourselves there is most of novelty in the last. The 'honesty pledge' is thus explained:—

'An attempt to use the pledge as an engine for the repression of other manifestations of crime besides excessive drink was made some years past, and its operation has borne the test of time. There is some difficulty in adducing the facts which support this assertion, but several statements can be offered in evidence, and they will carry conviction with them. There are great disparities between the cases of intemperance and dishonesty, but enough similarity will be found to admit of their being treated in the same manner. It is not surprising that this is not commonly attempted, because of the

peculiar risks attending the charge of theft. People cannot be spoken to about it as early as about their habits of intemperance.'

'It happened that just at the time that "taking the pledge" against alcoholic liquor was in the height of its popularity, a case of flagrant dishonesty occurred in the family of a lady, very much interested in the temperance cause. The household was addressed on the subject of the crime that had been committed by one of its inmates; and the exhortation was closed with the words, "It is a pledge against theft, instead of drink, that is required in this house."

'The culprit immediately came forward and offered to take the promise thus suggested. There was an engagement drawn up, in form like the "temperance pledge," and it was taken, *i.e.* sworn in the most solemn manner by the offender, and by one other person who acknowledged a similar infirmity. Both these were domestic servants, and the check was found very effective in their case. For many years neither was again complained of; and when, after a long time, one committed an act of dishonesty—of so common a kind as to be seldom regarded in that light—she confessed it to her employer, and renewed the former vow with much apparent contrition.

'The practice of treating such offences in this manner, in the household referred to, became confirmed; and it was copied by others, until the rule came to be adopted by a circle of some extent.

'A great many persons are now known to members of it to have taken the honesty pledge, and to have kept it on the whole tolerably. There have been breaches of it, and there have been struggles to preserve its sacred agreement intact. Some of these have become known to the friend who instituted the plan; and many more, doubtless, are, though concealed from her, open to the All-seeing Eye. In this respect the contrivance has not been differently received in the case of stealing from that of drinking. In the latter there are frequently breaches of engagement, rendering a case of perfect total abstinence exceedingly rare; * and, as might be expected, there must have

* This is a most outrageous mistake.—*En*, 'Meliora.'

been some failures on the honesty pledge; but they have not been many, and none have occurred rendering the offenders amenable to justice.

'There has been a tenderness of conscience cultivated by means of it which is excessively valuable. Though there were many difficulties in the way of making this scheme available for those who, under various circumstances, have been found to need the check, it has been used by several who approved of it, on hearing the result of its application in family life.

'In some schools it has been carried into effect.

'In one large industrial school there was a regularly instituted honesty pledge; and the benefit it rendered to the pupils, and to the community of which they are now members, cannot be calculated. Many a juvenile delinquent was brought to a critical point in a vicious course by being detected in theft, taught the nature of the act of crime committed, warned of its consequences, instructed concerning the advantage of the moral effort to overcome temptation, and influenced to take the "pledge," as a powerful help in so doing.

'It was done in several instances with effects that are discernible in the life of the promisers. They have not had the aid of association. Fellow-abstainers from stealing cannot assemble and band themselves, as the teetotalers do, nor can they have the excitement of hearing those "experiences" which, "as iron sharpeneth iron," benefits the members of temperance societies.

'The honesty pledge, as we practised it, was without these accessories; there was no system of connection between those who were pledged. The agreement was made formally in presence of only one person, and no account of the transaction was ever given to the school, nor even to those who themselves entered into it as it told who the others were that had enrolled in the pledge list; so that they had no means of recognising each other except by voluntary confession, and this they were sometimes found to make.

'In consequence of what has since transpired in connection with this mode of action, it is regretted that some token or badge was not given, like the *gage* bestowed on the *colons* at Mettray, who wore a ring, which is a sign of fraternity and alliance in maintaining morality.

'In an account of the Mettray Reformatory, given by Miss Florence Hill, at the Social Science Congress in Dublin, in the year 1861, honourable mention is made of the symbol of membership of *L'Association de la Colonie de Mettray*, which is a ring:—

'Inscribed within the hoop are the honoured names of *De Metz* and *Breignères de Courteilles*—the founders of the association—on either side of the words *Dieu, Honneur, Souvenir, Alliance*, signifying devotion to the will of God, and brotherly union among the members for mutual support, and for the succour of the unfortunate, and reclamation of evil-doers. On the exterior is the legend, "*Loyauté passe toute*," and two *relievi*, one representing a prison, before which crouches a youth, sunk in despair; the other displaying the neat dwellings at Mettray, and a kneeling child, his eyes raised in gratitude to Heaven. An anecdote illustrating the spirit which animates the wearers of the ring I may briefly relate. An artisan, having accomplished some work he had undertaken, and received payment, met a friend with whom he repaired to a public-house, where he soon became exceedingly tipsy. Starting on his way homewards, along the bank of the river Marne, singing and dancing under the influence of drink, he ran against a young man who was walking rapidly in the opposite direction. The shock jerked off the cap of the drunken man, and it rolled into the river. He forthwith fell upon the innocent cause of the mishap, and pummelled him might and main. The other, perceiving he had to deal with an antagonist who had taken leave of his senses, parried the strokes as well as he could, preferring even to receive some hard blows rather than to hurt an opponent who was not master of himself. Other persons coming up put an end to the combat, and the stranger was peaceably pursuing his road, when cries of "Help! help!" brought him back with all speed to the spot. The drunken artisan, in his efforts to regain his cap, had fallen into the water, and was struggling for life. None of the bystanders could swim. In a moment the young man had plunged, dressed as he was, into the river, and after twice diving, had caught hold of the other, and deposited him safe and sound upon the bank. When the rest present had paid needful attention to the rescued man, quite sobered by

by his dip, all turned to thank and congratulate his generous preserver. He had departed, and was already out of sight, but upon the ground lay a ring which he must have dropped. It was recognised as the ring of the "Association de Mettray."

'In adopting the same course again, from the experience we have gained, and justified by the precedent of Mettray, we should make use of some indication besides a written paper, likely to be destroyed, and should more closely imitate the original "pledge," and have a medal, or some such token of the act and deed; and, moreover, we are now disposed to promote association as helpful and pleasant to the holders of it. Formerly, we believe that it would have deprived the proceeding of its sanctity to have broken its privacy, or to have made any communication between the parties holding the honesty pledge; but latterly we have seen instances of voluntary association for the purpose of affording the countenance and support of sympathy, and with undoubtedly good results.

'The stimulating publicity of the labours of teetotalism keeps up the excitement of the workers, and forms no small element of its success. This is, of course, wholly inadmissible in the matter of the honesty pledge, but a movement not like it exactly in fact, but parallel in effect, might be managed.

'A short time ago, we were taught how this could be arranged. Some working men, who assemble for a religious purpose, were spoken to on the subject of taking promises against acts of crime, and they were unanimously in favour of it. It appeared that it was not by any means a novel proceeding to them; they were in the habit of practising it, and had never questioned its legitimacy nor utility. Having been accustomed to the temperance pledge, and recognising its advantages, they had already perceived its applicability to cases of common theft; and had been in the habit, at their own suggestion, of practising it. They had made it a rule to oblige all their labourers who were known to be dishonest to pledge themselves to refrain from stealing.

'As they have much contact with the criminal section of society, and considerable intermixture with it, there was much pleasure in hearing that this was the form in which they employed moral suasion.

'A master bricklayer stated that he frequently required his labourers to take a pledge against stealing; and in reply to the inquiry, "Do they keep it?" he answered, "As often as not; but I don't mind that; I go on again, and make them repeat it whenever they break it, unless they are very bad indeed and do something very heavy; then I have to give them up to the law, for it is a sign that there is no good at all in them. If they intend to do well I soon find it out, and help them along; and the promise is a great thing. Some time ago I was only temperate myself off and on, breaking my word at least three or four times a year. Now, some of these poor fellows will keep on a couple of years or more, though I watch them, and would be sure to find them out if they did anything of the sort. One time I was eating my breakfast, and had left my tools at the other side of the wall, when I heard some one meddling with them. I looked over, and found that it was one of the labourers who had taken a large trowel, and was making off with it. I ran after him and stopped him.

"What are you going to do with that?" I said; "I can't spare it to you;" and I spoke quietly, so as not to frighten him. The poor chap didn't sham long.

"Here, take it back," said he, "I was going to try to get a few pence for it."

"I'll give you the few pence," said I, "on one condition."

"And what is that?" said he.

"That you come back," said I, "and take your oath, down on your knees, that you won't thief again from me nor from any other person."

"I will that," said he, "for I want something on my mind to stop me when the thought comes over me;" and he did swear every word that I dictated to him, and my belief is that it helped to keep him honest for a long time. I reminded him of it once or twice, and we kept firm friends. I am sure he knew that I wanted to serve him, and I believe there was no harm done, and some little good."

'This man, who had evidently given much thought to the subject, was then asked if he thought that there would be of any use in trying to collect such persons into special meetings, and addressing them on the subject of their peculiar temptation. It was his opinion that it might

might be attempted, and a meeting was accordingly held, at which eleven persons attended; avowedly holders of an honesty pledge, but they held a much higher qualification, for each of the little group was influenced by religious feelings; and, therefore, the character of the meeting was different from the assembling of ordinary members of a common honesty society.

'The fact that a religious movement resulted from the moral effort—which in this case it veritably did—is significant of the benefit of introducing reformatory action in any shape. It is now ascertained, by experiment, that criminal people do not object to being gathered together and addressed as such.

'A great organisation is in operation in South London which, in undertaking to promote spiritual conversion, classifies criminals, and directs its teaching to them under the specific names of their crimes. It holds meetings for different characters at separate times; thieves on one occasion, and other sorts of offenders in their turn. The results of this work are such as to encourage efforts to attack specifically the various forms of transgression under its peculiar heading. It is certain that a great many of the very worst of malefactors have become pious under this influence, and that a larger number still of them are morally affected. The conductors of this scheme do not seem to doubt their power to produce even greater effects than have yet appeared; and they are anxious to extend their movement, and to have access to criminals under all circumstances, both in and out of prison.

'In the management and training of little children, we all resort, as if by instinct, to the plan of entering into special engagements to oppose certain tendencies to do wrong.

'No one questions the beneficial effect of making little ones promise obedience to our commands.

'Willy pledges his word not to turn the water tap; Bessie engages not to go near the fire-place; and Janie agrees to avoid the stairs, the pond, and all other dangerous localities.

'There is a deep moral principle involved in this, and we use it fearlessly. Sometimes we go a long way, and turn the force of the little one's word against itself. "You must promise to tell the truth," is not an uncommon mode of bracing the young mind against falsehood.

'The familiarity of this action deprives us of the respect with which we should regard it. Nevertheless, it is a movement of great importance, identical with the principle which develops itself in the honesty pledge, as a more advanced proceeding of the same scheme. The method belongs to a rudimentary state of society, and its application should therefore be confined to the section of the community which approximates to that condition.'

'There are habits and doings—very common acts, indeed—which do not bear the test of strict investigation, in which members of even the higher orders of society transgress, almost unconsciously. The sense of integrity is not keen in some, whose circumstances in life ought to have secured better training. We do not well see how the honesty pledge can reach them. The management of such a scheme as would reach these offenders would be impracticable. They are outside our province; and we can only deplore their lack of conscientiousness. But it does occur, occasionally, that persons are encountered in commercial dealings whose transactions are not thoroughly upright. Here something may be done, that may spare much evil to the individual and to the community.

'There have been interesting instances of this, in connection with our honesty pledge; a few of each we will give, collecting them from among many others, of which they are very fair specimens.

'A lady made some purchases in a large shop, and paid for them. When she was about to leave the counter, she was surprised by the question:—

"Shall the goods be accompanied by the bill?"

"I have paid for them," she replied.

"Pardon me, madam," said the salesman, "there is some mistake; I have not received the money."

The lady stood, and calmly fixing her eyes on his countenance, solemnly and slowly put the question to him:

"Are you an honest man?"

His face flushed, and conscience-stricken, he stammered some incoherent answer. His interrogator walked away without adding a word; and no further application was made to her for the money.

'In a few days she went again to the shop and confronted her convict. He could not meet her gaze, and she perceived

ceived that he was endeavouring to escape her. With as kind and encouraging a manner as she could assume, she intercepted him; and addressed him directly with reference to the late transaction. She proposed that he should take the honesty pledge, and he agreed to do so. An appointment was made for the purpose. It was kept. The engagement was seriously written and signed; the man's hand trembled as he took the pen.

"This may be the salvation of me," he ejaculated, "I was beginning to go a bad road."

'His account of himself, then freely given, was most interesting. He was commencing a course of systematic fraud; and this was the first instance of detection. The affair affected him deeply, and proved a thorough check. He has now for several years maintained not only a good character, but a good conscience; and asserts that he has not once since transgressed in the same way; but has kept his promise to be just and true in his dealings with his employer, and with the customers. There is corroborative evidence in the fact that he is still in the same warehouse, and that he retains a firm friendship for the person before whom he entered into the undertaking.

'M. C., a young woman, now cashier in a shop, was, ten years ago, convicted by a former employer of a very serious fraud. She was directly remonstrated with; and her father, a man occupying a situation of trust with much respectability, was sent for. In his presence, the girl with great solemnity made a promise to endeavour to overcome her temptation to steal. She was closely watched for more than two years, without being detected in any further offence; and she then changed her employment for the one in which she is at present engaged. She has, up to this time, proved herself trustworthy in transacting money business. Meantime, the friend who induced her to make this moral effort, has had frequent conversations with her; and has received repeated assurances of the valuable effect of the honesty pledge over her inward consciousness. M. C. has no symptom of piety; she has an amiable disposition and many good qualities, which, if she had pursued the criminal career, the probability is she would, by this time, have lost; for they would have been dispersed by the measures she would

have taken to maintain her war with society.

'A sister of this girl's, at a very early age, began to show symptoms of a similar inclination; and M. C. brought her to the lady from whom she had taken the pledge, with a request that the same sort of promise, that had proved so useful to her, might be administered to her sister. It was done, and there has been as beneficial a result as in the case of the elder girl. These sisters recall with deep gratitude the transaction that nerved them to resist theft; and willingly give their testimony, when called on to do so, to the good of the honesty pledge.

'Another instance, of a different kind, which occurred about sixteen years ago, illustrates its effect as a security for uprightness, and the utility of having a clear understanding on the subject of a man's moral difficulties.

'A ship was wrecked on the south coast one very severe winter. The lives of all on board were saved, but many lost their whole property in the waves. J. S., one of the latter, was a man, who, with his wife and three children, was proceeding to Australia, when their voyage was thus brought to a disastrous end. The residents on the shore where it occurred, were anxious to help the sufferers from the wreck; and this man, among others, was asked by a gentleman what aid his circumstances required. His reply was that his case had a peculiar difficulty, for that he was emigrating in order to recover, in the colonies, a character for honesty, which he acknowledged that he had justly forfeited.

'He stated that he had recently undergone two years' imprisonment, for fraudulently appropriating the money of his employer, a London warehouseman. The man solemnly averred that he had only committed one act of crime; and he declared that it was his determination to remain moral, and to avoid in future similar transgression.

'His auditor, favourably impressed by his evident sincerity, willingly agreed to receive his promise to that effect, and then found him employment. During ten years he conducted himself meritoriously in the work in which he was placed; that the work itself was of a character not usually intrusted in such hands, adds to the interest of the case.

'A ragged school for boys of the "dangerous" class was being established in the neighbourhood; and the

which the ex-prisoner exhibited, to be allowed to help these little ones, and the knowledge which he seemed to have of how to do it, suggested the idea of giving him employment in connection with it.

'The experiment appeared to be a serious hazard; but the result was most successful; and the case has been used as a precedent, on more than one occasion, for the engagement of reformed persons in the work of restraining others from vice. Four similar instances are known, in which ex-criminals have acted with extraordinary power in the reforming of others; and facts appear to justify the conclusion, that there is some capability in them for such labour not yet sufficiently appreciated.

'The ragged school referred to prospered under the management of J. S. He remained in connection with it until the growing wants of his family required a further effort for their advancement, when, to the great regret of its promoters, he withdrew from it to engage in a more lucrative business.

'The honesty pledge was an engine, the power of which he extensively tested. He and others give its practice their unqualified support. Some prison officers concur in this testimony; and cases might be gathered from their experience, of the utility of fortifying by this means the good resolutions of those who desire to become moral.

'A short time ago, a young woman, in one of the London prisons, was found willing to enter into an agreement, not to repeat her offence—a common larceny. She was most grateful to hear, that, on her discharge from prison, and on her return to her distant home, a lady who had been told of her determination would visit her; and would endeavour to support her in her resolution. She was made fully aware that no pecuniary help would be afforded her, that it was only moral superintendence that would be given; and that it would only secondarily affect her prospects of employment. This did not deter her, and she insisted on pledging herself. There were no religious sentiments in her case. She had frequently ridiculed the idea of pretending to be pious, and had never attempted to deceive those who applied themselves to the spiritual instruction of the prisoners, by affecting to accept their counsel, and to reciprocate their feelings. She was consequently regarded as

hardened and hopeless, and as having little promise beside a speedy return to the prison walls. As yet she has not done so; but it is too soon to say anything further regarding her case.

'It is, by no means, a light testimony to be able to add that criminals themselves express an approval of this method of aiding them, and are rather more anxious to avail themselves of it than seems advisable to many who are willing to befriend them. Their continual breaches of their promises weary and disgust their most ardent assistants; but, whenever a victory is achieved by any of these poor people, they do not hesitate to acknowledge the value of this instrumentality.

'Women, who have been in prison, and whose cases have been introduced to benevolent ladies, manifest so much thankfulness for the oversight granted them, that it cannot be otherwise than a benefit to them, that the Government supplies an agency for the purpose of affording them help and protection, which is analogous in its nature to the honesty pledge.

'In the special case of women, however, we believe that the help of benevolent female interference is the most valuable aid that can be given.

'The new arrangement, by which all licensed convicts are supervised by the police, cannot be of close application to women. It is not co-extensive with their need, for the bulk of those who are discharged from prisons are not holders of tickets-of-leave; nor can it possibly have the same influence as the effort of their own sex on their behalf.

'The plan which is at length established by the State is one which forms part of the working of all our charitable societies for the aid of prisoners. Under some heading or other, it appears in all their reports, and it is to be desired that a system of registration may, in time, be adopted that will centralise the effort, and enable it to show its results.

'The issuing of the honesty pledge in some systematic manner would secure this, and give datum on which to found statements of the progress of attempts to restore criminals to moral living.

'Temperance societies, by a very simple machinery, manage to accomplish all that would be needful to render the honesty movement tangible. It would not be impossible to circulate a little formal "pledge" among those who

who are under guardianship, and the reserved duplicate would furnish all the needful information, without violating the secrecy of the transaction.

'It was for a long time objected that the police supervision of convicts, to which we have alluded, would encounter popular opposition; but the contrary is proved to be the fact. It is working, so far as it has been tried, satisfactorily. Mr. Recorder Hill, in his address to the Birmingham Borough Sessions' Jury, July 5th, 1865, sums up a very interesting collection of reports, which he made connected with this matter, in the emphatic words, that:—

"For the first time in the history of English jurisprudence, an alliance has been established between the officers of justice and discharged criminals, to operate for the benefit of all—of the class dismissed and set at large, of the officers, and of the whole nation—an alliance which, while it is hardly within the limits of possibility that it should be perverted to evil, must present strong motives and excellent opportunities for good."

'Signal marks and tokens show that every labour which has for its object the suppression of crime, is blessed by God; and to those who are willing to be instruments in this Sixth Work of Christian service, we commend the use of the honesty pledge, as one of the most efficacious means of promoting the desired end.'

Kings of Society; or, Leaders of Social, Intellectual, and Religious Progress.

By the Rev. Wm. Anderson, author of 'Self-made Men.' pp. 308. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE writer has sought to present in this volume a succession of rapid sketches of the leaders of the great moral revolutions that have taken place during the Christian era. By 'kings of society,' he means 'those truly great men whose dominions are the heads and hearts of the people;—men who, in spite of contempt, slander, and discouragement, urged unwelcome but important truth, until what was denounced as visionary was accepted as axiomatic. Such are leaders indeed, though undistinguished by stars, ribbons, or garters; kings indeed, though no crown encircle their brows. The men sketched in the following pages realised in their labours

and successes the highest conception of greatness; and the enterprises in which they were the chief actors are the most important and interesting known to history.' The author's estimate of greatness is rightly founded on moral rather than on mere intellectual considerations; and this explains the otherwise curious congeries of names which he brings together. The subjects taken are—Luther, the champion of the Reformation; Cromwell, the champion of Puritanism; Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools; Carey, the pioneer of missions; and Pounds, the originator of ragged schools. To these five, as many chapters are devoted; and these are prefaced by a discourse on Christ and Christianity, and supplemented with a chapter on the voices of the Christian centuries. This concluding chapter 'is an attempt to seek for the lessons suggested by the preceding. Lives of great men can be made subservient to the formation of sound character and the maintenance of upright conduct in other men. From distant graves there come voices reminding us of duties we are sadly too prone to neglect, and of privileges we are far too ready to forego.' In preparing these biographies, the author has had to conquer two opposite forms of difficulty. He says: 'In the case of three of my heroes, the difficulty has been to condense into a space suitable to the plan of the volume, the matter supplied in elaborate memoirs. In the case of two of them, the difficulty has arisen from the scanty material, scattered through a number of documents and periodical accounts that had gone to sleep on the shelves and amidst the dust of libraries. The lives of these great philanthropists have never been written; and, alas! few of their friends now remain to give a biographer the benefit of their personal recollections.' The stand-point is that of evangelical dissenting orthodoxy. The style is that of a vigorous, self-reliant writer, able to seize characteristic features with success, and to present them in nervous and vivid English. The result is a book which will be heartily welcomed by many, especially by heads of families, readers in school, or chapel and Sunday-school.

simply and thoroughly English Spelling, Inflection, and Composition, in one volume; and with an Improved System of Exercises, adapted both for Schools and for Self-instruction. By John Vickers, Master of the Grammar School, Blakesley, Towcester. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

THE compiler of this 'New Course' observes, in his preface, that the majority of children who are sent to our primary schools to acquire a good practical education, have nothing to do with other languages and their comparative philology, but have much to learn respecting the correct use of their own, which, from default of the refining influence of good society, they have scarcely any means of acquiring but at school. Hitherto, he thinks, this important distinction between the wants of the two classes of 'grammar scholars' has never been sufficiently recognised by directors of popular education; the many text-books which have been prepared previously are all more or less of the learned and philological type, adapted for the sole use of students of languages; and a good practical grammar for the people has yet to appear. In his own little book, which is the result of an attempt in this direction, much of what forms the substance of the ordinary grammatical course has been omitted, and other matter has been substituted, of more importance to those for whom it is designed. The book consists of three main divisions—spelling, sentence making, and composition. With reference to spelling, the construction of words is just as capable and deserving of being classified and brought under grammatical rule as the construction of sentences; and the learning of orthography will thus be made a much more easy task than under the old spelling-book arrangement, or the modern practice of teaching from reading books. It is computed that the number of orthographical errors which go through the post-office daily greatly exceeds the number of letters; but this state of things would soon be amended if the books which profess to teach spelling directed attention to just the most commonly mistakable words, and classified them in a way fitted to assist the memory. This want Mr. Vickers has now endeavoured to supply; he has adopted a plan of

elliptical exercises, whereby the various kinds of orthographical irregularities are worked into short simple sentences, which may be transcribed by the pupil, or written from dictation, with equal profit. He has also taken some pains to teach pronunciation in connection with spelling, and to point out the errors of this class which abound in the provincial dialects. The meaning of words, which spelling books attempt to teach only by easy definition or etymology, is much more clearly taught in this grammar by working them into short exercises. In the sentence-making department Mr. Vickers teaches the substance of what is usually given under the heads of etymology and syntax. In treating the parts of speech a few slight departures have been made from the usual classification; and in bringing the inflected parts into sentences, the explanation of idioms has been deemed of less importance to the merely English scholar than the correction of provincialisms. Elliptical exercises are here also used, in preference to the objectionable plan of furnishing false examples for correction. In the department of composition Mr. Vickers aims to give the pupil a greater and more accurate command of words, by a course of elliptical exercises in the synonyms; and afterwards to lead him gradually to appreciate and imitate good models by the writing of short pieces from memory. Throughout he prefers synthetic to analytic procedures, and would teach spelling and composition rather as an art than a science. That this 'new practical grammar' might be of considerable use, and deserve the preference over others, in schools where pupils are never likely to have opportunity of advancing beyond a simple English education, we are quite disposed to allow.

A Journey of Life in Long and Short Stages. By Frank Foster. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A TALE which, if told at no excessive length, might be entertaining and amusing, is here blown out with much windy verbiage until it fills a goodly-sized volume. The printing and general 'getting up' are very creditable to Mr. Elliot Stock's establishment; but the story, in its present shape, is not at all deserving so excellent an enshrinement.

Jehovah's

Jehovah's Jewels. By the Rev. John Leechman, M.A., LL.D., Glas. Univ. pp. 250. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE writer remarks, in his introduction, that 'The Scriptures speak much of the glory of Christ, as do they of the blessedness of His people. We read of His many crowns; we read also of the matchless jewels that will deck His diadem. These gems are His chosen people—those whom He loves, redeems, and makes bright and brilliant to His eternal praise.

'God calls His people His jewels: "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." The word translated "jewels" signifies property, wealth, any special treasure peculiarly prized. To His chosen people of old, God says: "Now, therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people; for all the earth is mine; and ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation."'

The writer enlarges on his theme in five chapters—first, on 'The origin of Jehovah's jewels'; second, on their value; third, on their beauty; fourth, on their use; and fifth, on their destiny. He seizes all the references in Scripture to jewels and precious stones that he can find. These he expounds with elaborate care, and so produces a series of somewhat ponderous discourses.

Brands Plucked from the Burning. By the Rev. J. H. Wilson. Second edition. Pp. 83. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THIS excellent little book, dedicated by special permission to the Earl of Shaftesbury, contains, in seven chapters, an interesting history of the inauguration and growth of 'Ragged Schools' in England and Scotland, of 'Territorial Missions' in Scotland, of 'Ragged Kirks,' and of Special Religious Services in Theatres, besides a number of individual cases of moral rescue, and exemplifications of Christian life. The sale of fifteen hundred copies of the first edition has led to the production of the second, and it now appears in a somewhat modified and improved form. Matter of merely temporary interest has been omitted, in order to afford space for fuller accounts of the rise,

progress, and present state of sundry new systems or means for promoting religious ends. The book is well adapted to inspire Christian workers with new ardour, and to add to their number.

The Sanitary Condition of the Poor, in Relation to Disease, Poverty, and Crime, with an Appendix on the Control and Prevention of Infectious Diseases. Pp. 30. By Benson Baker, M.R.C.S.E., District Medical Officer and Public Vaccinator of Christ Church, St. Marylebone, &c., &c. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

ORIGINALLY published as letters in the *Marylebone Mercury*, these pages are now issued as a pamphlet, by request. The style is simple and plain, and the matter good. This is, therefore, an excellent sanitary tract, and should be widely circulated.

The Heavenward Road. By S. S. Jones, author of 'Beatrice,' 'Integrity,' &c. Second edition. Pp. 146. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

TWELVE chapters of almost unexceptionable counsel and encouragement to those who desire to tread the Heavenward Road. The titles of these chapters stand thus:—The Opening Life; Instruction, and the Instructor; The Strait Gate; Holiness to be the Aim of the Spirit; Usefulness in the Church of God; Obstructions in the Way; To those who are in the Heavenward Path, but unable any longer to work for God; Temptation; To the Young Disciple in the near Prospect of Death; To those who have not yet joined any Section of the Church of God; To those who join not the Church of God, because they are Resisting the Drawings of the Spirit, and Stifling the Voice of Conscience; Time but the Daybreak of our Existence.—Our hand seems to rest fondly on this little volume. We hope it will appear in many editions, for it deserves to live long, to be diffused widely, and to be read much.

The Homes of Scripture. First series. By the Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., Incumbent of St. Jude's, Chelsea. Pp. 142. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

A SERIES of articles, originally published in 'Our Own Fireside,' are here reprinted.

printed. The writer endeavours to derive lessons from a thoughtful call at houses referred to in the New Testament. We have here, therefore, the house of the Widow of Nain, and those of the Centurion, of Peter, of Matthew, of the Demoniac, and of the Greek Mother. Fancy is necessarily drawn upon—sometimes, as we think, rather unwarrantably, in painting many of the details; but the author's aim is to edify his readers in the faith; and there are many by whom his little book would be considered a real treasure.

Heart Cheer for Home Sorrow. Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas's, Worcester, author of 'The Way Home,' &c. Pp. 172. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

FROM a variety of sources, ancient and modern, Mr. Bullock has culled a large number of scraps, in prose or verse, all bearing upon affliction and sorrow, and having a tendency to alleviate these, and to comfort the bruised and bleeding heart. This little book is very nicely printed and bound in cloth. The size is small.

The Omnibus: a Satire. Pp. 43. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row.

THERE is wit in this satire, but none of rare quality; there is vigour, but it is rough and rude. The writer appears to have come fresh from the reading of the minor satirists of the eighteenth century, who studied their art in the schools of Dryden and Pope. In the words of one of them:—

'Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen;
Thine is an oyster knife.'

Every-day Lessons from the Experiences of George Mogridge (Old Humphrey). Edited by his Widow. With numerous illustrations. Pp. 136. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE pious care of the widow of Old Humphrey has gathered here many of those interesting lessons of practical wisdom by which George Mogridge endeavoured to lead simple-hearted readers into the paths of piety and charity. Some of these chapters have previously appeared in print. The illustrations are, as we usually find

them in Mr. Partridge's books, many and good.

The Broken Heart. A Tale. By 'Poor Regimental Jack,' a Drummer in the Guards. Pp. 255. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

A TALE of lowly life, revealing with painful fidelity the causes of much of the misery that prevails amongst the poor, not least of which, by any means, is that wonderful proneness to intoxicating drinks, which easily besets so many of them. The tale has all the marks of being written mainly from life, and, if really done by a drummer in the Guards, is very creditable to his graphic skill.

The Gardeners' Magazine. For Amateur Cultivators, and Exhibitors of Plants, Flowers, and Fruits; for Gentlemen's Gardeners, Florists, Nurserymen, and Seedsmen; for Naturalists, Botanists, Beekeepers, and Lovers of the Country. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane, and 11, Stationers' Hall Court.

ALWAYS original, vigorous, and useful.

The Home Accommodation of the People, in Relation to their Domestic and Social Condition, with Practical Suggestions as to the Fuller Development of Freehold Land Societies and Building Societies. By Thomas Beggs, F.R.S.

MR. BEGGS, in his writings, is habitually practical and sensible. His opinion on the great Dwelling Question is, that legislation can do much, but that more can be done by the people themselves; that the province of Government in all such cases is to remove obstacles out of the way; and that the means by which freeholding can be largely extended should be improved in the manner he points out. His most startling proposition is, that the same facilities of alienating freeholds and enfranchising leaseholds should be given to freehold land societies as are exercised by railway companies, but that the power should rest with some properly constituted municipal authority. He desires, as all do, except the lawyers, an economical and easy mode of transfer, to supersede the present cumbrous mode of conveyancing. He makes other suggestions, all deserving of careful consideration

sideration, and in their statement helping to promote the solution of one of the great and increasing difficulties of this age.

Practical Observations on the Intellectual, Sanitary, and Medical Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb. By Henry Samuel Purdon, M.D., Fellow of the Anthropological Society, London. Pp. 94. Belfast: Adair, 11 and 13, Arthur-street.

THE writer of this book published in 1865 a pamphlet on the 'Peculiarities of the Deaf and Dumb, as observed at the Ulster Institution,' and the good reception met with has encouraged him to make further inquiries on the subject, the results of which, obtained by correspondence with medical gentlemen attached to a number of deaf and dumb asylums, as well as by his own further observations at Ulster, he now lays before the public. The book contains seven chapters, with an introduction and a conclusion. There are a brief historical sketch of the deaf and dumb; an account of the congenital or acquired conditions of the ears of mutes, with the various remedies which have been proposed for their cure; a description of the manifestations of disease occurring in deaf mutes; and of the diseases to which the deaf and dumb are peculiarly liable; and some chapters on medical treatment, sanitary management, and dietetic regimen. The tables in which the results of information, derived from many of the existing deaf and dumb schools, are collated and compared, are very interesting, and give this work a special value.

A Woman's Thoughts on the Education of Girls. By Mrs. Roe. Pp. 39. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

MRS. ROE is wife, we believe, of the Mayor of Derby; and a very excellent woman she must be, too, if at all fulfilling her own programme, as laid down in this excellent little pamphlet. It is full of sound, good sense, and is well worthy the attention of all who have to do with the education of girls.

Sketches from My Note Book. By Geo. Mogridge (Old Humphrey). Edited by his Widow (with numerous illustrations). Pp. 136. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

CHEER and rich with practical wisdom, Old Humphrey is always a welcome

visitor. We are indebted to his widow for the opportunity of possessing his homely lessons in pleasant-looking little volumes, of which the one before us is by no means the least interesting.

The Popular Journal of Anthropology. Monthly. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row.

DEVOTED to the exposition of the practical value of the science of man, and the diffusion of facts of interest and importance connected therewith. The public are offered, in its pages, a channel of communication with the students of the science. The plan of the projectors is, 'frankly to state the truth' about the uncivilised races, but not to be the organ of any party, nor to advocate any exclusive set of opinions, General Eyre, however, we observe, is highly lauded for his action in Jamaica.

The Wreck of the 'London.' Pp. 100. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE affecting story of the wreck of the 'London' and the escape of the cutter is told in this volume in full detail. Here are portraits and memoirs of some of the principal persons who perished or were saved; a description of the vessel, and a full account of the last scenes on board, as far as known. The object of the writer has evidently been to teach a Christian lesson as well as to produce a readable volume, and in both directions he has succeeded.

Treason; or, the Image of the Beast. Pp. 28.

ANOTHER attempt to translate the spiritual events seen by St. John 'in the spirit' into worldly history; and, of course, another egregious failure.

The Practical Results of the Total or Partial Abolition of Capital Punishment in Various Countries. Prepared as a Summary of the most recent and authentic information on the subject, and inclusive of Statistics and Reports forwarded to the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment. By William Tallack, Secretary to the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.

THIS paper was read in the jurisprudence department of the Social Science Congress of 1865, and is published by the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, at their office, 10, Southampton-street, Strand, London.

The Rev. William Knibb, Missionary to Jamaica. A Lecture delivered in the schoolroom of Mare-street Chapel, Hackney, December 19, 1865, by Daniel Katterns. Published by request. Pp. 30. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Especially interesting in connection with the Jamaica massacres, and should be read by all who desire to take a just view of the action and influence of the Baptist missionaries.

The Church. A Monthly Magazine. Price One Penny. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A new religious and entertaining magazine, under Baptist auspices.

Our Own Fireside. A Magazine of Home Literature for the Christian Family. Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas's, Worcester.

THERE is no falling off in the management of this interesting serial.

The Appeal: A Magazine for the People. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A new halfpenny candidate for public favour.

Report of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment. January, 1866. Office, Southampton-street, Strand, London.

A Working Man's View of Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden.' By J. H. Powell, author of 'Life Incidents and Poetic Figures.' London: Trubner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row.

The Universal Financial Review. No. I., vol. I. London: 4, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

Caudwell's Temperance and Alliance Almanac for 1866. Twopence. Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

The Christian's Penny Almanac and Daily Remembrancer for 1866. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

The Annual Report of the Plymouth Female Home for the year 1864. Plymouth: William Brendon, 28, George-street.

The Temperance Spectator. Monthly. Twopence. Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

The British Workman. Monthly. One Penny. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

The Band of Hope Review. Monthly. One Halfpenny. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

The Children's Friend. Monthly. One Penny. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street.

The Infants' Magazine. Monthly. One Penny. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet-street.

Stories for Sunday Scholars. Letty Young's Trials. One Penny. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Job Caudwell's Threepenny Pledge Book for the Pocket. Suitable for Private Individuals, Advocates, Bands of Hope, and Temperance Societies. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

Vegetarian Cookery for the Million. Containing What to Eat and How to Prepare it, with Instructions and Recipes for One Hundred and Sixty Different Dishes, suitable for Families, Bachelors, Invalids, &c.; showing the Best, Cheapest, and Happiest Mode of Living. By Job Caudwell, F.R.S.L. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

Old Jonathan; or, the District and Parish Helper; for the Streets and Lanes of the City; for the Highways and Hedges, to bring in the Poor, and the Maimed, and the Halt, and the Blind. Monthly. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. Organ of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street.

The Baptist Magazine. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald. One Halfpenny. Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Meliora.

ART. I.—ETHICS OF DUST.

1. *The Ethics of the Dust. Ten Lectures to Little Housewives on the Elements of Crystallisation.* By John Ruskin, M.A. London : Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.
2. *Geology for General Readers. A Series of Popular Sketches in Geology and Palæontology.* By David Page, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Blackwood and Sons. 1866.
3. *Frost and Fire : Natural Engines, Tool Marks, and Chips ; with Sketches taken at Home and Abroad.* By a Traveller. 2 Vols. Edinburgh : Edmonston and Douglas. 1865.

EACH season of the year has its poetry and its philosophy. Spring, in its waywardness, its gentleness, and its breathing beauty of growth, lies upon us like a loving mystery of life and force. Summer charms us by its richness, its mellowness, and its fragrant suggestions of love, wealth, and power. Autumn wins us by its plenteous smiles, its teeming luxury of colour and form, and sober sadness of prophecy. Winter awes us by its sternness, soothes us by its sleep of power, and pictures out for us, in its snowy crystal-life on grass and pane, a strange elfin dream of all that has given beauty to the past, and lies about us as the magic of the future. The mind revels in these beautiful gradations, in this round of marvellous transformation. Without them the year would be like a dead man's face. Eternal summer, or eternal winter would be as burdensome to us as immortality without youth was to Tithonus. We should catch no magnificent suggestions of ourselves, feel no strange pulses stirring beneath our crisped and shrivelled natures, and no tidal flush around, fresh sweeping from shores we cannot see, yet murmuring of power that fails not, of peace that ebbs not, of love that falters not.

We miss in cities all this ebb and flow of life, this subtle
Vol. 9.—No. 34. G efflorescence

efflorescence of power. A vague, general idea of each season is all that we usually get. We have no almanac of flowers, and trees, and fruits. We cut up the year into arbitrary divisions, and measure nature by fashion. Certain things will come in their season, we know, but we have not watched them. Our senses have been elsewhere. We have been gathering dust, unmindful of the outburst of glorious beauty in the fields. We have seen no soft-blowing zephyr stirring the dead leaves where the violets hide, nor warm air eddying into the spongy woods where the hyacinths bloom, nor spray of sunbeam breaking into loveliest colour on berry and fruit. Here and there a poet, or an artist, or a dreamer, has seen these things and reported them to us; and, with eulogies upon his good taste, and the bestowal of a dust-package, white or yellow, we have passed on. All through spring and early summer we have shielded ourselves from any nature-longings. Our prosy life has been clasped with a more spasmodic clutch. We have been logical and stern, and done resolute battle with such forgotten memories as dared to peep out of their ensconcings. Beauty has embosomed us, we have been islanded in a witchery of radiance and colour; but we have chanted our little life-psalm and tried to forget it, and the hurrying wheels have run quicker, and the hum of labour rung out louder.

But no piling of pyramids of yellow dust has made us forget the other shining heaps that lie abroad in nature, and shame us with their very profuseness of wealth and cheapness. We are all infected by poetry in some form or other, did we but know it. Right through humanity this spirit runs like a glittering vein; now it is slender as a gossamer, now thick as a cable; now it runs right across each separate fragment, or twinkles as it curves out a corner; but it is nearly always there, had we but eyes to see it. And this spirit gets moved upon in a singular way. Hot days flare upon us, and the azure overhead glows, half in irony and half in sadness. We brace ourself up, and again we resist, and pile up our pyramids. But a new invasion is threatened. It comes upon us everywhere at once. It seems to derive its strength from a malicious memory of despised and abused power. We have hewn the granite hills, and ground them into dust. Over choice specimens of crystal-life in porphyry and syenite, we have bowled along in hot and palpitating haste. The spiculæ are broken, the foliations are destroyed, the little nests of crystal-life, and fierce little epics of crystal sorrow and warfare, are destroyed; but their particles remain, and troublesome is their resurrection. We can withstand the heat, work down any fitful flashes of poetic musing, but we are conquered by the
summer

summer dust. It penetrates everywhere. We pronounce it fearful, and make crusades against it; but it rises in spite of us, until we falter, deliberate, and yield. Golden dust has enslaved us, but common dust breaks away our fetters. Molecules of matter have overcome us, and we hurry from city and town anywhither, we say from custom, or change, or for health; but we are in reality dust-scattered.

After this invasion we get peace, but the atom-hosts have not done with us. We are more at their mercy than ever. We knew them not before save as a miscellaneous mixture called dust, and legitimately the property of scavengers; but now they are respectable, have ways of their own, fanciful attires, sublime palaces, and pillared shrines. Our eyes are somehow opened, and we begin to see strange things never seen before. We have been packing our dust, and here common dust, ages ago, was packed into loveliest and most wondrous forms. We have got from commonplace into mythological regions, if we are amidst the hills. Here are the Titans whose little progeny blinded us in the city. Here are the heroic forms of their ancestral life. We walk by the seashore, perchance, and can span an entire æon of crystal life. Here we find dust, worn by millions of waves and tides; there we left dust, worn by millions of feet and wheels; and yonder, perhaps, are the unconquered crystals, sealed up in giant masses, tossed into giddy grandeurs, torn into lovely corries, fretted into nooks of tinkling melody, and flecked into hues of wildest beauty. It is now that we seem to emerge from a winter-sloth, and run rapidly in thought through three other internal seasons. If we are not wholly unmanned by fashion, we feel strange tuggings at our heartstrings, strange whimsical desires, and our mental and moral horizon extends until we even get a little bit philosophical and possibly shock our friends. Life has ceased to be a terrible turmoil, a mere conflict of dust-atoms, and begins to be soothingly, cheerfully serious, with an occasional dash of pure sadness which springs from a conscious waste of higher power and smothering of nobler aspirations. This is one form of dust ethics, perhaps its commonest, but by no means its highest. It is a mood that may lead on to the giddiest heights of moral and cosmical speculation, or subside into a fitful imaginative fever over the last new novel. It may swell the soul until it is almost able, with Puck, to 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,' or dwarf it until it finds dainty employment in discovering 'Who's who,' and revels in littlenesses of gossip it usually treats with disdain.

Such an influx of romance, such a cleaving down to the golden vein of poetry, may well be taken hold of for a time when it is most felt and seen, however fancifully it may be done, for a little out-of-the-way reflection upon common dust. We have borrowed our title, as we shall borrow some of our materials, from Mr. Ruskin's charming little volume, which conveys through the medium of a few dialogistic lectures to girls more lessons to adults than we shall be able to hint at in the compass of a few pages.

Summer is prodigal of its wealth, and leads us to be prodigals in return. Possibly we have never known the representative value of money, in the sense in which we learn it amongst strange scenes and in view of the magnificent surprises of nature. In the city, money seemed everything, but now it takes quite a secondary place. Even panics cannot affect it. Yet it can still purchase us what we want, transport us whither we please, and retains a shadowy semblance of its great power. But it cannot procure us fine weather, sound health, or spiritual æsthetics. We come to believe that poverty is often healthier and happier, and even nature more benignant to it. Nature will not pay any obeisance to our riches or our rank, and puts us upon our manhood or womanhood solely. The beautiful tests our faculties more rigidly than a competitive examination, and measures our feelings more rigorously than a panic does our monetary stability. We feel that there is no appeal from the decision she makes us give of ourselves, and admit the justice of her judgments. If we are eaten up by frivolity, we long for the city standards once more, and are bored as by a step-dame; but if we yet remain men and women it is far otherwise, be it only in occasional flashes. The pomp of early morn, an Alpine valley, a purpling crag, a quiet lake, a ruined city, or a reach of heaving, foaming sea, and our very gold seems to impoverish us; political economy becomes the science of beggary, money articles are like sackcloth shirts, books are curses, and our dearest friends, if they *will* be commonplace, are like demons in disguise. We are smitten with musing as with a distemper, and would like to stand silent with a Socrates from sunrise to sunset, mounting along the spiral of thought until we could hold on our course no longer. It is now that we have, perhaps, reached the truest mood in which to take an ethical view of money and its power. Jewels and gold come to be put to their cold, abstract value, and history will teach us to regard them as two of the greatest enemies of mankind, when considered and valued in themselves. We may even regard them as 'the strongest of all the malignant physical powers that have tormented

mented our race,' grinding out our nobleness, dimming our purity, and even darkening our faith. Mr. Ruskin may, then, most aptly describe our thoughts:—

'Was any woman, do you suppose, ever the better for possessing diamonds? But how many have been made base, frivolous, and miserable by desiring them? Was ever man the better for having coffers full of gold? But who shall measure the guilt that is incurred to fill them? Look into the history of any civilised nations; analyse, with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives and thoughts of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is at last concentrated into this; pride, and lust, and envy, and anger, all give up their strength to avarice. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve their Christ, but they sell Him.
* * * * * Wherever legislators have succeeded in excluding for a time jewels and precious metals from among national possessions, the national spirit has remained healthy. Covetousness is not natural to man—generosity is; but covetousness must be excited by a special cause, as a given disease by a given miasma; and the essential nature of a material for the excitement of covetousness is, that it shall be a beautiful thing which can be retained *without a use*. The moment we can use our possessions to any good purpose ourselves, the instinct of communicating that use to others rises side by side with our power; but once fix your desire on anything useless, and all the purest pride and folly in your heart will mix with the desire, and make you at last wholly inhuman, a mere ugly lump of stomach and suckers, like a cuttle fish.'

After this burst into political economy from a novel point of view, we may change our mood. Jewels and precious metals are but dust after all, and commoner dust has its ethical teaching. We cannot, in fact, exhaust it, and have here little choice but to refer to two aspects of it. It is dust, and the vitality imparted to it, that gives to the face of nature half its magic charm. The hard and flinty rocks would stand out of fretting seas like gaunt skeletons of a ruined world, but for the living drapery of dust that veils them, and fills up their yawning rents, and spreads itself out in plains and rolling undulations about them, shifting and impressionable as the fleshy form and features of man or woman. Water, and frost, and fire have made all our geographical conveniences; they have been the Creator's tools, and their marks are visible to the initiated. The common dusts of the valley, the clods we speak of so frequently with a sad and ill-disguised contempt, are the work of ages. We come in our diggings upon the muds of ancient seas, upon volcanic dust, and the drift-deposits of sailing icy frost-thrones. Our coal is but the dust of immense vegetations; and, compared with this eternity of dust, we are but of yesterday. If we seek to pierce through some of these mysteries, and take our microscopes, a new series of wonders opens out to us. Dust is no longer formless, save as we make it so, but here are shapes surpassingly beautiful, varied, and yet constant. Here we get to a mystery of life as insoluble as any we have in the human form. Perhaps, if we

could

could know all the circumstances that affect either, we might ascertain certain definite laws that operate in producing each, but we are as yet unable to do either but very imperfectly. Caprices of thought, so far as external adornments of humanity are concerned, are possibly more within our reach than some of the apparent caprices of dust-forms; 'nay, so far as our knowledge reaches,' says our guide, 'it is on the whole easier to find some reason why the peasant girls of Berne should wear their caps in the shape of butterflies, and the peasant girls of Munich theirs in the shape of shells, than to say why the rock crystals of Dauphiné should all have their summits of the shape of lip-pieces of flageolets, while those of St. Gothard are symmetrical; or why the fluor of Chamouni is rose-coloured, and in octahedrons, while the fluor of Weardale is green and in cubes.' Here is a quartz crystal on the seashore, broken and defaced it may be, but it has taken ages to bring it into its present form; its history may be older than the present geography of our own island. We take of the soil of a field, and amongst its vegetable mould we find crystals still, little units of rock with immense biographies. In the light summer-dust blown through our open windows are the same varied forms, crushed it may be, yet still shapely and beautiful, each one eloquent of the original cast in which it finished its first avatar of being. Here, then, are agencies, minute, almost unseen, yet continually at work, making and unmaking the world. Not a drop of rain but sculpts out some crystal from its bed, or washes up the glittering fragments of quartz on our pathways. No wind that blows but carries on this mysterious attrition and atom-circulation, no tide but does its part in carving out some future continent, no footfall or crushing blow but records itself in dust. The whole earth is the constant registry of such changes, and there seems to be somehow a gigantic atom-memory, force writing its history in atoms, and life treasured up in the dull garners of dust. Dust is changing the world under our very eyes. Existing continents are being worn away, and the centres of human activity must change, as they have changed. With the exhaustion of natural resources, human energies must shift their localities and alter their modes. The whole tendency of the dust-masses is tropical, and there a newer humanity may flower into higher forms. The great land-forming rivers are all piling up the worn atoms in the warmer zones. The great dust-artries, the Mississippi, Orinoco, Amazon, La Plata, Tigris, Euphrates, Indus, Ganges, Irawaddy, Meudin, Yong, Yang-tse-Kiang, and Hoang-ho, are silently making a new earth out of the little crystal forms that are to us ordinarily the types of all
that

that is mean, and miserable, and low. Is there no lesson for us in all this; for us who seek to shape human elements anew, grind out the bad and the base, and bring forth the noble and the good? 'Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little,' said the mother of Frederick the Great; 'good heavens! as if I did not know enough of that!' Are we so sure that we do know enough of it? Nay, are we not in the healthiest state when we begin to comprehend only a little more of it? Even common dust may help us where our grander analogies have failed. Here are powers, deemed everlasting, vanishing by atoms; here are fragments, deemed dull and uninteresting, full of beauty of form and structure; here is dust, plain and prosy, clothing earth with a garment as grand as the garnitures of the morning; and here are particles and atoms registering the revolutions of the world. Is there no body of ethics here? Is this dust-teaching mere sentiment, or does it help us to broaden our conceptions of duty, and life, and power, as we broaden our ideas of the reflection of Deity in the marvellous world He has made? Is there any room for despair, because the mountains are not cast into the sea in a heap, and before our very eyes? Rude shocks may have helped the dust to pile itself into crystal pyramids and swell into giant mounds, as great men and fierce revolutions help forward humanity; but it is the silent, sleepless, ceaseless work that has made our fruitful plains and rolling fields, as it is the cheerful, constant, unit-work of men and women that must make men better, and women purer, and life itself capable of being lived upon a higher plane. Results are not wild leaps of power in nature, and why should we expect them to be so in humanity? Such philosophy, we know, is old, very old; but any newer enforcement of even the tritest truths gives them a fresh vitality, and brings men beneath their healthful sway. It is not that we have been able to grasp more truth, but that we have tried to let truth have a greater and a tighter grasp upon others.

But we may get more pertinent and personal lessons if we come to crystals in their native beds. We may not have comprehended the mystery of crystal form; we may not understand, for instance, 'why charcoal should make itself into diamonds in India, and only into black-lead in Borrowdale;' and our best idea of crystallisation may be that of a varying arrangement of invisible solid particles under the influence of heat and pressure; but this scientific defect will not be a bar to our ethical studies. Were it not for war, Mr. Ruskin thinks we might get to know something about the influence of pressure and temperature. 'We

experiments tried on masses of iron and stone ; and we can't get them tried, because Christian creatures never will seriously and sufficiently spend money, except to find out the shortest ways of killing each other.' He also suggests that if the money spent in cutting diamonds were spent in cutting rocks instead, we might not only come to know something about the making of diamonds, but in ten years there would be 'no dangerous reef nor difficult harbour round the whole island coast. Great Britain would be a diamond worth cutting,—indeed, a true piece of regalia.' Still, we are able to know our crystals in an imperfect manner, and may find something like a code of morals amongst them, and strange resemblances to human life and conditions. This code is limited but emphatic, consisting of two laws only ; 'the first to be pure, and the second to be well shaped.' Many crystals have this pureness naturally, whilst others have not. 'The wickedest quartz seems good-natured compared to other things. It is one of the strongest of all crystals, and yet withal, as all strength should be, wonderfully gentle and courteous.' 'There seems to be in some crystals, from the beginning, an unconquerable purity of vital power, and strength of crystal spirit. Whatever dead substance, unacceptant of this energy, comes in their way, is either rejected, or forced to take some beautiful subordinate form ; the purity of the crystal remains unsullied, and every atom of it bright with coherent energy. Then the second condition is, that from the beginning of its whole structure a fine crystal seems to have determined that it will be of a certain shape and of a certain size ; it persists in this plan, and completes it.' This coherence and symmetry are just what we most miss in human character. There is no distinctness, energy, and balance of faculties. We are, as Jean Paul said, one half giants, and the other half dwarfs, and most of our blurs and imperfections are due to the influence of gold-pieces and medals of honour. With many, even genius is held not to be symmetry and health, but monstrosity and insanity. Look, by way of comparison, at the graceful Hartz-born crystal, which our guide says, in his happy way, is thought to be under the tuition of goblins :—

'They work chiefly on the mind of a docile, bluish-coloured, carbonate of lime, which comes out of a grey limestone. The goblins take the greatest possible care of its education, and see that nothing happens to it to hurt its temper : and when it may be supposed to have arrived at the crisis which is, to a well brought-up mineral, what presentation at court is to a young lady, there's no end to its pretty ways of behaving. First it will make itself into pointed darts, as fine as hoar-frost ; here it is changed into a white fur, as fine as silk ; here into little crowns and circlets, as bright as silver, as if for the gnome princess to wear ; here it is in
beautiful

beautiful little plates, for them to eat off; presently it is in towers, which they might be imprisoned in; presently in caves and cells, where they might make nungnomes of themselves, and no gnome ever hear of them more; here is some of it in sheaves, like corn; here some in drifts, like snow; here some in rays, like stars; and, though these are all of them, necessarily, shapes that the mineral takes in other places, they are all taken here with such a grace that you recognise the high caste and breeding of the crystals wherever you meet them; and you know at once they are Hartz-born.'

One half of crystal, as of human imperfection, consists in want of will, all 'doubt, and repenting, and botching, and retouching, and wondering what it will be best to do next, are vice as well as misery.' Virtue, as our author defines it, is simply 'straightness of back,' and it is wonderful what lessons we are taught by these diminutive crystals that build up our giant precipices and sublime mountains. It may seem strange to attribute even an analogue of volition to crystals, much less volition itself; but the closer we examine them the more is something like it apparent, for which we can find no more expressive term. This likeness to human conditions is even more apparent amongst stones than amongst plants. All through their struggles the analogy runs, and in a pure crystal striving to retain its form in a bad neighbourhood, returning to it when for a moment triumphant, and again being overcome, and yet again full of energy of action and indomitable perseverance, it is most beautifully seen.

'They are wonderfully like human creatures,—forget all that is going on if they don't see it, however dreadful; and never think what is to happen to-morrow. They are spiteful or loving, and indolent or painstaking, and orderly or licentious, with no thought whatever of the lava or the flood which may break over them any day, and evaporate them into air-bubbles, or wash them into a solution of salts. And you may look at them, once understanding the surrounding conditions of their fate, with an endless interest. You will see crowds of unfortunate little crystals, who have been forced to constitute themselves in a hurry, their dissolving element being fiercely scorched away; you will see them doing their best, bright and numberless, but tiny. Then you will find indulged crystals, who have had centuries to form themselves in, and have changed their mind and ways continually; and have been tired, and taken heart again; and have been sick, and got well again; and thought they would try a different diet, and then thought better of it; and made but a poor use of their advantages after all. And others you will see, who began life as wicked crystals, and then have been impressed by alarming circumstances, and have become converted crystals, and behaved amazingly for a little while, and fallen away again, and ended but discredibly, perhaps even in decomposition; so that one doesn't know what will become of them. And sometimes you will see little child-crystals put to school like school-girls, and made to stand in rows; and sometimes you will see unhappy little child-crystals left to lie about in the dirt, and pick up their living, and learn manners where they can. And sometimes you will see fat crystals eating up thin ones, like great capitalists and little labourers; and politico-economic crystals teaching the stupid ones how to eat each other, and cheat each other; and foolish crystals getting in the way of wise ones; and impatient crystals spoiling the plans of patient ones irreparably, just as things go in this world.'

There is another virtue in crystal-life which we shall be the
last

last to overlook ; it is its sanative or healing power. Wherever there are great rock-rents, or radiating dislocations, there the crystal force is most active in all its purity and beauty of structure. It takes to these wounds and heals them with its mightiest energy and serenest beauty. It is like love, divine and human, evoking all the noblest and deepest powers of nature. It is a rebuke to selfishness in its satiric strength of isolation, and nature's own answer, photographed in stone, before man appeared, to all his miserable sophistries about refined selfishness and maudlin philanthropy. It is science correcting scientific method and scientific men, and the dead work of fire prophecy the true pathway of will. Thus we see a rent of Salève limestone filled up with a red breccia formed of the dust of the torn rock, and cemented by a red crystalline paste, and when the piece is polished you may pass your finger over the wound ' without so much as feeling the place where a rock, which all the hills of England might have been sunk in the body of, and not a summit seen, was torn asunder through that whole thickness, as a thin dress is torn when you tread upon it.' A like beautiful crystal-healing was seen in a specimen of black slate from Buet. Pure quartz, in fine threaded crystals, had made the rent a lovely piece of fibrous beauty. Similar examples can be seen almost any day in a ramble on the hills, or a sea-side walk, and suggest whole sermons of morality and political economy.

There is an order of progression even amongst these little elfin creatures. The tendency of all dust is to pass into more permanent and beautiful forms, when the legitimate conditions of crystallisation are supplied. With some it is solution and subsequent evaporation, with others fire, and with some unknown and composite forces. Adjacent bodies may help them or hinder them, as we see in human life. Some want purification, others simply impulse. All dust as such is in a state of elemental war, awaiting its harmonic change and rest, and a true likeness of humanity in its endless complications and feverish strife. To be pure, or whole, there must be a perfect consistency in all parts of a crystal, since the element of separation is the element of death. It can mix up with itself no alien ingredients, or it will be a blur and a blotch. Pure clay, in its highest crystal form, is sapphire ; pure sand, in its beautiful parallel lines, and mysterious reflecting powers, becomes opal ; common soot, in its filth and dulness, and power of disfigurement, becomes hard, compact, and glitteringly beautiful in the diamond ; and water, even when impure, mimics the shapes of the stars and the wondrous petals of flowers. So that for an ounce of slime, ' which we had by political economy of competition,

competition, we have by political economy of co-operation, a sapphire, an opal, and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow.' This law of help is the same in human life. Helpfulness and consistency are the two great factors of all individual and national character. There is a human as there is a crystal individuality, which we are not wise to disturb. Let a man assimilate himself. Help him if you can, but do not fling yourself across his path, as though he could take your nature to build with it, instead of getting his form, or base, or impulse from it. If pressure be wanted, let it be at the right time, and resolve, not crush. Each soul has its own possible form, when once its energies are fully aroused, and our common ethical error is in prescribing too strictly what form it shall have. Our human dust is plastic as the elements themselves, and, when once we understand it, we shall cease to botch over it, and let each be beautiful of its kind. All dust-ethics teach us this, if they teach us anything, that true goodness is beautiful, and that there is no end to the possible symmetries of faculties, feelings, and aspirations. We do not want accident, we do not desire caprice; there is no room for anarchy, or peace for cruelty, or rest for wrong, or beauty for unrighteousness. There is no antagonism between nature and God, or science and the heart. The common dust of the earth teaches us that, and if we will but be reverent, and patient, and teachable, we may lean upon our hearts when our intellects are confounded, and be braced up to heroic duties and even terrible toils when the gold-tipped dust-shafts of satire fly thickest, and our earnestness is mis-translated into folly, our hope into greed, and our genius into crime.

ART. II.—PROVERBS AND EPIGRAMS ON WINE AND WATER.

1. *Αθηναίου Ναυκρατίου Δεινοσοφισταί. (The Literary Feast-makers: by Athenæus of Naucratis). Schweighäuser's Edition. 1801.*
2. *Epigrammata é purioribus Græcæ Anthologie fontibus hausit (Epigrams drawn from the purest fountains of the Greek Anthology: by) J. Edwards, M.A. Londonini: 1825.*
3. *The Greek Anthology used in the English Public Schools. Translated by G. Burges, A.M. London: H. G. Bohn. 1852.*
4. *Dictionary of Latin Quotations, Proverbs, Maxims, and Mottoes, Classical, and Mediæval: with a Selection of Greek Quotations. Edited by H. T. Riley, B.A. London: H. G. Bohn.*
5. *A Handbook of Proverbs, comprising an entire Re-publication of Ray's Collection of English Proverbs, with his Additions from Foreign Languages, with large Additions collected by Henry G. Bohn. London: Bohn. 1855.*

A PROVERB, as its name implies, is a word (*verbum*) or saying which many accept or circulate for their own. To say, as some have done, that it is 'the wisdom of many and the wit of one,' is to miss the essential characteristic of the proverb, which is neither wisdom nor wit—since wise proverbs are not always witty, nor witty ones always wise, and numbers are neither witty nor wise—but public currency, be the intrinsic value and extrinsic brightness or dulness what they may. And as popularity, more or less diffused, is the specific attribute of the proverb, so pungency, more or less intense, is the cardinal distinction of the epigram. Outside these definitions, proverbs mostly differ from epigrams in lacking that individuality of reference of which the latter are frequently possessed. Both are generally sententious, the proverb from necessity, in order to secure and to retain a place in the popular memory; the epigram from expediency, in order to give a reputation for that wit of which brevity is the soul, or rather the circumstantial *sine quâ non*. Hence epigrams frequently assume the form of verse, since metrical rhythm and (in the modern languages) rhyme are found to lend to the arrowy conception feathers that speed it more swiftly and surely

surely to the mark. Many proverbs, however, display a very epigrammatical turn and point, and some epigrams have acquired a circulation surpassing that of many proverbs; and in a paper like the present it is not desirable to classify them apart, inasmuch as the principal ends of order and clearness will be satisfied by grouping them according to the sentiments successively selected for illustration and review.

The proverbial current sets in strongly against drinking when it takes the developed form of drunkenness. 'Drunkenness is an egg from which all the vices are hatched' cannot be accused of understating the case against the national vice of Great Britain. Similar in sense is the saying that 'Drunkenness is a pair of spectacles with which to see the devil and all his works.' 'Drunkenness is voluntary madness' is an ancient saying, probably re-echoed rather than originated by Seneca, and put into the concrete by Sir Edward Coke in the declaration that 'The drunkard is a voluntary demon' (*Ebrius voluntarius daemon est*). Some proverbs have small mercy on drunkards. One plainly puts it, 'Drunkards have fools' tongues and knaves' hearts,' which is not at all true of most drunkards before becoming so. 'What you do when you are drunk you must pay for when you are sober,' is a warning that many would have been the wiser had they heeded; and 'He that kills a man when he is drunk must be hanged when he is sober,' is a popular rendering of an old and often-affirmed rule of criminal jurisprudence. All proverbs as to drunkards, however, are not to be trusted. Nothing more delusive was ever said than that 'The drunkard is no one's enemy but his own,' the fact being that he is every one's enemy besides his own; and in regard to another, 'Drunken folks seldom take harm,' where 'take harm' means 'meet with accident,' honest Ray enters his protest and dissent: 'This is so far from being true, that, on the contrary, of my own observation, I could give divers instances of such as have received very much harm when drunk.' Another proverb to the effect that 'A special Providence watches over drunkards, fools, and children,' may qualify and explain the preceding so as to make it signify that drunkards come to harm much seldomer than might be expected. That many of them have narrow escapes is true, but the many who are carried to hospitals, and on whom inquests are held, sternly forbid the false confidence which none but the drunken, indeed, are ever likely to entertain. That tippling and accidents have a very natural fellowship is made clear by the following lines from the book of 'Elegant Extracts', said to be a free translation of an epigram by Jacopo Sannazaro, who flourished about 1458:—

'A humorous fellow, in a tavern late,
Being drunk and valiant, gets a broken pate;
The surgeon with his implements and skill,
Searches the skull deeper and deeper still,
To feel the brains and see if they were sound;
And as he kept ado about the wound,
The fellow cries, "Good surgeon, spare your pains
When I began this brawl I had no brains.*"'

Certain classes have been proverbially noted for intemperance. 'As drunk as a tinker' is an abridged form of the other saw, 'Cobblers and tinkers are the best ale-drinkers.' Vagrancy has never been a school of sobriety; hence 'As drunk as a beggar' is of old descent—much older, if Ray is correct, than 'As drunk as a lord;' for in allusion to the former he remarks: 'This proverb is beginning now to be disused, and instead of it people are ready to say 'As drunk as a lord,' so much hath that vice (the more's the pity) prevailed among the nobility and gentry of late years.' Ray refers, it should be remembered, to the early part of the last century. 'As sober as a judge' is a contrast to the foregoing character, and is a testimony to the judicial reputation for sobriety—though the bench has had some conspicuous exceptions to the rule. 'As drunk as David's sow' is a saying which, for the credit of the piggery, must not be left without explanation. It is related that a Welshman named David Lloyd, living at Hereford—so precise is the legend—had a sow with six legs, which he took some visitors to see, saying 'Here sho is! did you ever see such a sow as that?' Unhappily, David had also a drunken wife, who, just before, had taken the place of the sober sow, and the visitors observing the transposition, jocosely replied that 'it was the drunkennest sow that they ever did see.' And so 'As drunk as David's sow' became a popular saying in the country round. The English reputation for tippling is indicated in the saying, 'In settling an island, the first building erected by a Spaniard would be a church, by a Frenchman a fort, by a Dutchman a warehouse, and by an Englishman an alehouse!' Degrees of comparison between drunkards are not always easily instituted; and this difficulty is stated in an epigram attributed to the learned Julius Caesar Scaliger—rendered thus by a critic in the 'Quarterly Review':—

'Drunk gets Loser twice each day;
Bibo once o'erwets his clay;
Do not either drunker call.

* 'Dum capit Aufidio tractat chirurgus et ipsum,
Altius exquirat, quo videat cerebrum;
Ingemit Aufidius, Quid me, chirurgus, fatigas?
Cum subii rixam non habui cerebrum.'

Bibo drunk is drunk forever,
For his sober fit comes never,
And his once is—once for all!*

Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' has an epigram on a drinking club, which some clubs not professedly formed for drinking might take to themselves without a violation of the ninth commandment:—

'The jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipe-staves are but hooped into a tub,
And in close confederacy link,
For nothing else but to hold drink!'

Laudibus vini arguitur vinosus, has been rendered:

'Who praises drinking proves him thence
A sot on his own evidence.'

Other evidence still more direct has been furnished by some celebrated toppers. If Walter Mapes, an eminent scholar of the twelfth century, has not been wrongly considered the author of an old drinking song, he was a most unblushing *vinosus*. One verse of the original, and Leigh Hunt's translation, are subjoined;† but a closer rendering may be presented:—

I propose in a tavern to draw my last sigh,
With the wine at my mouth, just ready to die,
That the choirs of good angels, on coming, may cry,
'God cast on this toper a merciful eye!'

Epigrammatic epitaphs on drunkards are not common. Athenæus gives one concerning a certain Arcadion:—

'This is the monument of that great drinker
Arcadion; and his two loving sons,
Dorocon and Charmylus, have placed it here,
At this the entrance of his native city;
And know, traveller, the man did die
From drinking strong wine in too large a cup.'

On an old Greek dame who loved her drops, strong and often

* *Inebriatur bis Loserus in die;
Semel Bibinus: his quis ebriosior?
Imo Bibo non fit ebrius semel,
Non fit, sed est; et semper illud semel.*

† *Meum est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morienti ori;
Ut dicunt cum venerint angelorum chori,
'Deus sit propitius huic potatori!'*

'I propose to end my days—in a tavern drinking;
May some Christian hold for me—the wine when I am shrinking;
That the cherubims may cry—when they see me sinking,
"God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's way of thinking."

—not the last of her race—Leonidas indited in her own tongue an epitaph, which in ours runs thus :—

Maronis lies below—so much she drank
Her ashes may with those of wine-kegs rank ;
Above her tomb behold the cup displayed
To which when living all her dues were paid ;
Interred, o'er no survivors does she grieve,
But only for the drink she's forced to leave.

The race of Maronis is not yet extinct, but where are the inscriptions ?

The influence of drunkards in increasing intemperance is well expressed in the proverb that ' Drunkards are the devil's decoy ducks ;' for though what is mis-termed ' beastly ' drunkenness is doubtless disgusting, yet men who are ' mighty to drink wine and strong drink '—especially if they are men of talent and position—exert a powerfully seductive and demoralising effect on younger persons. The outward and visible signs of drinking, even short of what passes for intemperance, have been variously described. ' Redness of eyes,' one of the signs noticed by the Wise Man, is not the only colour-sign of a tippling habit. ' Wine,' says one proverb, ' makes the purse poor to enrich the nose,' and a modern humorist has said that ' The tippler's nose blushes at what the mouth is condemned to swallow.' Mr. Jerdan, editor of the old ' Literary Gazette,' supplies the following—' To a Pimple on Tom's Nose ' :—

' Thrice red that blossom is, alas !
And thrice red has it been ;
Red in the grape—red in the glass—
Red on thy nose 'tis seen.
Ah ! Tom, at that red, red, red blot,
Thy well-wishers bewail ;
They say the redness of that spot
'Tis makes thy poor wife pale.'

Akin to this is another epigram, author unknown :—

' Whence comes it that on Clara's face
The lily only has a place ?
Is it that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose ?'

One of the extinct London comic papers, ' Diogenes,' published the following :—

" Hold, man ! forbear, and drink no more,
The habit on you grows."
" Grog grows on me ? " " Yes, and I see
The blossoms on your nose."

Excessive loquacity is one of the first and most noticeable manifestations of vinous activity, therefore we are not surprised at the many references in proverbial literature to the intimate connection

connection of tittle and talk. But the want of reserve evinced by this volubility is exhibited in other ways; and hence the opinion, dating from very ancient times, that under the excitement of wine the natural character is disclosed. 'When wine sinks, words swim' is a maxim at least as old as Herodotus; and we have had handed down both in Greek and Latin the sentiment that 'What the sober man keeps in his breast the tippler carries on his tongue.* General, too, was the saying 'There is truth in wine.' We find it in Theocritus,† and Ehippus cites as commonly said that 'Those who are full of wine speak truth.' The same idea passed current in the sententious form of οἶνος καὶ ἀληθεῖα ('wine and truth'). Otherwise phrased ἐν οἴνῳ ἀληθεῖα ('in wine is truth'), it was adopted by the Romans in the—even to us—familiar 'In vino veritas'—a motto with which wine merchants, with very equivocal delicacy and tact, garnish their advertisements and trade-circulars. Do their customers really take to themselves as a compliment the insinuation that they are not used to speak the truth, or avoid hypocrisy, unless under the forcing power of wine? Might they not recall what Dr. Johnson said when this influence was pleaded in its favour by Boswell—'Why, sir, that may be an argument for drinking if you suppose men in general to be liars. But, sir, I would not keep company with a fellow who lies as long as he is sober, and whom you must make drunk before you can get a word of truth out of him.' *Arcanum demens detegit ebrietas* (irrational drunkenness reveals what is secret) is another Latin expression of the same thought. John Owens, a celebrated Welsh scholar of the sixteenth century, directed against the German love of drinking an epigram, embracing two famous proverbs. ‡

'Democritus said, "Truth lies buried low
Down in a well, whose opening none might know;"
But if "Truth's hid in wine," as proverbs tell,
I'll warrant me the Germans find this well.'

The comparison of wine to a mirror is a figurative reflection of this idea. From the Greeks§ it passed to the Romans, and

* Το ἐν καρδίᾳ νηφόντος, ἐπὶ γλοττῆς ἐστὶν τοῦ μεθούοντος. —(From Plutarch.) "Quid est in corde sobrii est in ore ebrii."

† Οἶνος, ὃ φίλε πᾶσι, λέγεται, καὶ ἀλαθεῖα.—(Idyll 20.)

‡ Mersum in nescio quo Verum Latitare profundo,
Democritus nemo quod repiriret, ait;
Si 'latet in vino Verum,' ut proverbis dicunt,
Invenit Verum Teuto, vel inveniet.

§ Κατοπτρον εἰδὸς χαλκός ἐστι, οἶνος δὲ νοῦ.—'Brass is a mirror of the form, but wine (a mirror) of the mind.'

under the alliterative 'vitrum et vinum' (glass and wine), it drew from the Jesuit Bauhasius (A.D. 1620) the following epigram:—

'Glass doth bewray, and even so doth wine;
This shows the mind, and that the form's outline;
As crystal represents the body's grace,
So the mind's features in men's cups we trace.'*

In English, we have the proverb, 'What soberness conceals, drunkenness reveals.' More commendatory of the drink is 'Fairchieve (*i.e.*, prosper) good ale—it makes many folks speak as they think:' and more bluntly, 'Wine washes off the daub.' The French have a parallel in *Vin et confession découvrent tout* (Wine and confession discover all); and they also dress it in a homelier shape: 'Wine wears no breeches,' a figure which the Spaniards have also employed and enlarged.† The question raised by these proverbs,—whether intoxicating drink really discloses the true nature of the men who use it?—is not to be answered with an unqualified affirmative or negative. It, no doubt, often does bring to the surface much that the speaker would have suppressed if perfectly sober, and the qualities it brings into play may be, in many cases, those to which the drinker is prone, or would be prone, but for the influences of education and moral principle. But, in order to make wine a test of character, it ought to exhibit the man as he is in the totality of his mental and moral powers; whereas, it obviously exerts an exaggerating effect on the animal propensities, while it depresses the discriminating faculty (thus liberating the fancy from the control of reason), and impairs the soundness of the whole moral nature. By its remarkable action also on the will, it seems to disintegrate the human being, and turns into an anarchy the kingdom of the soul. That this philosophy is also proverbial, is shown by the saying ascribed to Publius Syrus—*Absentem lædit cum ebrio qui litigat* (He who quarrels with a drunkard injures the absent); quoted by Addison as *Qui ebrium ludificat lædit absentem* (He who makes a fool of a drunkard injures the absent.) The Latin writers have handed down the saying that 'Wisdom is overpowered by wine,' which appears in our mother tongue as, 'When the wine is in, the wit is out.' Another proverb tells us that 'The drunken man has taken

* Vitrum proditor, atque vinum est;
Hoc animi speculum, illud oris;
Quod formæ solet esse vitrum—
Hoc animo solet esse vinum.

† *El vino no true bragas ni de puno ni de leno*—'Wine wears no breeches either of woollen or linen.'

leave of himself,' and 'He that gives himself to wine is not his own.'—To be 'disguised in liquor' embodies the same idea; and who can forbear to recall the ejaculation of Cassio, 'Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!' Athenæus, in noticing that the old Greek saying, *Τριποδος λεγειν* (to speak from the tripod) states that one name given to the tripod was *κρατηρ*, or drinking-bowl—the meaning being that the speaker did not utter his own sentiments; and he quotes Sthenalus, the poet, as remarking, that 'wine throws even the prudent into follies;'* and Hesiod teaches that drinking makes even him shameless who 'before was both discreet and gentle.† Hence the saying, 'Wine has no rudder.‡ Allied to this is the English proverb, 'Counsels in wine seldom prosper,' and the significant generalisation, 'Wine neither keeps secrets nor fulfils promises.' Another saying, 'Wine is a turn-coat,' expresses a sense of the deception practised by the bottle; and well would it be if those who think they get their liquor cheap, because it is given, would take to heart the words, 'He does not drink gratis who pays his reason for the shot.' Whether this vinous possession was a good or evil, was a moot point among the ancients. Diphibus, a Greek poet, in apostrophising Bacchus, threw his approbation into verse, that may be rendered—

Oh kindest! wisest to the wise!
How sweet to my admiring eyes!
Thou only canst the low elate,
And dost with smiles stiff souls dilate;
By thee inspired the weak are brave,
And daring grows the coward slave!

But another poet, whom Athenæus quotes as the Cyrenæan, probably Callimachus, takes a different view of this inspiration, and images the situation thus:—

'Wine's like the very fire, and penetrates all through a man;
And as the Libyan sea beat by the hurricane
Opens its secret depths, so wine lays bare the heart,
And out of manliest men shakes all their thinking part.‡

Centuries before Callimachus sang, the wisdom of Solomon had written: 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright [signs of fermentation]; for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' Among the people of An-Man,

* *Οινος και φρονοντας ες αφροσυνας αναβελλει.*

† *Πριν ειν σωφρων τε και ηρω.*

‡ *Οινος ουκ εχειν πηδαλια.*

§ (Last line.)—*Εκ δ' ανδρων παρτα σιναζε νεκρ.*

or Cochin-China, another comparison is current, suited to their forest experience—‘As a tiger in a wood, so is wine in a man.’* The French say of an intoxicated man—*Il est pris de vin* (he is seized upon by wine); and another of their proverbs, *Bon vin, mauvaise tête* (Good wine, bad head) bears a similar testimony to the non-paternal despotism of the inebriating juice. Addison’s sentiments on this subject are exceedingly judicious, and acquire, if possible, additional interest as the deliberate convictions of one whose delicate and noble genius did not escape the breath of fiery wine :†—

‘This vice (drunkenness) has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it. In regard to the mind, it, first of all, discovers every flaw in it. The sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under and subdue every vice or folly to which he is most inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul and show itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce them. Wine heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin. It gives bitterness to resentment—it makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity. Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and show them in the most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of Seneca that drunkenness does not produce but discovers faults. Common experience teaches us the contrary. Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same person who at first sat down at table with you.’

It is not to be wondered at that in the Land of the Morning, where men speak in tropes, this rapacious and transforming property of intoxicants should have been figuratively described as a serpent, a tiger, &c. As other examples, we have the Hebrew sage affirming that ‘Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.’ Therefore kings and princes are forbidden by him to use that which may cause them to pervert the judgment of the afflicted. The Arabs affirm that ‘Wine is the mother of evils;’ and the Turks circulate the aphorism that ‘Every berry of the vine contains a devil.’ This proverb, however, wrongs the vine; and the Turks have not, in this respect, followed their prophet Mohammed, who taught that in the juice of the grape there is nourishment, and also (after fermentation) that which is hurtful. The bold apostrophe of Cassio—‘Oh thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!’ has found an echo in the experience of many who have sought heaven in

* For the satisfaction of readers more learned than the writer, the original Cochin-Chinese is subjoined—*Tu u nhap tâm như hổ n hạp*.

† The ‘Spectator.’ No. 569. July 19, 1714.

the flowing bowl, and realised Tartarean woes. Bishop Hall has quaintly said of wine, 'He that receives that traitor within his gates, shall too late complain of surprisal.'

Drink and drinking having had so much to do with the customs and manners of mankind, the association has left proverbial traces behind it. 'Drink and hold fast to the dagger-head' is a relic of times when pledging was done with precautions necessary to ensure personal safety; and to the feeling of insecurity induced when simultaneous pledging was refused we may refer the saying: 'Knock under the board him who refuses to drink his cup.' Hence also the proverb 'There's no deceit in a brimmer.' 'A peg too low' points to the period when pegs were inserted in large goblets, and every drinker was required to take at a draught the quantity between two pegs; and as he who had drunk 'a peg too low' had exceeded his quantum, the effect of an overdose was so frequently seen as to render the saying a euphemism for intoxication. Drinking to pegs became, indeed, a direct provocative to intemperance, when the penalty of drinking below one peg was made to consist in drinking to the next, and so on in succession, till pegs and liquor were lost to view. 'To make a pearl on your nail' was another proverb derived from the custom of draining the cup till only sufficient remained to form a pearl on the drinker's thumb-nail; while inability to effect this feat was punished by fresh draughts. 'You must drink as much after an egg as an ox,' draws a line from Ray by way of protest, 'This is a fond and ungrounded old saying.' 'Drink in winter for cold, and in summer for heat,' is equivalent to a general permission to drink anytime and anywhere; while 'Old friends and old wine are best,' is evidence of a taste that has descended to modern times. 'He was hung that left his drink behind him,' has a drift impossible to mistake; though it is said to have originated in a singular and probably solitary fact—viz., that a man going to execution refused to conform to the custom of stopping to drink at an alehouse on the way, and, owing to the want of the delay this stoppage would have caused, was hung, just before a reprieve arrived at the gallows. 'Good wine needs no bush,' is a famous proverb which is not always, perhaps, correctly understood, the sense not being that good wine needs no concealment, but that it needs no sign or recommendation. It appears in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish.* The ivy being sacred to

* Latin—*Vino vendibili hederá suspensá nihil est opus.* French—*A bon vin il ne faut point d'enseigne.* Italian—*Al buon vino non bisogna frasca.* Spanish—*El vino qua as bueno no ha menester pregonero.*

Bacchus, sprigs of the plant were employed to distinguish wine-shops from others; and the proverb may be taken to signify that a house where 'good wine' could be procured might dispense with the accustomed sign. The saying that 'God deprives him of his bread who likes not his drink,' has a portentous sound, but may have sprung from the old conceit that a distaste for liquor was an evidence of fast-failing health. Great and marvellous, indeed, was the confidence of our ancestors in the virtues of 'good drink.' They could say that 'Good ale is meat, drink, and cloth' (to which a sober abstainer might add, 'and poor is the quality of each'), and, unconscious of the latent sarcasm in the last line of the verse, they sang with tremendous warmth—

'He that buys land buys many stones;
He that buys flesh buys many bones;
He that buys eggs buys many shells—
He that buys good ale buys nothing else.'

When the consequences of bibbing could not be denied, they were quietly set aside, as in the proverb, 'Drink wine and have the gout; drink no wine and have the gout too.' But Ray is down upon the sophists with his rod: 'With this saying intemperate persons who have, or fear, the gout, encourage themselves to proceed in drinking wine notwithstanding.' 'Wine in the bottle does not quench thirst' is of Italian origin, and may stand as a protest against stinginess in performing the rites of hospitality. 'Temperance is the best physic' enounces a great physiologic fact; and 'Drinking draws a bill on health that must be renewed' is a mercantile manner of calling out 'Drinkers, beware!' The French have a saying, '*Après bon vin, bon cheval*' ('After good wine, good horse'), which conveys an intimation that after drinking a rider makes his horse to go the faster—in other words, that drinking encourages boldness; but another proverb, '*Il vaut mieux sentir le vin que le boire*' ('It answers better to smell wine than to drink it') conveys a different economical and prudential lesson.

Anacreon's well-known plea for wine-drinking, addressed to his companions, if not an epigram, is epigrammatic:—

The dark earth drinks—Jove wills it so;
Trees drink the earth in which they grow;
The sea, that drinks the rushing streams,
Is drunk by Sol's absorbing beams;
While from his golden vital urn
The silvery moon drinks in her turn.
Then, friends of mine, say, why refuse
To let me drink when'er I choose?

To this special pleading his companions might have rejoined:
'Twould

'Twould please us much, O friend of ours,
To see you drink like nature's powers;
They drink—for they must drink or die,
But when they drink no wine is nigh;
And when you only drink to live,
Content with draughts the muses give,
Not for a moment we'll refuse
To let you drink whene'er you choose.*

We may yoke with this the Mediæval lines giving reasons for drinking, of which Dr. Henry Aldrich, the celebrated Dean of Christchurch, gave a lively version:—

'There are, if I do rightly think,
Five reasons why a man may drink;
Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest you should be by and by,—
Or any other reason why.'†

But neither ancients nor moderns could forbear to see that there was something dangerous about the darling of their hearts. Some of the Greek poets tried to meet the difficulty by recommending the sweet wines that could hardly intoxicate however much was taken of them; and others advised copious admixtures of water. Unmixed wine, called by the Greeks *ακρατον*, and by the Romans *merum*, was seldom drunk in Greece except by debauchees; and one writer premising that wine holds a place equal to that of fire, warns his readers that if they use it unmixed they will receive it in a burning state. Mnesitheus, while urging moderation, does it in the form of a liberal infusion of water. This, he says, brings cheerfulness (*εὐθυμiam φερει*); half-and-half, he adds, brings derangement (*μανiam*); while unmixed wine (*ακρατον*) is nothing short of a paralysis of the members (*παραλησιν των σωματων*). Bacchus well mixed, and only then, can be a physician, and entitled, according to the Pythian oracle, to be universally styled 'A healer.' If Mnesitheus deemed that simply fermented grape-juice should be well-watered to render it safe and wholesome, what would he say of English wines well

* The author of the 'Burnish Family' has supplied a sprightly *coup de grace* to Anacreon's plea:—

'Yes, heathen bard! yet wisdom says
The lesson this has taught her
Is that the earth, the trees, and sun
Drink nothing else but water.'

How would the bard of Teos have taken this rebuff from a woman's hand? The same *quietus* could be given to Antiphanes, who urges that where the 'sacred river' does not flow the trees die without waiting for the woodman's axe. Why not drink, then, as do the noble trees, of the sacred river?

† 'Si bene commemini causæ sunt quinque bibendi,
Hospitis adventus, præsens sitis atque futura,
Aut vini bonitas, aut quælibet altera causa.'

mixed with brandy? Verily the old Greeks, pagans though they were, rise up in judgment to condemn us. Counsels to caution in the use of intoxicants have a place in our proverbs: 'Eat at pleasure, drink by measure,' is one which is also current in France and Italy.* 'Drink in the morning staring, then all the day be sparing,' is good advice to those who will drink, unless they liberally interpret the matinal permission, remembering the distich—

'Our fathers, who were wondrous wise,
Did wash their throats before they washed their eyes.'

But if 'A drunken night makes a cloudy morning,' might it not be well to forbear morning draughts? 'Yes,' rejoins the seasoned-drinker, 'if it were not for the old saw about taking as a cure "a hair of the dog that has bit us."'" That misery and ruin follow hard on the heels of deep drinking is a truth engraven in proverbs and epigrams not a few. 'Ever drunk, ever dry,' tells how the throat remonstrates; and the distich

'He that drinks and is not dry,
He'll want money as well as I,'

carries with it the moral proclaimed by Solomon—'He that loveth wine shall not be rich,' and 'the glutton and the drunkard shall come to poverty.' One of the Leonine epigrams of the Middle Ages is to this effect—

'Once I was rich, but now haven't a stitch,
The causes three—dice, wine, harlotry.†

The Muses in Greek mythology were thorough water-nymphs, and though to Bacchus was ascribed a divine lineage, the proverb, 'If you make Bacchus your guide, Apollo will not keep you company,' is an intimation of the danger that the lovers of the fine arts incur by a close acquaintance with the wine-cup. Of moral loss and wretchedness, we are reminded by 'Men disordered with wine are left to the government of the devil,' and 'Wine smiles in the cup, but stings in the conscience'—recalling the saying of Dr. Johnson, that 'doubtless the worm of the still is the worm that never dies.' Drinking-shops are not commended by the assurance that 'Mirth in the public-house turns sour by the fireside.' The wit spoke epigrammatically when he defined a tavern as 'a place where madness was sold by the measure;' and Mr.

* The French say—*Pain tant qu'il dure, vin à mesure.* The Italians—*Pan mantre dura, ma vin a mangura.*

† Dives eram dudum—fecerent me tria nudum; Alea, vina, Venus—per quæ sum factus egenus.

Warren uttered what deserves to become a proverb when he said that 'The public-house is the half-way house to the hulks.' Some 'Lines on a stone jar' (but not empty) offer a condensed argument on the temperance question :—

'Here only by a cork controlled,
And slender wall of earthen mould,
In all the pomp of death, repose
The seeds of many a bloody nose ;
The stammering tongue, the horrid oath ;
The fist for fighting nothing loath ;
The giddy thought on mischief bent ;
The midnight hour in riot spent ;
The passions which no word can tame ;
That burst like sulphur into flame ;
The nose carbuncled, glowing red,
The blackened eye, the broken head ;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murdering, maiming, and dispute ;
Assault that innocence assails ;
The images of gloomy jails ;
All these within this jar appear,
And Jack the hangman in the rear.'

This description might have been suggested by a short dialogue written by Epicharmus, where A. says that sacrifice leads to feasting, and feasting to drinking (*ποσις*). B. exclaims, 'That's jolly to me!' But A. continues: 'Drinking leads to revelry (*κωμος*), it to riot (*θναυια*), it to prosecution (*δικη*), it to condemnation (*καταδικη*), it to chains (*πεδαι*), to wasting (*σφακελος*), and damage (*ζημια*).'⁷ To this topic belong a class of proverbs with one sentiment variously expressed. 'Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune,' smacks of classic times ; but of Teutonic stock are 'More are drowned in beer and wine than in water,' and still more vividly, 'The wine-cup has drowned more than the ocean!' Archbishop Trench, in his work on 'Proverbs,' remarks—'We are struck with the smallness of the cup as set against the vastness of the ocean, while yet so many more deaths are ascribed to that than to this ; and further, with the fact that literally none are, and none could be, drowned in the former (the cup), while multitudes perish in the latter (the ocean).'⁸ 'Better anything than be married to a sponge,' is a sentiment myriads of wives have bitterly felt. Butler, in his poem on 'Drunkenness,' pictures some of the consequences of this form of 'sponging'!—

'Man with raging drink inflamed
Is far more savage and untamed—
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barbarousness and insolence ;
Believes himself the less he's able,
The more heroic and formidable ;

Lays by his reason in his bowls
 As Turks are said to do their souls,
 Until it has so often been
 Shut out of its lodgings and let in,
 At length it never can attain
 To find the right way back again.'

The master-hand of the Jewish king has drawn the portrait and downward destiny of the inebriate :—

'Who hath woe? who hath sorrows? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. . . . Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, thou shalt say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.'

The reclamation of the intemperate is difficult, and before the institution of temperance societies seldom known. One of the Greek poets, Clearchus, has expressed the fancy that if the results of drinking could be experienced beforehand, the habit would be abandoned :—

If to those tippling every day
 It chanced that they must cost prepay,
 So that their heads should throb and ache
 Before their mouths the draught could take,
 'Tis sure not one of us again
 Would try the fiery cup to drain.
 Now, as things go, we drink at first
 The cup that sweetly soothes our thirst,
 Until, by suffering taught, we find
 We've left the pleasure far behind!

Considering that Father Adam was the first of water-drinkers, and that, in remembrance of his habit, the aqueous fluid has received the name of 'Adam's ale,' some of the language used towards his water-drinking descendants savours of filial disrespect. Pindar, it is true, begins his first ode with the declaration *Ἄριστον μὲν ἕδωρ* (Water truly is best), but Pindar was not always self-consistent, and the bacchanalian bards of Greece were not slow to institute comparisons not favourable to the pure beverage and its admirers. It was enough for one old Greek to keep sober at feasts when all others were drunk, to bring upon himself the taunt that he got drunk when alone by himself. This was equivalent to the modern charge that abstainers drink 'on the sly.' An epigram upon Cratinus, a dissolute Athenian writer, bids us know :—

'Tis

'Tis wine's the grand steed of the charming bard,
Plain water can yield nothing good ;—
So Cratinus said when he smelt very hard
Of wine not in skin but in wood.*

On this epigram another has been founded :—

Said Cratinus, the old Greek sot,
No water-drinker is a poet ;
But Cratinus a prophet was not,
And Waller, Milton, Cowper show it.

Horace, a greater authority than Cratinus, has repeated his opinion,† but Milton, a greater than Horace, though admitting that wine may inspire the lyric poet, adds :—

' But they, who demigods and heroes praise,
And feasts performed in Jove's more youthful days,
Who now the counsels of high heaven explore,
Now shades that echo the Cerberian roar—
Simply let these like him of Samos live,
Let herbs to them a bloodless banquet give ;
In beechen goblets let their bev'rage shine,
Cool from the crystal spring, their sober wine !
Their youth should pass in innocence, secure
From stain licentious, and in manners pure ;
Pure as the priest when robed in white he stands,
The fresh lustrations ready in his hands.'‡

The Italians have a proverb—' A glass of water is sometimes worth more than a ton of wine,' and in southern countries that contempt for water which is so common elsewhere is never seen except among the votaries of Bacchus. There, 'a cup of cold water' is a gift deriving its gratefulness not only from the goodness of the motive, but also from the value of the offering. In 'A sober man and a soft answer,' we have an appreciation of the connection between coolness of blood and sweetness of temper, while the Shaksperian reference to 'Honest water, too weak to be a sinner,'

* The original is, that 'Cratinus smelt not of one wine-skin (bottle), but of a whole wine-cask.' No wonder that, so perfumed, he should have thought water-drinking an insipid operation.

† Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possint,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.
No songs can please to-day, or future honours gain,
Which ever are produced by water-drinkers' brain.

‡ This is from Cowper's translation of the *Elegia Sexta*. The lines in italics are the rendering of the following :—

Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.

Literally—' Let the transparent fluid stand near him in a little beechen bowl, and let him drink sober cups from a pure fountain.'

harmonises

harmonises with the saying, probably older than Shakspeare, that 'Water-drinking makes no man sick or in debt.'

The miracle at Cana has been commemorated in a noted epigram, frequently misquoted or curtailed. Doubt rested upon its authorship till it was traced to the 'Epigrammatica Sacra' of Richard Crashaw.* Aaron Hill furnished a paraphrase rather than a translation of the original:—

'When Christ, at Cana's feast, by power divine
Inspired cold water with the warmth of wine,
"See," cried they, while in reddening tide it gushed,
"The bashful stream has seen its lord and blushed!"'

A more literal version would be—

Whence the strange purple this pale water shows?
What rose so fresh has touched it till it glows?
A Power Divine, ye guests, discern; be hushed—
The modest maid has seen her God and blushed!

This miracle is a sort of stock-argument with some against the Temperance Reform, but, if the explanation of St. Augustine be accepted, that it consisted in the sudden effectuation of that change of water into wine which is gradually produced in the vine every year,† the temperance reformer remains master of the field. As the miracle was performed to show forth the Redeemer's glory, this manner of understanding it is consistent with the design of the holy Wonder-worker, and avoids all the difficulties of a moral nature attending an opposite explication. Above all, it should never be lost sight of that the glory of the Saviour in unbroken alliance with the elevation of mankind is the greatest object of the Christian's life; and no custom, however fashionable, and no habit, however agreeable, which cannot be shown to accord with that supreme aim and end, should receive toleration at his hands. Whether the use or disuse of intoxicating liquors would be the more conducive to that twofold result is, therefore, the question which no Christian is permitted to neglect; but every one is under obligation to settle it for himself by the most impartial and assiduous investigation.

* Unde rubor vestris et non sua purpura lymphis?
Que rosa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas?
Numen, convivæ!—præsens, cognoscite, numen,
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit.

† 'Ipse enim fecit vinum illo die in nuptiis in sex illis hydriis quas impleri aqua præcipit qui omni anno facit hoc in vitibus.'—Tractus in Evang. Joannis. c. 2. 'For he made wine on that marriage day in the six water-pots which he ordered to be filled with water—he who makes it in the vines every year.'

ART. III.—THE CAPITAL PUNISHMENT COMMISSION.

1. *Report of the Capital Punishment Commission.* 1866.
2. *The Law on its Trial, or Personal Recollections of the Death Penalty, and its Opponents.* By Alfred H. Dymond. London: Alfred W. Bennett. 1865.
3. *Capital Punishment, based on Mittermair's 'Todestrafe.'* Edited by John Macrae Moir, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1865.
4. *Report of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.* 1865.
5. *The Substitute for Capital Punishment.* By Frederic Hill, Esq. London. 1866.
6. *Private Executions.* By Humphrey W. Woolrych, Serjeant-at-Law. 1866.
7. *Analysis and Review of the Blue Book of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment.* Reprinted from the 'Social Science Review.' May and June, 1866.

THE appointment of a Royal Commission to Inquire into Capital Punishment was a virtual surrender on the part of the Government of the whole question. Up to that time Sir George Grey had always held that the punishment of death must be retained for the crime of murder, and he uniformly rejected all proposals for inquiry. In the debate on the 4th May, 1864, he took the same ground, but conceded that there were reasons for inquiring whether an improvement could not be effected in the administration of the law, and he acceded to the motion to recommend to Her Majesty the appointment of a Commission. The appointment was made on the 8th July, 1864, and the report was published in January, 1866. The evidence by which it is accompanied is most instructive and important. The public generally have, and not without reason, a distrust of Parliamentary reports; such reports are sometimes one-sided, and the examinations very often stifle as much information as they elicit. The majority of blue books may be regarded as so many monuments of great industry, but they become at the same time mausoleums of the facts and evidence which that industry

accumulated. In the case of the report before us no such complaint can be made. The Commission was chosen with fairness, and the advocates of the abolition of death punishment were fully represented upon it. The inquiry was conducted with strict impartiality, and the evidence embodies all the arguments by which each side of the question is sustained. The volume may be consulted with advantage by all who are conducting inquiries as to the social and political progress of the British people. The Commission sat sixteen days and examined thirty witnesses, among whom were seven who had been, or, at the time of giving evidence, were judges. There were two Secretaries of State, seven gentlemen connected with prisons, and the others were persons who had given the subject special consideration, including the honorary secretary and the acting secretary of the Anti-Capital Punishment Society, Mr. Thomas Beggs and Mr. William Tallack.

The best proof of the efficiency of the Commission is afforded by the care with which the evidence was conducted. Many of the questions indicated the presence of greater knowledge on the part of those who put them than seemed to be possessed by those to whom they were addressed. A desire was manifested throughout to obtain facts and opinions upon all parts of the subject, and also to confine the inquiry within legitimate limits, and to check all divergence into the metaphysical or speculative. The report is, therefore, all the more valuable, as it is founded upon carefully and impartially collected evidence. The recommendations of the report are as follow :—

'1. That the punishment of death be retained for all murders deliberately committed with express malice aforethought, such malice to be found as a fact by the jury.

'2. That the punishment of death be also retained for all murders committed in, or with a view to, the perpetration, or attempt at perpetration of any of the following felonies :—Murder, arson, rape, burglary, robbery, or piracy.

'3. That in all other cases of murder the punishment be penal servitude for life, or for any period not less than seven years, at the discretion of the Court.*

The Commission have adopted the plan recognised in several of the United States of America, of dividing murders into those of the first and second degree, rather than make the attempt at any new classification of homicides. In the case of infanticide, they recommend that it should be removed from the murder list altogether ; and, without stating the term of punishment, they propose penal servitude or imprisonment, at the discretion of the Court, where mortal injury is inflicted

* Report: page 50.

during birth, or within seven days afterwards. They recommend also that the power of recording sentence of death should be restored to the judges; and, further, 'that the sentence should be carried out within the precincts of the prison, under such regulations as may be considered necessary to prevent abuse, and satisfy the public mind that the law has been complied with.'

These are the principal recommendations of the report, and it was signed by all the commissioners; but the following recommendation is appended:—

'The undersigned members of your Majesty's Commission are of opinion that capital punishment might safely, and with advantage, be at once abolished. Signed by Stephen Lushington, John Bright, Charles Neate, and William Ewart.*'

There is also a declaration made by Mr. Justice O'Hagan, giving in his adhesion to that prepared and signed by Mr. Ewart, as a matter of principle, but expressing his 'doubts whether public opinion in this country is ripe for such a change;' and there are five dissentients to the resolution respecting private executions, namely, Stephen Lushington, William Ewart, Charles Neate, J. Moncrief, and John Bright. These particulars possess an historical importance, and, having given them, we may now proceed to consider some of the conclusions and recommendations of the Commission.

It is satisfactory to find that the question has been narrowed down to a well-defined and practical issue. Many years have not passed away since the discussion was embarrassed by theological disquisitions on certain texts of Scripture, and we were carried back to an ancient, peculiar, and exceptional jurisprudence to find an authority in defence of the gibbet. The Commission evidently held it to be no part of their duty to go into this argument. They had a single eye to utility, to that which was best; they have sought, in fact, to discover that principle which would be the most calculated to surround human life with feelings of reverence and respect. The idea of retaliation, of expiation, of punishing the offender because he deserves punishment, which was so strongly infused in the spirit of ancient law, is relinquished by all jurists and writers on criminal jurisprudence in modern times. It is now seen that all punishment is an evil, and that it can only be justified on two grounds—the protection of society and the reformation of the offender. It is necessary to discuss the *rationale* of punishment, in order to legislate properly, as to the treatment of crime, and from the time of Beccaria to the present a slow

* Report: page 51.

but sure progress has been making. The report before us is a sign of that progress. We observe that both parties have yielded something in the argument which brings them nearer together, without involving any compromise of principle on either side. Some of the ablest advocates of abolition acknowledge the right of society to take the life of the criminal if by that means the lives of the community can be rendered more secure, while those who contend for the retention of the capital penalty, admit, with Sir George Grey, that there is no obligation to inflict it if society be as safe without it. The language of Sir George some years ago was this:—‘I agree that if the State is as safe without the punishment of death as with it, then it has no right to inflict it.’ This is, indeed, the one main issue to which the question is reduced; and as the expediency of retaining capital punishment depends upon the deterrent influence of the extreme penalty, it is to that part of the subject we propose to devote the remainder of our observations.

Before we enter upon this, however, there are a few preliminary observations we feel constrained to make, and we have also an act of justice to render. The change in public opinion, as to the efficacy of death punishment, has been a marked and a rapid one. Much is due to the labours of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment, which has numbered among its committee some of the most distinguished philanthropists of the present century, many of whom have gone to their reward, and others whose labours still bless this generation. From the latter it will not be considered invidious to select the names of Stephen Lushington and his younger, but equally zealous, associate, William Ewart. The society, under the auspices of such men, has pursued a quiet, unostentatious, but highly useful career; and the attention which the Commission paid to the suggestions of the officers of the society, shews that its labours have been fully appreciated even by those who do not adopt its principles. A very few years have elapsed since men in high places did not think it unbecoming to sneer at the humanitarians, who, it was said, felt so much sympathy for the murderer. The laugh of derision has passed away. This is the history of all movements which aim at reform and improvement. The first earnest advocate has to encounter the flippant and supercilious condemnation, the bitter taunt and the idle jest. The time comes when reflecting and sedate men take up the despised doctrines, place them upon a fair platform, and by paying respect and homage to them, ultimately obtain the need of public sanction and support. This is one of the
encouragements

encouragements of the reformer, the promise which beckons him on, and which inspires him with hope in the hour of weariness and misgiving.

But events are the stern instructors of mankind, and those have worked favourably for the cause of abolition. The present century dawned upon a state of society which no description would enable the mind to realise. Our criminal code was emphatically a code of blood. Men, women, and even children, were hung for offences which in this day are considered as being adequately punished by a few years', and even by a few weeks' imprisonment. In the newspapers, at the beginning of the century, we find many cases like the following, which is taken from the 'Annual Register' of 1803, page 421:—'11th October: Martha Chapel, of Ackworth, near Pontefract, in Yorkshire, a young girl of only nineteen years old, was executed at York, pursuant to her sentence, for the murder of her bastard female child. She acknowledged the justice of her sentence.' When we look at the circumstances, as detailed by the prosecution, the offence, grievous as it was, was light when compared with some which are now brought before our criminal courts, which are punished by short terms of imprisonment, and which even in some cases fail to secure a conviction. Infanticide is still a capital offence, but no execution has taken place since that of Rebecca Smith, in 1849, and now that the wretched woman, Charlotte Winsor, has been reprieved, it is extremely probable that no execution for child murder will ever take place again. Offences against property were visited with a like severity, men and women having been executed in great numbers for stealing to the value of forty shillings from a dwelling-house. The procedure of our courts was one of indecent haste, and trials involving life or death were often hurried through in less than ten minutes. Notwithstanding this rigour, visiting almost every offence with death, crimes of all kinds increased. Appeals were made, both in Parliament and without, against a system so merciless and indiscriminating, against a severity which defeated its purpose, and encouraged crime by the hope of impunity that it created; but these appeals were made in vain, until it was shown that the safety of society was threatened. It was proved by irrefragable testimony that the most adroit and the worst class of criminals escaped, and that the chances of escape were so many as to tempt the idle, the dishonest, and the desperate into a career of crime of which they calculated the hazard with much the same feeling as the men who yield to the fascination of the gaming table. The system broke down by its own weight. Injured parties would not

cute, juries would not convict, and even the judges would assent to distortions and suppressions of evidence in order to save the culprit from a verdict that would bring with it the extreme penalty of the law. A common mode of evading such a verdict was that of pronouncing the value of the property at less than forty shillings. There was a strange anomaly in the classification of offences. It was punishable by death to steal to the value of one shilling from the person, while theft from a shop required the property stolen to be of the value of five shillings, and if from a dwelling-house forty shillings. The juries had to fix a value to suit the case. Thus in the case of a bank-note for £50, if stolen from the person, it would be of the declared value of tenpence; if from a shop it would be 4s. 10d., and if from a dwelling-house 39s. In the case of Martha Walmsley, indicted for stealing to the value of £3. 10s., the Court said to the prosecutor, 'If you can fix the value under 40s. you will save the prisoner's life.' Henry Grinling, the prosecutor, replied, 'God forbid that I should take her life. I will value them at 8s.' The verdict was guilty, 8s. It must be remembered that the juries had a difficult task to perform; they had to convict a felon, and to save his life, and where an evasion of this sort was not practicable, they would often persist in a verdict of not guilty, and in many cases this was done with the tacit acquiescence of the Court. Mr. Dymond, in his work, '*The Law upon its Trial*,' page 37, relates an instance in a case of forgery. Mr. Henry Sparkes, a member of a banking firm at Exeter, was required to give evidence of the forgery of a note. He crushed it between his hands and swallowed it, thus destroying the only proof of the crime. Mr. Sparkes was a coadjutor of the late John Thomas Barry in his life-long efforts to repeal capital punishments.

Similar examples might be cited of great sacrifices having been made by individuals in consequence of their great aversion from taking life, and they show in a marked manner the dreadful shifts to which men were reduced under the rigours of a fierce and sanguinary jurisprudence. Such was the state of the law when Sir Samuel Romilly, in 1808, brought in his Bill for the Repeal of Capital Punishment in certain Cases, thus opening really the first attack upon the old vindictive system. In that year he moved for leave to bring in bills for the abolition of death punishments for the following offences:—1. Stealing to the value of 5s. in shops and warehouses. 2. Stealing to the value of 40s. in a dwelling-house. 3. Stealing to the value of 40s. in navigable rivers. These bills were rejected, but in the next session he brought them
forward

forward again, and he carried the last one, but the two first were rejected. All these bills were opposed by the law lords, and most vehemently by Lords Eldon, Liverpool, and Ellenborough. The latter used the following language:—‘These bills want to alter laws which a century had proved to be necessary, and which were to be overturned by speculation and modern philosophy. * * * * He trusted that laws which a century had proved to be beneficial would not be changed for the illusory opinions of speculatists.’ This was mild language in comparison with some uttered on the occasion, and a similar opposition was offered to the efforts of Sir James Macintosh, Sir Fowell Buxton, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell. The statement made by Mr. John Bright in the last debate in the House of Commons is emphatically true, that every amelioration of the criminal code in this country has been carried in the face of the opposition of the judges.

We are reminded of this history by what has taken place in late years in respect to cases of murder, the only offence for which capital punishment is virtually retained. In a majority of cases it is difficult to obtain convictions, and in other cases it is almost impossible for the Home Office to carry out the execution of the law, so great is the amount of pressure from without brought to bear upon it. Lord Palmerston said once in the House of Commons—

‘In matters regarding life and liberty, I am sorry to say, that benevolent individuals have very little conscience at all. You may depend upon it that I have had too much experience of the truth of what I say. I get applications signed by great numbers of most respectable persons in favour of individuals with regard to whose guilt there can be no possible doubt, or no doubt that they have committed the most atrocious crimes; that is a matter of every-day occurrence. Not long ago a member of the Society of Friends actually tried to bribe a witness to absent himself from the trial, in order to screen the prisoner from punishment, of whose guilt no human being could doubt.’*

This was uttered when Lord Palmerston was at the Home Office, and is in accordance with the experience of every gentleman who has filled the office he then held.

Mr. Serjeant Parry says†:—

‘Juries seize hold of every opportunity, however slight, to prevent a violation of their conscientious feeling against capital punishment. It has frequently occurred that a jury have said to a judge, “Can we find a verdict of manslaughter in this case?” The judge has said, “No, you cannot.” And rather than find a verdict of guilty of murder, they have acquitted the prisoner altogether, although in their own minds they must have been satisfied that he was a criminal, but not to a high degree—at all events, not to the degree which they thought amounted to murder.’

* Report: Mr. Begg’s evidence, 2360.

† Report: 2493.

The same witness had previously said* :—

‘It is a common observation in our own profession that there is nothing more difficult than to obtain a verdict of guilty from a jury in a case of circumstantial evidence, where the charge is murder.’

All these things tend to give uncertainty to the punishment and increase the chances of escape. In several instances there has occurred lately what the public have regarded as a miscarriage of justice. The Secretary of State, who is only the administrator of the law, seems to be looked upon by those who pour in upon him petitions and memorials in particular cases, and who add to these very often the importunities of personal appeal, as if he were the judge or the lawgiver. The pardoning power, which it is always so difficult to exercise with discretion and firmness, rests almost entirely with the Home Office, and this encourages applications, and induces the opinion that what has been done in one case can be, or ought to be, done in all. It would be unjust to be severely critical under circumstances where more than human ability would be required to hold the balance fairly, and to properly blend justice with mercy; but many of the recent cases where respites have been granted, and where executions have been enforced, would seem to have been governed by caprice or weakness, and have shaken the public confidence in the law itself. This is the last stage before the punishment gives way. It becomes inoperative because the public will not allow it to be inflicted. In *Smethurst's* case the sentence was passed, but the public mind was not satisfied, and the sentence was reversed; in fact, the case was tried again in the public press, and a verdict of not proven returned by the public. It ended in an arrest of judgment and an ultimate acquittal. The responsibility was a very solemn one, for either a very guilty man escaped, or there was imminent danger of an innocent man being executed; and a man in a humble position in life, and without friends, could not have employed the means which secured the acquittal. Then came the case of *Jessie MacLachlan*. No one among those who interested themselves so much to save her life had any confidence in her innocence; all felt, however, that there was some reasonable doubt of her guilt. Then came the case of *Wright*, who was executed in opposition to strong, energetic, and even influential efforts in his behalf. About the same time there occurred the reprieves of *Townley* and *Hall*. These cases, with others less marked by distinctive features, created an impression

* Report: 2490.

among the poor that the law favoured the richer classes, and this feeling has had the effect no doubt of hastening the inquiry, the results of which we are now discussing.

It is observable that all the judges who have been examined, as well as those who have sent in written testimonies, are in favour of retaining the capital penalty. Lord Cranworth says :—

‘2. My views are decidedly that it would be impossible to dispense with it (the capital penalty) in cases of murder. Nobody can tell till the experiment has been tried whether an inferior punishment might or might not be sufficiently deterring, but my belief is that it would not be.’

Sir George Bramwell says :—

‘131. I should certainly think it advisable to retain capital punishment for murder.’

Sir Samuel Martin says :—

‘245. I have thought a good deal upon the matter since I received a letter from the secretary of this Commission, and I am myself satisfied, as I stated in the letter which I wrote to him in answer, that, for the purpose of forming a real judgment upon the efficacy of capital punishments, you must have recourse to persons who are well acquainted with the lower classes in this country, and that no man who is not is competent to give an opinion upon the subject. It very seldom occurs that any person in the middle class of life is indicted for murder. In my experience there have been but two.’

Lord Wensleydale says :—

‘329. I am clearly of opinion that it ought (capital punishment) to be retained. I formed that opinion long ago, and have never changed it.’

‘330. You do not think that any punishment could be substituted for it? I think that there are punishments which are capable of producing a much greater effect, but they are punishments which the public would not for a moment endure, such as mutilation, cutting off all a man's members, depriving him of his eyesight, depriving him of his power of hearing, cutting off his limbs, confining him in a small place without the light of day, and so on; punishments of that kind would deter much more than the taking away of life, but I am sure that the public would not endure them.’

Mr. Justice Mellor says* :—

‘I am decidedly of opinion that it would be inexpedient to abolish capital punishment.’

Mr. Justice Blackburn says† :—

‘As a judge I have necessarily observed the demeanour of those present at trials for capital offences, and the result is, that I think that the proceedings are always attended with a seriousness and solemnity far beyond that of ordinary criminal trials—even those for crimes such as it is known, if proved, will be punished by a long term of penal servitude; and the inference I draw from this is, that no other punishment is looked upon with so much awe as that of death—at least by that class of persons who frequent courts of justice. These, however, are generally of a higher class than those who commit crimes, and I have no peculiar means of knowing what effect the sentence produces on the criminal classes themselves.’

* Appendix: page 623.

† Appendix: page 623.

Mr. Justice Byles says* :—

‘ I am persuaded that the law relating to capital punishment, as now administered, is most efficacious in repressing deliberate assassination, whether by violence or by poison, and that the safety of the public would be endangered by the substitution of any other punishment. I heartily rejoice in the abolition of the punishment of death so far as it has at present proceeded. Not only was the old system barbarous and cruel in the extreme, but public opinion had rendered its continuance impossible.’

Now, although these opinions are concurrent, and in favour of retaining the capital penalty, they are not uttered in so confident and authoritative a tone as those which issued from the bench when the punishment of death was sought to be repealed for minor offences ; and one judge, Mr. Justice Byles, rejoices at the abolition of death punishment so far as it has proceeded. He says this with the recollection, no doubt, that some of his predecessors contended for retaining that punishment for minor offences much more stoutly than he now argues for its retention for the crime of murder. Many of the admissions and incidental remarks of these gentlemen indicate an indecision on their part, or that they have not given full consideration to the real question at issue. Two of them speak of the supposed effect upon the criminal classes, but they speak with hesitancy, and admit their want of information as to the habits and feelings of the lower classes. What effect the capital penalty may have upon the so-called criminal classes can only be a matter of speculation, but it is one of sober fact that the criminal classes do not produce the murders and homicides who appear before our criminal courts. Mr. Serjeant Parry met this statement most pointedly in his evidence :—

‘ 2500. I do not believe that the criminal classes, as a rule, are guilty of murder. The great majority of murders which are committed are committed by persons who were never criminal before, or certainly never known to be, and who undoubtedly have not been educated in crime, which thousands are in this country, and which I presume is the meaning of what is called the criminal class.’

He cites the case of Müller, whose defence he conducted. Müller bore the character of being one of ‘ the most inoffensive and harmless persons possible.’ Many cases might be adduced showing that murders are generally committed by persons who have not been previously even suspected of crime. It is a mistake on the part of Sir Samuel Martin to suppose that it very seldom occurs that persons in the middle class of life commit murder. A review of all the cases which have occurred within the last twenty-five years will correct such an impression. We can name at once Pritchard, Townley, Palmer, and

* Appendix : page 625.

Tawell, and others will occur to those who have paid even a cursory attention to the subject.

The opinions of judges and recorders, as presented in the report, are in favour of retaining the death penalty, and we wish to render to that fact all the importance it deserves. At the first aspect it will probably exercise more weight than it is entitled to in the minds of the general public. Two of the judges speak with the apprehension that their evidence on such a subject will be taken, and ought to be taken, with some qualification, and this arises from the position they occupy—a position which undoubtedly is one of authority on all legal questions. But are they by that position, or by the education and career which have enabled them to attain it, better able to speak as to the deterrent influence of death punishments upon the minds of those who may, under circumstances of temptation, be tempted to commit murder? There is, in the first place, an essential difference between the scientific mind, and the legal mind. The man of science will carefully manipulate his facts in order to discover the truth; the lawyer undertakes the same process to establish a case. The first looks with suspicion upon all precedents, and upon the labours of all previous inquirers; the latter bows with respect to authority, and slavishly follows precedent. It is the daily business of the barrister, on behalf of his clients, to select that which may help to sustain a particular view, or a special interest, and to make the worse appear the better reason. This may be no disqualification when the pleader becomes a judge, as it will enable him to understand the adverse arguments of each side of the case upon which he has to adjudicate, and estimate the proper value of both; but how does it enable him to estimate better the motives which influence the perpetration of desperate crimes than can be done by the calm observer, who has studied the effect of punishments of various kinds upon different orders of criminals? Those who have to deal with criminals see them and converse with them after the crime has been committed, and when rage, jealousy, or other fierce passions under which the crime has been committed have subsided. The barrister, if he sees the man at all, meets him under these altered circumstances. The deed is done, and the prison walls surround the criminal. He has had time for reflection. He is cut off from his associates, from his usual pursuits, and his sole available companions are the gaolers and the chaplain. The advocate does not see him in his frenzied mood, when he has worked himself into a defiance of all consequences, or has nursed an idea of false security into the belief that his

have been so well laid, and carefully formed, that he can laugh at detection. The judge sees the criminal when he is brought face to face with death, when the terrors of the law are brought in solemn reality before him. No doubt at that moment the doom before him is sufficiently horrible, and he would escape it if he could for any alternative punishment, however dreadful or severe. Mr. Beggs thus argues upon the case of the criminal condemned to death* :—

‘The paroxysm of passion is spent, the offices of the chaplain have called back all that is left of better feeling, and there is not only before the mind the doom of the hangman, but the doom beyond the grave. It does not affect the argument much that the wretched criminal, left to his own thoughts, with all the outer world excluded—and under such circumstances as I have named—should cling to life. The prospect of the penalty, to answer its purpose, ought to have been present in the hour of temptation, and have saved him from the guilt. In his case it did not operate as a deterrent. The terror of the doom ought to be present when the hand is raised to strike—it is too late when the blow has been struck.’

The evidence of Mr. Serjeant Parry is specially worthy of careful reading. He has been at the bar for twenty-three years, thirteen of which were spent in an extensive practice at the criminal courts in London and Middlesex. Mr. Parry had studied and made up his mind on the subject of death punishments before he was called to the bar, and it appears that his experience has strengthened his opposition to them. His evidence is very strong on this one point. He says :—

‘Take the case of William Palmer. I was not engaged in the case, but was a spectator for one or two days, and Palmer was under apparent indifference, in my opinion, in a state of intense mental anxiety, and there cannot be a doubt that the punishment of death has a terror for certain minds, when they come face to face with it. * * * When a man is upon his trial he has the prospect of death immediately before him, and therefore, no doubt, his feelings would be wound up to a greater pitch of excitement; but I do not believe that the man Palmer ever dreamt that he would be discovered, or ever thought of capital punishment when he committed the offence; and I do not believe that it exerted any deterrent effect upon his mind. Assuming that death punishment is thought of by the murderer in the very act of murder, which I very much doubt, it appears to me to be a great mistake to suppose that imprisonment for life, if certain, would not operate also strongly upon the minds of men who attempted the crime.’

Mr. Serjeant Parry, in reply to the second question put to him, gave the views of the abolitionists very succinctly. He said :—

‘I am strongly opposed to capital punishment, first on the ground that a government coolly, and without passion, taking away the life of a human being, sets a bad example, and weakens that sense of the sacredness of human life which I believe is our great social safeguard. I also think that the punishment of death renders the operation of our criminal law, the conviction and punishment of criminals, uncertain.’

It will be only fair to take in connection with this passage one from Mr. J. F. Stephen, the recorder of Newark-upon-Trent, which gives, in an equally forcible manner, the views of those who contend for the capital penalty. He says :—

‘1980a. In the first place I think that capital punishment deters people from crime more than any other punishment, and it deters them in two ways. I think that the effect of it is appreciable, and in some cases considerable, in a direct and ordinary manner; that is to say, when a man is going to commit a crime he thinks “If I do this I shall be hanged for it.” But I think that, besides that, there is a secondary effect of capital punishment. People are aware that murder is punishable by an ignominious expulsion from the world. They, therefore, get to consider murder as a very dreadful thing. They associate it with an ignominious death, long before they have ever had any notion of committing the crime. When they come to consider the crime, the idea presents itself to their minds with this association. In that way I believe the fact that murder is punishable by death is one reason why people think so badly of murder, though they probably do not analyse their own feelings. In my opinion, if you were to lessen the punishment inflicted for murder, people would regard it with less horror and detestation than they do at present.’

The argument of Mr. Stephen is entitled to full consideration, and upon it rests the whole defence of the existing law. Does the knowledge that a shameful death is the fate of the detected and convicted murderer exert a silent but ever present influence over the minds of the people, and thus give protection to society? Does the presence of the gallows operate upon men's minds, and induce a horror of the crime for which it is the punishment? Do men refrain from murder because of that punishment, or from the higher motive, a motive which has been implanted in the human heart by the Creator, and which is akin to, and equally strong with the instinct of self-preservation—a reverence for life—a dread of the approach, and appearance, and even the idea of death? A feeling of awe in the presence of the dead is common to all mankind, and even the man who has slain another becomes unable to bear the sight of his victim in many cases. Even the soldier of many campaigns cannot look, in the moment of victory, without a shudder, upon the faces of the dead.

The argument of Mr. Stephen may be answered in two ways—from the results of experience, and by an appeal to the recognised philosophy of the human mind; by reference to fact and also to analogy. What has been the effect of all ameliorations of the criminal code in this and other countries? We are aware that in quoting statistical facts from the history of other countries we must make allowance for the differences of race and climate, and all the influences which go to make up the character of nations. We must look at the genius of the people that we bring into comparison with our own. Here we have evidence from the different States of Europe

well as from communities peopled and built up by men of the same race as ourselves, and inheriting in a marked degree our merits and our defects. Mr. Leone Levi, M. Visschers, and M. Chedieu have all produced statistics which go in support of those which, by the experience of twenty-five years, are supplied in this country. Mr. Tallack, with most exemplary industry, has accumulated a mass of evidence which is of the greatest practical value. All the facts prove that the abolition of death punishments has ensured a greater certainty of convictions, and that wherever the abolition has been tried for the crime of murder—and the experiment has been made in many places—the success has not been doubtful or equivocal. ‘The Analysis and Review,’ published by the Anti-Capital Punishment Society, is worthy of careful examination, as it condenses into small space a body of evidence of essential use in a study of the question.

As to the deterrent argument, it was fully anticipated by Mr. Beggs in his paper read before the Jurisprudence Department of the Social Science Association, held at York, in 1864. This paper has been printed in the Report of the Commission *in extenso* in the body of Mr. Beggs’s evidence. He speaks with the weight of long experience and much study. He says :—

‘The postulate is this, that as the love of life is the most powerful instinct implanted in man by his Creator, therefore the prospect of a sudden and violent death, under circumstances of public shame, will be most likely to deter the man who is tempted to lift his hand against another. It would be absurd to assert that the punishment does not answer its purpose in some cases, by deterring men who, under strong provocation or excitement, are tempted to take life, but the question is whether the number of such cases, and the number is not ascertainable, is sufficient to compensate for all the acknowledged evils and difficulties attendant upon capital punishment. I am satisfied that the argument will lose strength the more steadily it is looked at. A general proposition of this kind is no sooner made than special exceptions at once start up, but these require to be examined just as carefully as the proposition itself, so that each may be placed at its proper value and at the proper side of the account.

‘As to the love of life, the instinct is all-powerful, and we find men cling to life under the severest privations and the most extreme sufferings. It survives every loss. But yet we find men peril it for trifling aims, and for the promise of the most insignificant gains. Such is the mysterious link binding man to life, that death is rarely ever looked at from a distance. There are some to whom the dread of death is a daily terror, driving the mind to insanity, and in some cases to suicide, but these are rare exceptions. The mass of mankind live and act as if death was a distant evil, forming no part of the expectations of to-day. It is reserved for the consideration of to-morrow. The class of men who, under the influence of strong passion or powerful temptation, are brooding over a great crime, are least likely to entertain such considerations. It is worth inquiry, whether in the category of great crimes, murder is not that one which is least likely to be prevented by the fear of death operating upon the man who contemplates its commission, and on the principle that the more desperate and violent the passions which hurry on the mind to any deed of crime, the less likely are those passions to be arrested by prudential motives of any kind. The uncontrollable ferocity or deliberate wickedness which prompts the crime of murder are the
least

least likely to be awed by a dread of the consequences, even if the consequences are ever thought of at all. To give potency to any deterrent influence it should be present in the hour of temptation.

'So far as we are able to manipulate the cases of murder, I submit that this view is borne out. In one class of crimes we find that the murderers have laid their plans with much care and circumspection, and with the expectation that detection was a very improbable if not impossible consequence. This was the case with Thurtell, Palmer, Bush, the Mannings, and many others. In other cases the murderer has acted with deliberation, but without making any effort at concealment or escape. Such was the case with Townley, with Hall, and the two men recently executed at Maidstone for the murders of unoffending children, and who had declared openly that they wished to be hanged. Other cases will at once occur to those who have watched the records of our criminal courts.'

It is difficult to resist the force of this reasoning, and having read over the evidence with much attention, we hold that the bulk of it goes to sustain the argument so earnestly urged by the opponents of death punishment. We may doubt whether public opinion is sufficiently advanced to require the total abolition, but we believe with the minority of the Commission that capital punishment might with safety and with advantage be at once abolished.

There are other grave matters in the report relating to private executions, and the conduct of criminal courts, and the powers of the Home Office in difficult cases. As a bill is before the House of Lords, based upon recommendations of the Commission, it might be premature to enter upon a discussion, even if we had space to do so; and we must reserve our observations on the present state of the criminal law until a future opportunity. The whole question now before us may be briefly summed up in one sentence: That while the argument in favour of the deterrent influence of death punishment can only be speculative, every instance of a man suffering the punishment is an evidence of the failure of the penalty in affecting its purpose, which is to deter.

ART. IV.—DIFFICULTIES OF THE PHILANTHROPIST.

* * * 'I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil co-operant to an end.'

'IT is the hardest thing in the world to do the least bit of good,' exclaimed Parson Dale, in the agony of his compassion for the sufferings of the tinker's donkey—agony intensified and complicated by the conviction forced irresistibly on his mind by Dr. Riccabocca's very pertinent and pithy

of the Emperor Hadrian and the Old Soldier at the Public Baths. In some respects Parson Dale, in this matter, at least, is not far wrong. Taking his words as a motto, we purpose to bring together in this paper some illustrations of this fact—one of the perennial facts of human existence, familiar enough to all who have served even a short apprenticeship to action; unrecognised, perhaps, by here and there a mild, benevolent dreamer, and most distinctly apprehended by the men of noblest temper, who are at once the least dismayed by difficulties, and the most fitted to cope with and vanquish them by daring to attempt it.

It is obvious that, besides the practical difficulty asserted in our motto, there are antecedent and very serious hindrances to the accomplishment of benevolent and philanthropic designs. Considering the might, the all but omnipotence of custom and familiarity over the human mind, and its ways of thinking and regarding, how commonly and effectually it dims, or even blinds the eye to the real nature and meaning of facts; considering the inter-dependence of our perceptions and judgments of good and our perceptions and judgments of evil, and how the former attain to clearness and vividness only by means of the latter; and considering the force of human indolence, which makes possible the long-continued co-existence of the recognition of an evil with complete passivity and absence of endeavour to remove or mitigate it, it is plain that a large advance is already made towards success in any benevolent endeavour, when there is an eye that sees the evil and the good, discriminating the one from the other—a heart that aspires to the good, and a hand ready to act for its realisation. That then fresh and huge barriers should rise in the way; that clear vision, noble aspiration, and brave endeavour should so frequently fail as they have done, and still do; this is surely one of the facts of human experience most fit to excite grave and even sorrowful reflections in a wise man.

What especially fretted the soul of Parson Dale was the sense that the good or kind act we do not seldom turns out quite otherwise than we expected; that it has results not purely and wholly good, but occasions and brings harm in its train, and this, in some instances, to such an extent as to make our good look very much like evil, and even to prove that it is evil.

Illustrations of this, on the small scale, may be had in any number from the sphere of domestic life, and its various relations and experiences. In the management of children and servants, who does not find out the existence of some
mysterious

mysterious and malevolent power at work to convert or pervert schemes, or single acts of good or kindness, so meant, into results which are their opposites? One act of 'indulgence,' for instance, such as letting off a dependent from the discharge of some daily recurring duty; one timid concession for the sake of peace to an undutiful resistance; one kindly interference to save trouble; each of such acts is a seed with life in it; you drop it, and it grows. The rapidity of the growth and the kind of fruit astonish you. Where you meant a single action, you find presently a habit and a claim. What you thought a mere reed turns out an oak tree. The vitality and productive energy of a deed is a fact worth pondering, so much more is there in it than seems. Let the little child have its own way, and lay aside and leave the crust which it objects to eat; give it the sweeter morsel it demands and cries for; allow it to hold in its own hands that delicate photograph; let a morning lesson be omitted; or save the busy maid-of-all-work the cleaning of your shoes; answer the postman's knock for her; or take the trouble to get up in the morning and 'call' her in good time, and you may make up your mind to a future series of battles, not without cries of the wounded, over other crusts, pictures, lessons, shoes, knocks at the door, calls, and the like. You may count yourself happy if, at the close of a surprising campaign, victory remains with the right and you.

Turn to the wider fields of social and political life. Society would fain secure the lives of the hardy workers in its coal mines from the destructive force of the explosive foul gases stored up there, and invents the safety-lamp, beautifully contrived to give outward passage to the light, and at the same time cut off from access to the flame the fatal fluid diffused all round it. And the miner, reckless or thoughtless, opens his safety-lamp on the slightest pretext, the fire-damp meets the flame, and in a moment the good intention of society is crossed and cruelly defeated; and where there should have been busy, happy human lives for years to come, are left only dead bodies prostrate in those solid deeps.

Farmers and gardeners reasonably desire to save their seed-corn, harvests, and crops of fruit from destruction or waste by hungry foes. They conclude that it will be all right if only they can be rid of the small birds, and they shoot them and net them, and season after season reduce them in number as much as they can. Have we not heard some rather loud chuckling over singularly successful raids, days or seasons of bird-slaying? Yet a loud cry has been heard in opposition, and earnest and eloquent protests have been made, and a

have left off wishing our birds dead ; for we are now persuaded that flies, grubs, and caterpillars are the real foes to be dreaded, and that we have no armies to send against them but only these very birds. We are not first nor alone in such an attempt and such a failure. Frederick the Great, who had a great liking for cherries and little for the birds that liked them too, ordered, it is said, a crusade against sparrows, and set a price on their pretty heads. In two or three years, instead of the richly laden trees which he looked for, there were no cherries at all, scarcely any other fruit in his kingdom. Frederick could do strange things ; impose a fine on every soldier whose hat should blow off on parade, and no hat ever after dared blow off ; but he could not save his cherries by his crusade against the sparrows.

To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to shelter the homeless, is surely good, approved of God and praised of men. To devise such social arrangements, were that possible, that in the whole community there should not be one member in want of food, clothing, or a decent home, would be better. But while we may respect the sentiment which leads many to look for and to aim hopefully at such a consummation, it is impossible to hide from ourselves the fact that hitherto all experiments in that direction have ended in miserable failure, and have only served to make more plain the immense and formidable obstacles that lie in the way—obstacles which in some cases are of no accidental or occasional kind, but which have their root in human nature, and must be counted on as permanent. The pitiful woman puts a coin into the hand of the whining beggar at the door, or at the corner of the street, she sees nothing in the act but a righteous ministering to human wretchedness, and goes her way with a quiet self-approving heart, and the beggar goes his way content to be a beggar still. His benefactress has helped him one more step downwards ; has made his return to a way of life worthy of a man harder than before, by giving him an additional reason for thinking it worth while to be a beggar, and has thus darkened and not brightened his future.

This is a type of what happened on a vast scale in the middle ages. The pictures presented to us, by early chronicler or modern artist, of jolly monks at the gates of picturesque monasteries, surrounded by a crowd of ragged, needy, dependent men, women, and children, kneeling there to receive their accustomed alms, and blessing their benefactors, may fascinate our imagination ; and admiration of the skill of writer and painter may rise to a high pitch, and then may easily and unconsciously pass over from the book or
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the picture to their theme. To break the spell a very brief course of reflection is enough, and will disclose to us the moral and social evils which lie close at hand and are inevitably let loose upon society by such treatment of its brood of beggars.

The dissolution of the monasteries threw the problem of provision for the poor into the hands of the State, and the first Poor Law speedily followed. The history of legislation for the poor, from that period down to our own time, has been one continuous illustration of our theme. We have come, perhaps, nearer than ever to a solution of the problem; perhaps a perfect solution is not to be looked for.

By the outbreak of the civil war in North America, and the consequent suspension of the cotton manufacture in our own country, we were compelled to face the old difficulty suddenly presented, on a vast scale and in a new form. 'The great heart of the world is kind,' and no sooner was the calamity known, and the extent and pressure of it generally apprehended, than money poured in by ten thousand channels, from north, south, east, and west, so that very soon no fear was felt as to the sufficient supply of the wants of the two hundred thousand hard-working poor suddenly deprived of their day labour and its wages. That was the first part of the problem. There is reasonable ground for believing that the second and far more delicate and difficult part received fair practical solution too; and that, by the wisdom and sagacity of those who were intrusted with the administration of the relief, the manly spirit, independence, and energy of the victims of the calamity was, to a considerable extent, preserved for better days. The startling paragraph which appeared one morning in the *Times*, respecting an advertisement at Manchester for hands in a silk mill, and an alleged refusal of girls to accept the work offered, on the ground that they were better off at the sewing-class, was explained by subsequent information; and nothing worse was left to be believed about the matter, than that a case of imposture might here and there be found. But the proposal made, during that trying time, by one correspondent of the *Times*, that the care of separate families should be undertaken by individual donors, led to a curious and instructive disclosure of the moral difficulties which opposed themselves to the carrying out of such a suggestion. One clergyman felt them so deeply that he almost entreated to be excused from assisting in the scheme.

We have another illustration of the same problem which has gone on for some time past, and which is the treatment of the criminal class. To refer to it would be to repeat them.

vice and its degradation and misery; to lift them up out of the darkness congenial with sin into the light which is of heaven; to restore them to the place which they have lost among their fellowmen; this, too, is a great and noble aim, worthy to excite the enthusiasm and engage the persistent energies of the wisest and best men. At first a dream—one of many beautiful dreams—of solitary thinkers and philanthropists; it passed into words, became a topic of common discourse, and at length grew into a general desire, which asserted itself with sufficient distinctness and force to affect the course of legislation. Then prison architecture was improved, systems of management of prisons were reconstructed, modes of punishment revised and altered, severity to a great extent eliminated, and kindness, called the ‘key to the heart,’ infused in its place. So that matters at last got to this pass—convicts were so well cared for, so well fed, with diet not only good and sufficient, but pleasantly varied, were so lightly worked, so agreeably entertained, so patiently taught, and finally, on such easy terms let go from confinement before the allotted time had elapsed, that the free labourers who daily toiled beside them at Portland began to call them ‘gentlemen’ workers; honest paupers envied their fare, and even metropolitan policemen wrote to the *Times* to contrast their own labour, ways and means of living, with those of convicted criminals. No depth and intensity of sympathy with the aspirations of the philanthropist must be allowed to blind us to the fact that such a mood of feeling has been excited, and has widely spread among the industrious, honest poor, nor disincline us to admit that this is a very serious evil indeed. It is a severe *prima facie* condemnation of the system of which it is one of the natural, and, indeed, inevitable fruits; and to set over against it—to show that the system is, nevertheless, justifiable, or even excusable, society cannot choose but demand irresistible evidence of large beneficent results. We must ask for, and also see that we get, convincing evidence that the good aimed at is not missed, that our prisoners are reformed, and do become, by means of the gentle penal process through which we let them pass, useful and trustworthy members of society. None of us have yet forgotten the testimony on this point, not long ago given with appalling clearness and emphasis in the streets of London, when for some months a series of crimes, with personal violence, perpetrated many of them in broad day, and in the busiest thoroughfares, startled all classes, and inspired a terror which only the very stouthearted—those who had an extra share of the ‘*robur et æs triplex*’—were proof against.

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It is now about a hundred years since John Howard began meditating on the state of the prisons in England, giving the first impulse to prison reform, and procuring the passing of two Acts of Parliament for the relief and benefit of prisoners. The service he rendered was immense, and most needful; and the patient persistency which he showed in the face of the vastest difficulties and obstructions; the pure, unselfish devotion of his whole life to the cause that was dear to him, rose to the height of heroism. He made a beginning, and it was very good. His idea lived after him, became more and more a power in the State, and we now see how along with the good has come evil, unexpectedly enough. It would, we imagine, be with some degree of melancholy that he, who saw but the beginning, and could not with prophetic vision discern the far-off births of time, would now contemplate some of the consequences of his noble toil, and feel the burden of the mystery of the apparently inextricable interweaving of evil with good in all the designs and achievements of men.

For us, in the present age, from various causes, the increase of population, the virtual impossibility of continuing the practice of 'transportation,' the growing repugnance to death-punishments, even as the penalty for murder; and the enormous expense to the State involved in keeping in lifelong confinement all those who being convicted of the gravest crimes can no longer, with safety to society, be trusted with personal freedom, the problem has grown to a portentous size, and is more formidable than ever. So that some, ready to abandon the hope so dear to many of reformation of the most hardened class of criminals, would have us bend our efforts chiefly to compassing the safety of society from their attacks, not only an unquestionable good but a necessity, and one which assuredly stands prior to that of reformation.

Of all the philanthropic movements of our day, none perhaps has stronger claims on public interest and sympathy than that for the establishment of Reformatory Schools, by which young offenders against the law may be stayed at the outset of a course of crime, be saved at the same time from the fatal contamination of a common prison, placed under the influence of human kindness and instruction, and so fitted to play some honest and useful part in the world. But some recent disclosures have made us feel once more the liability of the best human wisdom, the purest goodness, and the most unselfish aims to be baffled in their activity by the ingenuity and superior strategy of evil. 'The fathers and mothers of young thieves,' says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, No 386, 'have lately taken to quite a new branch of business, suggested by the reforma-

tory school system. A child is of course an incumbrance to an idle, or drunken, or rascally parent, however expert it may be at small crimes. To such persons the conviction of one of their ill-brought-up boys and girls would be, of course, a god-send, were it not that they were compelled to pay some small weekly sum towards their support while at the reformatory to which they are sentenced. But it appears that the enforcement of this payment is the most difficult thing in the world, and that in expectation of being able to shirk it, the parents of young pickpockets are now only too glad to forward their committal, and to beg of the magistrates to send them to one of these prison-schools.' Three cases of the kind were brought before a metropolitan magistrate, at Worship-street, on one day, in April last. Half of one family is stated to be now supported by the public, and a mother of a young vagabond avowed her refusal to pay what was ordered 'on principle.'

We shall sooner or later be compelled to consider more seriously, profoundly, and dispassionately than perhaps we know how at present, the question whether in some of our philanthropic methods we are not, to some extent, mistaken and going astray—creating, in fact, our own difficulty, by running counter to great natural laws, by which suffering is justly made to follow in the train of crime.

Coleridge once said that it would exhaust philosophy to expound completely the short sentence, 'Extremes meet.' It would exhaust history to illustrate fully the difficulty of doing good.

Difficulty? Alas, yes. But, happily, no worse. Not impossibility. History, which is the record of obstacles, is also still more the record of splendid victories over them. These victories are the charm and fascination of the successive pages of history. The very difficulties which opposed themselves to the advance of truth, of good, of right, and general human weal, became so many additional incentives to noble spirits to gird themselves for the effort and the conflict. And as we thoughtfully review the long history and progress of our race on this earth, or cast our eyes over its fair cultivated surface, what are all the deeds that make our hearts beat higher, and lift us into a loftier and purer region of thought and desire; what are all the enduring monuments of the past, all the permanent changes wrought on the solid earth, all the beautiful relations, courtesies, and good usages of society, its laws and liberties, nay, its very existence; what are all these but the results, proofs, and memorials of countless successive splendid achievements by those who have gone before us?—tillers of the waste, teachers of religion, legislators of infant communities, administrators and judges, scientific explorers and discoverers, soldiers

soldiers of freedom, political reformers, inspired poets and artists—the wisest, best, and bravest—who spared not their toil nor their blood, shrank not selfishly from the sharp conflict, dared and won, and left us the glorious inheritance of their conquests.

‘Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway’d
In vassal tides that followed thought.’

Nor, with these in sight to animate and inspire us, need we shrink from the recognition of the errors and failures of the past, which also are facts, and facts of a kind calculated both to sadden and humble us. A master in the sphere of philosophic history, at the outset of his discussion of the earliest attempts at political organisation in modern Europe, speaks some wise and very touching words on this matter, which our readers will thank us for quoting here:—

‘Yet the very best of these noble efforts failed. All that amount of courage, sacrifices, energy, and virtue was utterly thrown away. Is not this a mournful consideration? And there is upon this point something still more painful—ground for still deeper sadness—when we reflect that not only did these experiments for social amelioration miscarry, but an enormous mass of errors and evil accompanied them. In spite of good intentions, the greater part were absurd, and avouch a profound ignorance of what reason and justice required, of the rights of humanity, and the conditions upon which the social state is founded, so that not only did the men fail in success, but they deserved their discomfiture. We have here, therefore, the spectacle both of the hard fate of humanity and of its weakness. And we have also placed in a striking light how the smallest portion of truth suffices so completely to dazzle the greatest minds, that they lose sight of all the rest, and become blind to what is not comprised in the narrow scope of their ideas; and so that there be a particle of justice in their cause, to what extent men may overlook the injustice which that cause involves and sanctions. The contemplation of such a display of the faults and imperfection of human nature is, in my opinion, still more sad than the evil of its condition, for its errors are more afflictive to me than its sufferings. It behoves us, however, to be just towards those men and those times that have so often mistaken the right course, and been so signally worsted, but have, nevertheless, displayed many great virtues, made many noble struggles, and have merited well of fame.’*

Just to them, and just also to ourselves. This we shall not be if from our contemplation of the evils and miseries of the world, and of the failures of those who have bravely fought against them, we draw nothing but discouragement. As facts, it is the part of wise men to face and not ignore them. The acknowledgment of facts is the first step towards all successful action. It is one thing to aspire and to theorise in the study, and quite another thing to act in the world. Many a fair theory, full of promise in its maker’s eyes, has broken down hopelessly at the first collision with facts, because it was formed without regard to them—as a machine would fail in use which should be constructed without regard to friction. And thus it becomes evident how essential a part of the

* M. Guizot.

equipment of philanthropic workers in the present time is a knowledge of the facts, whether animating or the reverse, in the history of the labours of their predecessors—a knowledge of their victories, which are a kind of abiding Divine promise, bright lines in the spectrum of human history for the nourishment of our hope—and a knowledge of their failures and defeats, which are equally divine warnings for the excitement of our cautiousness. For those who aspire to do large service to the world, and are saddened by the record of so many failures, the wise though hackneyed maxim of the Roman poet has a special significance and importance :—

‘Est operae pretium rerum cognoscere causas.’

And in not a few cases the intelligent questioner will receive a clear answer to the inquiry, Why did those, my brothers, fail ? It will be discovered that in many cases they failed because their schemes contravened the laws of nature and the constitution of man—because they attempted impatiently to bring about in a day what really must be the work of an age, forgetting that

*‘God worketh slowly, and a thousand years
He takes to lift his hand off ;’*

that especially, and in very many instances, they ignored the fact that the world is planned in favour of human freedom and individual independence, and therefore did not see that their benevolent intentions, though supported by the most beautiful unselfish devotion, could not but fail, because at bottom they ran counter to the Divine purpose.

From such consideration of the past and such comprehension of the errors and failures of its noble workers, it is reasonable to draw at once a lesson of personal humility, and a confident hope that, with clearer light and fuller knowledge, we, for our part, if we possess but equal earnestness, resolution, and self-devotion with them, may win nobler and more enduring victories than our fathers did. And with a sense of new dignity and power, each of us may live and act as a member of a great spiritual community, a link in the vast chain of being ; and as we look back on the course of the benefactors of our race, who have gone before us, may say, in the sublime language of the noble Fichte, ‘All have laboured for me ; I have entered into their labours ; on this earth where they dwell I follow their footsteps, which scattered blessings as they went. I may, as soon as I will, assume the sublime task which they have resigned, of making our common brotherhood ever wiser and happier ; I may continue to build where they had to cease their labours ; I may bring nearer to its completion the glorious temple which they had to leave unfinished.’*

* Vocation of the Scholar. Lect. III.

ART. V.—MATTHEW BOULTON.

IN his 'Lives of Boulton and Watt,'* Mr. Smiles has supplied materials heretofore inaccessible to the public, for an appreciation not only of the large credit due to Matthew Boulton for his share in conferring on the world, in a practical shape, the priceless invention of the steam engine, but also of the sterling excellence of character by which he was distinguished in his day. To James Watt's wonderful inventive genius, and to his many good qualities as a man, justice has been done by previous writers, and his fame was not susceptible of aggrandisement by Mr. Smiles. But of Matthew Boulton we now know much that has heretofore been non-apparent, and the story of his life, as told by Mr. Smiles, proves to contain so much to interest lovers of noble character and of practical capacity, that it will be well worth while to place a condensation of it before the readers of 'Meliora.'

Matthew Boulton was a Birmingham man, born in that town in 1728, educated in Deritend, and early introduced into his father's business as a silver stamper and piecer, and manufacturer of light metal goods. As a boy he was bright and clever, a general favourite with his companions. As a youth, he of his own will carried on the studies begun at school—Latin and French, drawing and mathematics, and was not daunted by chemistry and mechanics. His taste for science and languages did not desert him in after life, nor did it prevent him from engaging in business with much spirit. At seventeen years of age he had introduced several important improvements in the manufacture of buttons, watch chains, and other trinkets, and had invented the inlaid steel buckles which soon afterwards became the fashion. As soon as he came of age, his father, having all confidence in his discretion and value, took him into partnership, and allowed him thenceforward to be almost sole manager of the business.

In business, sterling excellence was Matthew Boulton's resolutely chosen ideal. At that time 'Brummagem' was a word for all that was unsound, base, and counterfeit in manufacture, and gaudy, vulgar, and meretricious in design. Matthew Boulton's soul revolted at this degradation, and he set himself to wipe away this reproach, as far as one manufacturer could do it. With this view he engaged the best artists to design, and the most skilful artisans to manufacture. He aimed at producing at once honest and reliable goods, and goods well thought out and beautiful.

* 'Lives of Boulton and Watt.' Principally from the original Soho MSS., comprising also a History of the Invention and Introduction of the Steam Engine. By Samuel Smiles, Author of 'Industrial Biography,' &c. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

A large property fell to Matthew Boulton on the death of his father, in 1759. In the following year, at thirty-two years of age, his good looks, his handsome presence, and his noble disposition won him to wife Anne, daughter of Luke Robinson, Esq., of Lichfield, notwithstanding opposition from the lady's friends. At this time he might have retired from business, but for him to be busy was to be happy, and he had a talent for organising and conducting a large concern, which would not let him quit the career of a captain of industry. Instead of retiring from trade, he resolved to engage in it more extensively. He would found a manufactory first in rank of its kind, fit to be a model for the rest. About two miles north of Birmingham he selected a property suitable for the erection of a water mill on a large scale, and having built this, and removed thither the whole of his plant, he thus originated the famous Soho Manufactory.

His business had been large at Snow Hill, Birmingham; at Soho it became gigantic. In filagree and inlaid work, in livery and other buttons, in buckles, clasps, watch chains, and various kinds of ornamental metal wares, in silver plate and plated goods, candlesticks, urns, brackets, and various ormolu articles, he established a large business with many of the principal towns and cities of Europe. Boulton organised and managed, invented, and pushed the home trade, while his partner, Fothergill, conducted the foreign agencies. 'The prejudice that Birmingham hath so justly established against itself makes every fault conspicuous in all articles that have the least pretensions to taste. How can I expect the public to countenance rubbish from Soho, while they can procure sound and perfect work from any other quarter?' Thus wrote Boulton to his partner. He frequently went to London for the express purpose of reading and of making drawings of rare works in metal in the British Museum; he bought rare objects of art at sales; he borrowed antique vases, candlesticks, and articles in metal from members of the nobility, and even from the Queen, and had casts and copies taken from them for use in his manufactory. Lord Shelburne wrote to Mr. Adams, the architect: 'Mr. Boulton is the most enterprising man in different ways in Birmingham, and is very desirous of cultivating Mr. Adams's taste in his productions, and has bought his Dioclesian, by Lord Shelburne's advice.' Not limiting his field of discovery to this island, Boulton searched Venice, Rome, and other cities on the continent for the best specimens and models, and these, when got, he strove to equal, if not to excel. The Hon. Mrs. Montagu wrote to him, 'I take greater pleasure in our victories over the French
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in the contention of arts than of arms. The achievements of Soho, instead of making widows and orphans, make marriages and christenings. Your noble industry, while elevating the public taste, provides new occupations for the poor, and enables them to bring up their families in comfort. Go on, sir, to triumph over the French in taste, and to embellish your country with useful inventions and elegant productions.' The royal family were amongst his warm patrons, and more than once had him at the palace. Before many years had passed, Soho was spoken of with pride as one of the best schools of skilled industry in England; and princes, philosophers, artists, poets, merchants, from France, from Russia, from Norway, from Spain, as well as from all parts of Britain, were amongst the eager visitors to the Soho Manufactory.

All along, however keen his eye for business, Boulton regarded character as better than gain, and excellence than profit. He would have no connection with any discreditable transaction. To make base money for foreign orders was an every-day thing amongst the Birmingham manufacturers; he spurned such orders with indignation. He wrote to his Paris agent, 'I will do anything short of being common informer against particular persons, to stop the malpractices of the Birmingham coiners.' He was as ready to do business, on reasonable terms, he said, as any other person, but he would not undersell, 'for to run down prices would be to run down quality, which could only have the effect of undermining confidence, and eventually ruining the trade.' He would not deprive rival employers of their workmen; 'I have had many offers and opportunities of taking your people, whom I could, with convenience to myself, have employed, but it is a practice I abhor.' He was often asked to take gentlemen apprentices into his works, but declined to receive them, though hundreds of pounds premium would have been given. He preferred to employ the humbler class of boys, whom he could train up as skilled workmen; and besides, 'I have,' said he, 'built and furnished a house for the reception of one kind of apprentices—fatherless children, parish apprentices, and hospital boys; and gentlemen's sons would probably find themselves out of place in such companionship.'

In 1770, his business, 'the largest hardware manufactory in the world,' was still growing, and his works and plant were absorbing more capital—much more, indeed, than he had at command, except by borrowing. In a letter to Mr. Adams, requesting him to prepare the design of a new saleroom in London, he described the manufactory at Soho as in full progress, from 700 to 800 persons being employed as ~~metallic~~

artists, and workers in tortoiseshell, stones, glass, and enamel. 'I have almost every machine,' he said, 'that is applicable to those arts; I have two water mills employed in rolling, polishing, grinding, and turning various sorts of lathes. I have trained up many, and am training up more plain country lads into good workmen, and wherever I find indications of skill and ability I encourage them. I have likewise established correspondence with almost every mercantile town in Europe, and am thus regularly supplied with orders for the grosser articles in common demand, by which I am enabled to employ such a number of hands as to provide me with an ample choice of artists for the finer branches of work, and I am thereby encouraged to erect and employ a more extensive apparatus than it would be prudent to provide for the production of the finer articles only.'

Yet, whilst thus eagerly at work, he found time for prosecuting the study of several branches of practical science. He studied geology, collecting fossils and minerals in a museum; he read and experimented on 'fixed air;' and he studied Newton's works, with the object of increasing the force of projectiles. In 1765 he was trying to work out improvements in gunnery; he proposed the truer boring of guns; the use of a telescopic sight; and of a cylindrical shot with its end of a parabolic form, as presenting, in his opinion, the least resistance to the air. But the subject which, perhaps, more than all interested him, was the improvement of the steam engine. At that time Newcomen's engine was the most advanced effort of science and art. Worked by atmospheric pressure, and only using steam to produce a vacuum, it was slow, clumsy, and frightfully wasteful of coal, and therefore expensive in action; it was, nevertheless, found serviceable to some extent in the pumping of mines. Boulton was vexed by want of water-power in dry seasons; he had at one time to employ six to ten horses as auxiliaries to his water-wheels, at an expense of from five to eight guineas a week, and this expedient was wretchedly inefficient. This put him upon thinking of turning his mill by fire, and he made many fruitless experiments to that end.

In 1766 he corresponded with the celebrated Benjamin Franklin, a friend of his, as to steam-power. He sent a model to London, where Franklin then was. Dr. Erasmus Darwin wrote him from Lichfield: 'Your model of a steam engine, I am told, has gained so much approbation in London, that I cannot but congratulate you on the mechanical fame you have acquired by it, which, assure yourself, is as great a pleasure to me as it could possibly be to yourself.'

But the scheme of a steam engine that was to extinguish
Newcomen's

Newcomen's was to come from the north, in the head of James Watt, its great inventor. Watt's story is well-known. Born in Greenock, in 1736, of a respectable middle-class family; from his earliest years of delicate constitution and weak health; with a talent for inventing and telling narratives, with which he could keep the family circle entranced, hour after hour; with a still more decided bent for mathematics; taught in his father's shop to work in metals, and to repair ships' compasses, quadrants, and musical instruments; and earning his living first as a mathematical instrument maker, afterwards as a surveyor and engineer. It was in 1759 that Watt's attention was first called to the steam engine. His friend Robison declared that steam might be used for the driving of wheel carriages, and suggested the use of the cylinder upside down, so as to dispense with the working beam. Watt began to make a model, but failed. In 1763 a model of the Newcomen engine was placed in his hands; he thought it 'a fine plaything.' Its manifest defects set him a-thinking. He pondered, schemed, tried, and failed; he pondered, schemed, tried again and again, and again and again he was baffled, but not beaten. The grand invention—the separation of the steam cylinder and the condenser—came upon him at length in 1765, whilst walking on Glasgow Green. But many long and laborious years were yet required before he could work out the details of the new engine.

Of Watt's partnership with Dr. Roebuck, who vainly endeavoured to help him to bring his invention to bear, and of Roebuck's failure in business, we must not stay to treat. It was Roebuck's mention of Watt and his invention that first induced Boulton to desire to be introduced to him. Watt being in London, in 1767, on the Forth and Clyde Canal Bill business, determined to take Soho on his homeward way. He was shown over the works in Boulton's absence, was much struck with the superior arrangements of the manufactory, and recognised at a glance the admirable power of organisation which they displayed. Soon afterwards Watt was urged to enter into partnership with Boulton, but Watt was now partner with Roebuck, and nothing came of the proposal for some time. In the following year Watt got a patent for his engine, and on his return from London called at Birmingham, and saw his future partner, Boulton, for the first time. At once the two men conceived a hearty liking for each other. They talked much about the engine, and Watt was greatly cheered by the favourable auguries of the successful Birmingham manufacturer. Soon afterwards Boulton told Watt of Watt's that, although he had long been acquainted with

pumping steam engine, he had determined to proceed no further with it until he saw what came of Watt and Roebuck's endeavours. 'In erecting my proposed engine,' he said, 'I would necessarily avail myself of what I learned from Mr. Watt's conversation; but this would not now be right without his consent.' This was thoroughly characteristic of Boulton, always fair and honest in all his business transactions.

During the next year or two Watt corresponded with Boulton, and with mutual friends, and became anxious that the great Birmingham manufacturer should take a practical interest in his invention. But Boulton at that time, from having extended his business too far for his capital, had become considerably tightened and embarrassed, and was indisposed to engage in a new speculation. Watt had long been in money difficulties. All his endeavours to get good castings of cylinders and other important parts had been defeated by want of skill in the artisans, not only in Scotland, but even at Colebrookdale and Bilston; and he could not get any of his trial engines to work. In 1772 Watt was out of employment, and Dr. Roebuck, his partner in the engine scheme, was on the verge of insolvency. Watt was now almost desperately bent on going to Birmingham. Finding Boulton involved in difficulties, aggravated by the commercial panic of that year, and unwilling to combine with himself, it happily occurred to Watt that a sum of money which Dr. Roebuck had borrowed from Boulton might be taken as part of the price of Boulton's share in the patent, if Boulton would consent to enter into partnership on that understanding. He wrote: 'I shall be content to hold a very small share in it, or none at all, provided I am to be freed from my pecuniary obligations to Roebuck, and have any kind of recompense for even a part of the anxiety and ruin it has involved me in.' The mutual friend through whom the suggestion was made to Boulton wrote back, 'It is impossible for Mr. Boulton, or me, or any other honest man, to purchase, especially from two particular friends, what has no market price, and at a time when they might be inclined to part with the commodity at an under value.' But Roebuck's affairs now grew hopeless. He owed £1,200 to Boulton, who, rather than claim against the estate, at length offered to take Roebuck's two-thirds share in the engine patent in lieu of the debt; and the creditors, who did not consider the engine to be worth one farthing, eagerly closed with the proposal. Even Watt himself said, 'It was only paying one bad debt with another.' Few men in Boulton's position would have done as he did. The engine had never been made to work properly, and
Boulton's

Boulton's own difficulties were increasing upon him. But Boulton possessed an admirable knowledge of character. He saw in Watt a man at once of original inventive genius, capable of earnest plodding, and withal exceedingly modest, not given to puffery, but, on the contrary, rather disposed to undervalue his own inventions. They were an admirable pair of partners, each having the qualities most heartily liked by the other. Boulton was ardent, generous, bold, enterprising, undaunted by difficulty, with an almost boundless capacity for work, a man of great tact, clear observation, sound judgment, and indomitable perseverance. He had a genius for business; 'with a keen eye for details,' says Mr. Smiles, 'he combined a comprehensive grasp of intellect. While his senses were so acute that, when sitting in his office at Soho, he could detect the slightest stoppage or derangement in the machinery of that vast establishment, and send his message direct to the spot where it had occurred; his power of imagination was such as enabled him to look clearly along extensive lines of possible action in Europe, America, and the East. For there is a poetic as well as a commonplace side to business, and the man of business genius lights up the humdrum routine of daily life by exploring the boundless region of possibility wherever it may lie open before him.'

Boulton, indeed, was much more than a mere man of business. He was a man of intellectual culture, and he had amongst his most intimate friends Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Josiah Wedgwood, Thomas Day (of 'Sandford and Merton'), Dr. Darwin, Dr. Withering (the botanist), and Dr. Priestley. Now, he took James Watt into his own hospitable mansion, and undertook to maintain him, and to defray all the necessary expenses of getting out the engine according to Watt's instructions. The trial engine that had been made by Watt in Scotland was set up at Birmingham, and now, thanks to the superior skill of the English workmen, it was actually made to go. Still, much had to be done before any benefit could accrue. Only eight years of the patent remained to run, and it was improbable that any great demand for engines would arise before their expiry. True, the Cornish mines, notwithstanding the assistance derived from Newcomen's engines, were becoming drowned out and abandoned. But new inventions are but slowly believed in; and, besides, already unscrupulous men were at work pirating Watt's engine. Happily, Boulton succeeded in 1775, spite of strong opposition, in obtaining an Act of Parliament protecting the patent for a further term of twenty-four years. And to put the new partners in the best spirits, John Wilkinson, the

great ironfounder of Bersham, succeeded in making a good eighteen-inch cylinder, which enabled the engine at Soho to work with very satisfactory results. Inquiries, and even orders, came from the mining districts, and the manufacture of Boulton and Watt's engines was fairly and hopefully begun.

The first engine made at Soho was one ordered by John Wilkinson, to blow the bellows of his ironworks at Broseley. Many orders depended on the success of this, and its completion was looked forward to with eager interest. The engine was erected personally by Watt, and was ready for use about the beginning of 1776. As it approached completion, Watt became increasingly anxious to put it to the proof, but Boulton wrote to him not to hurry—not to let the engine make a stroke until every possible hindrance to its successful action had been removed, 'and then, in the name of God, fall to and do your best.' The result was wholly satisfactory, and redounded to the fame of Boulton and Watt.

One of the first orders was from a distillery at Stratford-le-Bow, and an engine set up there gave some trouble at first, owing mainly to the incompetency of the engineman. Mr. Smeaton, the engineer, having heard of its success, went to witness its performances. The Society of Engineers in Holborn, of which Smeaton was the great luminary, had made up their minds that neither tools nor workmen existed competent to make so complex a machine, and having predicted the certain failure of it, Smeaton was very loth to find it a success. He now carefully examined the one at Bow, watched it while at work, and arrived at the conclusion that it was a pretty engine, but much too complex for practical uses! On leaving the place, Smeaton, as was customary, gave some drink-money to the engineman as a recompense for his trouble; but the engineman drank so hard the next day that he let the engine run quite wild; the valves became broken, and the engine was rendered useless until repaired. Watt had many annoyances of this kind to encounter. Indeed, one of his greatest difficulties, we are told, was from the incapacity and unsteadiness of his workmen. Then, as now, or in the absence of temperance societies, still more than now, the average workman was greatly given to drink, and many were the mortifications to the patentees of the new engine, who, like all other persons ahead of their day, found (to use the figure of a subsequent recorder of Birmingham) that in whatever direction they struck, the drink-demon started up and stopped the way. Steam engines at work were objects of curiosity in those days, and many people came to see them from far and near. The engineman at the York Buildings, where one of the best of Newcomen's

Newcomen's engines was at work, placed over the entrance to his engine-room the following distich :—

'Whoever wants to see the engine here,
Must give the engineman a drop of beer.'

One of Boulton and Watt's most trusty men, 'Joseph,' was sent to Cornwall to look after another who had broken down, but when Watt reached Chacewater, he found that Joseph, too, had proved faithless. He wrote to Boulton: 'Joseph has pursued his old practice of drinking in the neighbourhood in a scandalous manner, until the very enginemen turn him into ridicule. * * * I have not heard how he behaved in the west, but that he gave the ale there a bad character.' Two days later Watt wrote: 'Though Joseph has attended to his drinking, he has done much good at his leisure hours, and has certainly prevented much mischief at Hallamanin, and some at Wheal Union. He has had some hard and long jobs, and consequently merits some indulgence for his foibles.' By the end of the month Joseph had 'conquered Hallamanin engine, all but the boiler;' but Watt was obliged to add, 'his indulgence has brought on a slight fit of the jaundice, and, as soon as the engine is finished, he must be sent home.'

Again, in 1781, on arriving in Cornwall, after a long absence, he found that many things had gone wrong for want of the master's eye, and it was some time before he succeeded in putting affairs in order. The men had been neglecting their work, 'going-a-drinking.' 'Cartwright had contracted a fever in his working arm, and been swallowing ale for a cure,' until he heard Watt had come, and then the 'fever' left him. At a later period Mr. Smiles tells us, 'Another of his worries was the unsteadiness of his workmen.' His letters to Boulton were full of complaints on this score. Excepting Wm. Murdock, who was in constant demand, there was scarcely one of them on whom he could place reliance. 'We have very little credit, indeed,' said he, 'in our Soho workmen. James Taylor has taken to dram-drinking, at a most violent rate, is obstinate, self-willed, and dissatisfied.' Three months later matters had not mended. J. Taylor is reported to be sometimes 'three days together at the alehouse, except when he judged I should be going my rounds. * * * Dick Cartwright also continues too much devoted to beer. * * * I have read all our men lectures upon industry and good hours, though I fear it will not be to much purpose; idleness is ingrained in their constitution.' This was in Cornwall; and in Soho itself things were not more satisfactory. Early in 1782 Boulton had to write, 'The forging shop wants a total reformation. Peploe and others constantly

constantly drunk; spoke mildly to them at first, then threatened; and am now looking out for good hands, which are very scarce.' In 1785 Boulton wrote, 'Poldice [mine in Cornwall] is in a desponding way, and must be given up unless better managed. North Downs is managed as badly, by incapable, ignorant, drunken captains, who hold their posts not by merit, but by their cousinship to some of the adventurers.' Later still, when a flood of orders for rotary engines came in, the mischief was still the same; 'the work-people would not do their work without giving constant trouble and anxiety; with some,' says Mr. Smiles, 'self-conceit was the stumbling-block; with others, temper; but with the greater number, drink.' 'I am very sorry to hear,' wrote Watt to Boulton, 'that Malcolm Logan's disease increases. I think you should talk to him soundly upon it, and endeavour to procure him to make a solemn resolution or oath against drinking for some given term.' Here was the total abstinence pledge suggested, long before the days of the Preston reformers. It is easy to see how the difficulties of the struggling manufacturer in bringing the steam engine to bear were augmented by the drink-pest, which, alas, is even yet unextinguished.

The first engine put up in Cornwall by Boulton and Watt was at Wheal Busy, Chacowater. Great curiosity was felt about its performances, and mining men and engineers came from all parts to see it start. It would not have displeased all of them if it had failed, but to their astonishment it succeeded. It made at starting eleven eight-foot strokes per minute, and it worked with greater power, went more steadily, and 'forked' more water than any Newcomen engine, with only about one-third the consumption of coal. Watt wrote, in September, 1777: 'We have had many spectators, and several have already become converts. I understand all the west country captains are to be here to-morrow to see the prodigy.' 'The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine give universal satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its stroke gently, and to make less noise, but Mr. Wilson cannot sleep without it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engineman; and, by the by, the noise seems to convey great ideas of its power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man.'

Up to this time, however, and indeed long afterwards, the great flow of money was outwards from the firm, and the return was almost nil; and not only Boulton and Watt, but also Boulton and Ferguson (the older firm) were sorely puzzled

puzzled to know where to find money to keep things going. As early as 1772 Boulton had had to hold on by his teeth; 'we have a thousand mouths at Soho to feed,' he said, 'and it has taken so much labour and pains to get so valuable and well-organised a staff of workmen together, that the operations of the manufactory must be carried on at whatever risk.' Six years later Watt was driven to suggest that they should invite some monied man to join the firm for its relief; 'rather than founder at sea,' he said, 'we had better run ashore.' Fothergill, Boulton's other partner, was even more desponding than Watt. When Boulton left Soho on his journeys to raise ways and means, Fothergill pursued him with dolorous letters, telling of mails without remittances, of bills that must be met, of wages that must be paid, and of the impending bankruptcy of the firm, which he again and again declared to be inevitable. 'Better stop payment at once,' he said, 'call our creditors together, and face the worst, than go on in this neck-and-neck race to ruin.' Then Boulton would hurry back to Soho to pacify Fothergill, and keep the concern afloat; and then would come another series of letters from their London financial agent, pressing for remittances, and reporting the increasingly gloomy and desperate state of affairs. But Boulton was a man of great courage, and of indomitable resolution. An unconquerable hope and an unswerving purpose sustained him, and he had a strong belief in the commercial value of the new steam engine. All would end well, he felt sure, if for awhile they could only weather the storm. In the midst of his troubles the engine-room at Soho caught fire, the roof was destroyed, and serious damage was done to the engine. Boulton had long desired to rebuild the engine-house in a proper manner, but had been prevented by the prudence of Watt. On hearing of the damage done by the fire, 'Now,' said Boulton, 'I shall be able at last to have the engine-house built as it should be.' From Cornwall, in the previous year, Watt had written long letters to his partner as to certain experimental alterations of the Soho engine, which was Watt's original trial engine, brought from Scotland, and was called Beelzebub. 'I send a drawing,' he wrote in 1777, 'of the best scheme I can at present devise for equalising the power of Beelzebub, and obliging him to save part of his youthful strength to help him forward in his old age. * * * As the head of one of the levers will rise higher than the roof, a hole must be cut for it, which may, after trial, be covered over. If the new beam answer to be centred upon the end wall, and to go out at a window, it will make the execution easy.' * * * The engine continued to be
repeatedly

repeatedly altered, and was renewed, as Watt observed, like the Highlandman's gun, in lock, stock, and barrel. After the fire, Beelzebub was replaced by a larger engine, afterwards known by the name of 'Old Bess,' the first ever made on the expansive principle. This engine remained in its place at Soho long after the career of Boulton and Watt had come to an end, and in 1857 was still at work as steadily as ever, though eighty years had passed over it. It has now found an honourable asylum in the Museum of Patents, at South Kensington.

Boulton continued to be harassed sorely for money, and his partners showed him no mercy by sparing their croakings. Watt wrote from Cornwall, in August, 1778, about the necessity of getting 'some money, enough to keep us out of gaol, in continual apprehension of which I live at present.' The firm of Boulton and Fothergill had been losing money for several years past, and the only chance of deliverance seemed to be in the engine. But though this was working satisfactorily at several of the Cornish mines, and elsewhere, payment for it was difficult to be obtained. In October, 1778, Boulton for the first time visited Cornwall, went round amongst the mines, and had many friendly conferences with the managers. He succeeded in borrowing a couple of thousand pounds from Truro bankers, on security of the engines erected in the county; and it was agreed that £700 a-year should be paid as a royalty for the Chacewater engine, which was saving the owners of the mine upwards of £2,400 a-year in coals alone, besides enabling them to sink deeper. Arrangements for the use of engines were made with other owners also, and thus the harvest of profit seemed at length to be begun.

Still Watt was groaning under a sense of indebtedness, horrible to bear. 'Though we have in general succeeded in our undertakings,' he wrote to Dr. Black, 'yet that success has, from various unavoidable circumstances, produced small profits to us; the struggles we have had with natural difficulties, and with the ignorance, prejudices, and villanies of mankind, have been very great.' 'The thought of the debt to Lowe, Vere, and Co.,' he wrote to his partner, 'lies too heavy on my mind to leave me the proper employment of my faculties in the prosecution of our business.' Boulton was a tower of strength, without which Watt would have been ridden down and trodden under. Boulton knew that if they could only save their money-credit for awhile, the engine would re-establish and repay them for all their outlays and pains, and he held on as firm in clutch as 'grim death,' and a great deal more cheerily.

Watt's

Watt's right-hand man amongst the workmen was William Murdock, 'not only a most excellent and steady workman, but a man of eminent mechanical genius.' It was he who first made a model of a locomotive engine; it was he who introduced lighting by gas, and invented many valuable working parts of the steam engine. The famous 'Sun and Planet motion,' for instance, was his. Murdock was born in 1754, and brought up as a millwright and miller. Hearing of the fame of Boulton and Watt, he went from Scotland to Soho, and sought work there. Many Scotchmen were accustomed to call on the same errand, thinking, probably, they would find a friend and advocate in Watt, who was a Scotchman. Watt told Sir Walter Scott that though probably hundreds of his northern countrymen had sought employment at his establishment, he never could get one of them to become a first-rate mechanic. 'Many of them,' he said, 'were too good for that, and rose to be valuable clerks and bookkeepers, but those incapable of this sort of advancement had always the same insuperable aversion to toiling so long at any one point of mechanism as to gain the highest wages among the workmen.' The faculty of steady working is one only developed in any race by degrees. It is one of the fruits of civilisation, and the average Scotchman of that day was still too near the barbarian in his operative discursiveness. Watt did not think Scotchmen capable of becoming first-class mechanics; that they are now, we all know, but this has been the result of culture and training.

William Murdock, even in those days, was a proof that a Scotchman might become a good mechanic, for he was invaluable. When he first called at Soho, in 1777, to ask for a job, he saw Boulton, who told him that work was rather slack just then, and that every place was filled up. During the conversation, the awkward young country lad unconsciously kept twirling his hat in his hands, and Boulton, seeing something odd in the look of the hat, asked what it was made of. It proved to be made of wood, Murdock having turned it in a lathe of his own making. Boulton looked again at the young man, who had risen a hundred degrees in his estimation. That he had turned his own hat in his own home-made lathe was proof that he was a mechanic of capacity, and a place was found for him. Beginning as a common mechanic, at fifteen shillings a-week, Murdock applied himself diligently and conscientiously to his work, and became thoroughly trusted. More responsible duties were thrown upon him, and still he acquitted himself well. His industry and skill marked him for promotion, and he rose step by step till he became Boulton's

Watt's most confidential co-worker and adviser. In Cornwall, while in charge of their engines, he gave himself no rest until he had conquered the defects of the engines, and put them in thorough working order. He completely won Watt's heart by his zeal and ability. Work seized so fast hold of him that he could scarcely sleep at night for thinking of it when he had any important job in hand. When the engine at Wheal Union was ready for starting, the people of the house at Redruth, where Murdock lodged, were one night much disturbed by a strange noise in his room. Several heavy blows on the floor made them start from their beds, thinking the house was coming down. They rushed to Murdock's room, and there he was in his shirt, heaving away at the bedpost in his sleep, and calling out, 'Now she goes, lads ; now she goes.'

Murdock literally fought his way into the affections of the Cornish workmen. One day, at Chacewater, some half-dozen of the mining captains began bullying him in the engine-room. His mind was soon made up. He locked the door and said : 'Now, then, you shan't leave this place till I have it fairly out with you.' Selecting the biggest of them, he put himself towards him in a fighting attitude. Cornishmen love fairplay in a fight, and whilst the two fought, the others equitably looked on. The battle was soon over ; Murdock, tall and powerful, speedily vanquished his opponent. The others, seeing the kind of man they had to deal with, made overtures of peace ; they shook hands all round, and parted the best of friends. On one occasion, when an engine superintended by Murdock stopped through some accidental cause, the water rose in the mine, and the drowned-out miners came 'roaring at him' for having thrown them out of work, and threatened to tear him to pieces. Nothing daunted, he went through the midst of them, and, going to the engine, soon succeeded in repairing it, and setting it to work again. So rejoiced were the miners, that when he came out of the engine-house they cheered him lustily, and insisted on carrying him home in triumph on their shoulders. Murdock had many tempting offers of partnerships with others, but he remained loyal to Boulton and Watt. They treated him with generosity, and he was satisfied to spend his life in their service.

Watt could not triumph in the same way ; in contact with rough men of business he was almost helpless ; and as most of the mines were paying very badly, the adventurers sorely grudged the engine-dues, and raised all sorts of objections against paying them. 'The rascality of mankind,' wrote Watt at such a time, 'is almost beyond belief.' In the midst
of

of his difficulties and troubles, he always leaned upon Boulton. If Watt was the brain, Boulton was the heart of their enterprise. 'If you had been here,' wrote Watt, after one of his disagreeable meetings with the adventurers, 'and gone to that meeting with your cheerful countenance and brave heart, perhaps they would not have been so obstinate.'

By the middle of 1780 Boulton and Watt had sold forty pumping engines, twenty of which were at work in Cornwall, and there was every prospect that there would soon be scarcely one of the old sort of engines at work in the county. But this was the only branch of Boulton's business that was then paying its expenses. He was now loaded with debt. To carry on his extensive concerns he had sold his wife's estate for £15,000, as well as the greater part of his father's property, the remainder of which he had mortgaged; he had borrowed largely from his personal friends, and had obtained heavy advances at his banker's, and his embarrassments now grew thick and fast. To help him, Watt had consented to the mortgage of the steam engine royalties for £7,000; but this liability lay heavy on Watt, to whom to be in debt was to be miserable. Nor was Fothergill, the other partner, a whit more hopeful. He urged again that the firm of Boulton and Fothergill should be wound up, but as this would have seriously hurt the credit of the engine firm, Boulton would not listen to the suggestion. They must hold on, he said, as they had done before, until better times came round. The painting and japanning business was indeed abandoned, and so was the picture-painting business, wherein, by the way, a process had been used which has been suspected of late, though, as it would appear, without good grounds, to have been an anticipation of photography. But a new branch was opened and proved profitable. It was the manufacture of letter-copying machines, whereof Watt was the inventor in the summer of 1778; yet, strange to say, very great difficulty was met with in getting the machine before the public, owing to the opposition of the bankers, who absurdly, but most vehemently, dreaded it as a possible instrument of forgery.

In the course of their business, Boulton and Watt, on the principle of 'not losing a sheep for a ha'porth of tar,' were obliged to become shareholders in mining adventures; and Boulton then made it his business to attend the meetings of the adventurers in Cornwall, in the hope of improving their working arrangements. After his first meeting with those of the Wheal Virgin Mine, he found the proceedings conducted in the most desultory fashion. The great thing to be accomplished seemed to be to dine, and after dinner and

difficult to do business. The proceedings were disorderly in the extreme; there were as many talkers as listeners; all talked at once, and no minutes of the business were taken. This was detestable to Boulton. He at once set to work to introduce order and despatch. He advised his brother adventurers to do their business first, and dine and gossip afterwards; and he persuaded them to procure a minute-book, in which to enter the resolutions and proceedings. His sensible suggestions were at once acceded to, and the next meeting was so superior to all preceding ones in order, regularity, and effectiveness, that Boulton's influence was established at once. He wrote to Watt that 'the business was conducted with more regularity, and more of it was done than was ever known at any previous meeting.' The prospects of the engine business in Cornwall became so promising, that Boulton even meditated retiring altogether from his other branches of business at Soho, and settling permanently in Cornwall. His partner, Fothergill, however, would not consent to let him go, and the Soho business was continued until Fothergill died, a bankrupt, in 1782, and for some little time afterwards. Notwithstanding his having suffered much loss by the connection with Fothergill, Boulton acted with great kindness to Fothergill's family. He provided for the widow and the children. He said: 'Whatever the conduct of any part of that family towards me may have been, their present distresses turn every passion into tender pity. I waited upon Mrs. Fothergill this morning, and administered all the consolation that words could give, but I must do more, or their distresses will be great indeed. I never wished for life and health so fervently as at present, for I consider it my duty to act as a father to that family, to the best of my power, and the addition of a widow and seven children is no small one.' And Boulton was as good as his word. He helped the Fothergill family through their difficulties; and he even undertook gratuitously to pay an annual sum to a Mrs. Swellingrebel, a widowed lady from whom Fothergill had borrowed money, and who, but for Boulton's generous help, must have been left destitute.

All the while Boulton was struggling with monetary difficulties of no light order. He allowed Watt £330 a-year, which was charged upon the hardware business; and this continued to the year 1785, up to which time everything had been out-go, and a balance of profits was all to come. It was calculated that upwards of £40,000 were invested in the engine business before it began to yield any profit, and all this Boulton had found. Meanwhile Watt was kept utterly
wretched

wretched by his fears of bankruptcy; sometimes he was quite unmanned, and would brood for days together on the misery which his great invention had brought upon him. His wife was kept almost as miserable as himself; and looking up to Matthew Boulton as the only person who could help him, she privately appealed to him in the most pathetic terms:—

‘I know the goodness of your heart will readily forgive me for this freedom, and your friendship for Mr. Watt will, I am sure, excuse me for pointing out a few things that press upon his mind. I am very sorry to tell you that both his health and spirits have been much affected since you left Soho. It is all that I can do to keep him from sinking under that fatal depression. Whether the badness of his health is owing to the lowness of his spirits, or the lowness of his spirits to his bad health, I cannot pretend to tell. But this I know, that there are several things that prey so upon his mind as to render him perfectly miserable. You know the bond he is engaged in to Vere’s house has been the source of great uneasiness to him. It is still so, and the thought of it bows him down to the very ground. He thinks that company has used both you and him very ill in refusing to release him, when you can give them security for a vast deal more than you are bound for. Forgive me, dear sir, if I express myself wrong. It is a subject I am not used to write on. I know if you can you will set his mind at rest on this affair. I need not tell you that the seeing him so very unhappy must of consequence make me so. There is another affair that sits very heavy on his mind; that is, some old accounts that have remained unsettled since the commencement of the business. They never come across his mind but he is rendered unfit for doing anything for a long time. A thousand times have I begged him to mention them to you. * * * I am sure that he would suffer every kind of anxiety rather than ask you to do a thing you seemed not to approve of. I know the humanity of your nature would make you cheerfully give relief to any of the human race that was in distress, as far as was within your power. The knowledge of this makes me happy in the thought that you will exert every nerve to give ease to the mind of your friend. Believe me, there is not on earth a person who is dearer to him than you are. It causes him pain to give you trouble. The badness of his constitution, and his natural dislike to business, make him leave many things undone that he knows ought to be done, and, when it is perhaps too late, to make himself unhappy at their being neglected. * * * In his present state of weakness, every ill, however trifling, appears of a gigantic size, while, on the other hand, every good is diminished. Again, I repeat, that from the certain knowledge I have of his temper, nothing would contribute more to his happiness, and make him go on cheerfully with business, than having everything finished as he goes along, and have no unsettled scores to look back to, and brood over in his mind.’

To add to the troubles against which Boulton had to stand, like a rock against the floods, whilst Watt and others took shelter behind him, a movement was set on foot in Cornwall and other parts to upset the patent, and rob Boulton and Watt of all profit by the invention with which the genius of the one and the capital and business faculty of the other had enriched the world. ‘They charge us,’ said Watt, ‘with establishing a monopoly; but if a monopoly, it is one by means of which their mines are made more productive than ever they were before. Have we not given over to them two-thirds of the advantages derivable from its use in the saving of fuel, and reserved only one-third to ourselves, though even that has been still further reduced to meet the pressure of the times? They say it is inconvenient for the mining interest to be burdened with the payment of engine-

dues, just as it is inconvenient for the person who wishes to get at my purse that I should keep my breeches pocket buttoned. It is, doubtless, also very inconvenient for the man who wishes to get a slice of the squire's land, that there should be a law tying it up by an entail. Yet the squire's land has not been of his own making, as the condensing engine has been of mine. He has only passively inherited his property, while this invention has been the product of my own labour, and of God knows how much anguish of mind and body.' The movement did not succeed, but it caused much anxiety, and added largely to the burdens which brave Matthew Boulton was called upon to bear.

About the same time Boulton was inventing tubular boilers. He introduced four copper tubes, 20 inches in diameter, into the Wheal Busy boiler which was 26 feet in length, the fire passing through two of the tubes and returning through the other two. He made many experiments, in various directions, and carefully recorded the results. He was an excellent mechanical draughtsman, and an ingenious inventor. He devised sundry improvements in the construction and working of the steam engine, on which subject he corresponded with Watt at great length. In one of his letters to Watt, he says : ' I like your plan of making all the principal wearing parts of tempered steel, and the racks of best Swedish iron, with the teeth cut out. Query : Would it not be worth while to make a *machine* for dividing and cutting the teeth in good form out of sectors ? ' At other times he was designing road carriages, filling a quarto drawing-book, entitled ' Thoughts on Carriages,' with sketches of different kinds of vehicles in pencil, or in Indian ink, or in colours, beautifully finished. The correspondence between Boulton and Watt shows that each improved on the inventions of the other, both experimenting on the same subject at the same time, and communicating the results in the most elaborate detail.

Over and over again, daunted by pecuniary difficulties, Watt proposed to Boulton to sell the engine business for a comparative trifle. ' Though you and I,' he wrote in March, 1782, ' should entirely lose this business and all its profits, you will get quit of a burdensome debt, and as both of us lived before it had a being, so we may do afterwards.' ' Upon the whole,' he wrote to Boulton a fortnight later, ' I look upon our present Cornish prospects as very bad, and would not have you build too much upon them, nor upon the engine business, without some material change. I shall think it prudent to look out for some other way of livelihood, as I expect that this will be swallowed up in merely paying its burdens.'

burdens.' Thus Watt piped his lament time after time in Boulton's ear, and time after time he was supported by Boulton, who saw farther than Watt did, and derived comfort from the figures which he knew would turn out well if only they had patience, and could bide their time. After the threatened upsetting of the patent failed, a number of pirates endeavoured to invent, or steal, plans of plausible variations of Watt's engine, so as to evade the patent; and much vexation, and not a little apprehension, was provoked in the minds of Boulton and Watt by these endeavours. 'I don't know a man in Cornwall amongst the adventurers,' he wrote, 'but what would think it patriotism to free the mines from the tribute they pay to us, and thereby divide our rights amongst their own dear selves. Nevertheless, let us keep our tempers, and keep the firm hold we have got; let us do justice, show mercy, and walk humbly, and all, I hope, will be right at last.'

Boulton had worked at high pressure for many years. In 1783 he took a tour into Scotland for his health's sake; and visiting, in the course of it, the celebrated iron works at Carron, he spent a month there, closely employed in experimenting on all their iron ores, and in putting them into the way of making good bar-iron. In this he fully succeeded, although they had never made a single bar of tough iron at Carron before. On his return he found, as usual, arrears of correspondence awaiting him; including several letters from schemers of supposed improvements in the steam engine. In those days, whenever an inventor thought he had found anything new, he went with it at once to Matthew Boulton, the acknowledged lord and leader of steam power. Such was Boulton's reputation for enterprise and faculty, and for the energy wherewith he had pushed Watt's invention, that every schemer saw a fortune within reach if Boulton could but be enlisted on his side; and large demands on his time were thus made, 'in answering great numbers of letters,' as he said, 'which he had been plagued with from eccentric persons of no business;' demands which were always complied with, for it was his practice never to leave a letter unanswered, no matter how insignificant or unreasonable his correspondent might be. Long were the letters he wrote to unknown correspondents, setting them right about mechanical errors into which they had fallen. Amongst these was a Mr. Knipe, of Chelsea, who supposing himself to have invented a perpetual-motion machine invited Boulton to join him as partner. Though Knipe was devoid of means, and evidently foolish, Boulton wrote him several lengthy epistles in the kindest spirit, pointing out his

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mistakes, and, in the generosity of his nature, sending him, finally, a draft for ten guineas.

Boulton's advice to his son was not like Lord Chesterfield's. In a letter quoted by Mr. Smiles, after counselling his son to improve his mind and to cultivate polite manners, he adds : ' But remember, I do not wish you to be polite at the expense of honour, truth, sincerity, and honesty ; for these are the props of a manly character, and without them politeness is mean and deceitful. Therefore, be always tenacious of your honour. Be honest, just, and benevolent, even when it appears difficult to be so. I say, cherish these principles, and guard them as sacred treasures.'

In 1784 Boulton was found taking the lead in resisting Mr. Pitt's schemes of taxation, so injurious to trade. The Minister proposed to tax coal, iron, copper, and other raw materials of manufacture, to the amount of about a million a year ; and Boulton bestirred himself with energy to oppose this scheme. ' Let taxes,' he said, ' be laid upon luxuries, upon vices, and, if you like, upon property ; tax riches when got, and the expenditure of them, but not the means of getting them ; of all things, don't cut open the hen that lays the golden eggs.' An agitation was originated, and Boulton, being recognised as the leader of the movement in his district, was summoned to London by Mr. Pitt that he might talk with him about it. Boulton pressed upon the Minister the necessity of securing reciprocity of trade with foreign nations as being of vital importance to the industry of England. Watt, though agreed with Boulton in his views, was unwilling that his partner should become absorbed in any public movement. He wrote, depreciating those who were ' mad enough to be demagogues.' ' Let us leave that to those who can defy Ministers, and get our property secured, which may be done in the confusion.'

In 1785, again, Boulton was active in the formation of a copper company to rescue the mines and miners from ruin. At the first meeting, he held in his hands the power of determining the appointments of governor, deputy-governor, and directors, representing as he did, by proxy, shares to the amount of £86,000. This power he used with due discretion ; and the company, under his direction, was successful to a certain extent in opening out new markets, and otherwise benefiting the mines. But small thanks did he get for all his pains. If the price of ore fell, or profits declined, or the yield diminished, or the mines were closed, or anything at all went wrong, the miners were but too ready to hold him implicated, and the services he had rendered were in a moment forgotten. Once, their discontent even broke out in open revolt.

revolt, threatened Boulton with personal violence, and declared insantly that every pumping engine he had set up in Cornwall should be pulled down. But when the rioters reached Truro, they found a body of men stationed in front of the Copper Mining Company's premises, supported by six pieces of cannon ; at sight of which they drew back, and the intended assault was not made. This, however, was but the wild clamour of the ignorant and misguided. Amongst the better class Boulton was much esteemed ; and the large mining owners justly regarded him as their friend and invited him to their houses. For certain members of the Society of Friends in Cornwall, Boulton conceived much esteem. In one of his letters to his wife, he describes a great meeting of ' Friends ' at Truro, where he had heard their friend Catherine Phillips preach with great energy and good sense for an hour and a half, although so weak in body that she was obliged to lie a-bed for several days before. On Mr. Phillips's death, soon afterwards, Boulton wrote to his own wife : ' I wish I had time to give you the history and character of my departed friend, as you know but little of his excellencies. I cannot say but that I feel a gloomy pleasure in dwelling upon the life and death of a good man ; it incites to piety and elevates the mind above terrestrial things. Now, let me ask you to hold a silent meeting in your heart for half an hour, and then return to your work.'

To the year 1785 the outlays had continued to absorb more than the incomings of the business of Boulton and Watt ; but then the tide turned, and two years later Watt was free from all his pecuniary embarrassments, and had a good balance at his bankers. This he at once invested in cautious hands ; though Boulton was still struggling with various embarrassments, and desired to fall back upon Watt for help, as Watt had from the first been falling back upon him. Watt was now the monied man, and declared himself unable to help his partner, having locked up his money in safe Scotch investments. To add to his distresses, Boulton's health began to fail him. In 1784 he wrote to his wine merchant with a cheque in payment of his account : ' We have had a visit from a new acquaintance—the gout.' He little thought where he had bought this bad bargain, nor how appropriate it was to be making the complaint to his wine merchant whilst remitting him payment for the disease. The visitor came again ; and, four years later, was accompanied by the gravel and the stone, which proved to be no transient guests, but remained with their victim till his life's painful close. Meanwhile, Boulton was distressed, above all things, at the prospect of leaving his family unprovided for, notwithstanding all
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the labours, anxieties, and risks he had undergone. He had most liberally departed from his original bargain with Watt, and instead of the two-thirds share which he had bought, Boulton, after finding all the capital, and being at the expense and risk of all the experiments, had, at Watt's request, agreed to the profits being equally divided between them. Now, he writes :—

‘ When I reflect that I have given up my extra advantage of one-third on all the engines we are now making, and are likely to make ; when I think of my children, now upon the verge of that time of life when they are naturally entitled to expect a portion of their patrimony ; when I feel the consciousness of being unable to restore to them the property which their mother entrusted to me ; when I see all whom I am connected with growing rich, whilst I am groaning under a load of debt and annuities that would sink me into the grave if my anxieties for my children did not sustain me ; I say, when I consider all these things, it behoves me to struggle through the small remaining fragment of my life (being now in my 60th year), and do my children all the justice in my power by wiping away as many of my incumbrances as possible.’

Seldom did the brave man write thus despondingly ; but this was the very darkest hour, and he courageously struggled on until he saw all his pecuniary anxieties ended, and a handsome competency secured for his children.

In 1753 it was estimated that half the copper coin in circulation was counterfeit, and Boulton, as the owner of the largest and best equipped manufactory in Birmingham, might have done any amount of coining that he desired ; but he refused all orders for base money, whether for home or abroad. He wrote, on one occasion : ‘ I lately received a letter from a Jew about making for him a large quantity of base money, but I should be sorry ever to become so base as to execute such orders. On the contrary, I have taken some measures to put a stop to the execution of them by others, and if Mr. Butcher hath any plan of that sort, he would do well to guard against me, as I certainly shall endeavour all in my power to prevent the counterfeiting of British or any other money, that being the principle on which I am acting.’ Subsequently (in 1797) Boulton was employed by the Government to make a new copper coinage, which he did with the aid of the steam engine, and gave great satisfaction. He originated many essential improvements in the rolling, annealing, and cleaning of the metal, in the forging, multiplying, and tempering of the dies, and in the construction of the milling and cutting-out machines. ‘ To his indefatigable energy and perseverance,’ wrote Murdock, many years later, ‘ in pursuit of this, the favourite and nearly sole object of the last twenty years of the active part of Mr. Boulton's life, is, in a great measure, to be attributed the perfection to which the art of coining has ultimately attained.’ Boulton's attention to this subject was largely directed by a consideration of the injury done to the labouring

labouring classes by greedy employers, who bought thirty-six shillings' worth (in nominal value) of copper coin for twenty shillings, and cheated their workpeople by paying them their wages in this coin. He was employed to make the new mint on Tower Hill; and he also supplied royal mints for Russia, Spain, Denmark, Mexico, Calcutta, and Bombay.

In process of time, Boulton's eldest son Matthew, and Watt's son James, were taken into the partnership, and relieved their parents of much of the labour and anxiety. Money difficulties had entirely disappeared; and for both Watt and Boulton there remained a protracted old age, free from all pecuniary anxieties. Boulton did not cease to occupy himself with his scientific and literary pursuits, and new inventions. As late as 1797 he took out a patent for raising water by impulse, a sort of hydraulic ram, to which he added many ingenious improvements. He continued to receive distinguished visitors in his house; and his splendid hospitality was kept up to the last. Illustrative of his vigour and courage so late as the year 1800, is the anecdote of a large gang of housebreakers, who bribed the Soho watchman to admit them within the gates. The watchman told Boulton, who took steps accordingly, arming a number of men, posting them in different parts of the building, and himself watching for three nights in succession, whilst as many attempts were made. On the third night the thieves got in, and were making off with 150 guineas and a load of silver, when Boulton gave the word to seize them. Four of them were taken after a desperate struggle; a fifth, though severely wounded, contrived to make good his escape. It was in reference to this exploit that Sir Walter Scott said to Allan Cunningham: 'I like Boulton; he is a brave man, and who can dislike the brave?' The incident is said to have suggested the scene in *Guy Rannering*, in which the attack is made on Dirk Hatterick in the smugglers' cave.

The incurable and agonising disease under which Boulton laboured continued to weaken him; and after long sufferings, borne with great fortitude, and not allowed to prevent him from taking a lively interest in his old manifold occupations, he peacefully expired in 1809, at the age of eighty-one. Six hundred of his workmen followed his remains to the grave, and there was scarcely a dry eye among them. He was a man widely and deservedly beloved. In a manly and noble exterior he carried a generous soul, loving truth, honour, and uprightness. Watt used to speak of him as 'the princely Boulton.' Mrs. Schimmelpenninck describes with admiration his genial manner, his fine radiant countenance, and his superb munificence. 'He was in person,' she says, 'tall and of a noble appearance;

ance ; his temperament was sanguine, with that slight mixture of the phlegmatic which gives calmness and dignity ; his manners were eminently open and cordial ; he took the lead in conversation ; and, with a social heart, had a grandiose manner, like that arising from position, wealth, and habitual command. He went about among his people like a monarch bestowing largesse.' If grandiose, he was cheerful and affectionate too, as his letters to his wife, children, and friends prove amply. Boswell wrote of him : ' I contemplated him as an iron chieftain, and he seemed to be a father of his tribe.' Probably the first Mutual Assurance Fund established by any large manufacturer for the benefit of his workmen, was the one Boulton set up amongst his Soho workmen. ' The effects of this society,' Mr. Smiles says, ' were most salutary ; it cultivated habits of providence and thoughtfulness amongst the men ; bound them together by ties of common interest ; and it was only in the case of irreclaimable drunkards that any member of the Soho Friendly Society ever came upon the parish.'

In a MS. memoir of his friend, Watt, who long survived him, and died honoured and lamented in 1819, wrote: ' Through the whole of this business, Mr. Boulton's active and sanguine disposition served to counterbalance the despondency and diffidence which were natural to me ; and every assistance which Soho or Birmingham could afford was procured. Mr. Boulton's amiable and friendly character, together with his fame as an engineer and active manufacturer, procured us many and very active friends in both Houses of Parliament. * * * Suffice it to say, that to his generous patronage, the active part he took in the management of the business, his judicious advice, and his assistance in contriving and arranging many of the applications of the steam-engine to various machines, the public are indebted for great part of the benefits they now derive from that machine.' ' He possessed,' says Mr. Ewart, C.E., ' above all other men I have ever known, the faculty of inspiring others with a portion of that ardent zeal with which he himself pursued every important object he had in view ; and it was impossible to be near him without becoming warmly interested in the success of his enterprises. The urbanity of his manner, and his great kindness to young people in particular, never failed to leave the most agreeable impression on the minds of all around him ; and most truly may it be said that he reigned in the hearts of those that were in his employment.' ' In fine,' says Mr. Smiles, ' Matthew Boulton was a noble, manly man, and a true leader of men. Lofty-minded, intelligent, energetic, and liberal, he was one of those who constitute the life-blood of a nation, and give force and dignity to the national character.'

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THE LOST TREASURE; OR, THE SCHOOL OF ART AND THE SCHOOL OF DRINK.

IT was a curious little room in the heart of smoky Manchester, a white-washed attic, whose sole light was from a leaky window in the roof, very apt in wet weather to admit the rain also. Its furniture consisted of a rush-bottomed chair, in a state of considerable dilapidation; a great oak chest almost as high as a table, generally holding a paint box, a roll or two of paper, some pencils and chalks and charcoal; a couple of empty boxes, set on end to serve as a high stand for a model; an old easel spattered and adorned with multifarious dabs of paint, and rough sketches of various life-guardsmen, and dancing skeletons; and a very tiny three-legged footstool. On the walls were pinned and hung studies in pencil and chalk from the 'round;' a head of the crescent-crowned Diana; another of Niobe; the feet and legs of the Apollo Belvidere; and a full length figure of the Venus of Milo, interspersed with paintings *in tempera*, of flowers arranged in groups and in ornamental designs, and one or two attempts at oil painting, all placed with some idea of effect, so that the whitewash should nowhere obtrude upon the eye, but be kept wholesomely in the background, forming a white instead of a golden rim to these various art-treasures.

I called it a little room, and such it was in fact; so small, indeed, was its available space, that these properties of mine seemed quite to fill it; and when I was in it also, to be almost too many for its four walls to contain. At one side, it is true, the sloping roof left a recess, under which it was impossible to walk upright, or to place anything but the lowest objects of furniture; it was here the little footstool stood, and here also were reared with their faces to the wall several ambitious but unfinished sketches and paintings, awaiting time, or a more favourable mood, to develop them to perfection.

In this attic, between five and six in the morning, and for an hour or two between nine and twelve at night, I spent many happy hours when a boy before the easel, sketching, or shading, or painting, as the case might be, either from a drawing, or from a cast borrowed for the purpose, or from nature herself,

in the person of my little sister Amy; or from some flowers of the garden or field, whose bright bells, or stars, or green leaves had bewitched my eyes with their beauty, and persuaded me to copy them. My eyes were constantly getting so bewitched, for every month that I lived, they saw more and more of the beauty that was around them, until at length every little leaf and spray, every bit of way-side grass, and every object in my poor home, charmed them, if but gilded with sunshine; while every little child running along the streets, no matter how ragged and dirty, every animal, and almost every stone, had some touch of beauty, some lovely feature, worth noticing and worth copying too, if only I had time and opportunity to do it.

In those days I was but a worker at a cotton mill, all day among dust and noise, and the whirl of wheels and spindles, compelled to breathe the stifling air of a factory, and to work hard ten hours a day to earn the shillings necessary for my weekly subsistence. My father was a poor mechanic, very much out of health and pocket, and my mother, a woman borne down with poverty and sorrow. Yet I was ambitious enough to determine some day to leave the spindles for the palette and brush, to be a clever artist, an exponent of the beautiful in nature and art, and, perhaps, a great man!

Five evenings per week I attended the School of Art, and studied what was necessary for me to know that I might at length become the object of my highest aspirations—a great, glorious artist. What a joy was that School of Art to me! There I forgot all the worry, and noise, and dust, and monotony of my daily mill-life, and the moment I entered its great room, made strangely beautiful with its life-size casts from antique statues of gods and goddesses, heroes and warriors and lovely women, standing so silent and calm in their beauty, and seeming to protect the meaner human forms about them, a great peace fell upon me. This room of quiet, earnest study was as another world to me, with its master gliding in and out among his pupils, silent and observant, watching one, giving the right tint or line with his brush or pencil to another, showing

showing faults and mistakes to these and to those, but encouraging all; and with its brilliant gas-lights, emitting rays all but equal to daylight, among its dead and living inmates. And in it, conscious of a certain artistic power, I drew and painted with industry and perfect content—a content that merged in delight when the true expression of the smile on the arched lips of the Apollo appeared on my canvas, or when I had rendered with due faithfulness some bit of cast shadow, or some fold of drapery, or some difficult effect of light and shade. And when school was over, and I repaired home, where my mother and my little sister would be waiting for me, for Amy always refused to go to bed till she had been with me at least an hour in my attic, I would take a mouthful of bread for supper, talk a bit to my mother, and then mount upstairs to my studio under the eaves, with little Amy's hand in mine, and opening the door of the whitewashed chamber with a key, enter it with a feeling of wonderful satisfaction, and begin or go on with some of my many works there. Amy would place herself on the little footstool in the low recess, for that was always her place, and, as soon as she saw me begin my work, would sit there as still as a mouse, watching me or copying on a scrap of paper some of the grand productions of her 'artist' brother; less, however, as I knew well, for love of the drawing than for love of me. To draw or to do anything like her Philip was happiness enough for her. Great was her joy when I placed her, as I did sometimes, on the rush-bottomed chair, and made a model of her. Not of her figure, poor little child; that was not at all beautiful, for she was deformed, my poor little Amy, and withered of limb and body; but of her childish face, that was very pleasant to gaze upon with its pleading beauty of expression, its long light curls, and large bright blue eyes, though these last were hollow and only too bright sometimes, while about her mouth the sweetest of loving smiles hovered. I had already made two studies of Amy's face, one quite completed, the other wanting the last touches. The first I had persuaded a bookseller to place in his window, and had sold, receiving as much as a sovereign for it; and the other, that I meant to befar superior, I hoped someday to sell for yet more. Part of the sovereign went

to buy Amy a new frock, the rest to procure additional canvas and paint; and, now that I could really get money for my productions, I felt that I had made my *début* as an artist! I had really begun the struggle that was to end in placing myself, and Amy, and my mother, in a position of honour and comfort. But in the meantime I must work; every spare moment must be dedicated to my favourite pursuit; every penny that I could save or earn must go to procure me the means of study; and therefore it was that I painted in this attic, as I have shown, early and late—finding in my labour not only the sure path to a future reward, but the greatest present pleasure. At ten o'clock my mother would tap at the door, and Amy would go out to her to be put to bed, after giving a tender little kiss to her 'Phil;'—high time too, for such a little maiden to be on her pillow; and I would inquire, without turning my head, 'Father home, mother?' If my mother said 'Yes' in a cheerful tone, the door would be shut, and my industrious brush would go on happily for another hour or more, and by the light of my lamp, canvas and paper would come out, beautiful with design and glowing with colour, and I would retire to bed, when weary, to sleep quietly or dream of the brilliant and glorious future that surely awaited me. If, however, a 'No' was the answer to my short question, or a sigh came with my mother's 'Yes,' a feeling of uneasiness would come over me, and my brush would not do its office kindly when she was gone; shadows would not lie with sufficient transparency, and lights would have an undesirable dimness over them; beauty of colour and beauty of form would be both hard to reach. And then, presently, I would put the door ajar to listen. If the house was very silent below, my feeling of uneasiness would increase; but if it was getting noisy with sound of a rough, harsh voice, my uneasiness would become positive trouble and anger, and a frown would gather on my brow that was seldom I think otherwise seen there. Of course, I did not look pleasant and amiable at such a time; and if, as sometimes happened, the harsh voice rising higher, and bursting out into rugged sentences that required no imagination to hear as oaths, I laid down my palette and brush, and clenched my hands, as if to fight some invisible foe, my face was still less pleasant to see. I would

would then leave my quiet attic, and with flushed face descend the narrow wooden stairs very quickly, and make my appearance in the little room at the foot as protector and guardian of my mother. But by the time I reached the last stair the frown would be gone, and the clenched hands would be open and lissom again, ready to help and ready to clasp and give gentle resistance, if such resistance were needed. Ready, too, to clench again, if the gentle touch were useless. In the little room below I would see my mother with a pale, troubled face, on which a new wrinkle was drawing its first line among the many others already on her forehead, standing before or not far from a poor wretch of a man, more than half worn out with disease and ill-living, but just now strong with the devil of intoxication within him, every bit of innate tyranny and vice he possessed roused like a pack of hungry hounds, yelping for their delayed breakfast. There would be raging and oaths on one side and expostulation on the other, curses and entreaties, a raised hand to strike, and a flying or crouching form afraid of the blow; and I would come in the midst, and boy as I was, with stern face and imperative speech, attempt to rule the devil. Sometimes I would succeed; the man, *the father*, for he was this to me, would cringe and creep like a cowed dog to his chair, and, growling out the remains of his evil temper, would presently fall asleep and be carried off to bed, by his wife and son, a heap of helpless, impure humanity. And after a look half of pity, half of contempt, at the imbecile sodden face, I would sadly bid my mother 'good night,' and go back to my studio, to play at my work with nerveless fingers and an absent mind for a few minutes longer, and then retreat to my own bed to fret and groan and cry myself to sleep.

Sometimes,—very rarely, but yet occurring, and likely to occur again, the evil spirit that possessed my father would bring with him several others, and at the sound of their united ravings, Amy would be waked in her upstairs bed and scream with terror, and the whole house would be in uproar. When delirium and its attendant forms of fright from the dark world, thus haunted the house and my father's brain, I and my mother had sleepless nights, long wretched hours of watching

and fight with the possessed one, and miserable succeeding days of shame and trouble. At these times, and for days afterwards, I absented myself from the school. The calm faces of Apollo and Diana could not soothe me then; what sympathy could they have with my trouble? Had Apollo ever pinned his father down to a chair or bed, controlling him like a dangerous wild beast, trembling inwardly the while lest he should get loose? Or had that passionless-faced, large-eyed Diana ever run away shrieking from hers, like my little Amy in her frock and pinafore? The master, too, how could I face the master, with his suave but cold manner—a manner that demanded so little, but expected so much? How could I calmly pencil out or paint curve and reflected light with bold and sure touch, the touch of happy fingers, when I remembered the constant heart-creeping agony of my mother, the sottish rages and imbecility of my father, and the weeping fright of my poor little sister? How could I meet my happier schoolfellows, that had no such degradation to go through, no such misery to meet? I preferred to stay at home, and shutting myself up in my chamber, with Amy for sole companion, to spend the else industrious hours, listening absently to her childish talk, that was always ready to flow when she thought it might, or to rest my head on my hands at the easel in a sort of despair. If I painted at these times, it was forms of ugliness and dread, or effete things that had no soul or meaning in them, and consequently no artistic beauty. The delicacy of organisation that had given to my soul subtle sympathies with nature, and quick appreciation of natural beauty, had also opened to me a world of suffering and painful nervous sensibility that I believe half the world knows nothing about.

I had long been busy at the school competing for a prize, a silver medal, to be awarded to any student who should produce the best painting from a certain piece of decorative bas-relief, consisting of pomegranates and the large oval fruit of the mystical egg plant. It was not a difficult subject for me; but as there were many other student competitors, who were equal and some of them superior to me in artistic power, I felt that I must put forth my best strength, and use all the talent I possessed to win the prize from these.

I worked then very hard at my task, and when I had done it, had the satisfaction of receiving the approval of my master. This was not quite sufficient, however. The inspector was coming down from London, and by his judgment the question was to be decided whether or no the medal would be mine.

The eventful day came; all the paintings were placed side by side, and with beating hearts we left them, to wait till the important ticket with the delightful words upon it, 'Medal awarded,' should be placed on the corner of one of them. When we were again admitted to see our paintings, the dark-coloured ticket with its plain-printed letters, was—oh, joy for me!—on *mine*. As I stood in a whirl of delight surveying the welcome bit of paper, the inspector came up, and putting his hand kindly on my shoulder, congratulated me on what he was pleased to call the great promise exhibited in my painting. 'Go on, my boy,' he concluded, 'as you are doing now, and success of no mean kind is sure to be yours.' Here was great praise, almost sweeter to me than the possession of the coveted medal! I went home in a flush of delight, my blood tingling hot to my very finger-ends, and tossing my cap down upon a chair as I entered our little room, I said exultingly, 'Mother, I've won the medal! I've won the medal! Hurrah!' Supper was preparing, but my mother left the bacon to hiss in the pan—I'm afraid my father had to eat it burnt that night—to give me a kiss and wish me joy; no need of that wish, however, I was joyful enough! Little Amy kissed me also, and clung round me, and asked me what the medal was like, and how big it was; and when I said, for the pleasure of seeing how large her blue eyes would become, that it was *very* big, and quite round, big almost as a plate, and of *real* silver, every bit of it, she looked at me with astonishment and awe, as though I had become suddenly possessed of the wealth of Mr. Brooks, the banker, who was somehow or other, the envied Cæsus of our household. I felt, in truth, as rich as any banker, and envied not on this blessed night, a hundred Mr. Brookses. Had any of them ever gained the silver medal for artistic excellence? No, indeed; not, at least, that I had ever heard of. When I brought my medal home in its velvet-lined case—rich blue velvet, I remember

it was, 'throwing up' the silver grandly—with what reverent care my mother lifted it out, touching it gingerly with her brown worn fingers—bless her!—as though they would soil it, or dim its perfection of brilliance; and spelt out all the inscription, reading my name, that was cut deep into the silver, the last, with a voice tremulous with joy. I can see her now as she stood then, though my eyes are dim from a different cause than that which sent down two great drops from hers, just as she was handing me the medal back—not quite in time, however, since one of them fell upon the precious silver to her great dismay; a tear which I brushed away with my coat sleeve, afraid of its dimming the bright face of my treasure. Should I be as anxious now, mother, to brush away any joy-tear of yours, wherever it might fall? I think not.

I carried my medal upstairs at once, Amy following timidly, not quite sure that her 'Phil' would want her at such a time—nay, half afraid that he wouldn't want her, but resolved to go with him nevertheless. My attic, my studio, my sanctum, where I had passed so many delightful hours of work and anticipations of future greatness, was the corner of the world best fitted to receive my medal. There, where all my most valued possessions were already stowed, must the silver prize be. We had no parlour, no drawing-room in our poor little house—no polished walnut table on which to lay my medal, that friends and callers might see by it how honoured I was—no cabinet of rosewood, not even a mahogany chest of drawers, to place it in, as in a shrine, above stairs or below; nor did I want or ask for these things, I had never been used to them. My beloved whitewashed attic, with its great oak chest, was quite sufficient. So entering the room hurriedly and exultantly, I closed the door behind me, forgetting in that glad moment my little sister and all else; and, sitting upon the rush-bottomed chair, opened once more the case, and gazed long at the splendid prize. And when I had satisfied myself by looking at it on all sides, and from all points of view, had read and re-read the inscription, the name, the date, and, not quite pleased with the design, had flattered myself I could have drawn a better, I replaced it on its cushion, shut it up carefully, and, opening the great chest put it with other valuables of mine, in that antique

antique repository, and resolutely locked it in. I would look no more at it that night! So I promised myself, and I kept my promise as far as the actual medal was concerned; but, as the eye will see a sun spectrum long after the real sun has set, if the sight has been too much strained in gazing at this brightness, so my eye of memory carried about with it for hours the disc of silver metal whereon my art-success was recorded. And this, no doubt, was the reason, when I left the attic, that I did not see the crouching form of my little sister near the entrance, and so trod inadvertently upon her fingers. She had crept close to the door, and had there sat listening with held breath, and with faithful, patient love, to the doings and almost breathings of the forgetful brother who had shut the door in her face, and thus, when I came forth abruptly, had not time to get out of my way. A suppressed cry of pain—a something between a sob and a scream—recalled my absent thoughts to her and the world about me. Lifting her up, and caressing her and her hurt fingers, I wiped away the tears that would keep rolling down, as much I think from wounded love as from the pain in her hand, and very forgivingly she kissed me in return; but for some days afterwards a troubled expression in her blue eyes, when she gazed at me, and a gravity of manner towards me and all, showed that she could not quite forget though she could forgive.

The days went on: there was holiday at the school, and the evenings were long and light. After mill-time, therefore, I could indulge myself sometimes by taking a walk to the fields, and carrying Amy with me part of the way, for she was soon tired of walking. I set her down among the buttercups and daisies, or rather, where they should have been, brought out my paints and brushes and can of clear water, and on a piece of stretched paper took notes of the colours of the sunset clouds, or drew forms of trees and cattle, for future use at home. These were very happy walks, and though my clothes were threadbare, and Amy's were by no means from a princess's wardrobe, and though my purse was very, very light, few people that we saw on our way going or returning were more content or more glad. If I gained a sunset effect at all tolerably, I dare not use the word *successfully*, for who can paint the glory of a sunset sky

successfully, when the sun trails after him a magnificence of inimitable purples and golds and crimsons, and leaves them, mixed and blended and contrasted, for the wonderment and delight of all-seeing eyes, and the despair of all imitative hands?—and if I surveyed my paper with composure, Amy sitting near me, knew it at once, and would say eagerly, 'Is it a charming sky, Phil?' and would venture to peep at the prismatically smeared paper, and admire. But if the heaven-colours were too impossible, or the student too stupid to render them, I suppose she knew it also, for then she never asked for a glance, but would go on weaving her necklaces of dandelion stalks, or her moss baskets, as if there were no such things near her as paints and paper, or an ambitious artist-brother. Yes, those were very happy walks! The daisies in the poor man's border are as beautiful in his eyes, and give as much pleasure as do the camellias in the rich man's conservatory, often more; and I know for my own part, that the weeds and way-side flowers with which God adorned my path in those early days were as dear and lovely in their way, as any blossoms of Persia or Japan that I have seen since in the loveliest gardens.

One evening we returned home rather later than usual. Amy was put to bed at once, for she was both weary and sleepy; and, after getting a little water for a few wild roses that I had discovered in our walk, I repaired to my studio with my paints and sketching-block. To my surprise, I found the door open—not much—only just ajar; yet as I always locked it before going away, it astonished me. Was the key, then, in the door? No; it was in my pocket, where it should be, and where I always placed it when leaving home. How could I then have taken it from the door, without discovering that it was not fast? Disquieted, I scarcely knew why, I put my lamp first into the chamber, that I might explore with my eyes before I ventured forward further. The oak chest was in its place, the easel, with the half-completed flower painting upon it, the chair, the boxes, the papers, all just as I had left them—at least they looked so—and I went in assured, put my lamp down, and was more than half inclined to think that for once I had been careless enough to forget the lock, when a thought struck me—*my medal*. W

my medal safe? Opening the chest, which was also unlocked, I peeped into its interior. I have talked before of my valuables in this chest; but, if a robber, tempted by the word, had broken it open, expecting to find in it gold or silver, or jewels, or anything except my medal, that would fetch more than two shillings from the most sanguine pawnbroker in the world, he would have been greatly disappointed. A few discoloured engravings from the waste of a bookseller's drawer, two or three old sketch books, a bit of damask drapery about half-a-yard square, a broken palette, a brush or two, and a few similar treasures were all, and these treasures were safe and untouched; but on the drapery where I had carefully laid the medal, when depositing it last in the chest, was now no such thing to be seen. Could it have slipped underneath? I drew out every article one by one, papers, engravings, books, damask, palette, and then I felt the bottom of the dark old chest, but found no medal!

It was clearly gone; but who had taken it? Who had been the thief? My mother? No! Well enough I knew her hands would rather have added to, than taken away one of my possessions. My little Amy? Never had I known her small fingers carry off so much as a small scrap of paper without permission! There was but one other then, for our household consisted of only four persons. My father! Certain disagreeable remembrances of former days; a few books, only a few, but our whole library, that had disappeared mysteriously one by one; the house clock that had vanished one dark winter's morning, when my mother was away nursing a dying sister; and a Sunday coat of mine that took flight from my clothes-box not long ago, besides various other of our belongings, that seemed to have the unpleasant gift of legs or wings bestowed upon them when our eyes were turned away, and that walked or flew away at pleasure, and only came back to us in the new shape of bottles of rum or brandy, or less tangibly in the potent gas that played tricks with my father's brain, and gave to his tongue for a while the power of motion it took eventually from his legs—all these convinced me that to him I owed my bereavement. Was it my father then, or rather, was it not my father? I did not ask myself the

question more than once. Immediately I concluded that he and no other had been the robber. He had, no doubt, heard Amy talk of my possession, and had taken it to buy himself more drink. An intense feeling of anger came upon me at once. It was so cruel, so wicked, so strange a thing that he should steal the only, the greatest treasure I possessed! Why could he not leave me and mine alone? Had I ever cost him a penny for years? Had I not, on the contrary, been the stay of the house when he was lazy, or incapable, or ill from drink! A father indeed! What was there fatherly about him but the name? My blood boiled with indignation. He was not yet come home, or I should have gone to him directly in the heat of my anger, and confronted him, charged him with the theft, perhaps in my rage have struck him, who can tell? It was well he was not yet come home, or who knows the misery that might have ensued? I was strong of limb and soon carried away by passion, and my father was weak and diseased. I might have—ah! I dread to think what I might have done in my first burst of anger! As he was not at home, however, I controlled myself sufficiently to remain where I was; I would not go down and alarm my mother—I disdained to do that. She had troubles enough without mine, and to-night her sleep should not be disturbed. I determined to wait where I was till I heard my father's step; then I would go down and meet him as though nothing had happened, ask him to go out with me a moment, charge him with the robbery and see what became of it. It was clear he had planned the theft deliberately; had obtained by some means a key of my room, watched his opportunity, and stolen upstairs when I was away and my mother engaged, and had taken away my treasure, my *only* treasure—that which I had gained by the hard labour of brain and hand, and by many an hour of self-denial—that which I had been so proud of, and had valued as the miser values his guineas. And all that he might gain only a glass or two more of his miserable drink! It was too much—too much! I uttered a loud passionate cry, such a cry as I think I never uttered before, brought from the depths of a breast torn by surprise,

surprise, indignation, and pity for myself; and, throwing myself on my knees before the empty chest, I laid my face on my hands and burst into a fit of angry weeping. I do not know how long I knelt there. When I was sufficiently recovered to take notice of anything besides myself and my grief, the continued stillness of the house made me pause from my tears, and listen. There was absolutely no sound from below, where I knew that my mother was busy at her endless sewing for the shirt warehouse, her industrious needle making no noise, and the roar of the streets I was too well accustomed to to mark; but near me a sound of half-suppressed and gentle breathing made me start. Unwillingly and suddenly I lifted my eyes, for my tears had been hot and passionate ones, and I had no wish for any one to intrude upon me and them. A little figure dressed in white stood before me, with drapery falling round it, down to and over its feet in simplest folds. The light of the lamp behind fell upon its cloud of light brown hair, and illuminated the edges of its face, and almost shone through the slight white form. I thought of saints I had seen in pictures irradiated by the sacred glory of the nimbus, and felt awed by its strange beauty. While I looked, the figure laid one small hand softly upon one of mine, and stretched out the other with a loving gesture as if to bless me. For a moment or two my breathing stopped; it seemed to me as if one of God's angels had come to comfort me in my distress. Then tears struck to my eyes again, not hot or bitter ones this time. I opened my arms to take in that little nightgowned figure, which fell at once into them, with a cry of 'O my Phil, what is the matter?'

It was no angel's voice that spoke to me, but the nearer and dearer one of my little sister; or, am I not mistaken? was it not indeed an angel's voice, though speaking from out the earthly veil that muffles up the brightness of so many of our winged ones?—was she not a God's messenger to me? She had heard my cry in her bedroom, and, half asleep, but with the instinct of love, had risen from her bed, and with naked, noiseless feet had entered my room to find me kneeling in despair before the empty box. I would not let her share my joy when first the precious medal had been mine, I shut her out from my attic selfishly and forgetfully; but now

she was ready to share my sorrow, nay, asking to share it. There were tears in her dear blue eyes, and there was the tenderest caressing accent in her voice, and there was the most attentive pitying face in the world, to listen to the account of my loss, which, indeed, she seemed to understand at once. What other trouble could so deeply have moved her Philip? And then, with kisses and gentlest pattings of my head and shoulders, she sought to soothe me, very much as a mother would soothe her baby, and every kiss and touch of hers had balm in it, and took away a portion of my grief. Had I not a short time back called my medal my *only* treasure? With a twinge of self-reproach I remembered the words. In this warm case of flesh and blood close to me, was a treasure worth a hundred medals—my own, dear, loving, little sister. I seated myself on the chair, placed her on my knee, and wrapping her up in the skirt of my old coat to keep her warm, felt inexpressibly comforted and soothed by her presence. We talked sadly of the loss, but the anger was gone out of my heart for the while, and the great wrinkle, as Amy called the frown, was smoothed away from my forehead. We sat thus for some time, I far too much engrossed with my trouble to notice how cold the little feet became, spite of the coat, and my warm hand, and she proposing in her eagerness to help me, that she should sell her bird, her one possession, a linnet a neighbour had given her a few months before, to buy back again my silver prize. Poor little linnet! I am sure she could not have parted from it without many tears, and yet how willingly she offered it up to appease her brother's sorrow, and when I told her Dicky would not be needed, she was so evidently distressed at the rejection of her offering, that I was compelled to promise to accept it. She did not ask me who had been the thief, we both knew only too well; she did not even mention my father's name, but her thoughts were about him when she said, stroking my hair the while, 'Poor Phil! Why should he love that wicked ale and brandy so very much, and you so little?' The *why* was as great a mystery to me as to her. The question I had often asked myself, but had never been able to answer it. The temptation to drink was, thanks to my mother's care and my love for art and
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the school, that kept all my spare moments fully employed, nothing to me. I had never entered the public-house more than three or four times, and then only to bring my father away; and what I saw at those times repelled rather than attracted me. The contemplation of the faces of Apollo and Diana in their calm regal beauty, had made revolting to me the animalised, sensuous countenances found at the 'World's End,' my father's place of resort. The wolfish and swinish visages of some of his companions were to me inexpressibly painful. But my father's school of art in his youth had been among such companions, and at such places as the 'World's End;' and what an attraction were they and their haunt now to him! Every day he had to pass the 'World's End' as he went to work, and irresistibly morning and evening he slid through its wide, ever-open doorway for another can and another pipe. What to him, when there, were the weary hours my mother passed at home, sewing for a penny an hour, that she might have a little better food to present to him and us, when he ought to have supplied it all in abundance from his wages? What to him Amy's thin face and deformed figure, that needed better air and medical appliances? What to him the impediments he cast in my upward way? So that he might get a little more of the drink he loved, all the world might perish about him. At least, so it seemed. As for myself, had it not been for the hope of soon raising my dear ones from their poverty by my artistic skill, I should have, I think, given it all up long ago. When on Saturday nights I saw my mother's weary eyes, and her thin, stooping figure, how many times I have longed to put in her hand all the money I had earned in the week, and to say to her, 'Here, mother; I'll spend no more at the school, I'll buy no more paints and brushes, I'll give up drawing altogether, and with my proud hopes for the future, so that you may put away that tedious stitching, and go out sometimes among the green fields, and breathe with pleasure the fresh air. But I knew her reply would be, 'No, Phil.; your two shillings more a week would be a help, but it wouldn't be enough, I must still work, and it would take all the heart out of me to think my boy was unhappy, as he would be without the drawing. Go on with your

school, you will help us all so much better in the end!' and well I knew she would rather have stitched her poor fingers to the bone, than have taken my school shillings. How was it that in those days she was so rarely ill? How was it that she so seldom complained of headache, or weariness, or sickness of any sort? I can scarcely tell. She was wrinkled and worn and hollow-eyed, it seemed almost as if the first blast would blow her away, and yet she was the strongest person in the house. It must have been her loving heart that kept her up like a machine, in perpetual motion, and that *would not* let her give way. There was, indeed, a wonderful spirit of love and endurance in my mother that has put me to shame many a time in after life when disappointments have tried hard to overcome me and have all but succeeded. But Amy's question, *why?* was still unanswered, and she was still sitting on my knee, caressing and comforting. By-and-bye, however, she complained of cold, and I carried her to bed, wrapped her up carefully, and left her to sleep, after kissing her hot cheek, and promising once more that if Dicky and his cage were wanted to ensure the speedy return of my medal, he should go.

In the morning my father confessed to the robbery after a good deal of prevarication, and gave me the name of the place where he had sold the medal. There I went at once, but the old dealer in metals who had bought it would give me no tidings of it, and refused to answer my questions. From that day to this I have heard nothing of my school prize. It was lost to me for ever. But almost before I had given up all hope of regaining my lost treasure, I had ceased to mourn for it. Another and much greater loss had fallen upon me. — My little sister Amy! It is many years ago now since I saw you lying in that strange-shaped box, so very pale, and oh! so much longer than you had ever seemed to me before, wrapt in the same little nightgown in which you had come to comfort me just a week back,—many, many, years ago! But do not think I ever forget it. What a day that was to me. More dark and terrible than any thunder-cloud could make it. I was a boy when you died, giving way to passionate tears, to moanings, to bitterest cries; but when they carried you away and laid you under the dark smoke-covered clouds of the city, I was no longer a boy, but
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with a man's deep and unspeakable grief at my heart.

Did Amy catch cold that night when sitting so long with me in the attic? It was believed so. In the morning she was ill, and when the doctor came, he told us that her complaint was one well-known in our close, unhealthy, neighbourhood—typhus fever. With her it was quickly fatal. In three days she died. The feverish fancies that possessed her brain during her short sharp illness were all of me and my lost medal. She called piteously on my father not to steal it, but to give it back to her Phil. All her trouble was on my behalf, but when I came nearer her, she did not know me, or understand the words I spoke. One short moment, however, before death, was given to my prayers. With a loving smile she looked clearly into my eyes, a smile that lingered on her lips even when in the coffin, and then she and I were sundered, but not, I trust, for evermore. Peace be with you, my darling!

My father was struck to the heart, and cried sorely over what he called his treasure, when her blue eyes were hidden for ever underneath their lids; though, strange to say, he would not have hesitated to fill those eyes with tears or terror when alive, for the sake of a few more drops of drink, and though he was no doubt guilty of her death, since to feed his own depraved appetite, he had neglected to provide for her the proper food and purer air that might have prevented her fatal illness. He and the drink at the 'World's End' had been truly her murderers,—slow murderers, if you will; the work hastened at the end by the thievish blow that deprived me of my medal.

The many who die drink-murdered by sudden and awful deaths, are far exceeded in number by the many who perish by lingering diseases, drink induced; and by the still greater number who expire for want of the necessities of life—good food and water, good clothing, and good air—withheld from them to supply the means for expensive stimulants, that, like streams of burning lava, ruin and destroy whatever comes in their way. One of these last victims was my little sister, and if I did not sympathise with my father's tears it is no wonder. With silent indignation I passed him by on the day of the funeral, with as little notice as if

he had been a block of wood, and took my place sadly and sternly beside my mother as chief mourner, leaving him to follow or to stay contemptuously at home, which he would. He chose the last, and we found him on our return curled up idiotically in a corner, more drunk than usual. Even on *that* day he could not refrain. My heart was very bitter within me, and if I did not spurn him with my foot it was because of my mother's presence, and because a certain holy influence that the dead had left was still remaining in the house. My feeling was wrong, completely wrong, and I have seen my fault since, and repented. Then, however, I looked down upon the poor drunkard, proudly, from my little pinnacle of comparative virtue, and said in thought, 'Never could it have been with me as with thee!' Excited almost beyond self-control, I left him with my mother and the neighbours, and rushed upstairs to my studio, there to bide over the time of bitterest grief. But if below had been holy ground, because *she* had so lately passed through its doors, how much more so was my whitewashed chamber, where she had spent with me so many happy hours. Insensibly my anger against my father faded away, and her memory alone filled my heart. I took from its hiding-place her incomplete portrait, and placing it before me, worked away at the last touches with a strange, eager yearning to see it finished, that took from me neither firmness of hand nor truthness of sight. Never before, as it seemed to me, had I painted so well, and with so much ease; but the strange facility gave me no pleasure, nor took away a grain of the heavy weight at my heart. *That* seemed as if it could never be removed. When my self-imposed task was finished, I went downstairs, sensible now of an intolerable headache, that increased as the night advanced, and that at last placed me on a sick-bed. Amy's fever had also attacked me. For a fortnight I hovered between two worlds, then the crisis came, and this world claimed me; I was relieved and saved from that which we call death, for the present, to find my father dying, not of fever, but of the effects of habitual intoxication. Another coffin in a few days bore away another body from our house, and my mother and myself were left alone to cheer and comfort one another.

My poor father! to dismiss you in this way with a few words seems to me

now, half inhuman, though then, I must confess to have had a great feeling of relief that you were gone. Had you been ever to us, since I could remember, anything but a down-draught and a shame? Had not your presence ever been a *gloom*, instead of a *joy-bringer*? Was not the light of your eyes darkness to us, because so often lit by the false glare of drink? Did you not drain the life-blood from us all, to feed the demon to whom you have sold yourself? And yet in your youth, I have been told, there were many germs of good in you, that might, if favourably developed, have led you to sobriety, to honour, and long life, to be the blessing of your wife and children instead of their curse. You had health, and good desires, and no mean artistic skill that, might have been educated to your's and society's great advantage, and have proved one means of saving you from the evil attractions of the pothouse. Who can tell how much in this respect I owe to art, and to the art school? And here let me rejoice that I was born on a later day, at a time when Government schools provide for the people, for the poor, such means of education. In my father's youthful days art schools were not. His undeveloped talent, like a seed in unfavourable conditions, rotted where it should have rooted and put forth buds and blossoms; and weeds grew in its place and overspread the garden. Instead of the school of art, with its quiet hours of intellectual improvement, its pursuit after the beautiful in form and colour, its progressive and refining influences, the school of drink drew him into its unhappy circle, debasing and demoralising whatever was good and noble within him. I would that such schools of drink were banished from our land and from all others, and schools of art and knowledge and

virtue substituted everywhere for them. Some day it will be so; but before that happy day arrives, how many more will, like my father, take degrees in drink and crime, in these colleges of vice upheld by the State; how many more households will be desolated, how many more treasures will be lost like mine!

My mother and myself, then, were left alone, as I said, to cheer and comfort one another. Years ago, time drifted us both away from Manchester, —drifted?—*bore* us away with a flood that led to fortune. My name is now not an entirely unknown one in the great world of art. I am rich beyond my dreams, for my wants are few and my pictures in request. My London studio as little resembles the whitewashed attic of my boyhood, as a vase of Sevres china resembles a pitcher of unadorned red clay; but it wants one ornament the other possessed—the living, breathing form of my little sister Amy, my lost treasure. Her blue eyes, however, look at me from out the canvas that hangs above my parlour mantelpiece, and recall to me whenever I glance at them many dear and sweet, and not a few sorrowful memories. The old lady in black silk, who for so many years sat every day at the head of my bachelor table was in the habit of wiping her spectacles afresh whenever Amy's name was mentioned, but not that she might see more clearly to put together 'band, and gusset, and seam.' She reserved her eyesight at the last, to gaze upon that picture and her son, and to read the letters of a certain Great Book, that was seldom far from her elbow, and where I believe she found certain words she spoke to me not long before her death, '*Be sober, be vigilant, and hope to the End.*' Words I never wish to forget, and that I would ask all my young and struggling readers to remember.

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

AMELIE VON BRAUN.

It is merely by special royal concession that a clergyman may obtain a living in other than his native diocese, nor is it considered expedient for a country clergyman to labour in a neighbouring parish. He must restrict himself to his own often immense but sparsely populated district, and this

frequently is too much for the strength of any one man. A great desire is therefore felt by some for the introduction of home missionaries, so that the Gospel might be efficiently preached throughout the land. One such there has been, a woman, and of her I will now speak, though, in fact, she did not properly

properly belong to the party in the Church which desires home missionary labour. This was Amelie von Braun.

Born in 1811, one of the several daughters of a lieutenant-colonel, whose small means were expended on the education of his sons, Amelie spent the earlier years of her life in spinning, weaving, and perhaps, even, on an emergency, scouring a floor. All her household duties were, however, conscientiously performed, although she devoured every book that came in her way, digesting its contents over her mechanical labours, so that even when thus employed her mind was developing. From the early age of five, she knew that she had a Father in heaven, and though encountering by the way many a difficulty, many an impediment, she yet advanced onward, ever onward, towards her heavenly home.

She was a singularly dutiful daughter, never undertaking anything without the advice and blessing of her father. This also speaks much for the character of the parent. Nevertheless, there was one higher than her earthly father, as she says: 'From my tenderest years I have thrown myself upon Jesus alone, nor has any undertaking of mine prospered in which I have followed human advice, or obeyed the will of others, in opposition to the warning of an inner voice.'

In 1843 she began to work quietly amongst the poor of Carlshamn, where her family was then residing. She visited the lowest cabins of sin and misery, carrying with her a clean cloth and candles. The cloth she spread on a table, and the candles she lighted, for to the Swedes clean table linen and lighted candles convey the idea of the highest rejoicing and festivity. Having done this, made all beautifully impressive and attractive, she then poured out words of divine truth and kindness into the hearts of the poor inmates. She produced in this way such an extraordinary effect, that the poor, wretched people used to clean up their miserable abodes in the hope of her coming, that she might see she was expected and made welcome.

For nine years she carried on a large Sunday-school. She laboured, too, amongst the sailors, and the most demoralised class of workmen, and found throughout the experience of her life, men more easy to influence than women.

In 1856 a still more extensive field

of labour was opened to her. She came to Stockholm for the purpose of conversing with religious-minded persons whose views accorded with her own, and especially as regarded certain tendencies which she greatly deplored. Here she was strongly urged to proceed to Dalecarlia, where the Church was much shaken. She hesitated at first, for the distance was great and the people strange to her. At length, believing it to be the Divine will, she went there, and, talking with the people, great numbers thronged to listen. She conversed with them also in private, circulated orthodox works, and was regarded by them as a messenger of God, and, at the urgent entreaty of many, returned to them the following year.

From this time forth she became a religious lecturer amongst the poorer orders generally, over whom she exercised great power. With the cultivated classes she could do less; those she intended to benefit by her pen, and that only after her death, for she feared that excessive partiality on one side, and rancour on the other, might destroy the wholesome effect at which she aimed.

Spite of her simple, unassuming manners, which vanquished the prejudices of many, as might naturally be expected, she met with violent opposition; still, without any effort on her part, as one door of usefulness was closed another opened.

Various clergymen warmly espoused her cause, inviting her to their districts during the great festivals of the Church. She would then, after the conclusion of the service, hold meetings in the summer in the open air. These meetings began with a hymn, in which hundreds of deeply affected voices joined. Her discourses continued for two, sometimes even for three hours, the people listening with rapt attention. Her voice was tenderly persuasive, and as she would describe to them the poor prodigal man or woman returning to the Father's house, often giving them her own experiences, many were the hearts which she won. She exhorted them also to obey the authority of the law for the Lord's sake, nor did she omit earnest prayer for the Church and its ministers, especially including the pastor of their own parish and his family.

Her journeyings through the woods, and her abode in desolate country cabins, undermined her health, yet she never gave up her work, which she regarded

regarded as her calling from God. When not labouring abroad she continued her 'Pictures.'

During the winter of 1859 she had a fall on the ice, by which she was considerably hurt; nevertheless, though suffering great pain, she continued the journey she was then upon for eight days longer, preaching for many hours during the day, and sleeping at night in some humble homestead, forgetting, as she says, the pain and uneasiness she endured in the kindness of her sisters in the faith, and the praying, singing, reading, and conversation of her spiritual brothers.

Towards the end of February of the same winter, waiting one Sunday for some friend in a cold churchyard after service, she was chilled, and subsequently preaching in a small, over-heated cabin, she became seriously unwell. From this day her last illness dates, and on the 30th of the following month she departed this life, some of her last words being, 'My spirit is well—onwards!—onwards! Victory and light! I see now clearly—much more clearly!' From Miss Howitt's '*Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden.*'

JEANETTE BERGLIND.

There is in the Djurgard, near the shores of the Baltic, an immense institution for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, called Manilla. Although it is quite a colony, yet so great, unfortunately, is the prevalence of the deaf and dumb in Sweden, that there are many who must remain neglected because there is no room for them in the asylum.

It is for some of these, and for other little pupils similarly afflicted, that the noble-hearted Jeanette Berglind, a poor cripple, born with deficient hearing herself, opened the minor institution to which we are now bound.

As we walked along Miss Bremer told me her history, in order that I might fully appreciate her when I saw her. I had also read an interesting memoir of her written by Fröken Esselde, and as her narrative gives the substance of Miss Bremer's, I will take the liberty of repeating, in some degree, her words:—

Mamsell Berglind was an orphan, and being poor was obliged to work for her living. An insatiable desire, however, to help the deaf and dumb had always been strong within her, and she herself having in her early life been brought up at Manilla, had seen how inadequate was even that great institution to meet the needs of this unfortunate class. Besides, she longed to try the experiment of children being placed rather in a *home* than in a large educational factory. But she was so poor, that year after year went on without affording her the least chance of realising the day-dream. Spite of this she never lost hope, strengthening her-

self with the thought, 'God will help me.'

She returned to Manilla, worked there altogether for fifteen years, with the never-abated desire of carrying out her scheme. In the meantime a little property, four hundred riksdalers, scarcely more than twenty pounds, came to her, and in order to become mistress of this inheritance, she demanded her majority, which, after a great opposition from her family, she obtained.

She lost no time in commencing her long-cherished plan, but having no means beyond her own, it seemed like madness to her friends, for what could four hundred riksdalers effect in such an undertaking? 'God will help!' she still said, and confidently hired a small house in Norrmalm. Her money was all expended in furniture and school materials, but nothing daunted, she announced that deaf and dumb children were taken in to board, the terms being moderate.

Various friends and relations of deaf and dumb children visited the school, but none, in spite of the warm testimonial she produced from the head of the Manilla asylum, were willing to make the first attempt. Again she was assailed by entreaties to give up her wild scheme rather than plunge herself in inextricable difficulties. It was all in vain. She knew that the school was needed, and felt positive that in the end it would succeed. Paying scholars, however, failing, she went out into the highways and hedges, and gathered together such numbers that the dwelling became too small to hold them, besides

besides which, the situation in the town was disadvantageous. She removed, therefore, with her children to her present domicile in the autumn of 1861. Here the most advantageous results followed; the poor, puny children thrived wonderfully; they grew not only rosy and active under the motherly care of their protectress, but under the skilful instruction of an assistant, who gave his services for his board and lodging, were so eager to learn, and developed so much talent and general intelligence as would have been astonishing even amongst the more fortunate children of the higher classes.

A second deaf and dumb teacher was engaged, who willingly devoted himself, in the still struggling state of the school, on the same terms as the first, besides a young female assistant who had faithfully stood by Mamsell Berglind from the beginning, without the slightest remuneration. A young deaf and dumb girl from Manilla, who acted as servant, completed the interesting little establishment.

The house, standing on a little lawn, with farm buildings on one side, is, built of wood, and painted red. The front door stood wide open, and led into a passage or lobby, the walls of which were painted to represent the trees and shrubs of a conservatory, with surrounding landscape. We opened the door of one of the rooms, for Miss Bremer is evidently well acquainted with the topography of the house, and found ourselves in a warm, sunny school-room, looking into a wide field, which had probably grown potatoes, and to a pleasant country beyond. The cloth was laid for the dinner of about twelve children who were assembled there. They made many peculiar articulations of pleasure, whereupon poor, deformed Mamsell Berglind appeared from the inner room, her face radiant with joy and kindly benevolence. She seemed to me to have a halo of goodness around her.

After a very cordial welcome, she and Miss Bremer retired to the adjoining room which she had left, her sitting and bedroom combined, I preferring to

remain with the young teacher, the only assistant at this moment, and whom I knew to be kind-hearted, and warmly interested in the school. Born dumb, he has now, in a measure, acquired the use of speech. He talks somewhat indistinctly, it is true, but still marvelously well for one in his condition, and we were quite able to carry on a conversation.

The young teacher assisted me in amusing the children; indeed, I should have managed very indifferently without him. I had brought with me some of Hulda's cuttings as a little present, and these gave infinite delight. They cackled and clapped their arms for wings as they saw one group, that of an old woman feeding poultry.

We had also brought a number of little coloured picture cards, which have been adopted here, together with many translations of English tracts, by the Swedish Tract Society, none being more popular than those of the Rev. Newman Hall.

The cards were distributed amongst the children, two boys, and the rest girls, all boarders, the day-pupils not attending on Sundays. It seemed a perfect insult to the children to call them deaf and dumb, for every action and movement spoke. I watched them conversing with each other on the various subjects of the little picture cards.

Miss Bremer now re-appeared, and, asking for a few empty plates, poured out from her wonderful bag a quantity of Danske karameller and gingerbread nuts, with which childish delights she is supplied by an old woman at the end of Drottninggatan. On this there was a very natural outburst of joy, which the children knew no better way of expressing than by spontaneously shaking hands.

It was, altogether, one of the happiest scenes I ever witnessed, and one of the most interesting. I shall anticipate going there again with much pleasure.—*From Miss Howitt's 'Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden.'*

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden. By Margaret Howitt. Vols. 1 and 2. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

Who knows not, honours not, the name of Fredrika Bremer? The merits of her novels are manifold, but their crowning excellence is in this—that appealing with power to all that is morally best in the reader, they elevate whilst they charm, and make it seem better worth his while to live in this world for the sake of what he may yet become and accomplish. Delighting, then, in Fredrika Bremer's books, which the selecting judgment and the translating skill of Mary Howitt long since rendered accessible to the English reader, we turned with eager anticipation to the two volumes before us, in order to enlarge our acquaintance with the Swedish novelist. But it is not of a tale-writer alone that we read in these charming pages. Fredrika Bremer was much more than that; and whilst ranking very high as an author amongst her fellow-countrymen as amongst readers of good discrimination all the world over, she took still higher honours as a reformer and philanthropist, and was in Sweden a potent power for good apart altogether from her literary works. It is thus that we find Miss Howitt telling us that Miss Bremer was univocally appealed to in every benevolent enterprise, originating many and aiding all. 'She was especially the helper of her own sex, and setting aside all questions of woman's rights, was the means of effecting a real emancipation of her countrywomen, by convincing wise, liberal-minded, and powerful men of the necessity for the reforms which she advocated. For children, also, she was an indefatigable labourer, and was felt and acknowledged to be the centre around which moved every effort for their well-being, whether physical or moral.'

But much more than this is set before us in Miss Howitt's interesting volumes. During a year's residence in or near Stockholm, in constant intercourse with Fredrika Bremer, Miss Howitt was able to look around her, with eyes of no mean intelligence, and to enjoy a

thousand opportunities which she knew how to use, of studying life as it is in Sweden. She tells us, therefore, not a little about Miss Bremer's habits of thought, feeling, and action, which it interests us much to be acquainted with; and beyond all this, she sets before us places, persons, and institutions, which add considerably to our means of knowing what manner of place Sweden is, and what kind of people are its people.

She tells us, for instance, that one of Miss Bremer's later stories, 'Hertha,' had for its purport to show the working of the Swedish law regarding women; that this story became the occasion of much excitement there; that so violent grew the public feeling, that the authoress was glad to retire into Switzerland, out of reach of the storm, so displeased were her countrymen with her then, though for the first time. But the storm blew over; a bright spring of promise succeeded those keen blasts, and Miss Bremer became a sun around whom revolved dozens of planets—young women who regarded her with reverential gratitude as their intellectual mother. For the justice of her protest in 'Hertha' against the oppressive nature of the old Swedish laws regarding women came to be acknowledged by liberal-minded and generous-hearted professors of various sciences, who opened the doors of learning which had been closed to women in that country, and were soon surrounded by willing pupils. After awhile the King and his ministers took up the matter, and supplied ample means for the establishment of a Female Educational Institution, or Seminarium, wherefrom have already gone forth enlightened women over the whole of Sweden. 'It is touching,' says Miss Howitt, 'to hear Jenny and her companions speaking of American and English women, especially the latter, as being models of all that is perfect in womanhood. They cannot conceive but that, with our free institutions and the unrestricted career that exists amongst us for female study, we must be all that God intended us to be. There are unquestionably thousands of highly cultivated, Christian women in England, nobly gifted and favoured by circumstances, yet I have never seen
brighter

brighter examples of clear intellect, and unswerving truth-loving minds, than amongst these my Swedish sisters. Young women, all of them, who will later, undoubtedly, shine forth as bright and glorious stars in their northern firmament. These dear young students think that they may learn from us. In one point, at all events, we may learn from them, and this simply in paying more attention in our female colleges to the chemistry of common life, the laws of health, and other practical sciences. Latin and Greek are not, however, amongst their subjects of study, although the Swedes generally seem to have a facility in the acquirement of languages. This is a great boon to them, as their own language, being but little known to other nations, compels them to learn from childhood mostly three other tongues, French, German, and English. They have great partiality for foreigners, and have pleasure in conversing with them in their own tongue, which is a comfort to most strangers.'

Of Miss Bremer, Miss Howitt tells us further that all the students knew her by sight, and all loved her. Her portrait, painted in oil, hangs in a place of honour in the small, comfortable library, to which she had contributed the greater number of volumes. In this Seminarium Miss Bremer beheld the realisation of all her hopes. It was good recompense to her for the sorrow of 'Hertha' to witness such noble results, 'far more momentous to the well-being of generations yet to come than even the most universally praised of all her literary works.' Amongst the other good results of 'Hertha' was a beneficial alteration of the law with regard to women.

On a subject especially interesting to 'Meliora,' Miss Howitt writes:—

'One of my first sources of satisfaction in this city was, that as I did not see any flaring gin-palaces, there must be a greater degree of temperance amongst the people than with us; but this was a delusion. You need only cast your eye for a short time on one of those little doors by the side of which is fastened a long black board, with its list of temptations, *brännvin, rom, punsch, cogniac, &c.*, and you will see the number of short, sturdily-built men, in their warm, thick garments, and big leathern aprons, that turn in. Brännvin, the white brandy distilled

from corn and potatoes, is the great temptation of this country. Good Swedes grieve over the immense consumption of this spirit, and the fearful ravages which it makes in what might otherwise be happy homes. Still, I must confess, that though this sorrowful fact remains, I have not seen in these streets so much evidence of drunkenness as one witnesses either in England or Germany.

'Brandy-drinking, nevertheless, and oaths are the besetting sins of the poor. Unfortunately, even their so-called *belters* set them a bad example as regards the latter, whatever they may do as to the former.'

One of the portraits Miss Howitt sketches for us is that of Fröken Esselde, a young lady descended from a noble, historical line. There is no family name more honoured in Swedish history than hers, but she, not contented with being alone an aristocrat, seeks to become truly great and noble in her life. Her grandeur consists in working out the question of woman's true sphere in Sweden, and seconding every effort which is made for her higher development. Like Miss Bremer herself, whilst her motto is ever onward and upward, she, instead of transforming, as so many jealously imagine must be the case, the retiring feminine character into something unnatural and repulsive, merely wishes to develop and expand it, so that it may harmoniously dovetail, as it were, into the masculine nature, and make even married life a still nobler condition of love and usefulness.

'Fröken Esselde has great respect for all efforts which have been made in this direction in England, upholds Bessie Parkes as one of our admirable women, and feels great sympathy with her. She is co-editress with a noble-hearted woman, the wife of a professor in Upsala, of a periodical "The Home Magazine," intended to promote those really noble purposes to which her life is devoted.'

'The Swedish "Home Magazine" holds up a warning finger to us English women, by the example which it makes of us in every kind of good work, benevolent, educational, or sanitary. Great praise many amongst us deserve, no doubt, but I feel how vast is our responsibility when we are thus held up as beacons by another nation which is faithfully following in our wake. They think,

think, however, that we are able to do more than is really the case, as, for instance, with regard to workhouses and such parish business, where, though women have tried to work, they have generally been counteracted or driven out. So it is in Sweden. Many even of the clergy dislike the interference of women in their parishes; besides which, the health of the Swedish women is more delicate, on the whole, than that of their English sisters; and here, again, is another subject for the earnest interference of the "Home Magazine." Swedish lads play out in the snow, skate, and enjoy their little sledges, thus having a great deal of open-air exercise; the girls, on the contrary, are shut up in hot rooms during the long winter, and grow up like hot-house plants, having a great tendency to consumption. People constantly say to me, "You English women walk amazingly!" The "Home Magazine" takes the trouble of describing English girls' skipping-ropes, battledores, and shuttlecocks, and eloquently urges their introduction and use. To us they are as much a part of childhood as pinafores and thick bread and butter."

Besides Miss Bremer and Fröken Esselde, the portrait-gallery Miss Howitt has opened presents the lineaments of many other leading philanthropists and artists, and distinguished characters in Sweden. A couple of these we have reproduced in our 'Social Science Selections.' And besides these portraits, she puts before us a thousand other matters of interest which we have not room to name; and interspersing her narrative with lively anecdotes, and interesting personal details, makes her book so charmingly entertaining that the laziest may pass through her pages without a yawn, and the dullest find it pleasing from one end of the work to the other.

And whilst telling us purposely so much about Sweden and its inhabitants, Miss Howitt, without intending it, incidentally reveals herself as well, introducing us to an evidently most worthy woman, with a mind richly endowed by nature, well stored by art, and so abounding in admirable qualities as to turn strangers and foreigners, into whose company she falls for awhile, into proud and devoted friends.

The Judgment Books. By Alexander Macleod, D.D., Birkenhead. Pp. 253.

Edinburgh: Andrew Elliott, 15, Princes-street.

In the preface, Dr. Macleod narrates how, 'in the Moral Philosophy Class of Glasgow University, about twenty-five years ago, our professor was in the habit of giving a short series of lectures annually, on the Relation of Memory to the Moral Faculties. In the course of these lectures he drew the attention of his students to Coleridge's suggestive hint, that "memory might be the dread book which is to be opened at the day of judgment." I have still a vivid recollection (continues Dr. Macleod) of the excitement, the joy of a new insight, which thrilled over the class that year I was a member of it, when the learned professor, looking kindly at the suggestion, went on to illustrate and confirm it by reflections and observations of his own.'

Dr. Macleod does not seem to be aware that 'Coleridge's suggestive hint' was borrowed property, or that the same hint was given more than a century ago by a much wider and profounder philosopher than Coleridge. The author we have in view wrote, prior to the year 1757, that 'Whatever things a man hears and sees, and is affected with, these are insinuated, as to ideas and ends, into his interior memory, without his being aware of it, and in that they remain, so that not anything perishes, although the same things are obliterated in the exterior memory. The interior memory, therefore, is such that there are inscribed in it all the things in detail, even the most detailed, which man has at any time thought, spoken, and done—yea, which have appeared to him as a shadow, with the most minute circumstances from his earliest infancy to extreme old age. Man has with him the memory of all these things when he comes into another life, and is successively brought into all recollection of them; this is the *BOOK OF HIS LIFE*, which is opened in another life, and according to which he is judged. A man can scarcely believe this, but still it is most true; all his motives which were obscure to him; all that he had thought, and likewise all that he had said and done, as derived from those motives, are, to the most minute point, in that book,—that is, in the interior memory, and are made manifest before the angels, in a light as clear as day, whenever the Lord grants it;

it; this has at times been shown me, and evidenced by so much and various experience, that not the least doubt is left.'

'Coleridge's suggestive hint,' it appears, did not carry Dr. Macleod quite so far as he had expected. 'It helped me, indeed,' he says, 'to develop memory as a record which might be used in the processes of the judgment; but somehow, when my lecture was finished, it was only the *dark leaves* of the record which had come out to view. It was not difficult to show how the guilt and sin in human life—the materials on which condemnation must rest—could be reproduced by memory. But the faith, the love, the goodness of the righteous, how could the reproduction of these by *this faculty* constitute a judgment book for them? Were good souls simply to remember that they had been good? It was against the whole spirit of the dispensation of grace that the mere recollection of good deeds should be appealed to as the evidence on which the awards to the righteous would be given. The speculations of the philosopher were good for a part, not for the whole; for the dark, not for the bright portion of the record.' Presuming that Dr. Macleod does not doubt that 'we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, *whether it be good or bad*,' we cannot but admire his simplicity in making a difficulty here, as if the disclosure were to be voluntary and modest, or as if the bright portion of the record could be in anywise hidden whilst the dark was being revealed. Later on, he himself, when treating of the opening of the books, says, 'The widow shall see her mite once more. The cup of cold water given in Christ's name shall not fail to reappear. Homes which were the abodes of virtue shall rise mysteriously from the depths of memory; and hospitals whose floors were trodden by the visitants of the sick. * * * And blessed thoughts, and deeds, and lives shall be remembered.' The older writer from whom we quoted explains, in another of his publications, how, 'In a word, all evils, villainies, robberies, artifices, deceits, are manifested to every evil spirit, and brought forth from their very memory, and they are convicted; nor is there any room given for denial, because all the circumstances appear

together.' He says, 'I have heard also from the memory of a certain one, when it was seen and surveyed by the angels, what his thoughts had been during a month, one day after another, and this without mistake; they were recalled as he himself was in them in those days. From these examples it may be seen that man carries along with him all his memory, and that there is nothing so concealed in the world that it is not manifested after death, and this in the company of many, according to the Lord's words, "There is nothing hidden which shall not be uncovered, and nothing concealed which shall not be known; therefore the things which ye have said in darkness shall be heard in light, and what ye have spoken into the ear shall be preached on the house-tops." When man's acts are disclosed to him after death, the angels who are appointed as searchers look into his face, and the quest is extended through the whole body, beginning from the fingers of one hand, and of the other, and thus proceeding through the whole. Because I wondered whence this was, it was disclosed to me; namely, that as all things of the thought and will are written on the brain, because their sources are there, so also they are inscribed on the whole body; since all the things of thought and will proceed thither from their sources, and there terminate as in their completions. Hence it is that the things which are inscribed on the memory from the will, and from the consequent thought, are not only inscribed on the brain, but also on the whole man, and there exist in order, according to the order of the parts of the body. It is made evident from this that man altogether is such as he is in his will and consequent thought, so that an evil man actually is the evil that he has perpetrated, and a good man is the good that he has wrought.* From which, also, may be seen what is meant by the book of man's life, spoken of in the Word, namely, that all things, both such as have been acted and such as have been thought, are written on the whole man, and that they appear as if read in a book when they are called forth from the memory, and as if seen

* The evil-doer becomes the evil which he does,' writes Dr. Macleod, unaware that he is repeating the words of the older philosopher. Is it not equally true that the good-doer becomes the good which he accomplishes?

in effigy when the spirit is viewed in the light of heaven.'

But we must abstain from further quoting our quaint old author, of whose writings, however, passages in Dr. Macleod's book, which seem to him to be most original, continually remind us; and we will hasten on to indicate very briefly the contents of Dr. Macleod's volume. These occur in six parts. In the first we have 'The Sealed Book; or, the Book of Prelusive Judgment;' in the second, 'The Open Book; or, the Book of the Judging Word.' The third is entitled 'Discipline; or, Revelations of Wrath on the Way of Life;' and the fourth, 'The Books; or, the Memories of the Judged.' 'The Book of Life' is dealt with in part fifth, and the sixth part is a sort of appendix on memory and conscience. The whole six parts constitute a treatise, with illustrations and corroborative quotations, expansive of 'Coleridge's suggestive hint,' expository of passages in the Book of Revelations, and supplying abundant considerations of solemn weight for the discouragement of sin and the promotion of religion. Dr. Macleod's vocabulary is varied and rich; his style vigorous, condensed, and vivid.

The Downhill of Life: Its Exercises, Temptations, and Dangers, with the Effectual Method of Rendering the Descent Safe and Easy, and its Termination Triumphant. By the Rev. T. H. Walker, Author of 'A Companion for the Afflicted,' &c. London: S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

A book intended to be useful, in a religious point of view, to those who are entering on the later stages of human life. The matter is divided into five chapters. In the first the descent into years is described; its temptations and dangers are pointed out in the second; the path of security is shown in the third; and the remaining chapters are occupied with consolations and supports, and joyous prospects and anticipations.

The Age of Man Geologically Considered in its Bearing on the Truths of the Bible. By John Kirk, Professor of Practical Theology in the Evangelical Union Academy. Pp. 263. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, St. Paul's Churchyard.

In this compact little treatise Professor

Kirk wrestles with no mean opponent, for it is Sir Charles Lyell against whom he plants himself shoulder to shoulder, and he does his best (and his best is no child's hug) to give his antagonist a throw. The animus for the contest is supplied by his zeal for the Christian revelation, which he imagines to be endangered by anything tending to prove that the human race has lived on the earth more than a given number of years. His assumption is, that numbers in the Old Testament have no ulterior meaning. He concludes that the nine hundred and sixty-nine years of Methuselah must mean so many literal years, although he allows that the six days of creation cannot be six literal days. And in dependance on a chronology founded by men on a mere literal interpretation of the series of figures in Genesis, he conceives that the truth of Revelation will have to stand or fall just as that mere man-made computation shall be disproved or established. It, therefore, seems a matter of vital importance to him to show the baselessness of alleged facts, and the illegitimacy of inferences from genuine ones, so that nothing may be held to confute the assumption that the human race did not live on this planet further back than some seven thousand years. For, as to this point of duration, Professor Kirk, forsaking the Hebrew, prefers the Septuagint, because this allows widest scope for the facts of geology to swing in. With Sir Charles Lyell, therefore, who has gathered into a bundle the scattered discoveries out of which doubts of man's so late origin have flown abroad, Professor Kirk measures his dialectic strength and skill. He follows him through bogs and beds of peat, takes a roll with him through mud, plunges with him into lakes, and down to the remains of the old lake-dwellings; pursues him into his beds of gravel and sand; slides with him over the thick-ribbed ice through the glacial period; rises with him in the earth's upheavals, and sinks with its subsidences; disappears in caverns, and roots up the deposits in the bottoms of the caves; gives him no peace even amongst the trees; brandishes and rattles over his head the bones of extinct mammalia, buries him in sea-shells, pelts him with skulls, and, in fact, reduces poor Sir Charles to extremities in more instances than one, giving him a clever fall, and then grimly

grimly sitting down on him. There are, indeed, several points on which Sir Charles, set right by Professor Kirk, will have to revise his conclusions.

Notes on Epidemics: For the Use of the Public. By Francis Edmund Anstie, M.D., F.R.C.P., Senior Assistant Physician to the Westminster Hospital. Pp. 179. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE main object of Dr. Anstie in this work is to supply information to assist the non-medical public to do their part in the work of preventing epidemic diseases. 'For the purpose,' he says, very justly, 'of ensuring that early isolation of patients which is absolutely necessary, if infectious diseases are to be cut down at the roots, it is necessary that a knowledge of the value of the principal premonitory symptoms should be widely diffused among the public.' Accordingly, he has endeavoured to supply this need in the work before us, and has done it in a brief yet very intelligible manner. 'As far as possible,' he adds, 'the descriptions have been limited to simple physical facts, and I have gladly availed myself of one important set of phenomena which especially bear this character—namely, the changes of animal temperature as tested by the thermometer, which have lately been found to furnish most valuable information.'

In the four chapters of this useful little book, Dr. Anstie, after preliminary remarks, gives a very clear account of the premonitory symptoms of epidemic diseases; he describes with careful discrimination the fevers of destitution,—relapsing fever and typhus; then the epidemic diseases, typhoid fever, cholera, and epidemic diarrhoea, which are dependent on insanitary conditions not including destitution; and, lastly, the infectious epidemics which are comparatively independent of defective sanitary arrangements. He offers the public no advice as to the medical treatment of these various diseases, leaving that to be done by the physician when called in; but in endeavouring to place in their hands a simple and perspicacious account of the various maladies, he has produced a little book which we can recommend as of great value to such as find it desirable to be able to distinguish between different epidemics as they arise in the household.

Ernest Graham: A Doctor's Story. Pp. 354. London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THIS is another of the many excellent temperance tales of which the press has of late been unprecedently prolific. It differs from the major part of them, in having the temperance moral presented to the reader less prominently, though, perhaps, not less effectively. The life of a medical student is described by one who seems to write less from imagination than from recollection. The hero and heroine are brother and sister; the last a single-minded, pure-hearted Christian; the former a common-place young man, unable, till late in his experience, to resist the vulgar temptations to evil, but coming all right ere the end. Other interesting characters are portrayed in the course of the tale, of which the style is lively and spirited.

A Commentary on St. Matthew's Gospel, Designed for Teachers, Preachers, and Educated English Readers Generally. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

WE have more than once noticed with pleasure this excellent Commentary, on its original appearance in numbers. Complete, as it now is, it forms a goodly volume of 480 pages. As a commentary on the natural sense of the first gospel, for the use of Sunday school teachers, it is a decided improvement upon Barnes; and its character is such as to adapt it to be a welcome aid to preachers and educated readers generally.

An Inquiry into the Reasons and Results of the Prescription of Intoxicating Liquors in the Practice of Medicine. By Dr. F. R. Lees, F.S.A. Edin.; Author of 'The Illustrated History of Alcohol,' 'Alliance Argument on Prohibition,' 'The Science of Symbols; a Fragment of Logic,' &c. London: Trübners, 60, Paternoster Row.

'This little work,' the author says, 'was originally announced under the illustrative title of "Doctors, Drugs, and Drink," because, in simple truth, these words denote the proper and peculiar subjects to be discussed.' 'I mean to prove,' he adds, 'and I think I shall prove, three things:—First, that doctors are not authoritative teachers; second, that

that drugs are not the valuable curatives they are supposed to be; third, that intoxicating drink is neither food nor physic; but, on the contrary, is hurtful both in health and disease.'

In his preface, Dr. Lees further explains that he has written these chapters in the interest of the great Temperance Reform, after exercising much patience, and even painful reticence, in the hope that the medical profession would break the bonds of convention, and speak and act as freely and patriotically on the question of drinking as they had done on sanitary reform. With half-a-dozen brilliant exceptions, he says, he has been bitterly disappointed. Complaints are continually reaching him from every part of Great Britain and Ireland, from India, Africa, Australia, and North America, that the drink is chiefly sustained by medical opinions, and that weak-minded temperance people are being seduced from their practice, often to their utter ruin, by the careless or the insistent prescription of intoxicating physic. Hence this book. 'I could no longer decline,' he adds, 'to meet this disastrous evil, or refuse to assail the three-fold superstition in which it is entrenched; especially when the temperance societies that solicited me to publish the work also enabled me to do so effectually by their guarantee of twenty thousand copies.'

To establish his first point, Dr. Lees quotes a variety of medical authors, who themselves confess that, 'medicine is a chaos,' and he adduces cases showing what blunders they frequently make. He afterwards argues that the drugs and other supposed remedial agencies used by medical men often do much more harm than good. He includes both the great schools—allopathic and homœopathic—in this sweeping censure; but his statements and reasoning tell with little force, to our thinking, unless against the former. The real object of the author was to prove, not that all drugs are medicinally useless, but that alcohol is; and the book would have had much wider

acceptance amongst the public had its aim been limited to this. It is in applying himself to his third point,—that intoxicating drink is neither food nor physic, that Dr. Lees signally merits the gratitude of the public. He ransacks the whole world of illustration to assist his great argument; he detects lurking antagonists, or challenges open ones, in all manner of authors; he cuts and thrusts at them with bright, sarcastic blade and point; and he so elaborately reasons out his position, that the reader, however much inclined to fancy that alcohol must be good physic at any rate, if it is not food, will find this fancy of his inclined to take its wings and fly away, leaving room for revised conclusions to occupy its place. The work, we have no doubt, will do very much good in fortifying the temperance public against the interested or mistaken prescription of alcohol by medical men.

Footsteps of a Prodigal; or, Friendly Advice to Young Men. By William G. Pascoe. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE parable of the Prodigal Son, as commonly understood, is here made the basis of a series of eight lectures to young men. The author says he has not written for theologians, but with an earnest desire to bring out and apply the great lessons contained in the chief of our Saviour's parables; so that young men especially may be won to a life of godliness. He expounds the parable with earnestness and with copiousness of illustration, and produces a course of lectures which he intimates he has reason to think had happy results on some during their delivery by himself. They would, we have no doubt, prove very widely useful if they fell into the hands of a large number of readers.

Stories for Sunday Scholars. No. 9: The Best Sunday Scholar. Price One Penny. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Meliora.

ART. I.—SELF-CULTURE : USES OF BOOKS.

1. *A Course of English Reading.* By the Rev. James Pycroft, B.A.
2. *Cassell's Popular Educator.*
3. *Todd's Students' Manual.* With Preface by the Rev. T. Binney.
4. *Self-Help.* By Samuel Smiles.
5. *Mental Discipline.* By (the late) Rev. Dr. Burder.

EVERY human being is endowed by the Creator with affections and with faculties, the very nature of which indicates that they were intended for development, culture, expansion. Yet observation of human life needs not be very extended to afford evidence that this latter very obvious deduction, in but too many instances, is practically disregarded. How much of no-training, or wrong-training, of the affections and faculties exists among men ! It is, however, on their right and proper training that the attainment of the highest good and the most nearly perfect happiness of earthly existence depends. Of this training, the necessity for which the nature of our faculties implies, there are two distinct processes. The first is that which the human being receives from others ; the second, and most important, is that which he receives from himself. It is this self-training which will form the principal subject of this article.

The idea of self-culture is simple, but it is noble and worthy. He within whose breast it has stirred may be said already to have set about the work ; and however great his disadvantages, the man earnestly intent thereon will seldom fail to accomplish worthy results. All true self-culture must be based upon a recognition of the essential grandeur and dignity of our human

nature. This common humanity of ours—with its greatness and its littleness, its strength and its weakness, its capacity for nobleness and its tendency to degradation—is still the grandest temple of God's holy Spirit in His known universe ; and if any one ask us to enter that temple in an irreverent and scoffing mood, we must decline to bear him company. Reverence for man simply as man, for the mighty capacities of his intellect and the universal range of those affections of his which stretch through eternity, is a cardinal principle of Christianity. This principle it is which, working like leaven in the social mass, forms one main cause of those political and social upheavings that so especially distinguish our times. This principle it is which will ultimately put down slavery, war, and the liquor-traffic ; and remove or minimise human ignorance, misery, and degradation of every kind. This principle of reverence for the dignity and capacities of our nature must form a basis of all true self-culture.

Self-culture is religious, moral, and intellectual. Religion includes all morals ; and the enlightenment of the moral sense is one of the most important objects to be attained by self-culture. By the moral sense we mean that principle within us which distinguishes between right and wrong, and makes one course of action the subject of self-approbation, and another of self-reproach. However curiously we may speculate respecting the moral sense, it is at least undeniable that, like every other principle within us, it depends in a very great degree for its strength and vitality on culture and exercise. There exists no stronger proof that the moral sense is capable of cultivation, than the progress of moral and social reform. 'The very fact (remarks a thoughtful writer) that a community slumbers for ages over vices of the most pernicious and fatal character, and then throws them off as something too loathsome to be endured, is a sufficient demonstration that the moral sense, not only of individuals, but of nations, is in the process of education—that the law of God, though written on the heart, requires the lamp of knowledge to make it legible to the mind and authoritative upon the conduct.' We fully endorse this remark, and we should be glad to find the instructors of young men more frequently urging the duty of intellectual self-culture on the broad ground that it is auxiliary to moral and religious culture. Intellectual culture is a work to be done, not merely in justice to the very nature of our mental faculties, but because an enlightened and vigorous mind sympathetically conduces to the healthful development of our religious and moral nature. The world in our days scouts the notion that ignorance is the mother of devotion.

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It may be doubted, indeed, if the notion ever met with serious acceptance anywhere else than in the minds of a few scoffing infidels; and even they must have been compelled to admit that the facts were against them, for most assuredly the Christian world has not manufactured its saints out of boors. One must be ignorant of the very commonest facts of history to be unaware of the close relationship between piety and learning, knowledge and goodness, so abundantly illustrated in every age of Christianity. True it is that a man may be unlearned and yet attain a high degree of religious culture. But is not every generous mind painfully conscious of the want of harmony in such a character? Is it not at once conceded that the religious excellence exists there not because of, but in spite of, the illiteracy we pity and deplore? So decided, indeed, is the connection between man's religious and intellectual faculties, that without a certain degree of enlargement of the mental powers, the religious sentiment seldom rises above a slavish superstition, or a blind adoration, in which fear is the predominating element. We lay great stress upon this mutual and sympathetic relationship between intellectual culture and moral and spiritual development, believing firmly that an enlightened, vigorous, and well-ordered intellect, however humble its treasures, will prove our best help in the purification and culture of the affections. We place the paramount incentive of religious duty first among those motives which should prompt every man to an earnest cultivation, according to his circumstances, of those intellectual faculties with which the Creator has endowed him.

Having thus stated what we conceive to be the chief incentive to mental self-culture, let us consider what are the objects at which we should distinctly aim in this culture. What should a man of ordinary position and endowments, guided by strong common sense, propose to accomplish by this mental self-training? A vast amount of hollow and superficial talk has been expended on this subject of mental culture; and some senseless books have made their appearance on the same topic. It really becomes necessary to remind people that no mere culture can create genius, nor can any man educate himself above his capacity. Culture will not always ensure either repute among one's fellow-men, worldly success, or social advancement. It often forms a useful help to the attainment of these things, but it cannot ensure their possession. In this competitive world, necessarily only a small proportion can rise to distinction, or secure the prizes of wealth and fame. Admittedly it argues an unwholesome state of feeling to be altogether indifferent to worldly position and

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repute, or even the attainment of wealth. These are in themselves worthy aims when their pursuit is conducted in a worthy and religious spirit. But they are by no means the highest objects of existence, and are certainly not worth a man's straining his best powers to achieve. Besides, if happiness depended on our attainment of the glittering prizes which the world can dispense only to one man in a thousand, pitiable indeed were the fate of the nine hundred and ninety-nine who must necessarily be disappointed. We speak thus because a great amount of twaddle has been talked at young people and working men in a contrary strain; and the biographies of eminent and worthy celebrities are misapplied in a similarly false spirit. Let a man cultivate his mind for the sake of developing the nature which God has given him, for the sake of the pure and lofty joy which this culture shall yield, and the uses to others it shall enable him to fulfil; and verily he shall have his reward. But if he demand that the recompense of such culture shall be the possession of worldly wealth, unwonted success in life, or fame and distinction, who shall be answerable for his disappointment?

There is another blunder into which many persons are apt to fall on this subject of mental culture. They speak and act as if the object to be attained were to cram oneself with the greatest possible quantity of mere facts—to avail oneself to the utmost of the 'stores of knowledge' (that is the favourite phrase) which in our days lie within everybody's reach. This goes upon the assumption that man is a mere beast of mental burden, the chief purpose of whose existence here is to tramp like a packhorse along the highway of human life, carrying the last new load of information which the world chooses to heap upon his weary shoulders. However vigorously platform speakers may declaim in strains which imply this view of human life, the great mass of mankind practically discard the notion. Men do not feel themselves to be mere reading animals, with whom the acquisition of book knowledge is to be the be-all and end-all of existence. The great mass of mankind do not so much desire to become better students as better and happier men. They seek to learn how to enjoy more fully the existence which God has given them, and they ask for book learning only in proportion as it will help them to the attainment of this object. It is, indeed, the especial business of the man of science to investigate for the sake of extending the boundaries of human knowledge; but we often hear persons talking and acting as if this were a business in which every man among us in this work-a-day world bore some share of direct responsibility. John Locke
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thought otherwise. 'For a man (said he) to understand fully the business of his particular calling in the commonwealth, and of religion, which is his calling as he is a man of the world, is usually enough to take up his whole time; and there are few that inform themselves in these, which is every man's proper and peculiar business, so to the bottom as they should do.'

Let these remarks not be misunderstood. What we deprecate is, not the steady pursuit of knowledge, the systematic acquirement of information, but the foolish practice of intellectual cramming. We live in an age and a country wherein books abound, and our danger really lies rather in reading too much than too little. A man may be adding to his 'stores of knowledge' all the days of his life, and may all the while lack wisdom. He may be a walking cyclopædia of information and facts, but unless these cohere around some central purpose or principle, they are of little value either to himself or the world. As the Spanish proverb has it, knowledge will become folly if good sense does not take care of it.

To acquire a knowledge of facts is one object of self-culture, but it is not the only, or the highest aim which we should propose to ourselves. Culture implies development, growth, expansion; and by intellectual culture we mean that exercise of the reflecting and reasoning faculties which contributes to their healthy development and activity, as physical exercise contributes to the health and vigour of the body. To awaken and energise these faculties, to give them force, acuteness, and facility of action, to develop one's intellectual individuality, and to bring it to bear for the service of our fellow-men, these are the great objects which we should propose to ourselves in efforts after mental self-culture. A man of disciplined faculties, it has been well said, has the command of others' knowledge; a man without them has not the command of his own. Only when the possession of knowledge, or the process of its acquirement, contributes to mental power and enlightenment, does its acquisition fully repay the toil.

We have just spoken of intellectual individuality. One of the aptest explanations of the meaning of this phrase which we have ever met with, is to be found in Dr. Burder's little book, named at the head of this article:—

'The minds of men (says the doctor) differ not less than their countenances. The face of every individual has its own peculiar aspect, its own peculiar expression. The features taken separately may bear resemblance to the features of many others, but the combination of the whole gives to every countenance an indescribable character of individuality by which it is distinguished from that of every other human being. Analogous to these indications of individuality of countenance, are the characteristic differences which obtain among minds. The leading faculties of

of the intellect, and the essential susceptibilities of the heart, belong to our common nature. But in different individuals they exist in different degrees and in different proportions. They have received different degrees of cultivation, and of excitement; they have been developed under widely different circumstances; they have been conversant with different classes of objects. The result is, that every individual is distinguished by his own peculiar habits of thinking and of expressing thought. He has his own plans of reading, of reflecting, and of investigating. He has his own processes of incorporating the thought of others with the ideas which appear to be the spontaneous produce of his own mind. His mind may be compared to a mould, which gives the yielding substance its form and character, its "image and superscription." Now, in proportion to the vigour and to the completeness of intellectual operations, and in proportion to the facility of carrying forward the processes of manly and independent thinking, the mind may be expected to obtain a character of individuality. Even when it avails itself of the thoughts of others, it has a talent of making those thoughts its own before it communicates them by discourse or writing. The ideas which are derived from a variety of conversations or of books, are so modified, and arranged, and expressed, that although they present to notice little which can be pronounced new or original, yet they exhibit an aspect characteristically different from that which they have received from the lips, or from the pen, of any other individual. They are obviously the result of the working of a mind which has the power of thought, and which finds delight and facility in the exertion of that power.' Such a one 'may not be endowed with the talent of bold and inventive originality; but he commands and he rewards the attention of his hearers by the characteristics of an interesting individuality. He is sufficiently alive to a sense of what he is not capable of attaining, to preserve him from aspiring to the elevation of a towering genius; and he is sufficiently alive to a sense of what he is capable of effecting, to preserve him from sinking into the degradation of a servile imitator, or of an adept at the concealment of plagiarisms.'

Every man must be to a great extent his own director as to the fields of knowledge which he should explore, as knowing best his own mental needs, what is accordant with his tastes, aptitudes, and inclinations, or most useful in his peculiar sphere and calling in life. Sundry reasons will lead different minds to select different branches of science and information. The selection having been made by each man for himself, and keeping in view the great objects of mental self-culture, a word or two may be said about reading and reflection, the chief processes by which these ends will be achieved.

Without the habit of reflection books are useless to us. Reflection, or (shall we term it?) self-communion, is the basis of conviction. The man who has not begun to form convictions has not made any advance in the work of self-culture. It is astonishing how little conviction exists beneath the mass of ideas to which men give utterance. If there were more true conviction in the world there would be truer and better action. Men play false to themselves a great deal more than they do to others. So little of what they think is thought profoundly and sincerely; so little of what they say is said earnestly and heartily. Yet profound and clear conviction is the groundwork of all that is manly and strong in character, and to this all one's reflection must lead if it is to be of any service to oneself or the world. Reflection is especially the possible

possible department of self-culture. Every man may not have a great amount of leisure at his command, or have access to all the books which he would desire; but a mind accustomed to the habit will seldom want materials for instructive reflection. They are within and around us. In the depths of our own mysterious nature, in the observation of individual character, in ordinary natural phenomena, in the passing history of one's own time, in the circumstances and experiences of one's own personal history, and especially in the high teachings of inspired wisdom to which in this happy country it is every man's privilege to listen if he chooses, the earnest searcher after truth may find abundant sources for obtaining valuable stores of the precious metal. But it is because men practise so little the habit of reflection that these common stores of knowledge are not turned to better account.

Important, however, as is this habit of reflection or self-communing, it is obvious that the advances which any totally unassisted mind would make in knowledge and the attainment of truth would be very limited. Our minds need help and sympathy; and hence we come to the second means of self-culture, namely reading. Thought, reflection, conviction—such are the stages through which the mind passes forward to power and enlightenment; and it is by reading that these processes are stimulated. In saying two or three things about books and their uses, we will begin by repeating that one must beware of reading too many books. Our aim in reading must be to discipline the faculties, to give them tone, facility of action, and power. A man will gain far more mental benefit—far more useful practical knowledge—by thoroughly studying one book than by a superficial reading of a dozen; always assuming that the book is worth mastering, and that he is capable of mastering it. There is nothing more surely productive of a weak and flabby intellect than a habit of continuous, systemless, objectless reading, without a deduction therefrom of definite principles of reasoning or action. This injurious habit was never more extensively practised than in this age of the multiplication of books. When there were fewer books in the world men valued them more and used them better. Injudicious reading is just as likely to produce mental debility as indiscriminate loading of the stomach is likely to produce dyspepsia; and let us never forget that a healthy and vigorous mind, though its fare be scanty and homely, is far preferable to a pampered and sickly one. It is indiscriminate devouring of books which fills the world with smatterers and superficial coxcombs, in whose company it is impossible to find oneself without desiring for them a decrease
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of bookishness and an increase of wit. Such persons need compulsory subjection to a wholesome period of intellectual fasting. They are intellectually corpulent without being intellectually strong.

Reading is useful only as it enlarges and invigorates the mental faculties ; as it gives us a store of well-defined knowledge for reflection ; and as this enlargement of view qualifies us better for the fulfilment of our duties in life, and enables us to enjoy the purest and most lofty pleasures of existence. Light, wholesome, and innocent reading for the purposes of recreation is, if pursued in moderation, promotive of the health of both mind and body. But the moderation should abound. Having the great purposes in view of disciplining our mental faculties, enlarging our sphere of knowledge, and enlightening our minds, it is absolutely necessary that our reading be systematic and thorough, our books well selected, and thoroughly mastered. We must propose to ourselves a course of study, and perseveringly carry it out. And on this head it will be wise for us to consider, 'not only what we could wish to accomplish, but also what it is probable that with our habits, and in our circumstances, we shall be able to effect.' Do not let us attempt too much ; it is always better to do one thing well than two things badly. Let us be thorough in our reading, as in everything else.

Whilst we must have books of this sterling kind, and to be read in this way, it does not therefore follow that we should have no other books, or that all should be treated alike. 'Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in part ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.' So says Lord Bacon, in his own quaint and wise way ; and his advice is truthful and pregnant. There are many books which one may take up with no expectation of finding in them real originality of sentiment, or even that which happens to be new to oneself. They are taken up simply for the sake of removing into a healthful mental or moral atmosphere. Our physical frames do not exist upon fresh air, but they could not exist without it. And so, in reading a book, though we may not derive therefrom any large amount of mental pabulum, we may just as certainly have contributed to our mental and moral health and development, as, by a walk in the open air, we should contribute to our physical health and strength. As to books which are not merely to be read, but studied, let us remember the advice already given—never to persevere in reading a book which one feels one cannot master. Better put

put it aside till one feels strong enough to grapple with it. The reader must master the book, instead of the book mastering him, otherwise he forfeits his own mental individuality, his freedom of mental action. It is stated that 'So well aware was Goethe of the potency and the all-subordinating nature of the thought of a great thinker to paralyse the mental action of a reader, that he dared not trust himself to read more than one play of Shakspeare's in a year, lest he should disturb his own mental equipoise.' Neither should we read books beneath us; this is waste of time. Rather should we study those which are just so far above us that it will be a healthful exercise to grapple with them.

Some of our younger readers may ask—How shall we master such a book? We reply, just in the way you like best; only master it. Never rest satisfied till you thoroughly understand it, and feel competent to be its critic—to sit down and write an analysis and review of what you have read. Such an epitome and criticism you should write, and preserve, of every book that is worth the mastery. Sit down, pen in hand, and bring the author to the bar of your judgment. Define his plan, state where his conclusions appear fallacious, or where pushed too far. Detect lurking fallacies which may have deceived him perhaps as well as others; bring him back when a favourite notion leads him astray. If he reasons well, and writes badly—as Bishop Butler does very often in his famed book on the 'Analogy of Religion'—point out the awkward construction of his limping sentences. If he says commonplace things in pompous, high sounding diction—as Dr. Johnson so often does—point out the turgidity of his style, and the small modicum of thought which it conceals. Finally, endeavour to estimate what real additions have been made to your knowledge; what new views you have obtained, what novel relations of ideas, facts, or events have been presented to your mind; and especially push out to their furthest conclusions any views which may spontaneously suggest themselves from the author's train of reasoning. 'An author should be valued, not so much for what he has thought for us, as for what he has enabled us to think; and the highest value of the best writers lies rather in what they suggest than what they teach.' One book studied, analysed, and reviewed in this manner, will leave you mentally stronger and more capacious than a superficial perusal of fifty. It will stimulate you to intellectual self-action. When this intellectual self-action begins, you may date the birthday of the mind's true independence and freedom, and not till then.

A happy illustration was given in an early number of the
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'Edinburgh Review' of the distinction between self-acquired knowledge and a preceptorial inculcation, by comparing the information of Ptolemy the astronomer with that of a boarding-school young lady as to astronomy. It was true that the reflective and massively-minded philosopher was ignorant of the facts known to the modern young lady. He imagined the world to be the centre of the solar system; he knew nothing of many planets; the satellites of Saturn were unknown to him; and he was utterly ignorant of the nebular theory. The young lady could, with her sweetly-attuned voice, have rebuked the ignorance of the old philosopher; were she witty, she could have amused a company of Egyptian ladies by exposing the absurdities of his belief; and with a few pretty experiments have brought down the applause of all the dandies of ancient Alexandria. But would the boarding-school young lady, after all, be comparable to the mighty mathematician who attained to a conception of the heavenly machinery; who, though wrong in his deductions, had acquired for himself, in his study of the heavens, the exalted science of number and measure; and thus had enlarged his soul and dignified his thoughts? 'The *self-acquirement* of one great truth swells and enlarges the mind more than a library of inculcated facts.' 'A child who has been taught to stand, or to take three steps by himself, has made greater progress towards the art of walking, than if he had been *carried* over the whole globe.'

Having regard in this latter portion of our article chiefly to those younger readers whom we know to be among the most earnest perusers of our pages, let us next direct their attention to the great importance of endeavouring to form clear and well-defined ideas and perceptions on every subject to which they direct attention. Let there be no confusion in your ideas, no obscurity in your language. Many writers in the present day deceive themselves and others into a belief in their originality and profundity, when, in fact, they are only obscure and mystical. One does delight to come in contact with a manful, upright, and transparent intellect; and it is to be regretted that in connection with the religious life of England at the present day, in quarters where the ethics of opinion and conviction have become deplorably lax, such intellects should be comparatively rare. Whosoever we find a man's language wanting in precision and clearness, we may feel pretty sure that staleness, poverty, or feebleness of thought is concealed beneath it. It may next be urged, as an important end of all studies in literature or science, that the student should seek to acquire therefrom comprehensive principles, which embrace the varied ideas and the numberless
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views which may arise, and give them coherency and consistency. It is this power of evolving great and comprehensive principles from accumulated facts that constitutes scientific genius. It is in this powerful grasp of mind that the greatness of the philosopher and the man of science consists. This power it is which distinguishes the man of enlarged and matured mind from the impertinent tyro, the feeble pedant, or the grovelling bookworm. We advise the student further, carefully to store his most valuable thoughts in his own language, or at least only in such language of others as he can thoroughly adopt. Let him lay especially good store upon all thoughts with which he is in complete sympathy. Many will cross his mental pathway which he recognises to be just and true, but he may have no especial sympathy with them, and may bid them pass on to other souls to whom they may be more precious. But when he recognises a just and clear thought, with which his mental and moral nature is in full sympathy, he is conscious of one of his truest and purest joys. Let him store such a thought; its recognition may be a joy unto him for ever.

Of the mental gold which each mind possesses, some has been obtained from ore dug out of the depths of one's own reflection and observation; some from ore the product of other minds. But in each case it is ore to us, and not available metal, till it has been smelted and cast by the process of expression in our own language and style. Great is the value of composition as a means of intellectual self-training. There is nothing so well calculated to enable us to digest and arrange our ideas, to give distinctness to our conceptions, and thus to render our meditations and reading valuable, as the frequent practice of composition. Without it, people may read and study for a lifetime to very little purpose. This fact is fully recognised in academic and collegiate training. Not only does composition make our conceptions clearer, and exhibit to ourselves the true worth of the ideas we possess, but it largely adds to our stock. So intimate appears to be the connection between thought and language, that ideas are often struck out in composition to which mere meditation would never have given existence. The practice of composition may be begun too early, and it may be exercised too much. But its occasional and judicious use is indispensable to mental improvement. One may indeed produce little or nothing which the world would care to read, but the mere exercise of production will be beneficial to one's own intellect. It will help to make the mind a storehouse, and not a lumber room—a dwelling of light and order, instead of an abode of darkness and confusion.

As to the themes on which the pen should be exercised, good sense, inclination, and opportunity must dictate. Next to the peace of a good conscience, a healthy, well-ordered, self-cultured mind is the highest blessing which man is permitted to enjoy in this state of existence; and if any reader of 'Meliora' profit by these brief hints towards the attainment of such a blessing, the intention of the writer will be accomplished.

ART. II.—PRIVATE RIGHTS *v.* SOCIAL RIGHTS.

'I HAVE a right to,' 'you have no right to,' are the formulæ which briefly express the contest that is ever going on between the individual on the one side, and society on the other. In a state of savage life, the former largely predominates over the latter. The whole tendency of civilisation is to make society supreme over the individual. It has been well said by an eminent lawyer, 'All legislation is the restriction of liberty.' The tendency of all law is to deprive man of his natural rights (using the word 'natural' here in its strictly etymological sense, to signify rights accruing at birth). Thus a Robinson Crusoe, living alone, has unlimited rights. He may take all he sees. He may fire his gun in what direction he pleases. He may take the life of any living creature. In short, he owes no allegiance to society, and society has no right to restrict him in any respect. But no sooner does Man Friday land on his desolate island, than Crusoe's rights begin to be restricted. He may no longer fire his gun in any direction he pleases, viz., for instance, where Man Friday stands or walks. He may no longer take the life of every living creature, viz., of Man Friday himself; and no sooner does Man Friday gather of the fruits of the land for his food, or bring up the shellfish from the rocks, or with a stone knock over the birds, than Crusoe's rights become further restricted. He may no longer take everything he sees; he may not take either fruit, fish, or fowl, that Friday, by labour expended on them, has made his own. So, if Man Friday fish up a hatchet from the wreck, or gain it by barter from Robinson Crusoe himself, Crusoe may not take that. He must respect Friday's life and Friday's property; and thus he finds his own rights are every day becoming more and more restricted. Of course, reciprocally, Friday finds his previous rights restricted also, and thus here we have the
germ

germ of society; and in the restrictions that the rights of each exercise over the other, we have the first buddings of what throughout this paper will be termed 'social rights.'

Take now the first remove into a semi-civilised life, from the joint empire of Crusoe and Man Friday; take the case of wandering Mongols, Tartars, Arabs, or Red Indians. Even they, with their individual rights much less restricted than ours are in the perhaps overdone civilisation of the west, yet have to concede much that Robinson Crusoe still retains. For instance, with them, the individual rights must yield to the interests of the tribe. With them, a man may not gratify his revenge in a private feud with one of another tribe that may happen to be friendly with his own. He may make war, not how and with whom he likes, but only subject to the will of his chief. And many other like restrictions are laid on his individual liberty or private rights.

Shifting the scene again to a more populous district:—a farmer, living far away from other houses, though restricted in his rights to the same extent as Crusoe, yet retains the right (allowed at least) of having his heap of farmyard manure in immediate contiguity to his farmhouse. But let him live near a populous village, or in a large hamlet even, and straightway this right, too, is interfered with. He is told that the health of his neighbours is considered to be injuriously affected by the exhalations from what he esteems his healthy-smelling farmyard, and in spite of protests he is compelled to remove the manure to a greater distance.

The very idea, then, of society implies compromise. All government is based upon compromise. Almost all legislation is but the adjustment of compromises between the rights of man as an individual, and the necessities of man as a social being.

The question then arises, Is there any limit to the restrictions that society has a right to lay on the rights of individuals? Undoubtedly there is a limit. The exact line of it may be difficult, nay, perhaps impossible to define. Let us, however, endeavour to clear away such uncertainties, such mists of doubt as are removable, and see whether we cannot approximate to the true line of limitation.

To all our readers will probably at once occur, at the very outset, the question of that liberty of action which the individual claims on the ground of religious faith or conviction. Not that all individual action which is grounded on religious conviction is necessarily to be allowed by society. No. Where the moral sense of the community is outraged by the action done on religious grounds by the individual, then society steps in, has

has a right to step in, and prohibits, and has a right to prohibit, that action. For instance, Sutteeism is a rite practised from religious conviction; so is the worship of Juggernaut, and the self-immolation of his victims. But nobody will contend that in these cases, even though the moral sense of but a very small portion of the community was outraged by these acts, it was wrong for society, represented by the Government, to put down those practices. On the other hand, in these days of religious toleration, it can hardly be necessary seriously to argue that society has no right to interfere with a man's individual right to worship, or not to worship, as his conscience may direct, provided that the moral sense of society be not outraged by the mode of that worship. The old Roman Empire, it is true, held that even such individual rights must succumb to the will of the State; but such sentiments are all but obsolete at the present day.

Individual religious rights being, then, thus guarded with such reservation as already named, is there any other natural right which society has not the right to suppress (if it considers it has good cause for doing so)? We think there is.

The ancient communities believed that if they wished to inflict capital punishment, they had a right, if they chose, to starve the culprit to death;—that is to say, they held that under certain circumstances they had a right to withhold from him to the utmost the absolute necessities of life. With this they also claimed the right to put to death by the slowest and most torturing methods. Such a claim at the present day would outrage our moral nature, and we, therefore, cannot conscientiously claim this right for society. It would appear, then, that society has not the right to deny to a man the right of physical sustenance. Society as a whole does, however, yet reserve to itself the option of taking away life under certain circumstances; but whether even that is a right is beginning to be questioned by a large section of this nation.

Has society a right to withhold liberty of the person? Under certain circumstances that is granted. If an individual commits a crime against society, society claims, and has a right to claim, the right of taking from that individual his natural right of freedom of person. Under similar circumstances society has a right to inflict corporal punishment. It may also fine him; it has, then, the right of taking away an individual's property.

We appear, thus, to attain this point, that if the individual transgresses the laws laid down by society, then society has a right to withdraw any natural right from an individual, with these limitations:—1. Such religious rights as can be exercised
without

without outraging the moral sense of society ; 2. Perhaps, the taking away of that which is beyond the power of society to restore, viz., life ; and, 3, certainly the option of arriving at that result by means of unnecessary bodily or mental torture.

Next, then, comes the question, To what extent has society the right to lay down laws so restricting the liberty of the individual, that by the breaking of them he becomes liable to such pains and penalties as are here admitted as allowable to be inflicted on him ? We need not reiterate here what has been said about religious rights. Those remarks apply equally to the present part of the discussion. As to other questions, society would seem to have no right to enact such laws as shall have the inevitable result of taking away or shortening life. It would appear that, under very extraordinary circumstances, it has the right temporarily to withdraw the individual right of liberty of person, even without offence committed against the law, if such a step appear to be necessary for the safety of the community. This right of society is politically expressed by saying that society has the right 'to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act.' No such extraordinary circumstances would, however, appear to give society the right of intentionally inflicting bodily pain (such as corporal punishment), or of taking away an individual's property, i.e., without offence having been proved.

Has then society, in the next place, the right to prevent a man from intentionally taking away his own life ? Undoubtedly society has to this extent the right to protect its own members from themselves.

Has society the right to prevent a man from taking that into his body which will almost certainly at once end his life ? Surely no one will doubt that it has. At all events we live in a society that claims that right. It will, if it can, prevent a man from taking immediate death-poison.

Has society the right to prevent the individual from doing that which is likely to, or has been found to, injure the health, or take the life of another, although such act has no such evil intention ?

Undoubtedly. As we showed at the first, a farmer may not injuriously affect the health of his neighbours by the effluvia from his manure. A merchant may not with indifference allow the sewage from his suburban villa to flow into the midst of a surrounding population, there to develop disease, and encourage death. A chemical manufacturer may not injure the health of a neighbourhood by the emanations from his chemical works. The natural rights of each are interfered with by society for the protection of its members.

Again,

Again, a good many years ago, it was found that quarrels frequently terminated fatally, in consequence of the foolish practice then prevailing of gentlemen always wearing a sword as part of their ordinary dress; that when the blood got warm the sword suddenly flashed forth, and some paltry quarrel, to the dismay of all parties, ended in one of the duellists losing his life. Society deemed it right and wise to interfere, and our almanacks chronicle the fact in the two words, 'Swords forbid.' So in this case, though the wearing of a sword was apparently a harmless fancy, and was by no means necessarily followed even by the use of it, still less by fatal or even injurious consequences, yet it was judged a not unconstitutional interference with the liberty of the subject to prohibit the indulgence in this piece of foolish vanity in dress.

May an individual, in the exercise of his natural rights, unintentionally injure the property of his neighbour, and may society interfere to prevent him? Undoubtedly it may. If I have planted a garden, and my neighbour build a chemical works, and by the gases therefrom kill my shrubs, society has a right to interfere to protect my property. If I have undertaken pisciculture, and a gas company turn the refuse of its works into the stream, and kill the fish I have reared, society has a right, if called on by me, to interfere and prevent those people from unintentionally destroying my property.

If a man so use his property that he himself, or his family whom he by natural laws is bound to maintain, become, in consequence of such use of his property, chargeable upon society, is society bound to allow such use and bear such charge in silence? Or has it the right to prohibit such action that it may avoid such charge? At first sight one would say, undoubtedly society has such right; and probably such an answer is correct.

It may, however, be suggested that if this be the case, then if a man speculates in the funds, or in shares, society must have the right to step in and say, You must not do so; if you lose that property, you have neither the health nor the skill to maintain, without cost to us, yourself and those dependent on you, and therefore you must not so use your property as to run the risk of such an eventuality occurring.

As we have said, probably it would be quite correct to reply that, in the abstract, society has a right to take such a position; but while the right may be there, it may not be wise or expedient, or even possible, to act upon it.

Thus, for instance, society seldom knows when such a course is being adopted by the individual, and to take steps to know would probably have the effect of making the remedy

worse

worse than the disease. Moreover, if society did know when the act was being done, the results spoken of are not inevitable, nor yet the most frequent sequence of such acts of speculation. In other words, although society had the right, yet, as our lawyers have it, '*De minimis non curat lex*;' which, translated into politico-philosophic language, becomes, society does not interfere when it has the right, unless the injury to itself be of such magnitude that, in the judgment of society, it is its duty to interfere.

And here, moreover, another principle, upon which, in this country at least, society is at the present day generally unanimous, comes in. The old law-maxim that 'every Englishman's home is his castle,' recognises this principle, that neither any individual, nor society as the sum total of individuals, has any right to intrude into the Englishman's home. Just as no one could enter the ancient castle unless by the owner's leave by lowering of drawbridge and raising of portcullis, so no one can (in the eye of the law) enter the less formidably protected home of the 19th century. The only other way of entering in the olden days was by war. The summons to surrender was first blown at the gates, and these then, failing response, were battered or blown down. So now, if ever the tenant of the home virtually declares war against society by crimes against it, either outside of or within his castle, the herald of society cries, 'Open, in the name of the law,' and failing response batters in the door. We see, then, the question really becomes, What constitutes a *casus belli*? Doubtful enough, as we well remember, is the answer to that query in questions of foreign politics, and no less so is it in the questions that arise between society and the individual. Generally, however, we may say that any assault outside of the castle, upon any individual or upon society, is deemed sufficient warrant for the forfeiture of the protection which sanctity of domicile gives; and inside, any crime against society, as the taking away of some individual's life, or the attempt to do so, or any attempt against society as represented in the recognised Government, is generally counted as sufficient to destroy the right of protection which a man's home gives him. But it would appear that a mere assault upon somebody within the home is not (unless fatal consequences are anticipated) a sufficient warrant to society to break into that house, unless accompanied by a refusal to appear before society's executive when cited to do so. Again, as we all know, mere debt, for instance, is not held to be sufficient warrant for breach of this great principle of English liberty. And, as is well known, in the transition from mere indebtedness, through

various shades, lighter or darker, to fraudulent indebtedness, or virtual criminality, it is exceedingly difficult to define where the line of demarcation is passed, so equally shadowy and indefinable is the point where the sanctity of domicile ceases to protect, and the right of society to break in commences. But although this is uncertain ground, one thing at least is clear, that a man committing an offence against society outside has not the claim to the protection of domicile, which he has if he commit it within his own home.

Retracing our steps, then, to the point where it became necessary to diverge in the consideration of this principle of English law—the ‘sanctuary’ afforded by an English home,—we find that while society may have the right to prevent a man from so acting with his property as to leave himself or family chargeable on society, such right is counter-limited by the principle of sanctity of domicile, which restricts the right of intrusion too closely into a man’s deeds within his own dwelling, and to such extent empowers the man to produce results which, whether for better or worse, society may not step in to prevent, though it have to bear the cost of them when they come to pass, by having to make that provision which the man, husband or father, may have failed to secure.

But although in such a case as this society has, as we say, to ‘grin and abide,’ the case is materially different when we come to consider other ways by which the same result may be attained. Suppose that a man lose his property by gambling instead of speculation, society cannot interfere any more than in the former case, so long as the gambling is in private. But suppose he goes to a house, not his own, nor a private one, but one where the public are admitted, and where arrangements are made to facilitate gambling; it has in such cases been deemed right in this country for society to step in and say, ‘No; gamble at home, or in private, if you must; there we cannot interfere with you; but a house for the purpose of public gaming shall not be allowed.’ And this position society takes up on two grounds, the one being, as Mr. Gladstone would say, that there is, and ought to be, such a thing as a State conscience; that the State has the right, and therefore the duty, to conserve the morals of its individual members to this extent of not allowing that which it deems immoral to be publicly carried on, or a house to be specially provided for its convenience. That wise and upright judge, the intimate friend of the renowned Seneca, the proconsul of Achaia, was of the same opinion when he uttered that memorable dictum, ‘If it were a matter of wrong, or of wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you.’ On the other

other hand, there be those who, differing with Mr. Gladstone and his friends on the question of a State conscience, would yet endorse this action of the State from another point of view, viz. :—That these gambling-houses have been productive of cost to the State ; that the State has found by experience that through the temptations held out by them, men have recklessly risked their property, and they and their families have become chargeable to the State. Therefore, says the State, 'In our own interest, while we cannot interfere in your private arrangements, it is just and right that the State suppress these gambling-houses, which lead directly to the entailing of such cost and charge upon society.' At the present day no one denies the right of society to take up this position. The conclusion of the whole examination seems, then, to be in the words of the old legal maxim, '*Salus populi suprema lex.*' Society has a right to interfere wherever and whenever it believes that the moral or physical welfare of the community (not of the individual) requires it, and such interference appears only to be limited by the danger of the result of the interference being worse than the evil which society designs to prevent.

Reviewing, then, the conclusions at which we have arrived : First: an individual may not in the exercise of his natural rights unintentionally injure the property of his neighbour, and, if he do, society may interfere to prevent him. Second: though it be doubtful whether society has the right to interfere to prevent a man from so using his property as to result in his causing those whom he is bound to maintain to become chargeable on society, yet, thirdly, there is no doubt that if an individual use his property in such way as to provide means or public opportunity that shall induce another to waste his property in the way and with the result described, then in such case society has a right to interfere and prohibit the individual from providing such means, from giving such facilities, and has the right, because of the cost and charge to society which experience has shown to be invariably consequent on such means being provided. In other words, though society may not prevent a man from so spending his money as indirectly and unintentionally to injure society, it has a right to prevent anybody from trying to tempt him so to do.

But, it might be urged, when the State on such grounds suppresses gambling-houses, it interferes not only with the liberty of the man who provides such a house, but with the liberty of the man who wants to meet there with his friend, and lose to, or win money from, him in some gaming transactions. Such an objection is perfectly sound ; the only question

is, Is it to prevail? Society in England has answered, No.

In spite of such considerations, not only are gaming-houses suppressed, but lotteries are forbidden. A private raffle is tolerated, but let any one in this country attempt to get up a public lottery, and he will find that the State and he are at variance. Probably some will maintain that this is wrong; and, as we all know, in some of the continental States, not only are these things tolerated, but both gaming-houses and lotteries are licensed and sanctioned by the State, to which large revenues accrue from them. The public conscience of this country would deem it wrong, and altogether retrogressive, for the State here to assume that position.

When in the life of a nation we can cull a series of legislative acts of the same character, and all tending to show that there is some underlying principle common to them all, it may be fairly assumed that such a principle does underlie them; and it is, we conceive, the business of the student of political economy to ascertain if there be such a principle, and what that principle is.

In endeavouring, then, by process of deductive reasoning to ascertain on what principles these legislative results, these decisions of society in England have been based, viz., the prohibition of the wearing of swords, the suppression of gambling-houses, the abolition of lotteries, and the enforcement of sanitary regulations, it appears to us that these three principles must be acknowledged:—First: that the liberty of the subject is to be respected only so far as it is consistent with the welfare of the community; and that the questions what is the welfare of the community, and what are the necessary requirements to ensure it, must be left to the decision of the community, that is, of the ruling majority of it. Second: that an act of the individual subject may clash so little with the welfare of the community as that the liberty to do it may be granted, if it be not done in public; but that the fact of such liberty of private action being allowed, must not be taken as proof that the liberty to perform the same act in public is indefeasible. Third, that while such acts, only incidentally, or slightly injurious to the welfare of the community, may be allowed, yet society does not necessarily allow a temptation to the public performance of these same injurious acts to be instituted and kept on foot for the pecuniary or other gain or advantage of and by a third party.

There are among us great social evils which require the application of social action in the form of legislative enactment, founded upon and authorised by these three principles. To these evils let us now direct the attention of our readers.

Some

Some few deaths a year occurred in the better classes of society, from the habit, a century ago, of gentlemen wearing swords. Some hundreds of cases of fever have arisen annually within the last twenty years, for want of proper sanitary precautions; but it is computed that 60,000 deaths arise directly, and more than 100,000 directly or indirectly, every year, from the great social evils to which we refer, and almost all these could for the most part as certainly be prevented, by sound and wise legislation, as the deaths in duelling have been prevented by the legislation of the last century.

The drunkenness of the country produces the results of which we now speak; and it is abundantly proved by evidence that these results are always in direct proportion to the number and attractions of public-houses and beershops in any district. It is, consequently, impossible, though so frequently attempted, consistently to separate between drunkenness, as a vice, and the public sale of the drink that produces it. The two stand in the inevitable relationship of cause and effect.

Now, applying the principles already laid down and deduced from legislation on other questions, to this question, we have these results:—First: that the liberty of the subject to drink these liquors at all is to be respected only so far as it is consistent with the welfare of the community; and that the question, What is the welfare of the community, and what are the necessary requirements to ensure it, must be left to the decision of the community, *i.e.*, of the ruling majority of it. Second: that the right of the individual to drink these liquors may clash so little with the welfare of the community, that, if done in private, it may be most wisely allowed to pass unchallenged; but that it must not be taken for granted that equal liberty will be left him to perform the same act in public. Third: that while such an act only indirectly or slightly injurious to the welfare of the community, as the private drinking of these liquors, which experience shows does, in many cases, lead indirectly to public cost, and disadvantage to the public morals, may be allowed; yet that society does not necessarily allow a temptation to the public drinking of these liquors to be opened in the form of a public-house, gin-palace, or beershop, and kept on foot by a third party for his pecuniary or other gain or advantage.

It will be objected, as has been anticipated with respect to the gaming-houses, that public-houses are not opened merely as ‘temptations’ to the public drinking of these liquors; that they were originally designed, and are often, even now, intended rather for the convenience of those who wish to drink the liquors, as, in their opinion (which they have a right to),

to), refreshing beverages. We are quite aware of this. We reply, as on the gaming-house question society has replied, namely, that convenience of the individual shall not be allowed to prevail to the injury of the community.

But some will say, Cannot we reconcile the two? Cannot we limit the strong-drink shop to its original design of a convenience to the wayfarer, while taking away its character of a temptation to the weak and foolish? In reply, we point to the fact that this has been the pet idea of our legislators for the last 300 years. In some hundreds of Acts of Parliament during that time have they tried to separate these two characters—to succeed in making strong-drink shops, houses of refreshment and convenience only, and not houses of temptation. For 300 years have they tried, and failed. This fact alone would be sufficient justification for asserting that the time is past for attempting to make the strong-drink shop a convenience and not a temptation; that to become such it must entirely cease to be a strong-drink shop; that the sale of such drink must be stopped.

But we have further this fact, that those scientific men who have carefully examined the question assert that it is owing to the nature of the liquors themselves that such attempts fail, and must fail. They assert that the liquor itself induces this result, viz., that the convenience shall naturally develop into the temptation. Then, indeed, it is but too clear that the sale must be stopped. The convenience of the customer will doubtless be interfered with; but that is an inevitable result which, by principle 2, the individual ought to be prepared for.

Yet again: not only is it in the nature of the liquor to create an appetite for itself, and thus to cause the development of a 'convenience' into a 'temptation;' but, moreover, the pecuniary interest of the owner of the house inevitably leads him to co-operate more or less with this tendency of the liquor. We have no right to expect that in this business, contrary to what is recognised as reasonable in all others, the conductor of the business shall not do the best for himself—viz., push his business to the utmost.

Now, with regard to the legislative action that we have spoken of, we ask for no action based on the first or second of our corollaries, but we do ask assent to the soundness of the principle contained in the third; and will endeavour in a few words to justify ourselves in the desire that the Parliament of this country, recognising the soundness of this principle, should pass a legislative enactment founded upon it.

It will, we know, be urged that nobody considered either gambling or the wearing of swords a necessary of life; that it

is quite competent for society to withdraw liberty of use of anything that is not considered to be such, but that it may not withdraw from the individual the right to use such things as are so considered.

We are quite prepared to confess that our illustrations are not apt throughout, but then they were never intended so to be. They are only illustrations of a particular phase of the question, viz., of the right claimed by and admitted to society to interfere with the private acts of its members. But, now, without here challenging the physiological question, whether or not alcoholic liquors are necessities of life, let us remark that the decision of that point is not necessary to this question. We do not assert that society has a right to prohibit the use of these liquors. The prohibition of the public sale of them is neither legally nor virtually the prohibition of their use. Forty years ago, beer (purer beer than is generally sold now) was brewed all over the country by private individuals. The great Cobbett urged a more general adoption of the practice. It was his panacea for the drunkenness of the country. It will be urged, doubtless, that the population is much denser now, and that that course could not be adopted. To whatever extent that is the case, to such extent would co-operative brewing be able to take its place. Eight or ten persons can unite in purchasing the raw material, and in paying a man to brew for them.

But the most practical answer to the objection is this:—First: there are at present 3,000,000 of persons in the kingdom who are daily proofs that these liquors are not necessities of life. There are some 200 parishes or larger districts in Great Britain and Ireland in which there is no sale of intoxicating liquors, and there the death-rate, instead of being higher, is lower than before this was the case, thus proving that, in spite of differences of individual constitution, whole parishes can, not only safely but with advantage, dispense with the sale of these liquors: Second: it is proposed, not that a legislative enactment should be passed immediately affecting the whole country, but that each parish or township only should adopt the enactment as soon as it becomes convinced of the advantage of so doing. The result of this would be, that though the liquors were not obtainable in the one parish or township, they would be in the next, and a long series of years would doubtless elapse before all the interstices were filled up, and no liquor at all were purchasable in the country. And see the nature of the education that would be going on during those years. A generation would be growing up looking on these beverages merely as medicines or luxuries (to say no more or less

less of them). As was found to be the case at Saltaire, fewer and still fewer would care to walk half a mile or a mile into the next township or parish to purchase these liquors. The old toppers, who had felt the liquors necessary to their existence, and who would be still able with some little trouble or exertion to get them, would gradually die out, and the liquors, if used at all, would be dealt out only by the apothecary, under as strict regulations as prussic acid or strychnine.

Let no one think this a utopian picture. The *Congregationalist*, of Boston, Massachusetts, gave us the other day an account of a town of between 2,000 and 3,000 inhabitants, within a dozen miles of Portland, where, though there are three taverns or houses of call for travellers, there is no place where the drink is sold openly; and, in the opinion of one of the ministers of the town, there is no place where it is sold at all, 'unless occasionally a man smuggle in a jug or small keg of rum or whisky, and sell it on the sly.' For three years none but physicians have sold it even for medicinal purposes. He adds, 'I have not seen a drunken man in the town for two or three years.' His neighbour, a physician, who has been in constant practice in the town for twenty-seven years, and is acquainted with nearly every family in it, says, 'There is no place where intoxicating liquors are sold openly, if they are even sold at all,' which he doubts.

We think, then, we have pretty well proved that alcoholic beverages cannot be absolute necessities of life; that those who think they are, can always make them, either singly or by co-operation; that if they are only luxuries, they stand no higher than the wearing of swords, and the excitement of the gambling table; and that as the public sale of them is proved to be inevitably, invariably, and, as a direct consequence, accompanied by great evils to society, the State has a right to prohibit that public sale, in order that the morality, the health, and the property of society may be protected and preserved.

An article on this subject would not be counted as doing even fair justice to the question, if it were to omit all reference to a book which, written by John Stuart Mill, M.P., has come to be counted an authority on the subject. It would be impossible to at all do justice to his arguments in less than a separate paper; but we will endeavour, by a few selections, to show that so far as authority is worth anything, his bears with no weight, comparatively speaking, against us; while, so far as argument and principle are worth anything, his are decidedly on our side. Our readers will perhaps wonder that we should venture to draw such a distinction between his authority and his arguments, but we think we can justify such

a distinction. First, then, let us premise that we believe it is very frequently the case, that those philosophers, those deep thinkers to whom we are indebted for the development or discovery of great principles, are frequently found to be wanting when the applying of those principles becomes the question. May we illustrate our meaning by the not exactly parallel case of Demosthenes, who with whatever ability he may have instilled the principles of courage and resistance into the minds of his Athenian compatriots, yet when the moment came for putting those principles into action, flung away his shield on the battle-field of Plataea, and fled to Athens? It is a favourite notion of ours that this deficiency on the part of our philosophers, is most ably compensated by those of the fair sex who from time to time train themselves to the consideration of these principles, and who, then, with greater clearness discern more accurately the mode of their applicability to practical purposes. We could cite several instances, which have one by one led us to this conclusion; but to do so would be to intrude too much into the privacy of domestic life, and we leave our readers to recall at their own leisure whether they have not themselves met with instances confirmatory of this idea. Allow us, however, for a moment, to ride this hobby a little further, even if it be a slight divergence from the subject in hand, while we endeavour to trace the cause of this special aptitude in the more thoughtful of our fair sisters. We believe it will be found to arise from their being practically brought into closer contact with minds in their earliest dawn; from the fact that one of the great businesses of their lives is to discover, not the principles of mental education, but the best mode of applying those principles; so that while the philosopher discovers abstract truth, their part is rather to gain the knowledge how those abstract truths will work, how they are to be carried out in their application to the great business of developing the new-found mental energies of those who shall be the philosophers and the practical men of a generation yet to be. Let it not be thought that this is altogether a divergence from our subject. It is closely connected, as none would more readily admit than Mr. Stuart Mill himself, with the question of the cause of the weak points of this book of his. Let us, for a moment, call attention to that most touching dedication of his of the volume before us. He says:—

‘To the beloved and deplored memory of her who was the inspirer, and in part the author, of all that is best in my writings; the friend and wife, whose exalted sense of truth and right was my strongest incitement, and whose approbation

was

was my chief reward.' Further on he says: 'The work as it stands has had, in a very insufficient degree, the inestimable advantage of her revision; some of the more important portions having been reserved for a more careful examination, which they are now never destined to receive.'

With these words still sounding in our ears have we perused Mr. Mill's book; and ever and anon have we felt that here and again we were traversing a passage that his wife's excellent woman's wit and sound judgment would not have allowed to pass unchallenged. And these passages, too, were generally of the nature that we have already described; not passages developing or discovering principles, but passages in which the sound application of those principles was the main object. It is on the strength of these considerations that, while we challenge Mr. Mill's conclusions, his application of principles, we distinguish between them and the principles themselves.

To take, then, his principles first, as they appear on the 21st page of his introductory chapter:—

'The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is 'self-protection.'

'The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilised [why only a civilised?] community against his will, is to prevent harm to others. His own good, either physical or moral, is not a sufficient warrant.' 'That is a good reason for remonstrating with him, or entreating him, but not for compelling him, or visiting him with any evil in case he do otherwise. To justify that, the conduct from which it is desired to deter him must be calculated to produce evil to some one else. The only part of the conduct of any one for which he is amenable to society is that which concerns others.' 'In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is of right absolute over himself; over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.'

The above passage contains the essence of what Mr. Mill describes as 'one very simple principle entitled to govern absolutely the dealings of society with the individual in the way of compulsion and control.'

Now, without giving an absolute adhesion to this position taken by Mr. Mill in the above passage, which is, indeed, the keystone of his whole book, and contains the principle to the exposition of which his entire volume is devoted, yet we fearlessly assert that not one word that we have written in the earlier pages of this article is chargeable with the very least infringement of this position of his.* Our case rests only and

* Note, however, for a moment the position that Mr. Mill is compelled afterwards to accept, in view of the principle he lays down here. On pages 172 and 173, we find that if any one, even a public officer, sees a person attempting to cross a bridge, which is unsafe to just such a degree as that there is not a certainty but only a danger of accident, he ought in ordinary cases only to warn him of the danger, not forcibly prevent him from exposing himself to it; and this, forsooth, on the ground that no one but the person himself can judge of the sufficiency of the motive which prompts him to incur the risk. On the same principle, if there solely

solely on the injury done to society (not the individual himself) by the traffic in intoxicating drinks.

Passing, then, to the body of Mr. Mill's book, we find that in Chapter III. Mr. Mill treats of 'Individuality as one of the elements of well-being,' and exalts originality in one portion of it as being one of the great desiderata of the day; and on pages 124 and 125 he tells us, with evident regret that it should be so, 'that a strong movement has set in in these days towards the improvement of morals;' that 'much has actually been effected in the way of increased regularity of conduct, and discouragement of excesses;' and that 'there is a philanthropic spirit abroad for which there is no more inviting field than the moral and prudential improvement of our fellow-creatures.' All this Mr. Mill evidently contemplates with sorrow, or at best with regretful approval, as tending to reduce us all to one dead level, and to eliminate all tendencies to originality. He urges us (page 121) 'to give the freest scope possible to uncustomary things, that it may in time appear which of these are fit to be converted into customs.' Surely, one would think he would admit that the drinking habits of the country have had scope enough, and that everybody would admit that it is a great pity that they have been 'converted into customs.'

Again. 'To give any fair play to the nature of each, it is essential that different persons should be allowed to lead different lives.' 'There is always need of persons to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct and better taste and sense in human life.' Quite so. No one would be more ready than teetotalers to allow the truth of this remark. But how far are you to allow the experiment to go on? If it does not answer, or if society considers it not only does not answer, but is producing injurious results, is not society to be allowed to check it? If we must allow all this originality because some of it may turn out well, are we to allow anybody, like some of the fanatics of Cromwell's day, to return to the simplicity of attire of our first parents 'of the thornless garden,' or of our forefathers in the days of the Romans? Obviously, society has a right to put a limit to originality, or the inestimably valuable rights of individuality, at some point; and, as obviously, if society decide that more evil arises from the common sale of intoxicating liquors than is counterbalanced by the convenience to

has been a fire, and some high wall has been left by it in a dangerous state, if the police have formed a cordon to warn people off, if anybody insist on going they must let him pass, unless it is certain that the wall will fall upon him. Surely no serious argument needs be urged against such a position.

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the individual in his no longer 'original' practice of drinking these liquors, then it has a right to prohibit their public sale.

In Chapter IV., on the 'Limits to the Authority of Society over the Individual,' page 150, Mr. Mill says :—' On questions of social morality, of duty to others, the opinion of the public, that is, of an over ruling majority, though often wrong, is likely to be still oftener right.' That is just our opinion. His after-expressed judgment as to the 'opinion of a similar majority on questions of self-regarding conduct' being 'as likely to be wrong as right,' does not touch this question in the least.

Mr. Mill then gives us two or three instances, which we feel bound to consider pretty fully, because most minds can more easily appreciate the force of illustrations than that of abstract principles. He says, page 152 :—

'Nothing in the creed or practice of Christians does more to envenom the hatred of Mahomedans against them than the fact of their eating pork. There are few acts which Christians and Europeans regard with more unaffected disgust, than Mahomedans regard this particular mode of satisfying hunger. It is, in the first place, an offence against their religion, but this circumstance by no means explains either the degree or the kind of their repugnance; for wine also is forbidden by their religion, and to partake of it is by all Mahomedans accounted wrong, but not disgusting.'

'Suppose, now, that in a people of whom the majority were Mussulmans, that majority should insist upon not permitting pork to be eaten within the limits of the country. This would be nothing new in Mahomedan countries. Would it be a legitimate exercise of the moral authority of opinion? and if not, why not? The practice is really revolting to such a public. They also sincerely think that it is forbidden and abhorred by the Deity. Neither could the prohibition be censured as religious persecution. It might be religious in its origin, but it would not be persecution for religion, since nobody's religion makes it a duty to eat pork. The only tenable ground of condemnation would be, that with the personal tastes and self-regarding concerns of individuals the public has no business to interfere.'

Now, leaving Mr. Mill's argument only for a moment, let us see how the principles we have ventured to enunciate will apply to a case of this kind.

Is this liberty, or right of the individual to eat pork, consistent with the welfare of the community? If it is, it is to be respected; if it is not, it needs not to be respected. It will probably be replied: It is consistent with the welfare of the community, but the majority of the community think it is not. Very well; the principle laid down allows for this. It goes on to say, 'What is the welfare of the community, and what are the necessary requirements to ensure it, must be left to the decision of the community.' The majority think the liberty of eating pork contrary to the general welfare. By principle two we find—'If the liberty to eat it clash very little with the welfare of the public, it may well be allowed to pass unchallenged;' but by principle three—'If the welfare of the public be thus endangered, it is right for the community to

to prevent the opening of public places for the sale and eating of pork, particularly if it appear that most of the injury to the public welfare arise in connection with this public sale and consumption of it.' Now, whether or not the Mahommedans would be right in prohibiting the eating of pork, we cannot conceive that anybody could conscientiously condemn them, if they had arrived at the presumed conclusions, for acting upon them to the extent and in the way just delineated. It seems to us as though Mr. Mill really lacked the faculty of discerning where the error lies. We hold there can be no question that it lies in their ignorance and consequent presumption that this practice was injurious to the public welfare, not in the action they take on the conclusion their convictions have driven them to. They may be to blame for not being willing (if such be the case) to come to the truth on the subject—they cannot be to blame for acting according to their conscience (unenlightened though it be), and prohibiting the eating of pork, because they believe the fruits of the practice to be evil. But let us point out that the case of the friends of the Alliance differs widely from that which Mr. Mill puts here. He gives us the opinion of Mahommedans respecting the practices of Christians.

We cite the opinions, the declarations, of those who use these liquors. We ask for legislation, not because teetotalers object to the use of them, but because grand juries, judges, gaol chaplains, and governors, &c., who use these liquors themselves, yet assert that almost all the crime that comes under their notice arises from the public-house consumption of these liquors. The parallel, therefore, to our case would be as follows:—In the midst of a mixed nation of Mahommedans and Christians, all the pork-eating Christian judges, every pork-eating grand jury, declare continually: 'All the crimes that come before us are more or less connected with the eating of pork. Not only is our practice in this respect disgusting to our Mahommedan fellow-subjects, but if the practice were discontinued, I, the judge on the bench, and you, the jury, would have nothing to do. True it is that you and I belong to the pork eaters, and there is virtually no crime among the non-pork-eating Mahommedans, and we know certainly that it is through the influence of the pork on the brain that the crimes are committed. Still, we like the pork; it has never yet brought you or me into the dock, and we feel quite certain it never will; notwithstanding that these poor fellows, whom we have to convict and sentence, would not have been there if they had let it alone.'

Now, we assert with confidence, that were such declarations
being

being continually made, not by abstaining Mohammedans, but by pork-eating Christians, a Mohammedan legislature would be perfectly justified in forbidding the eating of pork, and even Mr. Mill himself, if there resident, and conversant with these facts, would say, 'Well, really, if this is the case, society is quite right to forbid the eating of pork.' But see the moderation of the friends of the Alliance. They do not go nearly so far. They merely say, 'Forbid the public sale of the pork. That will go far to suppress the evils complained of. Let a man keep his own pig and cure his own pork, and eat it if he will, or give portions of it to his friends, but forbid the public sale or consumption of it.'

But, indeed, it is possible we may not have need for going so far as to Mohammedan countries for our illustrations. If the recently discovered disease in pork (the trichina) should spread considerably, the absolute prohibition of the sale of pork in this country would not be improbable, and that without the one-thousandth part of the grounds for such a step that the Alliance has for the prohibition it claims. Where should we find Mr. Mill then? Would he still maintain the right of the individual to eat diseased pork if he chose; and that as he had a right to eat, that there must be a right to buy, and if a right to buy, then a right to sell?

Or how does Mr. Mill regard the present market regulations with regard to the beef of cattle infected by the rinderpest? Ought the sale of such beef to be allowed, provided full warning were given to the public of the doubtful nature of the beef they were buying, of which, by-the-bye, we have no evidence that there is any danger to men from the eating; and (in Mr. Mill's own words) if not, why not?

Mr. Mill next cites the case of the Spaniards, who, he says, 'consider it a gross impiety to worship the Almighty except in the Roman Catholic manner,' and that they 'look upon a married clergy as not only irreligious, but unchaste, indecent, gross, and disgusting.' He then asks, 'On what principle it is possible consistently' to refuse to justify the enforcing against non-Catholics conformity to these their convictions, or who can blame them 'for desiring to suppress what they regard as a scandal in the sight of God and man?'

We reply, if they do really conscientiously feel that these non-Catholic practices conduce to the immorality, and consequently are injurious to the welfare of the nation, they have no alternative but to act on those convictions and suppress such practices. We may regret that they are so misinformed, but we at least could not dare to condemn them for acting on their convictions. Paul did a like thing, as he says, igno-
rantly;

rantly ; but then with him, and with them, the error lay not in the conscientious act, but in the ignorance. Their ignorance may be culpable, or it may not ; but they ought to act on their conviction. There are only two reasons which could at all avail against the force of these convictions : one, the impression that, perhaps, after all they were mistaken in them ; and the other, an impression that the mode by which they intended to eradicate these bad practices was almost certain to fail, if not to produce a contrary result to that intended. Here again, however, our case is entirely different. The parallel to our case would be, that non-Catholic practices exist in the country ; non-Catholic judges sit on the bench, and confess to non-Catholic juries that the non-Catholic religious practices were bringing a flood of immorality on the country ; that scarcely any Catholics ever came before them, but that the non-Catholics and non-Catholic clergy were continually in the dock, and for crimes against social order, solely arising from their mode of worship ; that, on the strength of these non-Catholic representations and confessions, the Catholics urge, not that no one be allowed to hold Protestant opinions, but that the non-Catholic places of worship where, by the confession of the non-Catholics themselves, most of the crimes originated, should be closed. Again, we say, if Mr. Mill were one of those non-Catholic judges of Spain, under such circumstances he would certainly be found favourable to the passing of such a law.

We might, if it were necessary, go through all Mr. Mill's illustrations in the same way, but we think these two will suffice.

A few pages further, however, Mr. Mill takes up our special question, citing an abstract from a letter of the honorary secretary of the Alliance as his basis for an attack on the theory of 'social rights' held by the Alliance. There may be, perhaps, rather a lack of well-defined boundaries to the position taken by the honorary secretary of the Alliance, of which Mr. Mill makes the most, straining the honorary secretary's words far beyond their evident signification. The honorary secretary says : 'I claim as a citizen a right to legislate whenever my social right are invaded by the social act of another. If anything invades my social rights, certainly the traffic in strong drink does.' 'It destroys my primary right of security by constantly creating and stimulating social disorder. It invades my right of equality (*i.e.*, before the law), by deriving a profit from the creation of a misery that I am taxed to support.' If the honorary secretary had stopped here he would have proved our case, and to this

this portion Mr. Mill brings no objection. But he continued : ' It impedes my right to free, moral, and intellectual development, by surrounding my path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralising society, from which I have a right to claim mutual aid and intercourse.' This last sentence Mr. Mill not quite fairly undertakes to discuss separately from its preceding context, and thus breaks forth in virtuous indignation :—

' A theory of "social rights," the like of which probably never before found its way into distinct language, being nothing short of this—that it is the absolute social right of every individual, that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; that whosoever fails thereof in the smallest particular violates my social right, and entitles me to demand from the legislature the removal of the grievance.'

Now, while we are not prepared to maintain the absolute soundness of every word uttered in support of the position of the Alliance by any one of its defenders, even by its honorary secretary, yet we do assert that this argument of Mr. Mill's, plausible as it appears, is not really applicable to the argument of the honorary secretary. The honorary secretary was not saying, as Mr. Mill's argument implies (and which he might possibly have correctly urged), that the drinking customs of society impeded 'his free, moral, and intellectual development, by surrounding his path with dangers, and by weakening and demoralising society, &c., &c.,' but that the 'traffic in strong drink does so.' Now, this liquor traffic is not a question of the individual acting or not acting 'in every respect exactly as he ought.' It is a huge system, built up by, and hedged about with, the sanction of law; an integral portion of the laws of the land under which we live; and by the aid of that law interfering thus with the social, moral, and intellectual development both of society and of the individual members composing it. The claim that a law-supported system like this should be removed, as being a grievance, is surely a very different thing from claiming (as Mr. Mill puts it) 'that every other individual shall act in every respect exactly as he ought; and that, failing that, he entitles me to demand the removal of the grievance.' Along, consequently, with this plausible but baseless argument of Mr. Mill's, fall also his continuing remarks, which, that we may not be held to be unfairly suppressing anything, we give in full :—

'So monstrous a principle,' he says, 'is far more dangerous than any single interference with liberty; there is no violation of liberty which it would not justify; it acknowledges no right to any freedom whatever, except perhaps to that of holding opinions in secret, without ever disclosing them; for the moment an opinion, which I consider noxious, passes any one's lips, it invades all the social rights attributed to me by the Alliance [secretary he should have added]. The doctrine ascribes to all

all mankind a vested interest in each other's moral, intellectual, and even physical perfection, to be defined by each claimant according to his own standard.'

Surely a man of Mr. Mill's depth of thought must admit the existence of such an interest. Surely, in the correlative influence of society upon each of its members, we each have an intense interest in the moral, intellectual, and physical perfection of each other. It is not here, surely, that Mr. Mill claims to discern error in the honorary secretary's teaching. The point is that we cannot decide with absolute knowledge who is nearest that perfection, and that if we could we have no right to restrict individual exercise of inborn powers to this extent; but, as we have already said, the legislation claimed by the honorary secretary was, not to interfere with the deeds or words of individuals, but with the deeds and words of the State, as developed in the laws concerning the liquor traffic.

Under the head of 'Applications,' page 171, speaking of the Maine Law, Mr. Mill says: 'All interferences, where the object is to make it impossible or difficult to obtain a particular commodity, are objectionable, not as infringements on the liberty of the producer or seller, but on that of the buyer.' Quite so; but the object of the Permissive Bill of the United Kingdom Alliance is not to make it impossible or difficult to obtain a particular commodity. Its object is to take away that which has at all times been, what is now a universally recognised fruitful source of crime, pauperism, lunacy, disease, and death—viz., the public sale of alcoholic liquors. A source of these, because a many-headed temptation to intemperance.

It is true that this prohibition would, as a consequence, make it more difficult to obtain alcoholic liquors; but this is not the object of the interference, though it would be one of its results.

It is right to observe that our second axiom is nearly a counterpart of one of Mr. Mill's dicta. The dictum is:—

'Again, there are many acts, which being directly injurious only to the agents themselves, ought not to be legally indicted, but which, if done publicly, are a violation of good manners, and coming thus within the category of offences against others, may be rightfully prohibited.'

Mr. Mill then passes on to the consideration of that which is contained in our third axiom—viz., the right of the State to deal with those persons whose interest is opposed to what is considered to be the public weal, such as keepers of gambling-houses. And here, as might be expected, his moral sense clashes with his jealousy of State interference; and he (to use his own words) 'will not venture to decide whether

the arguments which may be adduced are sufficient to justify the moral anomaly of punishing the accessory (*i.e.*, the gambling-house keeper) when the principal' (*i.e.*, the gambler) whom, he says, you may not punish, 'is allowed to go free.'

Mr. Mill cannot decide this question. Society in England is so far in advance of Mr. Mill, that it has decided, while he still is fixed on the horns of the dilemma. It may have decided wrongly; we think not; but most certainly, if the decision is right about the gambling-house, *a fortiori* would the same decision apply to the public drinking house; and we, therefore, call on all who prefer the law on that subject in England to the law as it stands in Homburg or Baden-Baden, to give their adhesion to the principle contained in our third axiom, *viz.*:

That society has a right to forbid the institution or opening of public rooms, or other places calculated to produce, and, as shown by experience, resulting in, a temptation to the public performance of acts which, while allowed in private (as then resulting in but little harm to the common weal) are not, in the judgment of society, fit to be done in public.

ART. III.—THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST.

GLANCING over the map of Europe, it may surprise the geographical tyro to note that at the eastern extremity of Hungary, in the midst of Transylvania, the names of places assume a positively German character. Words ending in *burg*, in *stadt*, and in *dorf*, suddenly appear in thick clusters, and succeed over a couple of degrees of longitude in keeping at bay the pack of Hungarian or other names which on all sides crowd all-prevailingly around them, and creep thinly even into their midst. On inquiry, it is found that a markedly Teutonic population actually exists in this district, with Magyars and Wallacks all around; a fragment hewn off the Teutonic block at a remote period, still existing at that distance from the bulk, and preserving, to a striking degree, the characteristics of its origin. For the latest information on the subject, we turn to a book recently published, from the pen of Mr. Charles Bonar.*

Some seven hundred years ago, to this district, then a wilderness, a large German population was drawn by the invi-

* 'Transylvania: Its Products and Its People.' London: Longman, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

tation of the Hungarian king, Geisa II. Here a living wall against the terrible Turk or the rude barbarian was sorely needed ; and hither, by the shrewd policy of the rulers of Hungary, were attracted divers troops of enterprising Teutons, who, reversing the great march of colonisation from east to west, turned back from Flanders, from the neighbourhood of Cologne, or other occidental parts, and posted themselves in aid of the great Carpathian barrier against the infidel and the barbarian. They came as freemen, to own the soil they tilled, and to legislate for themselves ; they afterwards received accessions of population of the same stock ; and amidst all the mutations of dynasty and circumstance during the centuries since their settlement, they, on the whole, not only manfully stood their ground, but also successfully struggled for their autonomy.

They were free ; and with a political life perfectly unfettered and active, came naturally a development of trade. Guilds were formed, and their importance grew. Municipal institutions taught the Saxons (so these people are called, though they came not from Saxony) to conduct their affairs with skill, industry, vigour, and success. Amenable to no external power inferior to the king, by whom their rights were confirmed by charter and continued with good faith, they referred to his judgment only cases wherein their own *Comes*, or chief, appointed by themselves, was unable to arrive at a decision. And because their appeal was thus to no intermediate authority, but to the king direct, their land was called *Königsboden*, or the king's land, and was long famous under that name.

Chief of all the Saxon towns in Transylvania is Hermannstadt. As you enter it, you are reminded at once of some mediæval place seen of old in Germany. Old German are the houses, shops, churches ; old German to a large extent are the inhabitants, in dress, physiognomy, mien, and mode of living. But in the streets also are Wallack men with sandalled feet ; and Wallack girls in bright semi-oriental garments.

Hermannstadt, of old, was many a time visited by the Turks, who, struck by the colour of its brick walls, called it the red town ; and, coveting its wealth, did their worst to get possession of it. For example, in 1438 they besieged it with 70,000 men, and their Sultan Amurad was killed by an arrow shot from one of its towers. The red walls completely surrounded the town, for such protection was necessary, and indeed all the Saxon towns were similarly defended. Truly picturesque must have been the sight the town of Hermannstadt presented in the old time, with its many towers, its closed gates, its bastions manned by the several guilds in their armour, and its men with cross-bows and matchlocks, posted
along

along the battlements. From its position and strength, Hermannstadt long proudly shared with Cronstadt the title of the bulwark of Christianity.

Whilst the towns were provided with walls, the villages contented themselves with a fortress on some high ground in their midst. This was the church. Surrounded with a wall, with watch-towers, gates, portcullis, moat, or inner wall, as the case might be, the church was the sacred keep, a place of refuge whereto the villagers betook themselves, like lions to their dens, when the foe appeared. Thither they brought their corn and other property; and if the siege lasted long, the village teacher resumed his duties in some 'school tower' of the church. Besides the church, they sometimes built supplementary fortresses on neighbouring heights; so it is at Reps, for instance, at Rosenau, and at Kaisd. On the disappearance of the invading Turk or Tartar, the villagers descended from their stronghold, rebuilt their razed dwellings, sowed anew their devastated fields, replanted their ruined vineyards, and resumed their ordinary mode of life.

The churches strike the traveller as quite peculiar. At Mediasch, the sacred fane is guarded by three high walls, flanked with towers; a low, pointed, arched portal leads from one wall to the other. In some churches, large stones still stand on the parapet of the tower, where they were placed centuries ago, to be hurled down, as a last resource, on the heads of besiegers. In all the ecclesiastical structures, solidity was preferred to ornament; everywhere a broad, strong basis supported a heavy unadorned roof. 'These citadel churches,' as Mr. Bonar justly observes, 'are monuments of which the Saxons ought to be proud. They are, with their burghs, the best, indeed the only ones they have. They speak better than columns or triumphal arches of the courage, devotion, and energy of their peasant ancestors,—planned and erected as they were by their own skill and perseverance, without foreign help.'

At Kaisd, at no very great distance from the church, rises a hill, and on its top are the towers and walls of what was once a proud stronghold. It looks like some old baronial residence, but for no haughty chieftain was it built, and by no petty tyrant of his district has it been inhabited. The Saxons came hither to enjoy their liberties, and to be where there were no feudal lords. They built here, at Kaisd, a burg of the burgesses, here they found refuge when attacked, with their valuables; and here still they keep their corn as a protection from the incendiary. One of the towers is called the 'Pastor's tower;' another is the 'School tower;' for in this stronghold they some-
times

times were so long pent, that all the functions of ordinary life were resumed as far as possible ; the children had to be taught, as well as church service to be provided for. A well, three hundred feet deep, supplied them with water. In one of the towers to which a narrow, covered stair beside the wall conducts, dwells the old keeper and his wife. On the broad top of another tower, a sort of platform, are still some rusty weapons stored there in olden time for use against the Turks. A kettle drum stands under a covering, to give signal in case of fire being seen in the subjacent village. A huge battered speaking trumpet leans against the wall,—used of yore, probably, to parley with besiegers, or to rouse the inhabitants on the approach of danger.

At Reps, the castle is of large extent, and must have been very strong. The site is steep, and the high walls rise one behind the other at distant intervals. Within the precincts the visitor winds his way upwards, stopped now and anon by a gateway. The granaries here are partly subterranean ; fragments of grey rock jut up ; and huge remains of masonry with barred doors lead here and there into cavernous-looking places. Seeing the extent and strength of the place, the visitor is astonished to reflect that all this was planned and made by a few agricultural settlers. Under the direction of their peasant-chief, the whole population set about erecting their place of defence ; and the work was done well, for the walls still remain, grand in their massive solidity.

‘Once,’ says Mr. Bonar, ‘when the Tartars were here, and the inhabitants fled for safety to their castle, a woman, lagging behind, fell into the hands of the foe. Her husband, peering over the walls, saw her being led away by one of the horde, and after gazing at the pair for some time, exclaimed, with a sigh, “Alas, poor Tartar !”’

The strictest jealousy of foreign encroachment distinguished these Saxon colonists. No Hungarian might own land or dwelling in the Saxon pale. Promptly and pertinaciously every attempt to break down this rule was resisted. Even if to a Hungarian house or land was left by will, he might not hold it ; it must be sold, and the money be paid to him instead. Not otherwise could this handful of settlers have preserved their own free life. Surrounded as they were by alien institutions, they saw that indulgence of the claims of others to their land would end in a preponderance in their midst of interests and aims adverse to their own, and they would not suffer such indulgence to commence under any pretext whatsoever. Time after time the Hungarian nobles attempted

obtain citizenship amongst them, and were frustrated. More than once these German colonists, traders and mechanics though they were, successfully opposed the strenuous efforts of sovereign, minister, highest church authority, and a powerful and proud nobility unaccustomed to yield to a plebeian will. Unaided and alone they fought and won their own battle.

Sad experience showed the necessity of this jealousy. Klausenburg, now the chief Hungarian city in Transylvania, was built by the Saxons. Gradually other settlers knocked at the gates of citizenship, and were admitted. At first, on sufferance, they lived apart from the rest, as the name of the Ungar Gasse (Hungarian street) still demonstrates. But after awhile, the new comers, like young cuckoos, began to take the hedge-sparrow's brood of Saxons on their shoulders and heave them out of the nest. They demanded now this privilege, now that; now a share of the civic offices; now the appointment of Hungarian judges, anon the division of the income of the town in common. Thus a change began which is now terminated in the conversion of Klausenburg into a purely Hungarian town. Latterly, a great part of the remaining Saxon population emigrated for theological reasons. They were Lutheran, and fled from the spread of Unitarianism all around them as from a pestilence. Klausenburg is now to the Hungarians in Transylvania what Pesth is to Hungary itself.

More than once the Saxons in old times were overwhelmed by barbarians, from whose flood it was not possible to turn aside; but they always emerged, and reasserted and recovered their liberties. Thus on the confines of civilised Europe, they planted and fostered their free institutions, and made them strong. And always, whilst asserting their own liberties, they upheld lawful authority; being, as the Teutons everywhere are naturally disposed to be, a law-abiding people.

The Saxon in Transylvania, an island in a sea of foreign influences, adhered all the more closely on that account to his native manners, and was more German than the Germans themselves. Customs, long extinct in the land of his origin, subsist still in Transylvania, preserved unchanged during seven hundred years. The Transylvanian Saxon also invented others of his own. One of the ancient institutions which has contributed much to the development of civic and social order is the *Bruderschaft*, or Brotherhood. The members made laws for their guidance, and chose officers to see them carried out; as is done at this day in the other hemisphere in places where the legal executive is too weak to preserve social order. The 'vigilance committees' of the remoter settlements in America indicate this tendency, and might, under fostering circumstances,

stances, mature into brotherhoods powerfully contributing to social amelioration. The Bruderschaft resembled the guild in many respects; but it took cognisance, not, like that, of matters of handicraft and trade, but of matters of social usage and decorum. The member's duties as a subject, citizen, son, and brother, were dwelt on, and clearly-defined punishments were inflicted for breaches of rule, on the verdict of a jury of his peers. A managing committee of seven was elected by the members, with a president, a vice-president, and other officers, all having prescribed spheres of action—some to be censors of behaviour in or out of church, others to suppress breaches of the peace, others to adjust differences, or to act as secretaries to the Bruderschaften. The committee of seven, called Neighbors, punished negligence, maintained order, supervised the administration of needed aid in life or death, and threw oil on the waves of conjugal quarrels. Their supervision, indeed, was carried to minute extremes. For neglecting to go to church, or for grumbling therein when awoke during the service by one's neighbour, small fines were exacted. Whoever induced a servant to leave his master was fined one florin. When a member built a house or a barn, the others were to help him, and they had to pay fines if they neglected to do so. Strenuous disobedience of youth to elders was charged fourteen farthings. Untidiness on going to church—such as want of buttons, or looseness of strings—was observed and punished. He who in a passion dashed his fist on the table was mulcted eight farthings; so was he who failed to pay the last honour to a neighbour by accompanying his body to the grave. At weddings and on occasions of joy, as well as at funerals, no kindly service was to be refused. A 'Zugang,' or court of justice, was held every second or third Sunday, after dinner. The president opened proceedings by inviting any one who felt himself culpable to accuse himself, and escape with half his punishment. If found guilty, he was fined; and if he demurred to the fine, he was fined double. The clergyman was an ultimate court of appeal; but if the clergyman decided against the appellant, the original fine was trebled, and a deposit of twelve kreutzers, paid before going up to the parsonage, was forfeited.

On the Friday preceding Sacrament Sunday the Altknecht, or president of the Bruderschaft, waited on the clergyman of the parish in the name of the brotherhood, to bespeak reconciliation in case witting or unwitting offence had been given. In the evening a meeting was held, and, with certain formulæ observed, pardon for any real or fancied unkindness was besought.

And not only to matters like these did the friendly supervision of the Bruderschaft extend; amusements were provided also, and care was taken that order and decency should not be violated even in the height of jollity and mirth. At Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and the Feast of St. John, dance meetings were held; and one of the chief duties of the stewards was to see that no maiden lacked a partner. For rejecting the companion thus provided a youth was fined three farthings, and was forbidden to join in the next five *tours*. The least breach of good manners towards or in the presence of the young girls was heavily visited, and at night young men were not allowed to escort maidens home. We may conclude that wholesome care like this, and the absence of Government regulations forbidding early marriages, have resulted well, if the table of illegitimate births be a guide; for amongst the Saxon population in Transylvania the illegitimacy was in 1851 only four per cent. of the whole number of births, whereas in Styria, Trieste, and Lower Austria, nearly one-fourth of the newly-born children were illegitimate.

The guild system, with its odd ceremonies and customs, its strict laws, its widely-preservative jurisdiction, has been maintained in Transylvania long after being allowed to fall into disuse in Germany. True, the old restrictions on trade have been loosened, but in other respects it lives and flourishes. The German in Transylvania, especially the peasant, retains all that love of ceremony and formula which was so dear to the old Teuton. At the marriage feasts, at the election of the clergy, at the ceremonial of the Bruderschaft, the long speeches in set forms, with laborious repetitions, must on no account be omitted.

'We rejoice now,' says Mr. Bonar, 'at that misfortune which has enabled us to follow the daily life of the inhabitants of an old Roman town; to walk in their market place, go into their houses, see what the good housewife had stored in her cellar or larder, and, peeping into the oven, even find the loaf therein ready for baking; to behold again, in short, in perfect preservation, a thousand interesting details which everywhere else are obliterated or have passed away.'

'Pompeii, locked up in lava, has supplied us with something far better, than written history. We have bodily before us a piece of a long-past century,—real, palpable; and, though lifeless, still there are the actors,—each just as he was suddenly arrested in the very midst of action.'

'Now, in Transylvania, we have something akin to this. Here, too, is a people that had strayed to the land beyond the forest, and sat there for centuries, looked out from intercourse with their kind. Not, of course, like men wrecked on an island in some lonely sea; but apart from that communion with their fellows, without which, in Europe, men become like bees in amber, and when chanced upon are, to the finder, as interesting as fossil remains. Indeed, they have somewhat of their value and character; for they furnish what nothing else could give, and they indicate a state that is most curious, because gone from us for ever.'

'The immigrants came hither, and carried with them their household gods. In the land of their birth most things have changed; old customs have fallen into oblivion; the ancient costume has been replaced by a more modern one, the house-
gear

gear has made way for other ornament; in the hurry and bustle of to-day there is no time for long-winded speeches about nothing, and so the traditional observances grew neglected and forgotten. As nations mixed with each other, all this was natural. But with those others, shut out from such intercourse, it was different. They clung together, and preserved all their old ways unchanged for centuries, as though their very existence depended on doing so. For them the world had all that while been standing still. Waiting for it to go on, they have been standing still with it. They talked together their Lower Rhine and Frisian dialect just as when they quitted home; they dressed still as though eight hundred years were but as yesterday; and the sayings which their ancestors had learned from their grandmothers, the present race went on repeating exactly as though the old grand-dames were alive and at home in the chimney corner. Words elsewhere forgotten are in daily use here. Forms and ceremonials that we read of as half mythical observances, constitute a part of every-day life. The Saxon peasant tills his fields now just as he did when the wild hordes used to desolate them. He is still distrustful, forgetting that in five hundred years much has changed, that there is no *Vaiwode* to call on him for levies, that no cry will be raised to shut the town gates for safety against the advancing Turk. He still locks up his corn inside the high church wall, partly, maybe, for convenience, but in a great measure also because it was done by his forefathers. In the large lockers which serve as wardrobes in the peasant's house, are girdles and ornaments which, for generations, have descended as heir-looms in the family, which not impossibly were brought from the old land, and of which the like are there no longer to be found. For the philologist, as well as the antiquarian, there are here endless sources of information. And a great advantage for any seeker is, that he would everywhere find those who could assist him in his search—men who, with German assiduity, have traced the different tributary streams of knowledge to their fountain head, through tangled and untrodden districts; and who, though comparatively unknown, still continue their pioneering work as zealously as though a world-wide fame awaited their discoveries.

The pastors of this Saxon people are men of education. Every one who studies for the church is required to spend two years at a German university, or three years at the Faculty of Protestant Theology, in Vienna. He thus comes in contact with minds able to strongly exercise and test his own; he drinks at the great wells of German culture, and throughout his life the influence remains with him. Every candidate for a living is bound to pass a given number of years as professor of some department of knowledge at a public school. He teaches thus, chemistry, or mathematics, or Greek; modern history, botany, or physics. And thus he not only expands his intelligence, but also acquires facility in communicating what he knows. When he returns to his own country, and settles down in the pastorate, his tastes lead him to have good prints on his walls, to place upon his shelves books in various languages, and to indulge in music. Talk with him, and you find him probably an observant traveller who can tell you, perhaps even in your own English tongue, what he has seen in Germany, Russia, Italy, or Greece; or he is an historian, especially well versed in the knowledge of what his own nation has suffered and achieved; or he is a botanist; or, perhaps, a meteorologist, booking the daily changes of wind and temperature and atmospheric pressure; or he is a student

student of the stories and character of the peasantry, able to treat minutely of their manners, rites, ceremonies, and superstitions, or to unrol his collection of their songs, or their folk-lore.

The Saxon people converse in a language which once was High German, but has degenerated. Nearly all, however, understand that language, and speak it, though with a stiffly precise correctness, having learnt it at school as a foreign tongue, to be spoken occasionally, but not in everyday life. At church, you hear sermons which are in good German one Sunday, for dignity's sake, but in 'Saxon' patois the next for the benefit of *die alten Mütterchen*—the old grannies. The vernacular differs in the different Saxon settlements; so much so, that an expression familiarly used in one Saxon hamlet may be quite unintelligible in another in the same neighbourhood. But take this expression to Cologne, or still lower down the Rhine, and you will find that the old fruit-woman in the street knows it very well, and makes use of it daily.

Weddings, betrothals, and other family festivals, are still shared in by all the Saxon villagers. Each sends his present,—a fowl, cakes, or flour,—and each comes to dance and to partake of the good cheer. The community interests itself in the welfare of the individual, and all unite to prevent his suffering loss. If a villager's cow or ox meets with an accident necessitating its slaughter, the 'Hann,' or chief elected authority of the place, decides how much of the meat each inhabitant is to purchase; and so the owner loses nothing by the mischance. The greatest order reigns in all the affairs of the people. A pedantic regularity of procedure governs the payment of contributions in kind or money, the sowing and reaping, the allotment of places in church, and all the communal affairs. Everything in the household moves on according to order. The fields are sowed and reaped at a time fixed by the commune, and not at the option of the owner. Even marriages must be solemnised only on a given day in the year! Subordination of individual to social will is, in fact, carried to an extreme. Hence ensues a want of spontaneity in the people, and a conventional sameness, which in time disappoints and even bores the visitor. The Teutonic tendency to the humdrum comes out strongly here as elsewhere. To give up self-will for some great good to others,—that is noble; but public law carried primly into every little detail of private life becomes ridiculous.

One blot on the escutcheon of the Transylvanian Saxon is the compulsion so commonly exercised by the seniors upon their daughters in matrimonial affairs. The delusion which prevails over so large a portion of the continent, that one's marriage

marriage is an affair concerning one's parents and not one's self, is in frightful force here. The daughter, when just out of school, and still only in her fifteenth or sixteenth year, is probably coerced into the acceptance of the first offer, if only the father deems the match suitable. In his thrifty, Teutonic eyes, no consideration is of importance except the worldly standing of the suitor. If this has acres or other wealth, *omne tulit punctum*. The daughter must take him whether she will or not; the poor child has no remedy.

A substitute for a remedy, and a miserable and most mistaken substitute, is often found in that which constitutes a second blot on the escutcheon of this people;—their laxity of divorce. A separation *a vinculo* of husband and wife after a few weeks of marriage is nothing strange, though the wife is as yet often several months short of being sixteen years of age! Too early marriage, its compulsory character, and the lack of sufficient acquaintance before the union, explain how it is that the desire for divorce so often naturally arises; and every facility for this unfortunate process is afforded by custom and law. Among a portion of the Saxons, indeed, marriage virtually assumes the aspect of a merely temporary agreement between contracting parties, who perhaps do not expect it to last long, or who even intend deliberately that it shall not. Few marriages are marriages of affection; and from this fatal cause what mischiefs flow! The parents arrange the match; and thus, in the words of a Saxon author, 'Among the peasantry it is not the youth who marries the maiden, but acre marries acre, one vineyard the other vineyard, and a herd of oxen the other herd.' 'Try to like him,' says the father to his reluctant daughter, 'and if afterwards you find you can't do so, well, I'll have you divorced.' The process is merely to allege 'insuperable dislike,' and that is plea sufficient. 'Insuperable dislike,' having every encouragement in the state of the law, arises on the slightest pretexts. One husband doubted whether his wife had told him the truth; she immediately wanted to be divorced, as 'she could not live with a man who would not trust her.' Another did not eat his dinner as if he enjoyed it; this was received by the wife as a complaint against her cooking abilities, words ensued, and away the woman went for a divorce. Mr. Bonar saw at her father's house the pretty young wife of a man whose chief ground of complaint against her was that she had washed again some linen which his mother had already washed, and that this was an insult to his mother! Even offensive breath in either party is a valid ground for divorce! In a hundred separations which took place in twenty villages of one district in 1860 and the

the two following years, antipathy was the cause most frequently assigned; compulsory marriage was next in frequency; then 'drunkenness;' then 'insuperable disgust;' 'ill-treatment;' 'staying out at night;' 'ill-smelling breath;' and, lastly, 'groundless complaining.' In one case 'Augenverdrehen' was alleged, which meant that the person objected to had a habit of rolling the eyes about! 'The wife's stubborn ways,' was the pretext assigned in another case; and the 'drunkenness,' not of one of the parties, but 'of the father-in-law' in another! 'A clergyman told me,' says Mr. Bonar, 'he had observed that the mutual complaints were most frequent after the vintage, when there was wine in the cellar. At such period both parties were more excited, and neither would give way.' Facility of divorce here, as everywhere, engenders great recklessness in marrying. Characters and dispositions may be obviously incompatible, and no hope of lasting happiness can exist; but what matters it? Divorce will provide a remedy. Every sudden fancy is thus allowed to lead to the contracting, and to the violation, of a marriage. A sudden attraction, instead of being tested, is allowed to entrap them into marriage; and the errings and strayings of fancy in married persons are allowed to lead to guilty feelings ending in divorce. The august sanctity of true marriage is thus violated, and its dignity degraded. The matrimonial tie becomes a mere registry of an intended cohabitation, a bestial rather than a human union, which a whim may terminate, as a whim has made.

Of late years the Saxons in Transylvania have been losing ground. Instead of enlarging their boundaries on all sides, as once they did, they are being thrust inwards by alien races, and are in danger of dying away from the towns and villages which the hands of their forefathers energetically founded and bravely maintained. Mr. Bonar charges it all upon the worship of Mammon. As the patrimony could not be increased to provide amply for all the members of a large family, the Saxon declined to have such a family. He assumed to take under his own control the renewal of the population. 'The same obnoxious and objectionable causes, which in France check the increase of the population,' are allowed to work amongst the Transylvanian Saxons. Rather than bring into the world a family who, on a division of his property, must be much poorer than himself, the Saxon refused to be blessed with more than a couple of children. And so, in a worldly point of view, he made all things comfortable, and the rise of a class of pauperised Saxons became impossible. But one thing was overlooked in this prudential management of affairs. The
result

result has been that, on the whole, the births have not fully compensated for the deaths. There are villages where the population has remained stationary for a hundred years and more. In fact, the too-cautious Saxon has over-reached himself. An alien population, amongst whom no such check to population is known, swarm around him on all sides, and threaten to overrun him. Villages there are where originally every inhabitant was German, with but a few Wallack huts outside the boundary, but where now there is hardly one Saxon left, and a Wallack population has entered into possession. At Dunesdorf, near Elizabethstadt, this change has occurred within the memory of persons now living. The clergy do their best, by their advice to young married persons, to counteract the causes that are thus tending to blot these people off the face of the earth, but the mischief continues to work. Everywhere throughout the land the Saxons, who took the lead, are now falling into an inferior rank. On the banks of the Vokel there are German villages which are so only in name. The Saxons have died out, and their homes are inhabited by those whose race they formerly despised. In Jakobsdorf is a large Saxon Protestant church, with a clergyman and clerk complete, but a single family constitutes the whole congregation. In 1847, the last family but one having somehow become Wallack in association and feeling, broke down the last barrier that divided them—that of religion—and went over to the Greek faith. In S. Bonyha, S. Danyan, and S. Czavas, the population was once all Saxon; the Saxons now have dwindled to a minority. At Erked, where formerly only five Wallack families were found, now they form one-third of the inhabitants. Everywhere else the same process is in operation, and the Wallacks are even assuming the upper hand in the government of affairs. Thus has the worldly wisdom of the Saxons proved itself to be foolishness. 'They expected that while their numbers remained stationary, those of their serf dependants would do the same. But their calculations have proved false; the vassals have grown in strength, and the hum of their voices, always raised to demand new concessions, grows louder and louder, like the murmur of the waves as, closely following each other, they dash forward to take possession of the shore.'

The presence of the Saxon colonists in Transylvania has not tended to amalgamate them with the Hungarians, or to civilise the Wallacks around them. The difference between the races in moral culture, education, and habits was too great. Seven centuries of life in each others' presence have not made them friends. The Hungarian nobleman, on the one hand, found the

the political freedom of his Saxon neighbours a restraint, and their order, industry, and thrift a constant reproach. The Saxons always looked westward—to Germany—for support, and the Magyar was offended because they declined to rally round his standard. On the other hand, the Wallack's customs and manners are a strong barrier between him and the proud Saxon who formerly ruled over and still despises him.

The Saxons, short of labourers, partly through their own lack of fecundity, were obliged to avail themselves of the Wallacks, who became thus their herdsmen, employed at first in the season, like Irish reapers in England, and disappearing when it was over. After a while one or two, here and there, remained all the year round, and by degrees the one or two grew into numbers. They formed no acknowledged part of the Saxon community, and had nothing to do with its rights, privileges, or possessions. Politically, and in relation to land tenure, they were entirely outside the pale within which the Saxon lived. But having once got a footing, they could not be got rid of. Around the original solitary hut, a populous colony clustered; and a Wallack settlement of nearly equal size became invariably an appendage to each German, as it did also to each Hungarian village. The houses of the Saxons are substantial, roomy, stone or brick-built edifices, with good-sized windows and green blinds. A flight of stone steps leads to the entrance; or a verandah, as in Hungarian houses, forms a sort of porch in front and on one side of the dwelling. Where Saxon houses of this character cease, unwieldy Wallack structures of a very different appearance succeed. The walls bulge here and there; the forms are blurred in outline; the windows small; the gate roughly constructed and uncouthly painted; the whole house wattled and whitewashed. All the materials are inartificial; straw from the field, willow-branches and osiers from the water side, and wood from the forest hacked into such shape as necessity alone prescribes. Everything indicates a low grade of civilisation.

These Wallacks are descendants of hordes formerly dwelling in the mountainous districts of the Alt, who, in times of peace, wandered down into and settled in the valleys, becoming the serfs of the Hungarian nobles. A wild, unteachable people, they drove their herds on the pastures of the Saxons; they pillaged, burned, and murdered. Plagiarists of Proudhon before his time, they practically denied the right to hold property, except such as is in their own hands, and this denial is still prevalent amongst them, for a Wallack peasant of to-day will strip a garden or orchard of everything, and on being remonstrated with declare that he has committed no theft,
since

since what God makes grow must belong to him as much as to you! They are inveterate horse stealers, and resolute incendiaries. In 1599 they screwed a gimlet into the spine of the clergyman of Grossau, and hung him up by it in his own sacristy; and their cruelties were equally atrocious during the late Hungarian revolution. They are always the worst of neighbours, and the Saxons in old times more than once strove, by killing them when they could catch them, to exterminate the hated race; but in vain. The Turks and Tartars were driven back; other foes were repulsed; but the Wallacks contrived to make good their footing on the soil, and they already surpass in numbers any of the other races. They are aiming now at national recognition, and are grasping preponderant political power. Neither the Saxons nor the Hungarians, singly, can now cope with them; and, unfortunately, the hatred and contempt nourished by the Hungarian against the Saxon, prevents any useful political coalition between these.

The Hungarians in Transylvania are a highly polished race, with many very excellent natural qualities. They are hospitable to a remarkable degree. Indeed, with them hospitality seems to be an instinct; they exercise it because it is their nature to do so. 'High or low, they cannot help being hospitable; it is a natural impulse with them to take in the stranger and make him break bread under their roof.' A natural ease and grace of mien and movement characterise the Hungarians. The charm of manner with which a Hungarian lady or gentleman receives a guest is something to be remembered. 'Nothing can be more gracefully winning,' says Mr. Bonar; 'I confess I have found nothing like it elsewhere. And this is seen not only amongst the rich, but amongst all ranks.' The German, like the Englishman, is awkward in dealing with a stranger; the Hungarian never. The former feels embarrassed; the other is perfectly collected and self-possessed, no matter what may be his rank or that of the stranger. The Saxon lives frugally and economises; the Hungarian is generous to a fault, and he has not the prudence and thrift of the Saxon. The German makes you welcome, but it is evident that your presence deranges his household movements. The Hungarian has the talent of making you feel at home under his roof from the first moment. A Saxon clergyman told our traveller that, whilst making a tour, he, with a party of friends, arrived at a Szekler village during the harvest. The place was empty, all the inhabitants being busy in the fields. At last they met a solitary peasant, of whom they inquired the way to the inn. His reply was, 'There is

no

no inn here;' and when asked where then they were to go, the peasant immediately said, 'I live yonder, at such a number. Here is the key of my house-door. In half-an-hour I shall be back with a load of corn. I must go now, or I would accompany you. Excuse my not doing so; but go alone, open the door, walk in, and make yourselves comfortable till I come.' The friendly offer was accepted, and in half-an-hour the Hungarian returned with his wife, who made a fire, and cooked a meal for the strangers.

In this cordial generosity the Hungarian resembles the Irishman; and there are other points of similarity. He has no disposition to hear the truth when it is not in accord with his own opinions. He shuts out from his mind every sentiment that might be distasteful because differing from his own. Politically, no one is more uncharitable than he. He attributes the most unworthy possible motives to his opponents; a political adversary he stigmatises as if immoral, and treats him as malefactor. Oppose him, and you are actuated by the worst of motives. When he is really convinced that you have done him a kindness, he is enthusiastically and lastingly grateful; but do him a disservice or incur his dislike, and he will never forget it. He cherishes the recollection of an injury as carefully as if it were a passport to heaven. He keeps deeply cut the memory-tablets in which were inscribed the wrongs of past generations of his clan. In these things he is very Irish; and he is Keltic in his tendency to react against the inevitable, to despise the facts of the case, and to knock himself to pieces against them. But he is unlike the Kelt in other respects. He has no weakness for dirt and disorder at home, no tendency to be insensible of its presence. Tidiness and order prevail in his mansions and cottages alike. He is neat in his person; self-respect, not self-conceit, is seen in his carriage and address, his household, and his personal appearance. Unlike the Kelt, again, he is not 'flashy,' he has a total absence of ostentation. But the feeling of the Irishman towards the Sassenach, is exactly that of the Hungarian for his Austrian rulers; and he cannot recognise any good thing in the Saxon, amongst whom he lives, because they resemble the Austrians in character, and are of similar origin with them. On the other hand, the Saxons are not jealous of the Hungarians; they freely acknowledge their many excellencies, the superiority of their endowments, and their, in many respects, splendid talent for political affairs.

Recent events have much reduced the Hungarians in their social position in Transylvania. They suffered fearfully in the days of the rebellion, especially from the Wallacks, who
ravaged

ravaged their property, and often inflicted on their persons the most frightful indignities. They are not now dominant as they once were. Unless great change should come, the Wallack is likely to carry everything before him in Transylvania, by sheer force of numbers and self-assertion, and through the fallen fortunes of the Hungarian noble, and the self-extinction of the Saxon.

AET. IV.—MY WEEK OUT: GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN FEN-LAND.

JULY in London, a hot, dry July—no rain since early May—the ‘season’ over, the ‘long vacation’ come—the *Times* rather dreary reading—walls of railway stations and advertising columns in the daily papers teem with invitations to travel, to the sea-coast, to the mountains, to the Channel Islands, to the Rhine, to Alpine ‘peaks, passes, and glaciers,’ anywhere, anywhere, out of London. Cabs are top-heavy with luggage, and lively below with smiling faces—letters from old friends bear unaccustomed postmarks, and everything tells the same tale, fosters the same desire. It is a general conjugating of the verb ‘go out,’ and I must take part in it. ‘I go out, thou goest out, he goes out,’ and so forth.

Out! First, out of my study, my semi-monastic cell, where I sit alone so many hours of every day, alone and silent, among a silent company of books, busily questioning them till they yield up their secrets of fact and truth, and making due record of what they disclose. I love the place and know it is my truest home; but I am weary and must away—for a time. Then, out of my own house. ‘*Linquenda domus et placens uxor*,’ sings gay Horace in his mournful way, of the last sad necessity that comes to us all. ‘*Linquenda domus et placens uxor*,’ say I, of a necessity less sad, and not house and spouse alone, but the half-score children, bless them!—and the brood of cares to match. Above all, out of London. Out of the vast infinite-seeming city, huge workshop of the world, with its myriad inventive brains, served by myriad pairs of skilful, nimble hands, so busy, noisy, restless, familiar, yet unknown—away from its thousands of miles of street, its hard, hot pavements, its jostling crowds walking always, the slow Javanese says, ‘as if there was a fire;’ away from its roar of traffic, its shops and palaces, hovels and shows. I am weary of it, and pine to be outside in the still green world, somewhere.

It matters but little where. To a worker in London, to be anywhere else is change immense and enough. Seaside, Welsh mountain, English lake, Scottish Highlands, moors of Yorkshire, fens of Cambridgeshire, all are to him novel, attractive, and refreshing. But—and a poor *littérateur* must consider it—locomotion is costly, and mere scenery is, to some of us, poor and unsatisfying without the added charm of congenial society. So, with little hesitation, I accept an invitation from my old friend, an M.R.C.S., of some forty years' standing, in the Isle of Ely, and resolve to spend my week out at his house. Early in a July afternoon, accompanied by one of my friend's daughters, E., returning from her seaside holiday, I am seated in a second-class carriage on the Great Eastern Railway. The heat is intense. I make a shady corner and shut my eyes at starting, charging my companion to make signal when we arrive at Paradise. Country people in the carriage, old and young, talk loud and fast about a recent murder in a railway train, publishing their private opinions on the safest carriages to ride in, and reporting the resolution of somebody rich and great never to travel first-class again. At last, we have reached Paradise, I open my eyes, and thenceforth I am all eye, and have no ear at all.

Unspeakable luxury it is to stare at the fields with their ever-varying succession of golden crops, white crops, green crops, wide spaces of fair meadow land, soft-swelling hills, sacred woods, and sparkling streams; over all—to quote a fine line from a forgotten poet—

‘The grace of motion and the bloom of light;’

with happy cows, sheep, and horses, slow-toiling husbandmen, busy peasant women, gossiping nursemaids and playful children, fair young maidens and grey-haired men, all out in the sunshine on the grass, the infinite blue bending over all. The day declines, and at sunset the sky becomes singularly, I am ready to say artistically, beautiful. Linnell has hardly drawn such a sky. Turner has perhaps come near it in some of his finest efforts. Soon the brightness fades and twilight comes on. The train stops and we alight at Chatteris station, where familiar faces smile warm welcome. It is twenty years and more since I first knew the little town, and how steadfast and unchanged it seems.

A straggling village stretching irregularly from north to south for about a mile; low white houses with slated roofs, thatched cottages, and a few houses of a better class with gardens and fine trees; a plain church in shabby repair; plenty of ugly chapels; any number of uglier beerhouses; a windmill

or

or two; and all around the broad, flat fen, magnificently rich with cornfields, but without trees, without hedgerows, without running streams; intersected by 'cuts' and ditches running for miles in straight lines, and by broad, black roads leading to the scattered farms; Lilliputian black windmills perched up at intervals, for the purposes of drainage. Such are the general features of Chatteris and its surroundings in the great Bedford Level. No feature of general interest in the place, say the topographical dictionaries, and very truly. It has no history, no antiquities, no poetic scenery, no new life or signs of progress. The railway skirts the town, does not pierce it, nor seems to have made any impression on it. Nights are dark at Chatteris still. The question of lighting with gas was discussed some time ago, but the project was so valiantly opposed that it was dropped. 'We were born in the dark, we have lived all our lives in the dark, and why not die in the dark?' Such was the resistless logic which stopped the mouths of the friends of light. I observe, however, that the modest reading-room and library of twenty years ago—privately interesting to me for the sake of a good book with which I first made acquaintance there—has given place to an 'Institute,' with classes, lectures, and concerts; not without some success, they say, in the musical department. And the ubiquitous 'photographic artist' is here too, not as an established institution, but as a quasi-nomad, with house and studio on wheels.

At the back of my friend's house is a small flower and fruit garden, bounded on one side by an old thatched barn, the wall of which is covered with fruit trees. Among the flower-beds lie fragments of time-stained stone, saved from the ruins of the ancient nunnery. Chatteris had a nunnery once—founded, they say, in the tenth century—of which no remains exist on its proper site, except only portions of the wall which once enclosed the peaceful retreat. Among the flowers lies also a small figure in white stone of a Brahmin bull; it is a relic of the terrible Indian mutiny of 1857, carried off at the loot of Azimghur. My friend's eldest son is a surgeon in the Indian army, and here beside me in this secure English garden is his only child, Ada, a lovely, restless, little maid, not two years old, with sparkling eyes and golden-red hair. A little upper room, overlooking and entered from the garden by a short flight of steps, is set apart as my study. I vow, however, that work shall be only 'padding,' and play the substance of my week; and that not even a recently received message of inquiry from 'The Row,' as to when I shall be 'ready to go to press,' shall disquiet me.

How

How pleasant the wakening of the first morning in the country stillness, clearness, and greenness! It is sunny, not sultry, but deliciously fresh, with breeze from the west, and beautiful white clouds are scudding across the blue. M. gives me her company for a walk. We pass on our way a cottage vine-adorned, which more than twenty years ago was, for a few weeks, my lonely home. The cottage, and the vines, and the windows, and the little flower-beds look just the same as they did; and I — ? *Tempora mutantur, &c.* We lean on gates by the roadside and look over tracts of nearly ripe wheat, statelily bending and gracefully flowing with the air; and beyond, over the great level land to the round horizon. The dulness and monotony of daily toil, household anxiety and fret, the noise and foul gases, and perpetual restlessness of the city are all gone, literally blown away. I have a delicious sense of astonishment at the change, no less so than if I stood on Fairlight Downs, or Douglas Head, or Helvellyn. We stroll through the parish cemetery, which has an uncomfortable new and bare look, and the shrubs and trees mere promises at present, and the flower-beds few and far between. It has two pretty Gothic chapels, two symbols of the ecclesiastical sections of English society, like the 'consecrated' and 'unconsecrated' portions of the ground, built of a mixture of iron-brown and white stone. Another cemetery is not far off, smaller, older, and more attractive. We enter and sit awhile on the garden chair, placed in a short avenue of lovely young limetrees in the centre. Unspeakable is the charm of it; the fresh glory of nature, the holy stillness of the secluded burial-place, the sweet joy of congenial companionship, momentary foretaste, it may be, of that

'splendid calm
That bounds the deadly fever of these days.'

Yet once again I must rest in that favourite spot. It is on the last day of my holiday. M. and E. are with me. Outside the little avenue men are busy, not noisily, with a plan of the ground spread open on the grass. They are sent to mark out a grave for one newly dead—a faithful wife, who has made life sweet to her partner more than fifty years, and whose departure leaves his home desolate. Every Sunday morning through their long wedded life he used to give her a nosegay, and after her death it was found that she had carefully kept them all.

'A withered violet is her bliss.'

Can death be the end of love like that?

Sunday

Sunday morning is come, but not with it the ideal Sabbath quietness. The little town is all astir. For an hour or two before the time of morning service people are passing hurriedly in groups, in droves, on foot, on horseback, in carts and gigs, in their 'Sunday best,' with eager faces and quick voices, somewhither. I ask what it is all about, and learn that the 'Zionite' folks are going to witness a baptism by immersion in a piece of water not far from the town. It is expected that a thousand or more persons will be drawn together from villages and solitary farms to see the sight. For the 'minister' is very popular, and the people are proud of him as a disciple of Mr. Spurgeon.

Having no appetite for such spectacles, I accept an invitation to accompany a surgeon on his morning drive across the fen. For most of the way our road is beside the 'Forty Foot Cut,' one of the great drains of the Level. It meets the Old Bedford River at right angles at Welshes Dam, a village consisting of some ten or twelve poor cottages huddled together in the waste, with a Ranters' chapel, and the 'shop' that sells everything. Trees and the lofty embankment of the Old River shelter the little cluster of human homes. Young men are idling away the Sunday morning on the side of the embankment, and a group of children are at play at a little distance running merrily up and down the slopes. Broad and dull lies the flat fen all round. The doctor visits his patients—he has to visit many out of so small a population—and leaves me to loiter with the 'trap' in a corner of meadow partly shut in by a plantation, a barn, and the village. How strange the out-of-the-world-ness, the old-world-ness of it all! It must have looked much the same a hundred years ago as it does to-day. There is nothing to tell of railways, gaslights, electric telegraphs, penny postage, or any other modern invention for enabling us to live faster than our forefathers did. To be here is like stepping back in time. And imagination finds it a help to her far remoter flight, to the days when this Level was flooded and wooded and almost impassable, 'Isle of Ely' in reality, fine seat for the 'Camp of Refuge' which so long held out against Norman attacks, when Thurstan was Lord Abbot of Ely, and the great house of Ely gave shelter to thanes and earls, bishops and abbots, from all parts of England. I see now the grand old cathedral darkly towering up, five miles off, across the fen.

Our road to Welshes Dam is not 'made,' merely worn by the casual traffic which rolls that way, and so we have to rough it. It is not strictly a public road, and passage is at intervals intercepted by gates. One of these we find locked. Fortunately,

tunately, just as we reach it, an old farmer and his wife also arrive, jogging along in their heavy cart in an opposite direction; they have the key of the gate, and so we pass the bar. The poor old lady is just recovering from serious illness, is now suffering from asthma, and this is her first airing. Presently rain comes on, and being unprepared for it we are compelled to put to the test the neighbourliness and good nature of the occupants of the next cottage by the wayside, by borrowing their umbrella. It is all a matter of course, and the loan is made with the most unsophisticated kindness and confidence. We pass at intervals on the way piles of the black bog-oak, trunks and branches of great trees which are found below the surface in the bed of peat; odd-looking stacks, with concave sides, hollowed out by the rubbing against them of the cattle, for whose shelter and comfort they are set up; and low white cottages, of one storey, with slated roofs, unfurnished, I am told, and occupied by the Irish labourers, who come yearly to do harvest work and keep wages low. Here they are, standing and lying about in small groups, with their unattractive physiognomies and indolent gait. England is said to expect every man to do his duty; but she can hardly expect such men as these to *love work*. They have, most of them, a civil word and look for 'Doctor;' but they also know how to drive desperately hard bargains with him for his medicines. A group of them are down on their knees on the grass round a poor lad, whose ankle is burnt with hot cinders thrown at him by a comrade, and lodged in his boot. The patient is laid out on the bank in anticipation of the doctor's passing by, and doctor alights, kneels down with the little group, and does his best for the boy. The boy is brave, and thinks nothing of his hurt; and doctor is used to it, and has every day in harvest-time bad cuts in hand or leg to dress. But Paddy doesn't like paying for medicine, and will try very hard to evade it, or to cut down the price to the lowest possible sum. Such a passage of arms as this is not uncommon on settling terms. 'It's half a crown,' says doctor, producing the mixture. Paddy cries out, he knows how, with surprise at the immense amount, and declares he has only three-halfpence in the world. 'Well, then, I shall break the bottle.' Paddy stays the threatening hand, finds up a few more coppers, and offers fourpence; the bottle is threateningly raised again; more money is forthcoming; and so on through a long series of feigning pleas of poverty and counter menaces of bottle-breaking, till at last perhaps one shilling and sixpence or one shilling and ninepence is grudgingly paid. These men, however, have the great merit of sending home the
the

the larger part of their earnings. They live hard and lie hard, and do not throw away their money in gin-shops or in beer-houses.

The pastime of another day is a drive with a friendly and educated farmer over his widely-scattered farm. Before starting, the steam thrashing-machine is inspected, and I am taken into the barn to be weighed. A laughable process, to sit perched up on the little flat table of the weighing-machine, your feet dangling down anywhere, and to feel the great iron weights, one after another, thump on behind you, giving you a slight rise in the world, and after all careful adjustments to learn, on authority, that you weigh so many stone, less one pound! But the roomy sociable is ready, with the old bay horse that knows how to trot, and knows as well how to stand for any length of time, by roadside, at a gate, in the middle of a field, or anywhere else that you like to leave him. In a large field, where the crop is being carried, the head man is asked how many loads there will be. He has no difficulty in answering the question. His decision is almost as rapid as an intuition, and he is probably unconscious of the curious complex process of the mind by which he arrives at it. Practice makes perfect. But the man who is perfect in one field does not understand and is astonished at a like perfection displayed in another field. The farmer in his hayfield would wonder at the printer in his office, how he tells so rapidly what number of sheets a certain batch of manuscript will make.

We drive across pasture fields, through golden cornfields—it is years since I saw such a sight—along soft, black farm roads without a stone (there are large tracts of land here without stones, and my friend offers to eat all I can find on some five hundred acres of his farm); beside ditches crowded with lovely flowers of all bright hues, making me wish myself a botanist, and enticing us frequently to alight and pluck them; and past a small patch of flax, which with its exquisite flower looks like a bed of harebells. We stop to observe a party of girls who are at work about a little mound of potatoes, industriously and nimbly plucking off the fresh growths and preparing them for the pigs. The colony of pigs we visit next, in the midst of which is a steam boiler for cooking their peas and potatoes on a large scale. The old farm servant who has charge of the colony is very deaf. But what a brawny arm he has, and what a keen eye, and what weighty communications he has to make. He talks fast and looks thoroughly in earnest. In his lowly calling he has all the supporting vanity of a prime minister, or of Tennyson's
'Northern


'Northern Farmer.' His swift, odd speech is unintelligible to me; but I see that he has a sense of duty and a good will to do it, and deserves to be trusted. He lives in a narrow circle and scarcely glances beyond it. What to him are American wars, French occupations of Rome, Russian desolation of Poland? What does he know of Colenso, of Rénan, or of Darwin? Did he ever hear of Tennyson, or even of Shakespeare? All these names and the worlds they symbolise lie outside the walls that bound his life, and he is a stranger alike to the charm and the trouble of them. He sees to his master's pigs, and if they fatten he is happy. I dream for the moment that I am in the forest of Arden, and hear Corin talking. It is the echo of his confession to Touchstone:—'Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.' While among the pigs, my friend tells me that experiments have been lately made of fattening them on bacon (a novel form of cannibalism!) and that not only is the bacon entirely assimilated, but that it facilitates the assimilation of other food.

All the lands we pass over are extremely dry, cracked, and gaping for thirstiness. In the ditch sides we see how deep the cracks run down, and how the surface soil trickles off through them. Patches and thin seams of shelly matter a foot or two below the surface give a white colour to the soil. These shells appear to have been deposited in the low lands as the waters withdrew from the higher. They are most thickly bedded in the deepest depressions, and considerably lessen the fertility of the soil. The district is near what are called the 'skirt-lands,' bordering on Huntingdonshire. The bog-oak is usually found lying in one direction, indicating the course of the waters retiring towards the sea. There is hardly an oak to be seen in the district now; one field near the town is distinguished as 'Oaktree Close,' because an old oak still survives in it.

Another day of my week out is devoted to a visit to Ely Cathedral. At 9 a.m., on a lovely morning, first of August, the little pony-gig is at the door. M. accompanies me. The road lies through the pretty village of Mepal, on the Old and New Bedford rivers; up Sutton Hill, from which there is a fine view across a spacious valley to the rising grounds of Haddersham (a landscape which is said to be a singularly close representation of the field of Waterloo), through the village of Witchford, site of the ancient ford where the terrible witch, brought from Normandy to counteract the incantations of Girolamo

Girolamo of Salerno in the camp of the Saxons, is related to have crossed over into the plain; and presently we are in the lifeless little cathedral town of Ely. After 'putting up' at the 'Lamb' we hasten to the cathedral, hoping to be in time for the music of the morning service. It is eleven o'clock as we enter under the western tower and catch the first glimpse of the glorious perspective. The service is just over, for we see the procession of white-gowned choristers passing from the choir and vanishing in the south transept. But in the presence of all that magical beauty for the eye we take the loss of the music with great composure. Guide-book in hand, we pace slowly through the choir, noticing the stalls designed by Alan de Walsingham, the rich canopies, and the lovely little groups of sculpture newly executed and placed in the upper panels. Suddenly, a voice behind us, unpleasantly voluble, gives us some information about them, and the speaker passes on. Presently we stand in front of the new reredos, or altar-screen, a miracle of elaborate beauty, worth a pilgrimage to see. Executed in white stone, partly in alabaster, enriched with colour and gilding; the compartments separated by slender columns with glittering spiral belts and foliated capitals; figures of angels upon the capitals; below, a series of panels with sculptures in alto-relievo, of subjects from the life of our Lord; gables and finials surmounting each compartment, within each gable a head in bas-relief; canopies enriched with Mosaic, crocketed angles, roses, and grotesque figures; and on the pinnacle over the central canopy a figure of our Lord. But in the presence of such beauty words fail. We feel the magical impression of it and linger before it, and hope, how vainly, to be able to recall at will its features and details. But in memory it becomes vague, and vanishes like a human face that over-much fascinates us. The harmony of colour is perfect; at a little distance the effect is nearly that of a delicate blush spread over the whole work. Just so the rich coloured glass of the southern aisle does not throw a distinct image of itself on the opposite columns, arches, and floor, but tints them with a uniform, soft rose-pink, the beautiful precipitate of their mixture of colours. Through the openings of the screen comes the glow of the great eastern window.

The reredos is monumental. It was erected by John Dunn Gardiner, Esq., formerly of Chatteris, to the memory of his first wife. 'The work'—I quote from the 'Handbook to the Cathedral'—'took five years to execute, and cost upwards of £3,000. Some of the more important of the sculptures, Mosaics, and other decorations were suggested by the donor, and the whole was designed by G. G. Scott, Esq.'



A small party of visitors are looking at the screen, and a man in black, with a leather bag suspended by a strap across the right shoulder, is volubly discoursing to them. That voice we had already heard in the choir. We retire from the group, and look at the ancient tombs in the aisles. That voice again! It breaks in upon our reluctant sense everywhere. Sitting at the corner of the north transept, standing in Bishop Alcock's Chapel, again in Bishop West's, everywhere it follows and croaks. It calls us to see the Lady Chapel, and we go, glad of the sight though not of the guide; it invites us to the Prior's entrance, and we go. And then it says, significantly, 'I must be going now.' Why was I not wise before it was too late? Why did I not that instant bow with infinite politeness, and responsive, significant smile, and say, 'I wish you good morning?' Pitiful dulness, to understand the unspoken appeal, and to hand the man a coin! And thus the poetic enthusiasm and devout feeling inspired by the glories of art in this house of God must be dashed with such prose and profanity as this. It would be less offensive to have a fixed charge on entering: better to have it understood that vergers are ready to guide those who ask them, and have no claim on others: best of all to have the glorious church open and free to all, and have done with pay.

We still linger in the nave, gazing unsated down the long and lofty vista closed by the western doorway and painted window; linger in the aisles of the nave, beautiful with their slightly curving line of arches and bands of lovely colour across the pavement, and up the columns; linger in the Galilee or Portico, and under the western tower, within the four original arches of which four others in a different style appear, added for the sake of strength; turn again and again before we quit the enchanted ground; but, at last, the last look is taken, and—adieu!

After cold lunch at the 'Lamb,' prefaced by a speech of the waiter in disparagement of the town, with scornful comparison of it with a village where he previously lived, a speech amusing enough to my companion, who kindly charged herself with the part of listener, we stroll to the Porter's Lodge, obtain there a key, and thence to 'Cherry Hill,' a small circular artificial mound, enclosed, grassy and planted with trees, a pathway running spirally to the top, and crowned with a canopied circular seat in tea-garden fashion.

One more visit to the reredos, one long, last gaze at the whole vision of beauty, and, with 'sweet sorrow,' away.

It is four o'clock when we set out for home. We spend an hour or two at a farmhouse on the way, and then in the still
summer

summer evening, amidst the calmness of the slowly deepening twilight, we drive leisurely home. The day is closed with music.

Soon my week—which counted nine days—comes to an end, and I must be at work again. Farewell to the golden corn, to the green lanes, to the dear, familiar burial-place, with its bright flowers and softly whispering limes, to the little garden, to the study where I did not work, and to the long-loved friends whose genial kindness has made these hours golden for me! My old friend with a passionate earnestness blesses me as I pass the threshold; M. and E. accompany me to the station. There is a short, uneasy waiting, a hurried ‘Good-bye,’ with shaking of hands repeated through the carriage window, and at last the inexorable whistle of the engine, and ‘My Week Out’ is over.

ART. V.—LOUIS BLANC ON ENGLAND.

THE lapse of the Provisional Government of France, of which M. Louis Blanc was a member, and the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, have consigned to exile in England for a long time past the illustrious advocate of the *ateliers nationaux*. He has not lived amongst us all these years without using his eyes and taking notes. He has supplied his countrymen, through the periodical press, with a long series of letters, containing his opinions on men and things in England; and these, re-published and translated, are now accessible to every English reader.*

Instead of filling his press correspondence with the various gossip of the hour, M. Blanc takes hold of the one topic most prominent at the date of writing; with a few happy strokes he defines its features; he illustrates it, often with piquant wit, sometimes with humour; he produces, in fine, an essay, succinct, clear, and to the point, always delightful in style, and frequently coincident in its gist with the verdicts of sound judgment. His criticisms on England, unlike those of almost all other Frenchmen, are actually founded on the facts of the case, or thereabouts. He takes great pains to learn what these are, and to comprehend their bearings. He knows how to give praise handsomely where he deems it deserved. He also

* Letters on England. By Louis Blanc. Translated from the French by James Hutton, and Revised by the Author. In two volumes. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1866.

knows how to find his way to weak points, and how with acute sarcasm to expose them.

M. Blanc's memory supplies him with a copious fund of illustration, and this adds to the charm of his delightful style. He imports witty sayings—as that of the celebrated Abbé Galiani, who noticed that what distinguishes man from the other animals is, that he is the only animal that meddles with what does not concern him. Or ludicrous anecdotes—as of Alderman Wood, who, when on a visit to Paris, is said to have written on his cards, '*Peu le lord maire,*' for the late Lord Mayor! Or brilliant repartees—as that of Piron, against whom even Voltaire feared to measure himself, and who, on being asked by the Archbishop of Paris, 'Have you read my last charge?' replied, 'No, my lord; have you?'

In the two volumes of letters before us, every leading theme of public interest arisen during the course of them, is made the subject of a sparkling *précis*. To read them, therefore, is to live over again the public discussion of recent years. The Unity of Italy, Essays and Reviews, the Syrian Question, the Ionian Islands, the English in China, the Volunteers, the English Constitution, Epsom Races, Count Cavour, Workmen's Strikes—so opens the catalogue of subjects; and it proceeds, through topic after topic, down to the great garotte panic, the election of Prince Alfred as King of Greece, the opening of the session of 1863, the question of slavery and the English, and the revivification of the demand for electoral reform.

Louis Blanc is, and one great charm of these letters is that he is, above all things, a Frenchman. That France is the very centre of the cosmos is, with M. Blanc, a matter of course. He sets out with an assertion of the 'striking and glorious privilege which is the peculiar attribute of France.' Her existence he describes 'as a phenomenon from which the nations of the earth in vain strive to turn aside their gaze.' Mark how they love to speak her language! It is at the thousand sacred fires of her literature that they kindle their own lights. So far as it is in their power, they blend their history with hers. They re-echo her cries; they seek an answer from her vaguest aspirations; and if, perchance, in her hours of slumber she happen to dream aloud, they make it their care to find an interpretation for those dreams. Does she take a step in advance, they, too, step forward; does she hesitate, they come to a dead halt. Thus, in the name of the splendid nation, does M. Blanc talk, 'With an "I-turn-the-winch-of-the-universe" air.' For is not France the very centre of all true civilisation, and do not the other nations owe all their progress to her?

That

That several of the nations are not at all aware that they hold this dependant relationship to France, is due, we suppose, to their stupid ignorance of facts. Yet, in sad sooth, who looks to France for available political light? To France, which, like a man with his head in a bag, has been wandering about ever since 1793, a blind Cyclops in search of its never very well-balanced stock of visual power,—that solitary eye which it has lost? To France, which from then till now has been stumbling and blundering about backwards and forwards, from republicanism to military dictatorship, to Cæsarism, to legitimacy, to Orleanism, to the republic, to military dictatorship; lastly, but not finally, to Cæsarism again? Who looks to France politically, except as a warning of how not to do, and what by all means to avoid? Who, indeed, looks to France for anything, except the latest fashions in dress? Here, no doubt, France is undisputed leader and guide of the nations. But with what result? What we have got as our reward for looking to France for guidance in costume true to natural grace and genuine beauty—in short, what a sad mess France,—especially France under the Empire,—has made of it, witness the fashion books, witness crinoline and chignon.

M. Blanc regards with complacency, in France, 'That restlessness of spirit, sometimes rash, but always generous, which impels France to seek unexpected solutions, to set forth on the discovery of new horizons, to push forward civilisation.' That restlessness of spirit, alas! how the world misinterprets it! To the Italian war, what an unexpected solution in Savoy, what a new horizon discovered at Nice, what a pushing forward of civilisation towards Piedmont, on the part of an always generous France! What a misfortune that the world should persist in so grievously misunderstanding it!

But though French to the backbone, M. Blanc is no unworthy critic of England. He has a bright eye and a keen vision. He sees her dark spots, for, alas! they are not few, and they are not small. He sees also many of the things which go to atone for these. On the whole, when England is before him, he is an upright judge, and an impartial. When he detects a weak joint in the armour of her character, in goes his rapier blade at a flash. When he can with justice, he sets her on the throne of the nations, and pays her his profound homage. A few—only a few—of the many characteristics that he notes, or judgments that he pronounces, we propose to indicate.

In his description of Epsom Races, our Gallic observer spies an opening for a blow, which he therefore administers. And, truly, it is not ill-deserved. He recalls that, at the Isthmian games,

games, the fellow-countrymen of Pericles went to see men dispute the prize for wrestling, for leaping, for throwing the discus or the javelin, for music, or for poetry (he might have pointed with admiration to our Welsh folk at their *Eisteddfod*) ; whereas we go to Epsom to see horses run, and to eat cold veal—a detail, this last, which he professes to be quite unable to overlook. It is too true (he remarks) that champagne, soda water, ale, gin, and eatables, and, after the pleasant trouble of carrying them, the equally agreeable task of getting rid of them, play the chief part in the pleasures of the day. The English never profess to love art for art's sake, and he is afraid that what most pleases them in horse-racing is the excuse it furnishes for national drinking and patriotic indigestions. And this he ventures to say, by way of reply to a certain ultra-Saxon newspaper, which had recently shown itself not satisfied with taunting the French with their military reviews, and the Spaniards with their bull-fights, but had congratulated England on her inaccessibility to any but noble passions, and on showing, even in the choice of her amusements, her superiority to other peoples. With too exquisite accuracy M. Blanc describes the return from the races. Those, he declares, who believe the English to be a cold, grave, phlegmatic people, should come and contemplate what passes then upon the road, and to see which all those inquiring faces are, as it were, glued to the windows of the houses on either side. What exuberance of life ! What thundering shouts of mirth ! What prodigious unburthening of the mind ! What readiness to follow the most audacious inspirations of champagne or mild ale ! One gets shoved about, pointed at derisively, apostrophised, and, quite in a brotherly way, one has jests and turnips flung at one's head. Everybody is absurd who is not in a brutish state. Everybody is charming who is not dead drunk.

M. Blanc is not altogether mistaken in criticising thus unfavourably the leading popular amusements. Bull-baiting retreats into the last century, no doubt ; and, happily, cock-fighting is illegal. But we must aver that little except the bad faith of the money-takers prevents the mutual bruising of Mace and Goss from being admired by persons in all ranks. And what, we ask, is even hunting in this country, but a most shabby tragedy performed between horses, dogs, and men little less brutish on the one hand, and a miserable hare or fox on the other ? What even was the Blondin exhibition, but a pandering to the basest sensations of our nature, such as are gratified by the reckless danger to other people's lives and limbs ? M. Blanc says, and says rightly, that it is perfectly

fectly wrong to allow a man to make a public profession of playing with death for the amusement of idlers, men about town, and frivolous women who require strong sensations. It is a horrible education to give to the public, that of ferocious entertainments. The danger incurred by the performer is what constitutes, for the majority of spectators, the real attraction. Were it otherwise, what necessity would there be for placing the rope 200 feet from the ground? What becomes, with exhibitions of this sort, of that respect for human life which is one of the essential virtues of civilised man? With all this admirable protest, however, M. Blanc shows himself concerned that Blondin should be reputed to be rather a Canadian than a Frenchman. He cannot but think that England envies France the nativity of the great rope-treader!

Our addiction to tea is one of the things that strikes M. Blanc with surprise. Would you know, he asks, what is the bond of union between the highest and the lowest person in these realms? It is the passion for tea. In this classic land of inequality, tea is the only thing, with the exception, perhaps, of death, that tends slightly to equalise the different orders of society. Yet he is not surprised that a repeal of the paper duty was preferred to a reduction of the duty on tea. To their credit, the people overcame the temptation; and to those who in sugared accents advised them to take care of their belly, they replied that they would like nothing better, provided they were first allowed to take some little care of their brain.

For his part, he owns to a weakness for the penny papers. He admires the talent displayed in them, is struck by the tone that pervades them, and feels interested in their success as connected with the triumph of a cause dear to him. 'The cheap press,' he says, 'is nothing less than the peaceful advent of democracy prepared by the education of the masses.' But he is very anxious for the penny papers, as touching their means of existence, because he cannot understand how it is possible for one penny to give newspapers, some of which contain not less than eight large pages of printed matter, and in which are to be found a multitude of interesting facts and much useful information, a detailed report of parliamentary proceedings, a faithful picture of the progress of literature and the arts, sketches of the peculiarities of social life, leading articles evidently emanating from writers of ability, and, lastly, special correspondence forwarded every day from every quarter of the globe.

M. Blanc marks with curiosity the youthful ardour where-
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with this grave people has applied itself to playing at soldiers in the piping times of peace. Barristers, physicians, lawyers, shopkeepers, shopboys, are amongst those who hold themselves ready to flash the sword from the scabbard, and are anxious to learn how to kill with skill. A little more, he thinks, and the very clergy would have mixed themselves up with the movement of the volunteers. Nothing can equal the facility with which these impromptu warriors cut to pieces an imaginary foe. Superfluous to add that the terrible engagements which take place are always followed by great effusion of porter and ale. Courage naturally creates an appetite. What, then, can be more attractive than combats which cost the combatants nothing more than a faithful obedience to the laws of hygiene? It is the theory of a good bargain applied to heroism. Yet he sees in this display of military ardour in a people who have hitherto made it a boast that they are not military, a patriotic precaution, an ardent desire, and one in itself highly honourable, to place themselves in a condition, without taking any amount of money, lost time, and other sacrifices into consideration, to defend, at the critical moment, their country and their homes. That France, meaning the French nation at large, has any designs upon this country he does not admit for a moment; and he is distressed that England should be more absolutely separated from France by groundless suspicion than she is by the Channel. But, though distressed, he is not surprised. To Imperial despotism in France, which he justly detests, he attributes the necessary existence of this suspicion. So long as there is no freedom of the press in France, so long as the initiative all rests in one dark, mysterious-minded man, to go armed to the teeth is, on the part of the neighbours of France, no less than an inevitable precaution.

The English military system, its grotesque combination of voluntary enlistment, with promotion by seniority and purchase, seems very ridiculous to our clever French observer. 'Gallic logic,' he says, 'like geometry, is of opinion that the shortest route from one point to another is a straight line, and France has therefore come to this, that since the nation wants so many soldiers, lots should be drawn amongst all persons of regulation stature, and those on whom the lot falls must draw the sword whether they like it or not.' But he does not attempt to show that the straight line, which is the shortest route, is therefore always the best. He makes fun of our system of enticing men to enlist. 'Before a peasant will consent to cover himself with glory,' he says, 'the recruiting sergeant has to sing to him, much as they do in *La Dame Blanche*, "*Ah! quel plaisir! ah! quel plaisir! ah! quel plaisir*"

plaisir d'être soldat !'' If this prospect has any charms for him he receives a shilling, and the bargain is struck. If not, his native land must submit with resignation. Yet, though in its outset a voluntary service, soldiering is regarded with horror by all classes, except the most degraded; and will continue to be, thinks M. Blanc, until a radical reform be introduced into our military system, and to the private soldier the chance be given of a career of promotion in the army.

M. Blanc has discovered that England is not naturally sentimental. Motives derived from pure philanthropy are not in general those which affect her most deeply. To convince her, you must show her clearly what she will gain by being convinced. We might admit to our critic that this is true, no doubt, of England, and of several other countries. In another place, he himself hastens to say that no people are in a better position than the English with regard to humanity and charity. He exclaims with admiration, how many acts are performed amongst us under the veil of secrecy! How many hospitals founded and supported by voluntary contributions! What sums of money spent for praiseworthy purposes!

M. Blanc remarks that the number of persons in England who pass their life in guarding against emotions is very great indeed. Deep feeling, he says, makes them sick; they turn it into ridicule; they call it sentimentalism. If you are a writer, beware of eloquence, for they will call you a declaimer. If you speak in public, let your harangue be as little impressive as possible; gesticulate *like a statue*, for otherwise they will suspect you of being an orator. Let not your pulse have too many pulsations. Whilst appreciating highly the imposing character of English gravity, the manly dignity of bearing, the earnestness of pursuit, the sober tone of language, the power of self-control, distinguishing the English—qualities before which he readily bows—he protests against their being carried to excess, and says they should not lead to the regarding as childish, affected, or insincere, whatever is the free, spontaneous impulse of the heart. It is absurd in us to measure all other peoples by our own standard. Each nation has, or ought to have, its own peculiar genius. The eloquence of the South may well differ from that of the North. An Italian may be pardoned for expressing his feelings with greater vivacity than a Saxon; and when M. Blanc saw the *Times*, for instance, rebuking Garibaldi for having testified his gratitude to England in impassioned terms, he thought he saw a fog picking a quarrel with the sun.

To M. Louis Blanc nothing seems more dreary than the sermons of our preachers. England is, he conceives, above
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all others, the country of soporific sermons. A church, of course, is not like any other place where one may yawn at one's pleasure; and what is there more tragical than to be placed between decorum, that forbids you to seem bored, and a preacher who bores you? It is lamentable to see the oral government of souls delivered over to men who lack the first conditions requisite for the exercise of this sovereign power. One is gouty, and his eloquence has twitchings from which his hearers suffer. Another, affected with a chronic cold, coughs out the decrees of Heaven, instead of fulminating them. A third is an old man who once could speak, but now only whispers, and is inaudible even to the beadle. A fourth is an ardent young man, with a flashing eye and eager physiognomy, who would flame up if his servant broke a tumbler, or would move the heart of the most inflexible gamekeeper if his pointer's life were in danger; but, once in the pulpit, he turns to ice, and it would be easier to melt the Alps with vinegar than for him to touch the feelings of his flock. A slow pronunciation, a fashion of intoning more odiously monstrous than an Indian tom-tom; the gestures of an automaton—in a word, a sort of stolid solemnity for the most part characterises pulpit eloquence in this country. The man with whom you dined yesterday, and who charmed you by his animated conversation, carried on without effort and sustained without affectation, would send you to sleep standing if you went to hear him preach to-day. And so M. Blanc, with a fine sarcasm, suggests that preachers should apply themselves to acquiring the art of feeling deeply what they say. Unfortunately, street Methodists and other ranters have patronised this art for many years past in England; and what can respectable clergymen do, in self-defence, but adopt the dead-alive style on purpose, lest they should be confounded with the ranters? On the other hand, we must consider the requirements of the hearers. 'The voice to reach the heart,' says M. Blanc, 'must come from the heart.' True; but what if there is no heart to reach? Or, granted a heart, what if there is nothing more strong in its possessor than an unwillingness to have it affected?

With England's love for Garibaldi, M. Blanc is much impressed. Her attitude, after the catastrophe of Aspromonte, was a spectacle of grandeur. England, beyond all others the country of accomplished facts, the classic land of success accepted and adored—England seized with affection and admiration almost unbounded for Garibaldi vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner! England forgetting to be what she especially piques herself on being, a practical nation, in order to render homage to a man who had not succeeded! In the eyes of posterity

posterity it will be the supreme title of Garibaldi's glory, the brilliant originality of his *rôle*, that he did not need success to be admired, in a country where a fallen man is seldom a hero, and where triumphant force never yet wanted an altar.

M. Blanc's pictures of public men in England are always distinct, often felicitous.

Mr. Gladstone, he thinks, deserves homage, for no one has laboured for the public weal in England with more talent, more zeal, or a more earnest love of progress. But, although everyone acknowledges Mr. Gladstone's sincerity and perfect rectitude, it is certain that he fills everyone with anxiety. Even in the quarters where his presence has become almost a necessity, there are some who begin to be rendered anxious by his demeanour, and to ask in whispers, What does he mean? Whither is he going? Where will he stop? Some fear to see him go too far; others dread to see him shrink back; no one is bold enough to answer for the path which will be taken by Mr. Gladstone. And why? Mr. Gladstone himself does not know. He is wavering and uncertain from excess of penetration. What detracts from the firmness of his judgment, what condemns him to the tortures of an undecided line of conduct, is precisely the most characteristic quality of his eminent intellect. His very sagacity sometimes impairs his powers; he is embarrassed every day by his extraordinary clear sightedness. He sees so well the right and the wrong of everything, that his mind suggests at the same time the question and the answer, the argument and the rejoinder; a precious faculty, no doubt, but much less so in a politician, whose energy it often paralyses, than in a philosopher to whom it imparts that high impartiality which is the honour and the noblest attribute of philosophy. Not that M. Blanc denies to Mr. Gladstone, even as a political man, a foremost place. He notes that he is a man of business, understanding the details of commerce, familiar with the manipulation of figures, and, when necessary, able to show himself either as the son of a Liverpool merchant, or as a graduate of the University of Oxford. But it is in oratorical jousting that he especially excels. Mr. Gladstone would be the first orator in England were there no Mr. Bright; and, although there is a Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone is unquestionably the first orator in the House of Commons. There he is in his glory. That penetrating grace of language which subdues without forcing you, that savour of literature which enhances the value of the thought in an assembly of refined and cultivated minds, the perfume of classical studies, the art of using striking and unforeseen quotations, the philosophical turn, the covert irony, the

the subtilty blended with power—in short, all that Mr. Bright lacks, Mr. Gladstone possesses in a superior degree.

M. Blanc noticed with admiration, Mr. Gladstone's Manchester speech in 1862. Here, he said, we have a member of the Government who publicly, and on a solemn occasion, recognises with regret the political indifference of the people, and, as it were, scolds their apathy! He would have them more enterprising, and more zealous, to win the rights which still remain to be achieved. What an example! What a lesson!

In this declaration of Mr. Gladstone, M. Blanc saw something that shows that in England power is not considered as necessarily identical with resistance; and that, so far from repulsing progress when it presents itself, statesmen of lofty soul expect it, invite it, and even beckon it on if it seem to linger, well knowing that the best way to avoid revolutions is to be fearless of reforms. This is the key to the profound tranquillity which, in England, accompanies the continuous action of liberty. Thus also is explained the sort of seeming torpor into which the people sometimes allows itself to sink. It knows that whenever it pleases to reclaim what is due to it, payment will be obtained without difficulty; that it compromises nothing by adjournment; and that, if it chance to slumber, powerful intellects watch over it for its good.

The war expenditure in time of peace, rebuked by Mr. Gladstone whilst Chancellor of the Exchequer, is noticed by M. Blanc, in order to dwell on the singular attitude of that minister towards it. Mr. Gladstone laid the blame of it on the House of Commons, that is, on the people of England; if they really objected to the expenditure, they had only to will and to speak to be obeyed. 'What think you of this language?' exclaims our observer. 'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your minister.' Happy the countries where authority reposes on this principle! Here, in this country, it is the Government which obeys, and the foremost functionaries of the State adopt the title, than which none can be more honourable, of public servants. The people gain by it; and what do the ministers lose? The less they are feared, the more they are respected.

Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate mistake with reference to the nature and probable result of the American civil war, M. Blanc did not fail to spot at the time. It was a sad blunder to say that Jefferson Davis had created an army, a navy, and a nation. M. Blanc, throughout the whole affair of the war, saw clearly on which side lay the right, and to whom would finally be *victoria læta*. His surprise and disgust at the favour shown

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to the Confederates by many persons in England were well expressed in his letters at the time. He attempts to explain how Mr. Gladstone came to give this triumph to his enemies. The explanation lies, he surmises, in Mr. Gladstone's character. Mr. Gladstone, in fact, is not simply a statesman. He is essentially a man of letters, an artist, an orator. Hence his fondness for applause. Like all men of letters, he gladly inhales the incense that burns in the censers of a friendly press. Like all artists, he is possessed by sensibility. Like all orators, he loves to behold in the enthusiasm of an excited audience, the evidence of his own power. With such a disposition, a man having less elevation of soul would become a vulgar worshipper of public opinion. Mr. Gladstone is certainly not of that class. His uprightness saves him from the danger which ever lies in lending too complacent an ear to the applause of the streets. But it is none the less true that he sometimes unconsciously just touches the reef on which inferior natures would be wrecked without fail. No one is more pleased than he to be the mouthpiece of public opinion, when distinctly expressed. No one is more ready than he to encourage wishes that are enunciated with much unanimity and clearness. When the nation is making a forward movement, no one would more heartily cry 'Forward' than he. What renders this part more easy to him, is, M. Blanc thinks, that he has no pre-conceived opinions. Not that he is sceptical, he is only undecided; and he is undecided through excess of penetration. His intellect, less vigorous than subtle, makes him see too well every aspect of a case; it shows him so thoroughly the good and the bad side of every conclusion, that he hesitates between the *pro* and the *con*; so that his firmness of judgment and his sagacity are in inverse ratio. No wonder, then, that he should look beyond himself for a guide to decision and action which he would seek in vain within himself. When, therefore, public opinion offers him a support, he is only too happy to avail himself of it; the general movement of other minds helping to encourage him against his own apprehensions, and to supply him with a will. Such a support he found in the opinions of too many of those with whom he came in contact. Had he mingled more with the much less aristocratic strata of his countrymen, he would have found a counterpoise that would have saved him from making the error that stands recorded against him in the history of English treatment of the American civil war.

Aristocratic instinct and national selfishness are rightly assigned by M. Blanc as the cause of the aberration of public opinion in England, which misled Mr. Gladstone. If there be

a country that can call itself intelligent and reflective, M. Blanc thinks it is assuredly England. In this country, which has so much to complain of as regards the sun, there exists, in any case, an intellectual sun whose absence is rarely to be felt, and which is prodigal of light. What a permanent flood of publicity. What a host of journals, and for those journals what a host of readers! How many minds employed every morning in searching into all the nooks and corners of any given question! And yet, let instinct chance to lift up its voice, farewell to logic, to reason, and to the sun.

In letter upon letter, with untiring patience, M. Blanc sweeps away the heaps of falsities imported by this irrational instinct. It was very true, he said, that the Washington Government made a mistake at the commencement of the war in inscribing only on its flag the word *Union*; and it was very true that even in 1863 it seemed to regard as an expedient what is a principle, by positively maintaining slavery in the faithful States, and by declaring its abolition only in the rebel States. Yes, that was unhappily true. But was that a reason for so furiously desiring victory for the South?—What! Because the North had not struck hard enough blows at slavery, should it be wished that slavery might remain in possession of the field?—What! Because the North had not embraced with sufficient resolution and zeal the cause of humanity and justice, should it be wished that that holy cause might be finally trampled under foot! Who could not see that the necessary result of the struggle, if the North proved successful, was the abolition of slavery; whereas, if the South triumphed, this conflict must necessarily be followed not only by the maintenance of slavery, but by its extension—ay, by its conservation, if the triumph of the South was to be greeted with the applause of Europe? That was the point to be decided. The question was not whether the North had done all that it could or ought to have done against slavery. The real question was, what would become of a part of the human race should the planters succeed, by help of cannon balls and sword-thrusts, in preserving their human cattle-herds? Let the partisans of the South answer this question if they could.

Too true is the charge he brings against England, of frequently sacrificing justice to its passions. What policy, he asks, has less troubled itself than that of England about the exigencies of justice when the national interests were concerned? In what nation of the world has cupidity displayed its vulture wings more widely than in England? He admits that it is true that England can lay claim to some of the noblest pages of history; that to her belongs the immortal honour of being
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the classic land of liberty ; that her laws, even under the yoke of an aristocracy, have rendered admirable testimonies to the dignity of human nature ; that from her breast arose the most potent cry that has ever been uttered against sacerdotal tyranny ; and that even now she is the only country which political conflicts have not made inhospitable. But is it not equally true that in her eagerness to subdue the seas, to extend her influence, and to conquer new markets for her products, she has rarely obeyed the voice of principle ? It is a very remarkable dualism that he notices in almost every one of the constituent members of English society. An English gentleman is the best of men. Penetrate into the recesses of his nature, and you will love him. You will find him, beneath a reserved exterior, endowed with much feeling. He will charm you by the sincerity of his character, the solidity of his attachments, and his unostentatious generosity. That justice in small matters which constitutes the security of mutual relations, you may regard it as certain you will have to admire in him. But let an event occur by which the material welfare of England is compromised, you will be surprised to see your friend apply to the conduct of his country principles quite different from those which regulate his own actions. This man of sense and feeling will not allow that any one should dispute England's right to be inexorable. This just man will, openly before your very eyes, bow down to the god of might.

His strictures on Sir John Bowring's Chinese war, and the destruction of the Summer Palace, have much pungency. He says justly that to pretend to diffuse civilisation by plunder, devastation, and revenge, is to degrade the idol for which new worshippers are being sought. It is true, he adds, that Lord Elgin, in his capacity of an Englishman, might have his own reasons for finding it quite right that China should be treated as a Turk would treat a Moor, seeing that, in 1857, in her quarrel with England, China committed the serious offence of being in the right. M. Blanc found in this a curious chapter of contemporary history ; for us, who are English, and are concerned for the fair fame of our country, a melancholy one. If, whilst in the war with China, she bombarded Canton, heaped up its ruins and flooded them with blood, England, in the war with Russia, out of regard for humanity and civilisation, abstained from bombarding Odessa, this discrepancy he explains on the principle that, whilst lions devour lambs, they always spare one another !

And yet, on the other hand, he sees that by the side of, or rather above, that England which is selfish, jealous, encroaching, and always ready to prefer herself even to justice, there

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is another England which professes the manly worship of liberty, which honours thought in its most diverse manifestations, advances along the path of progress without ever receding a single step, and in her respect for the right of discussion, has raised to human intelligence a throne far loftier than those on which force is seated.

A sonorous voice, flashing eyes, a flow of words gushing forth like a torrent, and the ardour of an indomitable conviction, M. Blanc attributes to Mr. Bright. He describes him as aggressive, vehement, intrepid—intrepid to a fault. Having in view the air with which he attacks the aristocracy in the classic land of aristocracy, one feels that he is one of those great wrestlers who require great obstacles and great adversaries. Looking at the manner in which he braves public opinion in a country where the despotism of public opinion forms the counterpoise to liberty, one feels that he believes himself capable of mastering the people, while in the very act of arming them against himself. In the midst of the patriotic enthusiasm excited by the battles of the Alma and the Inkermann, Mr. Bright was to be heard thundering against the Crimean war, and calling it bloodthirsty folly. At the height of the irritation produced by the affair of the 'Trent,' he was to be found extolling the Republic of the United States, proposing it to the world as a model, and rushing forward with a sort of savage pride to confront the reproach of not having the heart of an Englishman. At once austere and violent, Mr. Bright is half-Quaker, half-tribune. Beneath every one of the figures employed by his eloquence, always substantial though always animated, passion is heard growling. He brandishes statistics as a strong arm flourishes a club. When he recommends peace at any price, it is with words which seem to sound the charge. In Rome, he would have been the man of the forum; in England he is, before all, the man of the hustings. But for that very reason he is not at home in the House of Commons, where part of his strength sometimes deserts him, and where his stormy eloquence is in an uncongenial atmosphere.

What M. Blanc admires in Mr. Bright even more than the fire of his eloquence, is the indomitable character of his courage. Tribunes are sometimes only courtiers in disguise, but he is indubitably a tribune in the highest sense of the word. He never flatters any species of royalty. His detractors, indeed, accuse him of ambition; but what a strange ambition that must be which never utters a word that does not tend to make the man impossible as a minister, or that is not pretty sure to achieve unpopularity! It is worth seeing with what
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haughty disdain Mr. Bright treats public opinion, in a country wherein public opinion holds the sceptre. It is worth observing with what a proud sort of satisfaction he, an Englishman, contradicts all English tendencies. Whereas England, without being quarrelsomely disposed, has a profound faith in the efficacy of forcible procedures, Mr. Bright maintains that the best mode of disconcerting attack is by not thinking about self-defence. Whilst England is so imbued with aristocratic sentiment, that even the poor man who goes along bent beneath his burden abounds in it, as well as the lord whose horses bespatter him as he goes by, Mr. Bright loses no opportunity of attacking aristocracy in its head-quarters. Whereas England claims right of property over the ocean, Mr. Bright sees in the sea only the highway of nations. Mr. Bright denounces the government of India as spoliation and oppression; whilst England plumes herself on her manner of ruling the foreign countries over which she bears sway. England insists that what she conquers she is entitled to without question; but Mr. Bright reproaches her with having gained Gibraltar by injustice, and advises her to restore it to Spain without loss of time. In the late civil war of the United States, England sympathised in general with the Southerners; so at least M. Blanc thinks; but Mr. Bright displayed a passionate earnestness in pleading the Northern cause. England dreaded the restoration of the Union, as likely to revive in new vigour a Power whose prodigious and rapid development has long been a source of alarm to her; but Mr. Bright prayed with his whole heart for the re-establishment of a Republic of the United States, powerful and prosperous enough to be adopted by the New World, and to serve as a model to the Old.

More strongly marked the antagonism could scarcely be, or directed to more numerous and important questions. And yet, strange to say,—and it imprints on this conflict between the opinion of one individual and that of a people a startling character of grandeur—Mr. Bright is able to play this part, not only without neutralising himself, but without exhausting or diminishing his influence. Public opinion, whose despotism it is so difficult to brave, and whose excessive power is the malady of free peoples, respects whilst repelling him, and by that fact creates for him a position as original as it is splendid. His ambition might be held to consist in maintaining himself in this position, if his words did not breathe a sort of contagious fanaticism which guarantees his moral disinterestedness and proclaims his sincerity. At the banquet in Birmingham, in 1863, whatever could possibly be said in opposition to English sentiment was said by Mr. Bright, with a rude and
vehement

vehement frankness. Nothing that was calculated to irritate the pride, offend the political creeds, or clash with the prejudices of his country was omitted. And he was applauded with enthusiasm. In the popularity enjoyed by Mr. Bright, notwithstanding his efforts to lose it, M. Blanc beholds the virile homage which a people brought up in the school of liberty is alone capable of rendering to a proud and honest spirit. That is truly a great nation which has so little need to be flattered; and it is a fine spectacle, that of human dignity asserting itself in the very applause accorded by an assembly of free men to the free man who rebukes them.

ART. VI.—A STRUGGLE WITH FATE.

ON a drizzling, gloomy September day, four or five autumns ago, a gentleman was seen pacing the platform of the Derby Railway Station, restlessly waiting for his train. There was much bustling to and fro of other passengers; and much fuss and noise the engines made as they arrived and departed with their precious freight. But this one traveller with whom we have to do paid little heed to them; his mind was wholly pre-occupied, and not unpleasantly, to judge from the sunny light that overspread his serious face now and then, as he walked and thought, with his hands behind him, and his eyes directed to the floor. In truth he was thinking of his happy home, and was all impatience to get northward, as he had been detained a whole fortnight in the south by business engagements; and, such a home-lover as Edward Fortescue felt a fortnight to be a really considerable period to be away from home and its treasures. There was another man pacing the platform at the same time, who presented a complete contrast to Fortescue. From the staid, self-contained, comfortable air of the latter, it was easy to tell that, much as he might be tossed about the world, there was one spot in it to which he was safely and happily anchored; and it was equally easy to tell, from the wretched, listless, aimless air of the other, that he was but a poor waif on life's stormy sea, and he was drifting, drifting—he neither knew nor cared whither.

This man was observing Fortescue, following him with eye and step, yet without attracting his notice. First he glanced at him casually and carelessly; but, upon passing him again, his gaze was full of interest and then of recognition. He would have stepped impulsively forward to claim acquaintance-ship; but, looking down at his shabby apparel, he checked himself;

himself; and, with a bitter smile, which made ghastly his thin, wan face, he crossed to the other side of the platform, and resumed his walk there, glancing towards Fortescue, however, every time they passed each other.

The platform was comparatively clear and quiet for a few minutes just then. Fortescue awoke from his reverie, looked at his watch, yawned, and gazed around him. In a moment his eye fell on the seedy-looking individual who had been watching him so intently. He immediately crossed over, laid a hand on his shoulder, and said, 'Charles Howitt! I should have recognised you even at a Carnival, though you are so altered, and nine years have passed since I last saw you. Glad to see you, man! Were you going to shirk me, if I hadn't happened to catch sight of you?'

'No, no,' replied Howitt, in proud, aristocratic tones, 'I merely doubted whether you would like to renew an old friendship, so I waited for recognition from you.'

'Doubted, eh?'

'Yes, the fact is, since I have been knocking about the world with "none to bless me, none whom I can can bless," I have just grown to doubt everybody and everything.'

'You haven't left off quoting Byron yet, I see,' said Fortescue, smiling. 'Amid all your doubts are you keeping faith in him?'

'Surely. There is truth in his utterances. He wrote from the heart, and his words go to the heart.'

'But do it little good,' responded Fortescue. 'Poor fellow! his own was so diseased that his heart-thoughts are for the most part tainted by it. But a truce to this, or we shall spend the precious few minutes that we have now in a wordy battle, as hot as were those we engaged in over Byronic *morceaux* in the days of yore. Shall we ever forget them, Howitt? Now, where are you going?'

'I am quite undecided. I strolled into the station a while since, with all my earthly goods, which are contained in this valise, just to see whither Fate would lead me. I assure you it is quite immaterial where. As that good American lady, Mrs. Ware, said of herself when left an orphan, "I seem to hang so loosely on the world that it is of little importance where I am." I am as perfect a cosmopolite as ever claimed the whole wide world for his home.'

'How uncomfortable the thought!' said Fortescue, shrugging his broad shoulders; 'almost like being shut up alone in a great, gloomy, empty house. So, you and Fate are still upon terms, Howitt?'

'Yes; what can I do but bow to destiny?'

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'She grips you as if you were a Turk,' replied Fortescue, laughing. 'But certainly I must not speak too hastily of the old jade, since she has brought you to me this morning. I will relieve her of her charge forthwith, and grip you myself. You will go north with me.'

'Nay, indeed!' protested Howitt.

'But, here's the train coming. Now, don't quibble about it, but just come along. I want to know all about the past nine years of your life, and you must come. Bow to destiny this once, and then you may forswear Fate ever afterwards, if you like.'

The poor, friendless man felt it so strangely pleasant to be thus overcome by one who seemed really to care for him, that without another word he yielded, and in a few minutes found himself seated beside Fortescue, on the road to Yorkshire.

There was only one other passenger in their compartment—an old gentleman, who seemed disposed to sleep during the entire journey; so our friends could talk as freely as if quite alone.

'You seem well, and well-to-do,' said Howitt presently, after a long and moody silence. 'The world has evidently treated you kindly.'

'Nay, but I have had many a hard rub from one and another,' said Fortescue. 'However, here I am safe and sound, and ready, with help from above, to encounter any troubles and difficulties that may lie in my future path. What's the use of succumbing? Life is a battle, and we must just keep fighting and overcoming to the end of the chapter.'

'It is easy for you to talk like that, because you are happy and prosperous,' said Howitt. 'You would sing a different song if you had to struggle against an adverse fate, as I have to do.'

Fortescue felt inclined to exclaim, 'Bosh!' but checking himself, he said, 'Come, now, let me know what you have been doing since I last saw you. You were then just going on the continent with young Effingham, and your prospects, I thought, were very good.'

'Yes, tolerably so. Well, I went on the continent, and for some time my charge and I got on so well together, and he sent home such reports of me, that his old governor thought there wasn't another such a tutor as your humble servant in all Europe. He allowed the youngster to prolong his tour to three years instead of two, and we both kept ourselves in first-class sailing order, until, on our return home, we decided to spend a few weeks at Baden. There we came to grief—both master and pupil. In a convivial, or, I should say, an evil hour,

hour, we gave ourselves up to the presiding genius of the town, played—and lost. We were novices, and we were swindled, of course. It just beggared me, such was my wretched Fate. Now, ten thousand other men might have played, as I did, and won, and nobody would ever have been the wiser about it; but because it was myself, there was a regular *exposé*, of course, and the irascible old governor, on whom I was a dependent, turned me adrift, as if I had been a worm and no man. Why was I to suffer for so a slight mistake, when other men, steeped to the very lips in crime, go scot-free? “Some men’s sins go before them.” I suppose that’s how it was, and always will be with me.’

Fortescue said nothing to this but, ‘Well, what did you do next?’

‘Got to the very verge of starvation,’ replied Howitt, smiling bitterly. ‘Then I met one of our old schoolfellows, Graham. You knew him. Where d’ye think he had climbed to? Why, he was head-master of a tip-top school in the west of England. A fine, generous fellow, he. What did he do but give me a snug berth forthwith; and I soon regained my former position. Well, I was going on swimmingly; had friends in abundance, and a jolly time of it. How long did it all last, think you? Why, just two years, and no longer; such was my wretched Fate.’

‘But how did you get out of that?’ asked Fortescue.

‘Oh, my sins going before me again, as usual,’ said Howitt, with the air of a martyr; ‘my doings in hours of recreation were called into question, and admonishment was administered that stung me to the quick; I just threw up everything, and cut my stick.’

‘Well, what next?’ asked Fortescue.

‘I resolved to call no man master any longer. I advertised for private teaching, took apartments and lived as jollily as my means would allow. As long as I could keep up something of an appearance I kept my pupils; but as I lost my station I lost the means of living. True enough is it that “unto him that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.”’

‘How did you lack means when you had pupils?’

‘Ah, Fortescue! you know little or nothing of the troubles and temptations of a homeless man. Men of free souls and large sympathies cannot tolerate the prosy, conventional life which can be well endured, if not enjoyed, by those whose souls never rise above the menial duties that devolve upon them day after day. For me—I craved excitement, the company of genial spirits; the passive life of the day-time ill suited

suited me, the hammering into empty noddles the rudiments of the sciences. No sooner was I freed from such irksome duties than a reaction took place, which ultimately got me into difficulties; and then, as I said before, directly my position began to decline I lost all chance of mending my fortunes. I went from place to place, sometimes meeting with a good turn, sometimes about as low as it is possible for a man of intellect to fall. The vagrant sort of life that I have led has taught me a few things that none but a poor man can learn, as, for instance, how much to expect from the world when you are thrown upon its mercy; how that it gauges a man by his pocket, not by his heart and soul, &c., &c. Also that the race of Good Samaritans has become extinct, and if a man be knocked down by robbers or Fate, which is the same thing, he'll just have to lie until he can pick himself up; parson and people will pass by on the other side, and there is no Samaritan, with oil and wine, to make a welcome appearance.'

'You may be a cosmopolite, as you say, Howitt; but, paradoxical as it may sound, you are a misanthrope, too.'

'I admit it. I feel intensely bitter towards society and the world altogether, sometimes. My experience has made me Ishmaelitish. I have found man's hand against me, and, naturally enough, my hand has been against that of my fellow. I sigh for the wings of a dove, sometimes, that I might fly away to the wilderness.'

'What would you do there, Howitt? Rest and be thankful? Nay, sigh rather for the strength of a lion to bear your troubles, than for the wings of a dove to flee from them.'

'But when they roll in upon one continuously, like the waves of the sea, it is easier to talk of endurance than to practise it. It has a limit.'

'Well, now, to be candid, Howitt, I think that Fate has had less to do with your troubles and difficulties than you have had to do with them yourself. A man is master of his fate, and can conquer it; in other words, he can conquer himself and his evil predilections, which too often he bows to, slavishly suffers the wretched consequences, and attributes all his evils to fate. You, Howitt, insist that fate has brought and keeps you in a position which is certainly far below that which you ought to occupy. Now, you say that a passive life ill suits you. Well, I shall be interested to see you actively engaged in wrestling with and overcoming the Fates, all three of them, on Yorkshire ground. Here's my hand, man, and I wish you success! Not only so, but if you will allow me, I will put you in the way of vanquishing, so that the odds shall not be against you. There must be fair play, you know.'

'Thanks,'

‘Thanks,’ said Howitt, carelessly, as if he thought himself conferring a favour by accepting one. ‘Now, about yourself, Fortescue? You have given no account of your nine years’ doings.’

‘My story is soon told: I have been in the iron trade all along. Seven years ago my father died, and the business has been entirely my own ever since. It is increasing year by year; and I shall be truly glad of your help, if you can bring your mind to leave the classics for the classification of figures and goods which have little of poetry in them; though, as my wife said the other day in speaking of our works, “There is a grand, peculiar poetry of their own about them.”’

‘Your wife?’ said Howitt, ‘who is she?’

‘Our mutual friend, Edith Locke; you remember we were together when we met her once in Wales. It was during one of our pedestrian tours, of pleasant memory.’

‘Yes, yes, I remember. So you married Edith Locke? How long since?’

‘Five years. She will be glad to see in you an old acquaintance, Howitt.’

‘Yes, I will see her some time; but not yet.’

‘To-day,’ said Fortescue. ‘Surely you will go home with me?’

‘Surely I will not. I am not yet grown perfectly indifferent to the opinion of society respecting my personal appearance. You propose putting work in my way; let me work myself into respectability, and then I will pay your wife a visit.’

Fortescue acquiesced; and when they reached the end of the journey, he went to his home, and Howitt to a cheap lodging.

Fortescue had grave suspicions about his friend. He spoke of them to his wife when he got home, after telling her in what a degraded condition he had found Howitt.

‘I could not help thinking, when I first saw him in Wales, that he was one likely to go wrong,’ she remarked. ‘You remember we called him Byronic; he had evidently been dazzled by the splendour with which his favourite poet has invested vice; and how grandly he made excuses for the excesses of “men of soul,” just as if that giving rein to appetite did not show a want of soul—a preponderance of the animal over the spiritual in a man!’

‘He carries on in the same old strain now, Edith, although he is suffering keenly from his false notions and what they have led him into. But Fate alone is to blame, of course.’

‘Ah, poor fellow!’ sighed Mrs. Fortescue, ‘we must do what we can for him, and try to convince him that the race of Good Samaritans is not yet extinct.’

The

The next day Fortescue met Howitt again, and daily for weeks after that ; but some time elapsed before Howitt fulfilled his promise to go and see Mrs. Fortescue. When at length he did go she was painfully struck by his dissipated appearance ; for as, his 'fortunes' began to mend, Fortescue saw, to his sorrow, that he began to indulge in the evil habits that had brought him so low.

'We must get him here as often as possible,' said Mrs. Fortescue, with womanly solicitude ; 'our home influences may do him much good.'

She was right, they exerted a beneficial effect upon him. Fortescue got him so often to his house that Howitt at length grew to regard it almost as his home. He lost much of his misanthropy, and a healthy, natural feeling took its place. To see him gambolling heartily with Fortescue's children, and spending long evenings during the winter in pleasant converse with his good friends around their hearth, one might reasonably have said that he was acquiring a genuine relish for the pure and simple joys of home. He seemed, too, to enjoy the sturdy business-life in which he was now engaged ; his vicious propensities, if not actually dying, were in abeyance. The wan, cadaverous look had passed away from his face ; his foot had lost its shuffling, uncertain tread ; his entire carriage was free, and more dignified, and energetic ; he was decidedly improving in every respect.

But a time came when the hopes that his friends had of him began to waver and fail. He absented himself from their home in the evenings, pleading as an excuse that as the spring was coming, and the days were lengthening, he intended to be out as much as possible. The fact was, that stimulated by drink, of which he was at all times too fond, and by a selfish desire for gain, he suffered himself again to engage in what he mildly termed 'a little speculation.' At first it was only 'a harmless, quiet game of billiards.' But the company he met at the billiard rooms, as well as the fascination that games of chance had for him, soon led him on, on, till finally he got out of his depth. One lovely moonlight night, in the early spring-time, he found himself staggering homeward to his lodging, penniless, with a 'debt of honour' hanging upon him like a millstone, threatening to drag him down to ruin ; sick in body and soul ; as wretched as drink and loss in play can make a man. The dull, grey April morning broke, and found him supinely bewailing his miserable fate, instead of his miserable folly.

For many mornings past his appearance, when he presented himself at the works, had been such as to cause Fortescue pain

pain and uneasiness; but this morning he was so palpably dejected and miserable, looked, in every respect but his attire, so like he did on the day that Fortescue picked him up out of the mire at Derby, that it could not be allowed to pass unheeded. So Fortescue spoke inquiringly and with sympathy at first, and then with mild warning, and delicately uttered advice. It was enough: the proud, proud soul would not brook it, even from so true and firm a friend as Fortescue. Indeed, he seemed glad of the opportunity to grow indignant, and assume the air of injured innocence. His words were few; but from his grim and haughty manner during the day, Fortescue saw that something was meditated; he could not tell what.

That night, although Howitt had beggared himself, he had the means wherewith to pay his 'debt of honour.' The next morning he sent a note to his friend to say that he must absent himself that day; he was too unwell to attend to business.

Once more he had got 'all his earthly goods in a valise,' at least, all that he cared for of them; and with that in hand, towards noon, he trudged out in the direction of the moors. His manner was wretched and dejected enough to have awakened pity in the breast of any one capable of experiencing emotion. He walked briskly away from streets and houses, and very soon the footprints of civilisation became few and far between. Cottages were no longer to be seen; here were a few wooden steps which led to a standing-place, whence a good view could be obtained of a noisy little cascade that foamed down a wild gorge. Remains of stone walls and peat walls were passed, and then the man was alone with nature on the moors—the wild, mysterious old moors. On these civilisation had not laid her transforming hand; man's utilising powers seemed to be defied. Nature holds undisputed sway over these sullen, yet beautiful, regions. The sun rises morning after morning, and kisses away night's tears from the proud moorlands, as if it were only there in all the world that she lets fall the pearly drops. The lark trills his matin song, and the breezes drift the shower of melody a little way, and let it die unheeded on the whispering heather. No human ear is charmed by the sweet, wild strain. At eventide the sinking sun casts fervid glances upon the hushed scene, but no human eye admires the blush that there suffuses the face of nature. The pale stars gleam out one by one, and smile upon the grim expanse beneath them; and the moon glitters on the mimic rivulets till they shine like threads of silver among the dusky heather. She gleams unseen upon the silent, shadowy gorges,

and throws around the cold, bare shoulders of some rocky sentinel a mantle of silver sheen ; and, as she rides aloft, the far-stretching miles of heather beneath her are silvered like the waves of a moonlit sea.

Spring, with her soft, warm footsteps trips airily on her way across the brown moors ; but they welcome her presence and receive her favours coyly and with reserve. Summer languishes in their midst ; but they relax not their stolid mien. Autumn comes and mourns for her dying mother, singing a solemn requiem, and the moorland echoes take up the refrain, and utter a wail of sorrow. They moan sadly and strangely while the maiden of the summer queen tarries with them ; and when she, too, lies down to sob herself into the sleep of death, nature, more lavish there than elsewhere, spreads for her a carpet of royal purple. Anon the clanking of winter's iron footsteps is heard, and he unfolds the winding-sheet of pure white which he brings for the sleeping maiden, and howls gloomily over her bier. The sound of his hoarse, deep-toned voice reverberates unceasingly over the desolate and shivering moors ; and the tears of his wild and passionate sorrow hiss down upon the trembling heather.

Where does ever the lightning revel so wildly and savagely as there ? Where does ever the deep-voiced thunder roll so grandly, or utter such a mighty paean as there ? There the angry elements may war to the death, and no human eye, with shrinking gaze, mark the awful conflict. As he strode along with his hat over his eyes, and coat tightly buttoned up, Howitt had some such thoughts as these ; and they did him good, inasmuch as they diverted his mind for a few minutes from his painful position.

The clouds hung in heavy grey folds across the sky. The wind whistled mysteriously with a sound like that of great wings in rapid and unimpeded motion. The musical trickle of tiny streamlets among the heather and bilberry roots fell coldly on the ear. On walked Howitt for some time, looking down moodily upon the tall, dry heather through which he was making his way. His way ? Whither ? He knew not. On before him, around him, away, away to infinity—so it seemed—stretched the dim moorland. He would go on, on, no matter whither, the farther from man and the unkind world the better. Perhaps it was his *fate* to perish alone and uncared for in that brown wilderness. If so, he was fulfilling his destiny : he would go on. A gleam of light shot across his pathway, and he paused to look back upon the way he had already traversed, and to admire the landscape, for, amid all his folly and degradation, he still kept a strong love for nature.

The

The scene was one peculiar to Yorkshire. There were broad ranges of hills wrapping one over the other, the furthestmost one looking dim and grey that morning, and scarcely distinguishable from the sky of the same hue which rested heavily upon it. The warmer colour of the low ones in the foreground declared them to be far-stretching moors. The sun had just found an opening through a rent in the dim cloud-veil, and his beams flooded part of the scene with pale light. The shadows that remained undisturbed around were deeper in contrast, and the whitish blue streaks of smoke that were here and there carried along by the wind from burning peat, seemed intensified, and glared out strangely from the brown sides of the nearer hills. A battle commenced between the sun and the clouds. The latter, angry at being disturbed, tried with all their might to smother the cheerful face of the sun from view. But, having made one conquest, he was not to be so easily overcome. He rushed again to the onset, dashed through whole battalions of serried, sullen clouds,—this time appearing in no death-like attire, but with a broad banner of royal blue, and summoning the merrily-shrieking wind to his assistance, he quickly made himself victor, and the defeated army rushed pell-mell across the sky, and vanished like vapour from the scene. Forthwith sprang up a hundred birds, and carolled a chorus of praise to the triumphant sun.

Howitt watched it all with intense interest. ‘Victory,’ he said aloud, as he turned to resume his solitary journey. He little thought that what he had just witnessed was typical of what his soul-experience would be ere that day was done.

After walking along slowly in the cheery sunshine for a little while, he made a halt and sat down on his valise, took a newspaper from his pocket, and began to read. His mind was too absorbed to enter into its general or political news, so he read down the columns of advertisements, and, when he had done, was as wise as when he began; his mind received and retained nothing. By and by he took some refreshment from his valise, part of a loaf, of which he ate very little, and a flask of brandy of which he left very little. Then, for a long time, he sat still, until he grew drowsy and felt inclined for a nap. He stretched himself upon the heather, took his valise for a pillow, and was soon fast asleep.

The sun climbed high and began to decline; still he slept. Silently, busily, unceasingly it crept towards the west, and was very near the horizon when at length Howitt awoke. He looked around him in bewilderment at the broad, cloudless dome of blue, at the apparently illimitable wilderness of dusky heather, amid which he sat like the only man in creation.

‘Homeless,

'Homeless, friendless, outcast,' he muttered, as he collected his thoughts. 'It seems as if Fate had set the mark of Cain upon me, and that I am for ever to be a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth!'

While he sat thus moodily, a lark rose fluttering and singing in the air, rising rejoicingly towards the blue sky. Howitt watched and listened to the little songster until it descended and dropped to its nest. Then he was attracted by a guttural 'cur-ruk, cur-ruk,' from large, low-flying birds that rose from, and again disappeared among, the heather; they were grouse. 'Some living things claim this place for home,' he said. 'How gladly would I assume their nature, if it were possible! Well, this won't do, at any rate; I must be moving on, no matter what or where I get to.'

He took up his light burden, and listlessly resumed his walk. He had certainly walked a few miles that day, and yet he had not left far behind him the scenes of the morning. The fact was, instead of making much advance, he had been walking on in a circuitous direction, knowing nothing of the way, and taking no heed of the sun.

Presently, when the sun had sunk gloriously from view, he found himself in what appeared to be a track, or pathway. Having found this, he resolved to keep in it, and be guided by it to some destination. Though he was scarcely conscious of the fact, the finding of this pathway certainly afforded him a sense of relief. His mind had been in a fearful state all day, sometimes in a whirl of dark passion, sometimes in a dull stupor; but throughout all there was an abiding feeling of anguish and desolation. As yet remorse had not been much mingled with it; for he persisted in regarding himself as injured by others, rather than as the injurer of himself and of those who had done far more for him than he deserved.

But now, while the shades of night fell around him, with none but his own soul to commune with, conscience seemed to awake and reassert her power, upbraiding him, lashing his spirit to agony. He could no longer feel indifferent, nor utter invective merely against his fellows, or against Fate. He sat down, buried his face in his hands, and with no eye, no ear, but his Maker's upon him, and listening to him, there burst forth the heart-felt confession, 'What a miserable fool I have been!' The fearful storm that raged in his breast, what pen could describe? It was such as but few natures could experience. It so took possession of him that he grew oblivious to all external things. His homeless condition, the approaching night, were entirely forgotten. With face bowed down upon his knees, he sat agonising, until a hand-touch
upon

upon his shoulder caused him to start to his feet with surprise, and a certain shame at being found in that miserable posture.

‘Howitt! my dear fellow, what do you here?’

The voice and touch were those of as veritable a ‘Good Samaritan’ as ever sought to aid and comfort the cast-down and destitute of earth’s poor children. Howitt looked at him half-terrified, as if he thought him some spirit. His wild appearance, his dry, red eyes, and ghastly face in turn alarmed Fortescue; for it was he who had assiduously tracked and found his wandering and miserable friend.

‘Fortescue! why did you come?’ said Howitt, in quiet, calm, unnatural tones. ‘Why won’t you leave me to my fate?’

‘Because it is not your fate to be a castaway, unless you will it,’ replied Fortescue. ‘Be a man, Howitt, and don’t succumb to temptation and circumstances, as if you were a machine, and had no will or power of your own. Remember what Dryden says of fate or fortune:—

“Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own.”

Excuse the plain language of the quotation; it is true, as you must know.

‘Yes, yes; I see that I’ve been a fool, a weak, weak, fool!’ said Howitt. ‘Byron’s lines just recurred to me, and I might have taken them to myself long ago:—

“The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed;
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.”

Yes, I have been a poor, weak fool!’

He sank down again, and hid his face. Fortescue stood beside him with a feeling of thankfulness that his friend felt conscious of his folly; it was the first time he had ever heard anything like self-reproach from his lips, and he felt sure that it gave promise of better things. The shades deepened around them; the far-stretching moors began to take the appearance of a still, grey, boundless sea; and the breath of evening softly and mournfully sighed now and then; nothing else broke the almost awful silence. The stars peeped out tremulously overhead; the time and scene were peculiarly beautiful.

‘Howitt, the night is coming on; we must be going home,’ said his friend.

‘You can go, but leave me; I am not worthy of your slightest regard. I have bitterly wronged you, do you know? You can take me and deliver me up to justice; do it, I entreat you! it would be a satisfaction to me to get my deserts. I have outraged law, and your goodness and confidence; I deserve

deserve all that can be inflicted upon me. I would have expiated my sin here by wandering till I met death; but, since that is not my fate, I will go with you to justice.'

'I have discovered what you have done against me, Howitt, and I forgive you with all my heart. It is folly for man to talk about expiating sin. Don't talk again about fate, it is foolish and cowardly. If you have hitherto felt that it is your fate to act sinfully, to yield to temptation, to succumb to adverse circumstances, in God's name play the man now! Struggle with and overcome it! Be master of yourself, and say in the words of one of my favourite sonnets:—

"Contend with me! my heart shall never drop
From its resolves, nor rest for thee, inert,
Though in thy strength e'en double strong thou wert;
I'll use thy opposition as a prop
To help me onward.

Arouse thee, then! alert!
My heart is bent against thee. Come! the charge!
What can discomfort him upon whose target
This war-word's written--'WHAT I WILL I CAN!'"

The two were perfectly silent when Fortescue had uttered these words, which he did as if inspired.

'Ah, I see it,' Howitt at length said; 'it is self that I have deified and bowed to as to Fate. Well, I must just suffer the consequences of my madness.'

'No, I'll tell you what you must do, Howitt; you must just make a new start in life, and redeem the past as much as possible. Come, let the struggle cease, and declare yourself victor! What a grand battle-field you have upon which to conquer, man! Here on these grand old moors, in this deepening twilight, with only "heart within and God o'erhead,"—it is a glorious time to struggle with and conquer any evil!'

But still Howitt sat bowed and immovable. Fortescue presently laid a hand on his shoulder: 'Seek strength from above, my dear fellow,' he said. 'Don't be proud: what are we in God's sight? and how ill it becomes us proudly to set up our puny selves against Him. Let us be ever constrained by His unfailing goodness and longsuffering towards us. He is our Father, though we have rebelled against Him.'

'Ah, you are so good and fortu—I mean blessed,' said Howitt, rising; 'blessed, because you are good and do right, I suppose. How good of you to seek me here to-night, to overlook,—in fact, I feel quite overcome!' And he turned away, and walked a few paces.

'Now, let us go home, Howitt,' said Fortescue, 'it is getting late, and my wife will be alarmed.'

'Fortescue,' said Howitt, drawing near again, and speaking firmly,

firmly, 'if I thought that I should ever do again as I have done, I would stay here and die on these moors. I haven't been living: I have merely lingered and endured life, suffering horribly. Death would be preferable to such a life in the future, I think.'

'I thought you were beginning to enjoy life, during the past winter when you spent such happy evenings with us,' said Fortescue. 'You did not appear to be suffering then.'

'No, I believe I was happy enough then; but you see it did not last long: I very soon fell again.'

'How?'

'As you never can fall, because you have nothing to do with it. I must confess that drink has been my bane.'

'I feared it, Howitt. Thank God, you never had the opportunity given you at my house to stumble through it. Forswear it now and for ever, as I did years ago, much to my happiness and well-being. It is at the root of most wrongdoing.'

'It has been at the root of all mine, I can safely say. It paves the way to every imaginable evil. Oh, to be free from it!'

'Be free, Howitt! With strength from the Great Helper—without whose aid the strongest of us are powerless successfully to combat evil—say now, "*What I will I can.*" Assert your dignity, proclaim your own freedom! We are our own masters. Come, your hand upon it, ere we go home.'

Howitt stood irresolute in the fast-gathering darkness. Fortescue stood with outstretched hand. The conflict within the former none but the Omniscient might know. At length he took the hand of his friend in a firm grip, and said, 'Yes, I shall conquer: I think I have conquered, "*WHAT I WILL I CAN.*"'

They stood in silence, with clasped hands, for several moments. Then Fortescue said, 'Let us return.'

Without a word Howitt took up his valise, and walked beside his friend. The stars glimmered overhead, and in the west were still lingering gleams of light. They tramped on through the gloom, and very soon the lurid glow from the distant ironworks was their beacon to direct them homeward.

When they reached the outskirts of the moor, Howitt turned and looked behind him into the gloom.

'Your last words ring in my ears yet, Fortescue,' he said: "'*Let us return.*" So do some others, which I think I must have heard at church some time: "Let us return unto the Lord our God, and He will abundantly pardon." Is that it?'

'Yes, they are from the Bible, Howitt.'

'I thought so,' was the reply. No more was said; only when

when they reached the town, they stood to say good-night; and Howitt added, 'I have strange feelings, Fortescue,—solemn yet elate. I think it is how everybody commonly feels after gaining a real victory. I feel that somehow strength has been given me to conquer. I have gained a victory, I firmly believe. May there be no defeat in the future!'

'God grant it!' fervently responded Fortescue. And time proved that the hope of the one and the prayer of the other were fulfilled. The moorland struggle and victory proved to be effectual; and Howitt's future life promises to be as prosperous and happy in every respect as that of the generous friend whose bright example he is emulating.

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mr. Carlyle has invented the Hero-cure, and all who recommend any other method, or see any hope of healing elsewhere, are either quacks and charlatans or their victims. His lively imagination conjures up the image of an impossible he, as contradictorily endowed as the chief personage in a modern sentimental novel, and who, at all hazards, must not lead mankind like a shepherd, but bark, bite, and otherwise worry them toward the fold like a truculent sheep-dog. If Mr. Carlyle would only now and then recollect that men are men, and not sheep,—nay, that the farther they are from being such, the more well-grounded our hope of one day making something better of them! It is indeed strange that one who values Will so highly in the greatest, should be blind to its infinite worth in the least of men; nay, that he should so often seem to confound it with its irritable and purposeless counterfeit, Wilfulness. The natural impatience of an imaginative temperament, which conceives so vividly the beauty and desirableness of a nobler manhood and a diviner political order, makes him fret at the slow moral processes by which the All-Wise brings about His ends, and turns the very foolishness of men to His praise and glory. Mr. Carlyle is for calling down fire from heaven whenever he cannot readily lay his hand on the matchbox. No doubt it is somewhat provoking that it should be so easy to build castles in the air, and so hard to find tenants for them. It

is a singular intellectual phenomenon to see a man who, earlier in life, 'so thoroughly appreciated the innate weakness and futile tendency of the 'storm and thrust' period of German literature, constantly assimilating, as he grows older, more and more nearly to its principles and practice. It is no longer the sagacious and moderate Goethe who is his type of what is highest in human nature, but far rather some Götz of the Iron Hand, some assertor of the divine legitimacy of *Faustrecht*. It is odd to conceive the fate of Mr. Carlyle under the sway of any of his heroes,—how Cromwell would have scorned him as a babbler more long-winded than Prynne, but less clear and practical,—how Friedrich would have scoffed at his tirades as *dummes Zeug* not to be compared with the romances of Cr billon fils, or possibly have clapped him in a marching regiment as a fit subject for the cane of the sergeant. Perhaps something of Mr. Carlyle's irritability is to be laid to the account of his early schoolmastership at Ecclefechan. This great booby World is such a dull boy, and will not learn the lesson we have taken such pains in expounding for the fiftieth time. Well, then, if eloquence, if example, if the awful warning of other little boys who neglected their accident and came to the gallows, if none of these avail, the birch at least is left, and we will try that. The dominie spirit has become every year more obtrusive and intolerant in Mr. Carlyle's writing, and the rod, instead of being kept

kept in its place, as a resource for desperate cases, has become the alpha and omega of all successful training, the one divinely-appointed means of human enlightenment and progress,—in short, the final hope of that absurd animal who fancies himself a little lower than the angels. Have we feebly taken it for granted that the distinction of man was reason? Never was there a more fatal misconception. It is in the gift of unreason that we are unenviably distinguished from the brutes, whose nobler privilege of instinct saves them from our blunders and our crimes.

But since Mr. Carlyle has become possessed with the hallucination that he is head-master of this huge boys' school which we call the world, his pedagogic birch has grown to the taller proportions and more ominous aspect of a gallows. His article on Dr. Francia was a panegyric of the halter, in which the gratitude of mankind is invoked for the self-appointed dictator who had discovered in Paraguay a tree more beneficent than that which produced the Jesuits' bark. Mr. Carlyle seems to be in the condition of a man who uses stimulants, and must increase his dose from day to day as the senses become dulled under the spur. He began by admiring strength of character and purpose, and the manly self-denial which makes a humble fortune great by steadfast loyalty to duty. He has gone on till mere strength has become such washy weakness that there is no longer any titillation in it; and nothing short of downright violence will rouse his nerves now to the needed excitement. At first he made out very well with remarkable men; then, lessening the water and increasing the spirit, he took to Heroes; and now he must have downright inhumanity, or the draught has no savour;—so he gets on at last to Kings, types of remorseless Force, who maintain the political views of Bereskers by the legal principles of Lynch. Constitutional monarchy is a failure, representative government is a gabble, democracy a birth of the bottomless pit; there is no hope for mankind except in getting themselves under a good driver who shall not spare the lash. And yet, unhappily for us, these drivers are providential births not to be contrived by any cunning of ours, and Friedrich II. is hitherto the last of them. Meanwhile the world's wheels have got fairly stalled in mire and

other matter of every vilest consistency and most disgusting smell. What are we to do? Mr. Carlyle will not let us make a lever with a rail from the next fence, or call in the neighbours. That would be too commonplace and cowardly, too anarchical. No; he would have us sit down beside him in the slough, and shout lustily for Hercules. If that indispensable demigod will not or cannot come, we can find a useful and instructive solace, during the intervals of shouting, in a hearty abuse of human nature, which, at the long last, is always to blame.

Since 'Sartor Resartus,' Mr. Carlyle has done little but repeat himself with increasing emphasis and heightened shrillness. Warning has steadily heated toward denunciation, and remonstrance soured toward scolding. The image of the Tartar prayer-mill, which he borrowed from Richter and turned to such humorous purpose, might be applied to himself. The same phase comes round and round, only the machine, being a little crankier, rattles more, and the performer is called on for a more visible exertion. If there be not something very like cant in Mr. Carlyle's later writings, then cant is not the repetition of a creed after it has become a phrase by the cooling of that white-hot conviction which once made it both the light and warmth of the soul. We do not mean intentional and deliberate cant, but neither is that which Mr. Carlyle denounces so energetically in his fellow-men of that conscious kind.

Mr. Carlyle's style is not so well suited to the historian as to the essayist. He is always great in single figures and detached scenes, but there is neither gradation nor continuity. He has extraordinary patience and conscientiousness in the gathering and sifting of his material, but is scornful of commonplace facts and characters, impatient of whatever will not serve for one of his clever sketches, or group well in a more elaborate figure-piece. He sees history, as it were, by flashes of lightning. A single scene, whether a landscape or an interior, a single figure or a wild mob of men, whatever may be snatched by the eye in that instant of intense illumination, is minutely photographed upon the memory. Every tree and stone, almost every blade of grass; every article of furniture in a room; the attitude or expression, nay, the very buttons and shoe-ties of a principal

principal figure; the gestures of momentary passion in a wild throng,—everything leaps into vision under that sudden glare with a painful distinctness that leaves the retina quivering. The intervals are absolute darkness. Mr. Carlyle makes us acquainted with the isolated spot where we happen to be when the flash comes, as if by actual eyesight, but there is no possibility of a comprehensive view. No other writer can compare with him for vividness. He is himself a witness, and makes us witnesses of whatever he describes. This is genius beyond a question, and of a very rare quality, but it is not history. He has not the cold-blooded partiality of the historian; and while he entertains us, moves us to tears or laughter, makes us the unconscious captives of his ever-changeable mood, we find that he has taught us comparatively little. His imagination is so powerful that it makes him the contemporary of his characters, and thus his history seems to be the memoirs of a cynical humourist, with hearty likes and dislikes, with something of acridity in his partialities whether for or against, more keenly sensitive to the grotesque than the simply natural, and who enters in his diary, even of what comes within the range of his own observation, only so much as amuses his fancy, is congenial with his humour, or feeds his prejudice. Mr. Carlyle's method is accordingly altogether descriptive, his hasty temper making narrative wearisome to him. In his Friedrich, for example, we get very little notion of the civil administration of Prussia; and when he comes, in the last volume, to his hero's dealings with civil reforms, he confesses candidly that it would tire him too much to tell us about it, even if he knew anything at all satisfactory himself.

But that which is a main element in Mr. Carlyle's talent, and does perhaps more than anything else to make it effective, is a defect in his nature. The cynicism which renders him so entertaining precludes him from any just conception of men and their motives, and from any sane estimate of the relative importance of the events which concern them. We remember a picture of Hamon's, where before a Punch's theatre are gathered the wisest of mankind in rapt attention. Socrates sits on a front bench, absorbed in the spectacle, and in the corner stands Dante entering his remarks in a note-

book. Mr. Carlyle, as an historian, leaves us in somewhat such a mood. The world is a puppet-show and when we have watched the play out, we depart with a half-comic consciousness of the futility of all human enterprise, and the ludicrousness of all man's action and passion on the stage of the world. Simple, kindly, blundering Oliver Goldsmith was after all wiser, and his Vicar, ideal as Hector and not less immortal, is a demonstration of the perennial beauty and heroism of the homeliest human nature. The cynical view is congenial to certain moods, and is so little inconsistent with original nobleness of mind, that it is not seldom the acetous fermentation of it; but it is the view of the satirist, not of the historian, and takes in but a narrow arc in the circumference of truth. Cynicism in itself is essentially disagreeable. It is the intellectual analogue of the truffle; and though it may be very well in giving a relish to thought for certain palates, it cannot supply the substance of it. Mr. Carlyle's cynicism is not that polished weariness of the outsidings of life which we find in Ecclesiastes. It goes much deeper than that to the satisfactions, not of the body or the intellect, but of the very soul itself. It vaunts itself; it is noisy and aggressive. What the wise master puts into the mouth of desperate ambition, thwarted of the fruit of its crime, as the fitting expression of passionate sophistry, seems to have become an article of his creed. With him

‘Life is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.’

He goes about with his Diogenes dark lantern, professing to seek a man, but inwardly resolved to find a monkey. He loves to flash it suddenly on poor human nature in some ridiculous or degrading position. He admires still, or keeps affirming that he admires, the doughty, silent, hard-working men who go honestly about their business; but when we come to examples, we find that it is not loyalty to duty or to an inward ideal of high-mindedness that he finds admirable in them, but a blind, unquestioning vassalage to whomsoever it has pleased him to set up for a hero. He would fain replace the old feudalism with a spiritual counterpart, in which there shall be an obligation to soul-service. He who once popularised the word

word *funkey* by ringing the vehement changes of his scorn upon it, is at last forced to conceive an ideal *funkeyism* to squire the hectoring Don Belianises of his fancy about the world. Failing this, his latest theory of Divine government seems to be the cudgel. Poets have sung all manner of vegetable loves; Petrarch has celebrated the laurel, Chaucer the daisy, and Wordsworth the gallows tree; it remained for the expeditious of Ecclefechan to become the volunteer laureate of the rod, and to imagine a world created and directed by a divine Dr. Busby. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Carlyle might

have learned something to his advantage by living a few years in the democracy which he scoffs at as heartily *a priori* as if it were the demagogism which Aristophanes derided by experience. The Hero, as Mr. Carlyle understands him, was a makeshift of the past; and the ideal of manhood is to be found hereafter in free communities, where the state shall at length sum up and exemplify in itself all those qualities which poets were forced to imagine and typify because they could not find them in the actual world.—*North American Review*.

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Essays for the Times on Ecclesiastical and Social Subjects. By James H. Rigg, D.D., Author of 'Modern Anglican Theology.' Pp. 532. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE author of this handsome, large-typed, and bulky volume tells us in his preface that he sends it forth with some hope that it may assist in bringing Christian thinkers to an agreement on some of the pressing questions of the day. There can be no doubt, he thinks, as to the importance of the subjects of which the papers here bound together deal. Apart from purely dogmatic or specifically religious questions, and from strictly political controversies, he claims that the subjects handled in his volume include most of those which are recognised as of primary and pressing moment at the present time.

To verify the justice of this claim, we turn to the table of contents. The book contains twelve articles, on the following topics:—The Relations of Wesleyan Methodism to the Established Church. The Vocation and Training of the Clergy. The Established Church—Defects and Remedies. The Puritan Ancestors and High Church Parents of the Wesleys. Kingsley and Newman. Pusey's Eirenicon. Archbishop Manning and Dr. Pusey on the Workings of the Holy Ghost among Separatists and Schismatics. The History of Heterodox Speculation. The Bible and Human Progress. Pauperism, Land Tenure, and the Clergy. The Origin, Causes, and Cure of Pauperism; and Popular Education. The strong predominance

of Wesleyan and ecclesiastical subjects in this list is accounted for when we add that Dr. Rigg is a well-known and much-esteemed Wesleyan Methodist minister.

Of the twelve papers in the volume, two—those on English Pauperism and Popular Education—were published in the 'London Quarterly Review' eight or ten years ago; one—'The Bible and Human Progress'—was originally delivered as a lecture at Exeter Hall, in 1858; five others formed portions of the 'London Quarterly Review' in 1862, 1863, and 1864. The essays on Pauperism, Land Tenure, and the Clergy, Pusey's Eirenicon, and Archbishop Manning, are given to the world for the first time in the volume before us; as also is an introductory article explaining the relations of Wesleyan Methodism to the Established Church.

Of the essays which constitute the volume before us, we need only say that they are from the pen of one who takes a large and powerful grasp of the subjects treated of; and if his conclusions are not always unimpeachable, at least they are formed on a basis of wide research, and by a judgment well trained to grapple with the questions before it. And here our brief notice of the volume should have been closed, were it not for some remarks on Intemperance which we have found in the Essay on Pauperism, Land Tenure, and the Clergy.

In this essay Dr. Rigg holds that those political economists are demonstratively right who, like Laing, Mill, and Fawcett, maintain that the laws which regulate the disposal of land, especially in small quantities and for building

building purposes, lie at the root of all that concerns the social condition of the working classes of these islands. Temperance, providence, and hope, he says, are what the British poor need to make them the pride of their country; and he argues that whether they, or the working poor of any country, are distinguished by these qualities, or by the reverse, depends mainly upon the nature of those laws.

Recognising thus, at any rate, the very large influence which legislation may have upon the condition of the people, Dr. Rigg is not one of those who rely solely on education and moral suasion for the cure of the temporal miseries of the poor. But we will allow him to speak for himself in a paragraph or two:

'The pauperism of England,' he says, 'is not only a deplorable evil, it is a monstrous anomaly—an ulcer that proves disease—a glaring contradiction to our wealth and seeming prosperity, which lays us open to the just reproach of the foreigner. The few only, in rich England, possess a competency; the great multitudes are sensual and reckless. Yet are the few and the many mainly of the same race, children of free Britain.

'The well-to-do classes have, indeed, a short and easy explanation to give when attention is pointed to the actual condition of the millions of England. "It is their incurable drunkenness," we are told on every side. But it is not all drink; beside the drink—and in the case of those who are not drunkards—there is the recklessness, the improvidence. Pass from the middle at once into the heart of the lower working classes, and the nature of the English people seems suddenly to have been *inverted*.

'The middle classes of England are proverbial for prudent economy; the main portion of the lower operative classes for reckless waste; the middle classes are characteristically home-loving, "domestic;" the multitude two grades below them scarcely know the meaning of the word *home*; the middle classes are peculiarly neat, tidy, and cleanly in their person, dress, homes, and all things; a large proportion of the population which fills the back streets of our great towns, and swarms in the crowded cottages of our rural villages, is precisely the reverse. Whence this contrast? Are the middle classes

and the working classes of alien races?

'The middle classes a hundred years ago drank hard, and the upper classes harder still; yet drunkenness in their case did not bring with it all the evils of which we speak. If the middle classes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries drank deep, they did not forget prudence, economy, cleanliness; they were, notwithstanding, thrifty and home-loving folk. Whereas, where there is no excess in drinking among our working men, there is still too commonly wastefulness at their homes.

'I admit, of course, that drunkenness aggravates every evil, and is itself the source of very much that we have described. But is it enough to look upon drunkenness as a cause of evil? Drunkenness, on the broad scale and as a characteristic of a class, is much more an effect than a cause—an effect of removable causes—"a very curable malady." The last fifty years have seen it all but die out among the upper classes of this country.'

It is Dr. Rigg's opinion that it is chiefly the *want of homes* that brings the lower classes under the bondage of drink; and at great length he pleads, and pleads ably, well, and with much reason, for such changes in the laws connected with the entailing and sale of land as shall enable the average working man to have good hope of achieving a home of his own free from the demands of a landlord.

Against this plea we have not one word to urge; we would, on the contrary, lend it all possible enforcement. But that drunkenness would thus be cured, or that it would necessarily be much diminished, we do not concede for a moment. It may be true that, as Mr. Rigg says, speaking in general terms, the few, *i.e.*, the middle and upper classes, are thrifty and temperate, that the multitude are sensual and reckless. But what, we ask, is the nature of the barrier that divides the many from the few?

When, exploring the working class population, we push our researches a little backward towards their ancestry, what is more common than to find persons in the lowest depths of poverty whose progenitors belonged to the middle, and, even in some cases, to the upper classes? The latter, indeed, are specially fortified against lapses of this kind, by the care of relatives motivated by family pride. But of persons of middle class derivation

derivation, we see large numbers around us sunk up to the eyes in poverty.

The inquiry, What brought these thus low? does not receive for its reasonable answer anything connected with the character of the houses in which those who have thus lapsed were compelled to live before lapsing. In almost all cases it was drunkenness, and that alone, that wrought their downfall. Social rank, dwelling-place, and all else have been lost through the infatuation of the tricky spirit of alcohol.

On the other hand, exploring in like manner the middle, and even many of the upper classes, what do we find? One, two, or three generations traced back bring us almost invariably to some temperate member of the working classes, born in extreme poverty, forced to live in some wretched tenement, but becoming in the end self-raised above and in spite of all, and laying in his own industry and thrift the foundation of the fortunes of his family.

In short, instead of two distinct classes, of middle and upper on the one hand, and of poor persons on the other, capable of being contrasted as Dr. Rigg contrasts them, the one with the other, we have, as a rule, only families who are rich or poor just according as and as long as they are industrious and temperate. To say that the upper classes are temperate and provident and the poor the reverse, is only to account for the upper being upper and the other being under. That they are temperate and provident, or the reverse, explains their belonging to the one class or the other.

It is not true, however, that amongst the middle and upper classes intemperance is not common, any more than it is true that temperance is unknown amongst the poor. Every day thousands of intemperate upper, and of temperate lower class persons, are sinking on the one hand into poverty, and rising into comfort and affluence on the other. Although changes in the mode of regarding intemperance (largely induced by the efforts of working men themselves, as the founders and promoters of temperance societies) have operated to cause intemperance no longer to be vaunted, as formerly, but to be hushed up and concealed, what middle or upper class family is there that requires to look very far wide out amongst its kinsfolk before meeting with lamentable cases of intemperance? In these cases it is not

the wretched character of the dwelling, it is the seductive power of the drink, that produces the downfall.

It is true that there is, as Dr. Rigg reminds us, recklessness and improvidence, besides the drink. But to ask, Why are the lower classes reckless and improvident? is it not much the same as to ask, Why are they the lower classes? They are the lower classes, to a large extent, because they are reckless and improvident; if they were otherwise, they would cease to be, in any disparaging sense, the lower classes.

And of this recklessness, this improvidence, if all be not owing to drink, at any rate a very large proportion is. Owing to drink, we say; not always owing to what is commonly called intemperance. The father of the family, too often the mother also, spends in useless beverages what ought to go for superior house-rent, for the education of the children, and for provision for the future. This is true in hundreds of thousands of poor families. And it tells strongly upon all others in the same rank, both collaterally by promoting imitative recklessness and improvidence as general customs all around, and lineally by training the children in the customs of their progenitors.

When, again, Dr. Rigg remarks that the middle classes are proverbial for prudent economy, domesticity, cleanliness, and so forth, but the main portion of the lower operative classes for reckless waste and other vices, he compels us to revert to our protest against constructing an unreal barrier between these classes. The truth is, that when middle-class people cease to be prudent and economical (as many of them do), they subside into the poorer classes; and that when any amongst the lower operative classes abstain from reckless waste, and become prudent, drink-abstinent, and thrifty, they do not remain amongst the lower operative classes.

The very same truth compels us again to dissent, when we find it stated by Dr. Rigg that the middle classes a hundred years ago drank hard, and the upper classes harder still, yet that drunkenness in their case did not bring with it the evils of which he speaks. Drunkenness did not, in itself, involve loss of caste, as it would now, amongst those classes; but in its results it, in thousands of instances, did cause the alienation of patrimonies and the downfall of families. The drunkards were not thrifty,
and

and home-loving, and economical, and clean; we admit that their wives and families were, and that these, by their prudence and abstinence, often succeeded in averting much of the ruin that would otherwise have overtaken the whole family. But the middle classes of to-day are by no means identical with the middle classes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Of the latter middle classes, many of the descendants are now paupers. Of the former, the majority were then represented by persons in very humble life indeed, whose homes were wretched little dens, but who, not being given to drink, managed to creep upwards notwithstanding.

That drunkenness is an effect as well as a cause, is a truism. But of what is it an effect? Chiefly of the allurements of the liquor-traffic, and of the erroneous education in liquor-loving inculcated by custom and silently fostered by the liquor-laws. Drunkenness is, no doubt, 'a very curable malady;' but certainly not curable without the legal suppression of that traffic which is, in fact, its great cause.

Speaking to the Life (A Book for All): Illustrative and Suggestive. By John Bate, Author of 'Cyclopædia of Illustrations of Moral and Religious Truths,' &c., &c. Pp. 328. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

MR. BATE's object in writing this work is thus explained in the preface:—'It has been my endeavour to present plain truths in plain words, on various great and important subjects connected with life, in its relation to man and God, to this world, and to that which is to come. I have varied the subjects, the style, and length of the chapters, with a view to add interest to the book.' 'Of books, whose simple and direct object is the enforcement of Christ's truth upon the experience of the heart and the practice of the life of men, without the "enticing words of man's wisdom," "his vain philosophy," "and cunning craftiness, wherein he lies in wait to deceive," there is a great scarcity. I trust the reader will find the volume before him a contribution, though small, towards meeting the existing necessity.'

The table of contents sufficiently shows the nature of the topics discoursed upon in the volume:—Destroying Good, Christ in Life, Life at Home, Relations of Life, All for Christ, Living and Dying, Form in Worship, The Past, Present,

and Future, A Little Christian, This Life Alone, Christian Beneficence, Living above the Flesh, Devotedness to Christ, Happiness in Life, Christian Dignity, Business and Religion, Doubts, The True and False Rules of Judging, Amusements, The Model Life, Pleasures of Sin, Trying to be Good, Idolatry in Christendom, Value of Life, Earnestness in Life, Strife for Precedence, Providence in Life, Trials a Test, Faith, Losses, Putting Off and Putting On, Christ-like Life, The Plan of Life, Delays, Christian Zeal, Analysis of Life, Rules for an Unruly Member, Reminders of God, and Partaking of other Men's Sins. It is only necessary to add to this list as a clue to the doctrine, that Mr. Bate is a Wesleyan Methodist minister. He writes with great earnestness, and in an affectionately impressive manner.

The Rose of Cheriton: A Ballad. Pp. 91. By Mrs. Sewell, Author of 'Mother's Last Words,' 'Thy Poor Brother,' 'Homely Ballads,' &c. London: Jarrold and Sons, and S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

THIS is decidedly the most touching and effective poem that has as yet been brought in aid of the cause of temperance and prohibition. The writer has more than average skill in versification; her style is marked with simplicity and ease; but her specialty is a faculty of entering into the sufferings and feelings of the poor, and of stating their case with a fidelity to the life that is at once attractive and affecting. In the course of the tale, the argument against the drink-traffic is very effectively presented. This 'Ballad,' as it is called (it is in reality a poem in the couplet of ten feet), should be circulated everywhere, and read by everybody. It is worthy of the utmost publicity. No better argument for prohibition, in a very small compass and readable by all classes, has as yet appeared, or may reasonably be expected.

Truth and Opinion. A Letter to John Eliot Howard, Esq., on Church Discipline and Christian Charity, in their Relations to Supposed Error. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

WE gather from this tract of 56 pages, that in Dublin there is a sect calling themselves the Brethren—probably a branch of Plymouth Brethrenism—and that

that in the 'Brethren' a tendency prevails to cut off from their communion all who differ from them in opinion, even in a very slight degree. This certainly does not give us a very favourable impression of the brotherliness of Brethrenism; and in the protest which we find raised in this pamphlet against so uncharitable a spirit, we are happy to find ourselves in full sympathy with the writer.

Drinking to the Glory of God. Is the Moderate Drinking of Alcoholic Liquors Consistent with the Command to Do all to the Glory of God? By Helen F. H. Johnston. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand.

A VARIETY of considerations from various sources are adduced, showing that drinking alcohol and drinking to the glory of God are incompatible. The whole forms a useful little tract.

A Few Thoughts Concerning Infanticide. By Mrs. M. A. Baines. (From Dr. Lankester's Journal of Social Science.) London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly.

THE suggestions Mrs. Baines makes, for the abatement of infanticide, include the offering of a reward for the detection of the murderer in every case where now an open verdict of 'Found Dead' is returned; more uniformity in the sentencing of persons convicted of the crime; more sincerity on the part of medical witnesses; medical coroners; no substitution of secondary penalties for sentence of death; repression of burial club abuses; registration of still births, with requirement of medical certificate; more stringent regulations in the Burial Act with reference to the interment of still-born children; licensing of all persons acting as midwives; registration of all wet and day nurses who nurse for pay in their own homes; verdicts of manslaughter in all cases of death by culpable negligence; establishment by the State of institutions wherein illegitimate infants and their mothers shall be received together. Some of these suggestions, the last especially, we cannot approve of. Others, and particularly those connected with the registration and burial of still births, might be usefully adopted. But infanticide will not be abated so long as the deplorable fashion of dress introduced by the Empress of the French still continues in force. The increase of infanticide

of late years is largely owing to this. Formerly, approaching motherhood could not be concealed; now it can, and that makes all the difference. Until we go back to common sense in female dress, infanticide will receive no important check.

A Few Thoughts on Woman's Rights. Addressed to all Persons who are interested in the Mental and Moral Training of Youth of both Sexes. By * * *. London: L. Booth, 307, Regent-street.

A PLEA for social equality of women with men, addressed especially to the latter. For 'Man has been the aggressor in having driven woman from her high estate, and he must invite and welcome her back before a just relation can be re-established between them, and social order restored.' All which invitation and welcoming has our hearty good will; remembering always, however, that woman and man, though perfectly equal in dignity, have fundamental differences of attributes which cannot be overlooked without engendering confusion dire.

Cholera: Its Symptoms and Treatment. By Alfred Orlando Jones, M.D. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THE writer strongly recommends a trituration of opium (one grain of opium with forty grains of white sugar or carbonate of lime), and a tincture of camphor (equal parts of camphor and spirits of wine, the latter 60 over-proof), as excellent remedies in Asiatic cholera. These he would give alternately, five drops of the tincture, and five to ten grains of the trituration, in water, every ten or fifteen, or thirty minutes, according to the severity of the symptoms. Thirst should be gratified with cold rice-water and arrowroot, or beef-tea; the body, recumbent, should be covered with blankets; a hot bottle put to the feet; tincture of camphor thrown on the bed, and carbolic acid on the floor. The opium relieves the pain and diarrhoea, the camphor is for the coldness, faintness, and other symptoms of collapse. Other symptoms may necessitate the use of other remedies, such as arsenicum, cuprum, &c. Dr. Jones is perfectly confident in the efficiency and safety of this treatment, having proved it effectual in desperate cases where other remedies had failed.

Hades;

Hades; or, The Invisible World. By the Author of the 'Destiny of the Human Race.' London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court.

THIS is No. 2 of a series of 'Tracts for Thoughtful Christians.' The writer holds that 'there is an intermediate state, where believers, clothed probably in some appropriate and ethereal vehicle, wait for the final triumph of the Redeemer;' 'that entrance into this state succeeds to death instantaneously, and is probably simultaneous with decease;' 'that the condition of the soul there, while peaceful, is not one of perfect happiness.' On the other hand, there is, he thinks, 'an opposite department of Hades,' possibly disciplinary and educational to multitudes, 'even if it be to others simply punitive, and only preparatory to final and endless condemnation; to total destruction both of body and soul in Gehenna.' We do not coincide with all his conclusions by any means; but the tract adds to the proof that the primitive Christian doctrine of Hades, rejected by the men of the Reformation because of its Romanist purgatorial perversion, is in a fair way of being restored to Protestant Christendom.

Scripture Names, and their Assyrian, Babylonian, and Phœnician Synonyms. By W. G. Hird, Author of an 'Etymological Dictionary of Scripture Names,' &c. Re-printed from the 'Bradford St. James's Parish Magazine.' Dewsbury: J. Ward, Caxton Square. Bradford: John Dale and Co., Market-street.

The Life-Boat, or Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution. (Issued Quarterly.) Published at the office of the Institution, 14, John-street, Adelphi, London.

The Class and the Desk; a Manual for Teachers, being Notes of Preparation for the Sunday School. By the Rev. G. C. Gray, of Halifax.

THIS work, of which several numbers are before us, is to include a consecutive

series of 120 carefully prepared lessons on subjects selected from the New Testament, with nearly fifty outlines of Sunday school addresses. Each lesson, seen complete at one opening of the book, gives a condensed commentary on the passage selected, and a practical analysis of the subject of the passage. The work is to contain a compact account of all places, persons, and customs of interest referred to in the Gospels and the Acts, and many Scripture references, 'thus obviating the use of expensive encyclopædias and concordances.' Frequent references are to be made throughout to authorities on difficult passages, such as Alford, Trench, Ellicott, Kittó, Robinson, and others, for the use of those who may have access to their works. Indices of texts and subjects will be appended at the close of the work. The author thinks that, though primarily intended for Sunday school teachers, the work will be found very useful also by ministers, local preachers, and the heads of families. The sample before us authorises expectations of a serviceable work. We note that the author is unsound, indeed somewhat stupidly so, in dealing with the wine question.

The Gardener's Magazine; for Amateurs Cultivators and Exhibitors of Plants, Flowers, and Fruits; for Gentlemen's Gardeners, Florists, Nurserymen, and Seedsmen; for Naturalists, Botanists, Bee-keepers, and Lovers of the Country. Conducted by Shirley Hibberd, Esq., F.R.H.S. London: E. W. Allen, 11, Ave Maria Lane, and 11, Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.

Sunday Morning in Leather Lane: Some Account of its Sunday Fair. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Meliora.

ART. I.—PROBABILITY AND SOCIAL SCIENCE.

1. *The Logic of Chance. An Essay on the Foundations and Province of the Theory of Probability, with especial Reference to its Application to Moral and Social Science.* By John Venn, M.A., Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1866.
2. *A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive, &c.* By J. S. Mill. 2 Vols. Fifth Edition. London: Parker, Son, and Brown. 1862.
3. *The Conduct of Life.* By R. W. Emerson. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1860.

THE tendency of modern speculations in moral and social science is not only curious but alarming. We have chained the high-born Pegasus to a wheelbarrow. We play with scientific terms with as much zest, bravado, and grim curiosity, as children do with fire and razors. Chance, luck, and caprice, we are secretly assured, are terms fast becoming obsolete. If cause and effect be, as they have been well called, the chancellors of God, then chance and caprice are the chancellors of Satan. Everywhere, in our days, we are content to see law, and play with the term like a tennis-ball. Now, it means simply a uniformity in the sequence of facts, now a fixed bias in things, and anon an average tendency, a numerical relation, or a composite see-saw of contending forces, facts, and wills. It is a term that enables us to make admirable pyrotechnic displays; and, if we are clever at mathematics, to elaborate some fine specimens of jugglery that beat anything the metaphysicians and mystics have ever done or attempted, for imposing flourishes, pretended proofs, and astounding results. What parlour magic is at home, this law-finding is in the lecture-room, the essay, and the review. Mechanical comparisons are held to explain, instead of illustrate, the laws of

life, and the chemistries of salts are accepted as the analogues and prototypes of the minds of our men of genius and the characters of our statesmen.

This tendency to find order and harmony everywhere is a grand one, but we have had a little too much of its eccentricities and penal developments. Where we have before seen chance, irregularity, and abrupt transition, it is natural enough to believe there may be, and there is, order, and highest law; but we should settle what we mean by that term before we sweep down from planets and winds to minuter and even more variable things. In making a sequence in physical facts into a law, we have to observe certain stringent and necessary rules, which some writers and thinkers are only too willing to cast off as burdensome and unnecessary the moment they begin to deal with more readily cognisable things, as human thoughts and actions. Physically, they resort to a rigorous induction, and check their calculations in many ways; but humanly they run wild in probability long before they have clearly settled the foundations of their science. In nature, they regard will as something known by a sequence only, if known at all; and hence, in passing forward to humanity, any strongly established sequence is presumed to destroy, override, or occur in spite of it. Humanity is regarded as a sort of volume of German memoirs, of the kind described by Carlyle, and all it wants, or what it most wants, is an index. In statistics, such an index is ordinarily presumed to be found for the time being, and very frequently for a time as yet not in being. Here you can lay your finger on tendencies, facts, and results. Here you behold the rhythm of any given series, and the troublesome gnat of will, to borrow St. Theresa's description of memory, is effectually got rid of. A little mathematical display, a few illustrations from games of chance, and a fixed law is presumed to have been discovered. An elaborate calculation is presumed to be proof, and a plain man, unversed in algebraical formula, and having neither leisure nor inclination to toss up varying numbers of halfpence for days at a time, may be silenced, even bewildered, but certainly not convinced. Put a school-boy to read Plato's 'Parmenides,' and a shrewd mechanic to con over a treatise on 'Probability,' and the effect would be pretty nearly the same. Neither person would believe all he read; both would stoutly resist very much of it, and regard many portions as mere verbal and figure dexterities; but both would settle down to the conclusion, in spite of everything, that 'there was something in it.'

Many ordinary students of humanity, who, fortunately or unfortunately, are ungifted with the faculty of mathematical
attenuation,

attenuation, have just reached this state of conviction with regard to probability. It is a sort of halfway-house, and as far removed from the wholesale conversion which is never weary with its calculating finesse, and can even find averages and means in the size and order of paving stones, as it is from the point where the scoffers stand who fling hard words, unjust charges, and theological denunciations. A very large body of thinkers and earnest souls occupy this middle position. They are not afraid to recognise a law, if so be you can but bring evidence for it which is plain and open, and does not require the assumption of half the fact to be proved, or cheat you into a belief that it has been proved by an elaborate and dazzling demonstration. They are willing to believe that there may be some kind of a science of human actions, and are as deeply concerned as anybody can be in all the thousand revelations made by statistical study. But they object, and rightly too, to the proud and infallible airs of men like Quetelet and Buckle. Mathematical theories may help to solve many intricate questions, where variations are independent of such potent and unfixed factors as will and belief, but they do not regard them as always competent to determine either a law of human nature generally, or prophetically, one depending upon composite social forces. They recognise no vital force, if the term may here be allowed, in an average, solely because it is an average, whether it deal with the less variable facts that constitute human nature, or the more variable ones which are its circumstantialities and accidents. We may, if we please, puzzle ourselves with nice little problems in proportions, and run up the whole gamut of probability in a mineral, vegetal, animal, and human series, but we should beware of slipping a false basis into our calculations, or of presuming to have discovered law wherever we simply find relative proportion. They conscientiously object to any inculcation of practical fatalism, such as often creeps into these curious speculations unawares, and fling away from them with noble disdain any doctrine that embodies the notion that because human actions can be calculated, or strictly arranged, they are, therefore, not free, and cease to be strictly individual. It is a pretty idea, they admit, that, as Holmes, the American, puts it, in his clever 'Table-Talks,' the human will, or the self-determining principle, as compared with its pre-arranged and impassable restrictions, is correctly imaged by 'a drop of water imprisoned in a crystal—one little fluid particle in the crystalline prism of the solid universe!'^{*} But

^{*} 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' p. 80. Strahan and Co. 1859.

it would be more beautiful if it were only true. Nor can they quite hold with an exposition of the same doctrine by Emerson, when he says that—‘I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the irregularities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere.’* They deny that this nature is a definitely fixed quality, or quantity. They admit that it may not contain universal possibilities, but they deny that at any time it has exhausted all the possibilities of its being. Emerson himself is constantly denying this, and no healthy philosophy or theology is possible without such a denial. Inherent qualities, realised industries, and passionate aspirations, continually make a man widen this ‘law of his being.’ It is no zone of steel beyond which he cannot grow, nor can we take our stand at the end of his successive expansions, and say that the very last was of necessity, and from the very first, the law of his being. Is it not possible that Luther might have died a sleepy Augustine, at Erfurt; that Bunyan might have been lost to fame as a drunken tinker; and Cromwell have never reached a higher title than that of ‘Lord of the Fens?’ What is it that constitutes the law of being—success or failure? How are we to discover the golden possibility that makes this law of nature? Can we find it in an average? If a man chance to be a farm labourer, and he be told that only one in ten of his class ever becomes an actual farmer, or has done so of late years, can we honestly put the law of his being into the proposition, that he has only one chance against nine of being a farmer himself? Such may, indeed, have been the observed uniformity before-time, but it cannot, surely, follow that such a uniformity is fixed and unalterable. Every single instance we select for examination may be the first of a new series. An old crone who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century had not the same chances, or odds, against her escaping a trial for witchcraft, as one who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth when such persecutions reached their climax, or a third who belonged to a later century when individual belief in witchcraft began to decline. It must be so in every case, even where the supposed deeper laws of human nature are concerned. An average is scarcely capable of a prophetic application. Of course, it may approximate, because all variations, where large numbers are concerned, are not on a revolutionary scale; but, if it in any way amount to the boasted supremacy of a social law, an increase or decrease of population being taken into account, the results

* *Essays*. First Series, p. 27. Chapman. 1863.

ought to show scarcely any perturbation. It is just here where so many pretended uniformities break down. If 250 persons annually commit suicide in London alone, and its population increases at a given ratio, the chances in favour of any one individual doing so are yearly diminishing. But is this average a social law? Is it even constant? In the middle of the eighteenth century suicides were much more frequent in London than they are now, and were then attributed to libertinism and free-thinking.* Are they due to the same causes now, and, if so, are these causes less, or more active? We are, in fact, brought here face to face with Bernoulli's celebrated theorem of a fixed type, or that in the long run all events will tend to occur with a frequency proportional to their objective probabilities. This theorem Mr. Venn describes as 'one of the last remaining relics of Realism, which, after being banished elsewhere, still manages to linger in the remote province of Probability.' He very justly adds:—

'It is an illustration of the inveterate tendency to objectify our conceptions even in cases where the conceptions had no right to exist at all. A uniformity is observed; sometimes, as in games of chance, it is found to be so connected with the physical constitution of the bodies employed as to be capable of being inferred beforehand, though even here the connection is by no means so necessary as is sometimes supposed; this constitution is then converted into an objective probability, supposed to develop somehow into the sequence which exhibits the uniformity. Finally, this very questionable objective probability is assumed to exist, with the same faculty of development, in all cases in which uniformity is observed, however little resemblance there may be between these and games of chance. * * How utterly inappropriate any such conception is to most of the cases in which we find statistical uniformity, will be obvious on a moment's consideration. The observed phenomena are generally the product, in these cases, of very numerous and complicated antecedents. The number of crimes, *e.g.* annually committed, is a function of the morality of the people, their social condition, and the vigilance of the police, each of these elements being in itself almost infinitely complex. Now, as a result of all these agencies, there is some degree of uniformity, but what I have called above the change of type in it is most marked. *The annual numbers fluctuate in a way which, however it may depend upon causes, shows none of the permanent uniformity of games of chance.*'

The last sentence, which we have italicised, is sufficiently emphatic. But how different an estimate it causes us to put upon one of Buckle's most positive statements about suicide! We may admit, as he says, that suicide is merely 'the product of the general condition of society,' but we can neither allow that it holds a fixed average, nor deserves the title of a 'general law.' Still less can we follow him into his deduction, that 'in a given state of society a certain number of individuals *must* put an end to their own life.' He is here unwarrantably objectifying his conception of uniformity. He fixes his average

* See the 'Connoisseur,' January 9, 1755.

as a sort of fatal law, under which special laws act determining who the individual suicides shall be. The average law must somehow get itself obeyed, he thinks, and hence he adds, with rigorous logic, '*the power of the larger law is so irresistible, that neither the love of life nor the fear of another world can avail anything towards even checking its operation.*' Mr. Venn's remarks upon this passage are so good that we must be excused quoting them at some length. In investigating human conduct, he says, we may assume either the speculative or the practical point of view. If we take the former, all these assertions about the inutility of efforts and the inefficiency of motives are meaningless, or rather inappropriate. It is what we have reason to believe that people *will* do, not taking into account the important results of hypothetical alterations, but drawing inferences from facts already to hand. 'All that can be established by the fact of the statistical results remaining nearly the same is, that the amount of the counteracting efforts and the strength of the antagonist motives remain the same, *not that these efforts and motives are in any sense ineffective.*' To prove this last point it would be necessary to take very different ground, namely, to examine instances in which such efforts had been made, and instances in which they had not, and to show that the results in each case were nearly or exactly the same.' From the practical point of view all that an individual could mean by talking about the inutility of personal efforts would have no reference to the questions whether efforts would really be made or not; he would simply mean that the difference, according as they were made or not, would be little or nothing. But, he continues very forcibly:—

'It will scarcely be maintained, in this sense, that motives are feeble or efforts at suppression ineffective. Any considerable alteration in the belief of people as to a future world, or in their comfort in this world, would unquestionably have a great influence upon the number of murders or suicides. As regards the efforts of the clergy or magistrates to suppress the evil, however much these may be depreciated, it will not, I apprehend, be denied that a great deal might be done towards *increasing* the annual number of those who destroy themselves,—by removing the police, for instance, from the neighbourhood of the Serpentine and Waterloo Bridge. And it tells equally for our present argument, if it be admitted that the efforts of such persons could produce any consequence whatever, whether favourable or adverse. The reply to this would probably be, that though considerable consequences might really follow were we to suppose an alteration of the conduct of persons in authority, or in the belief of the people, yet

yet that we have no right to introduce such an imaginary alteration, because we know that as a matter of fact it will not really take place. This is probably quite true, and I have no intention of denying it; but what I wish to draw attention to, and what seems to be often overlooked, is how in such a reply as this we are shifting from one point of view to another. We are abandoning the view taken in the last section, and falling back upon the speculative view. When the efforts of a few persons are contemplated, the hypothesis of their acting otherwise is admitted, but the consequent effect is pronounced to be insignificant, as might very likely be the case. When, however, the efforts of many are contemplated' [which might naturally enough arise from the impulsion of an individual mind], 'the hypothesis of their acting otherwise and the consequent effect, which would then be great, are not admitted, on the plea that they are inconsistent with fact.'

Probably the diminution in many of the petty offences for which hanging was once the great legal remedy, is entirely due to the influence of one individual, who would play sad havoc with the statistician who dealt candidly with the period preceding and that succeeding his efforts. We mean Sir Samuel Romilly. In 1808 he commenced his resolute crusade against this exterminating legislation, and year after year brought in his bills to the Commons, to be invariably rejected by the Lords. He especially pleaded hard against the act of William III., which made it a capital offence to steal property from a shop of the value of five shillings, and his pamphlet, 'Observations on the Criminal Law of England,' published in 1810, ably supplemented his eloquence on the subject, both in and out of the House. It may be true that he did not live to reap the whole result of his labours, that Sir James Mackintosh succeeded where he had failed, and the Criminal Law Commissioners of 1837 further recommended the remission of the death punishment in twenty-one out of the thirty-one cases in which it was then adjudged by law, but the whole spirit of the movement was Romilly; and a very little trouble in hunting up the statistics of special crimes before his unwearied exertions, and after their eventuation in altered laws, would convincingly prove that an individual can exert a wonderful influence in spite of any 'irresistible' social law. Should as noble a soul take up the question of suicide from its moral aspect, and make the land ring with his eloquence and his arguments, it would be seen, we think, that what is possible as against one average is equally so against another. 'One person with a belief,' says Mr. J. S. Mill, 'is a social power equal to ninety-nine who have only interests. They who can
succeed

succeed in creating a general persuasion that a certain form of government, or social fact of any kind, deserves to be preferred, have made nearly the most important step which can possibly be taken towards ranging the powers of society upon its side.* He instances the stoning of Stephen, and Luther at the Diet of Worms as religious evidences of this, and that the case may not want purely political support, refers us to the age of Frederic the Great, of Catharine II., of Joseph II., of Peter Leopold, of Benedict XIV., of Ganganelli, of Pombal, and of D'Aranda, when 'the very Bourbons of Naples were liberals and reformers.' It would, therefore, be a strange subversion of history if an individual could effect nothing in social amelioration, and was more powerless before an average than these men before opposing current ideas and fixed legislative and ecclesiastical forms.

The very publication of an average, according to Mr. Venn, tends to destroy its uniformity. It does not act as a deadening coil, but stimulates like a beam of sunshine. It awakens energy, fosters enthusiasm, and creates heroes. Social science cannot be a confession of weakness, or a revelation of despair. It is a method of progress, an inspiration of hope. Statistics may have to deal with the actions of men, and not with the emotions experienced in the performance of them, but their publication cannot fail to create emotion, and that of the very kind calculated to diminish their uniformity. A man who so builds himself up with Blue Books that he looks out upon the world through them, and them only, may be a very demigod in calmness, logic, and calculation, but all men are not of this superhuman stamp. If we were all to get a statistical mania, and leave off our weakest efforts against wrong or crime, very likely there might be a terrible uniformity in some things, but it would more reasonably mount up into higher and more appalling numbers. Statistics narrow the field of vision, but they concentrate energy, they develop will. They perpetually tend to produce their own falsification, whether the prospect be a sad or a bright one. We may not see this so long as we linger upon the confines of physical science, and content ourselves with physical illustrations. But it is just here where writers on probability lose themselves. The great rule of succession, which has the adhesion of such eminent writers on the subject as Laplace, Quetelet, and Professor De Morgan, and the truth of which, Mr. Venn says, 'does not seem to be doubted by any of the writers on probability,' although he qualifies the statement on behalf of the last person in the list,

* 'Representative Government,' p. 14.

proceeds upon an unwarrantable assumption of a more or less perfect resemblance between physical facts and human actions. The rule is as follows:—To find the chance of the recurrence of an event already observed, divide the number of times the event has been observed, increased by one, by the same number, increased by two. Such a rule, Mr. Venn observes, was ‘not discovered from observation or experience of nature, for this, as we have seen, contradicts it in almost every instance, nor was it discovered by observation of the mind.’ How, then, could we infer with Professor De Morgan, that, if a man standing on the bank of a river has seen ten ships pass by with flags, he should judge it to be eleven to one that the next ship will also have a flag? We will let Mr. Venn answer:—

‘There seems to remain but one way. We may discover amidst the infinite complexity of nature some class of objects that may be regarded as a fair type or sample of the rest. The play of the different agencies at work elsewhere may be there laid bare to view, as it were, so that we may feel certain that, so far as regards the succession of phenomena, we have arrived at some of the fundamental principles of the universe. It is obvious that the connection between this class of objects and the rest of nature must be of no transient or superficial character. But *when we have discovered this connection* we shall be able to infer a rule of such broad generalisation that in no single instance will any man be able to act upon it. Such an example has been discovered by some of the supporters of this rule. What, then, are the data by which this grand generalisation is drawn? By which, according to Laplace, we feel a confidence, as the sun sets, of more than a million to one that it will rise again? And by which each generation of husbandmen may go on sowing and reaping with a deeper persuasion than their fathers possessed before them, that seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, will not fail? A study of the works of these writers will discover that it is a bag containing balls of a black and white colour. Rules, of more or less accuracy, are established as to the surmises we may form about the proportion of different colours in the bag, after we have drawn a few, and therefore of the proportion that will continue to be given in future. *The supposition apparently slips in somewhere about here that the universe is constructed on the same principle as such a bag, from which the rule, in all its generalisations, is sure to follow.*’

This, he affirms, is no caricature, and further on in the volume, in discussing what M. Quetelet styles ‘the determination of the law of occurrence of two kinds of events, the chances of which are perfectly equal,’ he illustrates the same kind of selection. Assuming that the number of males and females being equal, the chance of any one entry in a registrar’s book being male is one-half, he runs on to state that the chance of two males succeeding is one-fourth, and that once in a certain determinate number of times we shall find the deaths of ten males happening successively. To prove ‘how far experience justifies the calculation,’ M. Quetelet does not refer to the registers themselves, which he says might be a ‘tedious’ process, and therefore resorts to ‘experiments more expeditious and quite as conclusive.’ In fine, he puts forty black and forty white balls into a bag, draws them out, and regards
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their proportions and successions as proving that men and women will die in the same order. 'If by men and women he meant black and white balls, I have no objections to offer;' the reader will at once agree with Mr. Venn in saying, 'but if the words denote anything more, one might be inclined to demur to some of his conclusions.' We should think so. In fact, it is just this kind of illustration that enables writers on probability to eliminate all will as an evil and a disturbance in their calculations. But they must first prove that human beings are like balls, and dice, and halfpence, before we can accept their boasted laws. Even Mr. Mill, whose general remarks on probability are clear and sensible, and not tainted in an extraordinary degree with mathematicalness (to coin a new word), cannot quite keep clear of such illustrations. Human nature is susceptible of scientific treatment, he says, and we quite agree with him, though this science may not be as exact as modern astronomy, 'but there is no reason that it should not be as much a science as tidology is, or as astronomy was when its calculations had only mastered the main phenomena, and not the perturbations.' He thinks we might then be able 'to foretell how an individual would think, feel, or act, throughout life,' but if these foretellings be forepublished the illustration loses its appositeness. The publication of the 'Nautical Almanack' may not, Mr. Venn reminds us, have the slightest effect upon the path of the planets, but one cannot predict the same for any chart of human conduct. Unless its forecastings were of the most vague and general description, like the prophecies in 'Zadkiel's Almanack,' it must be open to very many sources of perturbation arising from minute and unsuspected mental, moral, and physical causes, and the combative spirit pronounced predictions very commonly arouse. The publisher of such average social or individual tendencies might abstain from arguments to society or individuals based upon them, but there could be no certainty in any case that his facts would not be transmuted by others into glorious impulses, especially where any betterment was the debateable point. Jonah knew that Nineveh would be destroyed if it repented not, and his announcement negated such a result. Social scientists aim at similar effects. In many cases the individuals likely to be concerned in composing an average might not know of such a publication, or be directly influenced by it, but they would, in consequence, be subjected to an immense amount of indirect influence, for ideas are sometimes in the air, and act upon us as insensibly as oxygen and as markedly as ozone. Here we touch and gain real strength from the rationalistic doctrine, that the opinions and even the actions of a given period are determined

determined by general causes arising from its intellectual and social conditions. 'It may be true,' in Mr. Venn's words, 'that at present but little effect would be produced by any statements that we might publish about the future of society, because the possibility of making such statements is doubted; but if sociology were ever to establish its claims, the effects produced in each case by its own disturbing agency would rise into real importance.' Nor do we see that they are less important now, when they simply have a strong annual, although it may be an imperfect, expression in a Social Science Congress. Social science may seem to register itself at blood heat only during the sittings of a learned and imposing parliament, but the full power and higher benefit of such an association of earnest spirits do not cease with its dispersion. Colliding opinions may evoke the fire of intellectual battle; calm logic, burning zealotry, and scientific precision be mutually and perceptibly interactive; and such a focalisation of thinkers and facts irresistibly advance this crusade of civilisation against itself. But there remains something more than this imposing force. Not only, as Lord Shaftesbury observed, does each active member subsequently become 'recognised as a centre of influence and practical knowledge,' but the whole sittings have a vitalising effect upon the public mind; touching out old topics into newer freshness and force; bringing back, unconsciously, neglected facts with a sad and, perhaps, terrible insistence; and clothing even the trivial, the insignificant, and the puerile with something of the majesty and grandeur of possible law. Its influences radiate, the newspaper press is active, and, being made year by year thus steadily to confront this evil and that anomaly, rather in the quiet of our homes than in the heat of debate, we are made to convince ourselves by processes of our own blending insensibly with those of others, and in this the only true way we correct our prejudices, and extend the sweep of our minds. We are reinvigorated by a baptism of facts, stung into a nobler activity, and beat back darkness and despair.

The great vice of the doctrine of probability is what we have previously called its mathematicalness. It is this that gives even to its well-ascertained rules a certain tantalising unreality to shrewd but unsophisticated minds. It is this that makes its champions so blindly claim for its results a specious infallibility, and its staunchest opponents take refuge in ridicule and common sense. Its most earnest advocates have generally been mathematicians, who have naturally enough taken up such aspects of the subject as brought out their science into nimblest display, and had for them special and undue

undue attractions. The result has been that speculators have not clearly settled either the foundations or the boundaries of their new science or doctrines. We have, therefore, no settled definition of what probability really is ; even Laplace, at the commencement of his well-known essay, included in his definition of the term the very characteristic conception which his essay professes to explain. It is often spoken of in one and the same treatise or essay, as a property of the mind, or the intensity of belief with which it entertains different propositions, as something external to it which measures this intensity ; and as an abstract number, or numerical fraction. Mr. J. S. Mill and Professor De Morgan are exempted from this statement. We quite agree with Mr. Venn in saying that the former has expressed a just view of the nature and foundation of the rules of probability, but we hardly like to limit it by affirming that he seems almost 'the only writer' who has done so. There have at different times been clever articles in many of the quarterlies, if we mistake not, in which Mr. Mill's views have been unconsciously approximated to ; and the fact that in the fifth edition of his 'Logic' (1862), at least, he quotes approvingly from a writer in the 'Prospective Review,' for February, 1850, is some slight evidence that many just modifications of the older view of the calculation of chances have been publicly maintained. It is, however, a comparatively slight matter. In excepting Professor De Morgan, Mr. Venn distinctly states that he does not, and cannot, nevertheless, accept his conceptualist view of probability, as a sort of sister science to formal logic, or a science of the laws of belief ; and gives many excellent reasons which we cannot enter into here, to show that such a subjective view of probability cannot be maintained, and affords in itself no safe ground of inference. Into shades of difference between Mr. Venn and both the writers above named, we have no intention of entering, although some of them give rise to very interesting and curious questions in logic and psychology, which might be seized upon and made to illustrate some practical truths and fallacies of the great subject of probability itself.

'No science can be safely abandoned to its own devotees,' says Mr. Venn, very forcibly, in his preface, and although it may seem on the first blush to be but a left-handed compliment, we hold this to have been personally, as we feel sure it will be publicly, his best justification for having written, although himself a Cambridge man, a plain essay on a very puzzling subject. He has, to our thinking, laid a very troublesome ghost, that has haunted the minds of able and conscientious social reformers for a long period. He has completely
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taken the sting out of probability, and deprived it of its dangerous rattle. It will no longer destroy men, like the devil-fish with which Victor Hugo's last hero, Gilliatt, struggled in the cave. Its fearful head is gone, and the fatal folds slip off the exhausted limbs. No Alp-pressure of fate will hereafter benumb even the statistical enthusiast. Mr. Venn's essay is simple, cautious, and cogent. Already it will have been seen what are some of his views upon the major applications of the doctrine, and these will have so clearly set forth his purpose and his ability as to make any but the most sketchy summary of his book unnecessary. The fundamental conception of probability he takes to be a series of a kind which combines individual irregularity with aggregate regularity, a succession of groups rather than events. This regularity has to be assumed as fixed or permanent for the purposes of inference, even when it is not so, and hence there is a real and an ideal series, the validity of our inferences from the latter clearly depending upon its close agreement with the former, and the marked divergence of the two necessarily leading into error. The ideal uniformity enticing us to retain it, we must occasionally appeal to experience to test and control our conclusions, and possibly reframe our ideal series. 'We use our mathematics, in fact, as a sort of railroad; we quit a toilsome and impracticable path, and are whirled along at our ease, often through a dark tunnel of symbols; but we must bear in mind that we have to get out again; if we do not keep a sharp look-out we may be carried far beyond our destination.' In dealing, for instance, with things, as distinct from persons, mathematics may continually lead us into error. Our calculations themselves may be perfect and admirable, but we have to deal with sentience and will in each unit when we pass over to humanity; it is not a chessboard in which each piece can only move in one way; it is one in which each can move erratically and independently. On the principle of the sufficient reason, so long as we only use symbols, we have only to try long enough and we may produce anything which is only improbable and not impossible. Such combinations and permutations are all matter of strict calculation. In fact, this 'is a purely algebraical process; it is infallible; and there is no limit whatever to the extent to which it may be carried.' But the distinction between the behaviour of symbols and of things is as great as that between things and persons, and experience alone can test the truth of the possible happening of an event the chances of which are enormously against it, which, in the language of probability, is wrongly construed into the proposition, that the thing will happen occasionally, though

though very rarely. The symbols may recur once in a thousand times exactly, but one could not say the same of dice, or of human beings, if we fixed upon a given event, and had even actually observed it to so occur in that number of instances. In a population of so many millions a great poet, sculptor, and statesman might be successively produced once in five thousand years, or more, according to history, but any practical or predictive application of a pretty mathematical theory of such an order would be either useless or impossible. The deduction is too extravagant and remote for our strictly keeping to the correspondences, and we have to choose between mere ideality and experience. 'Either we go over to the mathematics, and so lose all right of discussion about the things; or we take part with the things and so defy the mathematics.' It is from the selection of examples of cards, dice, &c., that Mr. Venn thinks the *à priori* tendency that has infected the whole science is due, and the expression of certain events being equally likely, which is so frequently met with, is either purely of this character, which experience contradicts, or is an expectation of the mind arising out of past experience. Mathematics themselves being unlimited, time is often of no account in treating of probability, although experience must determine the extent of their application, so that we have only to put a finite limit upon the number of ways in which a thing can be done, and *in time*, letters and words being themselves limited, a genius like Shakespeare might be produced *by chance*! We have to suppose a bag filled with the simple letters of the alphabet on pieces of card, one of which shall be drawn out at a time and then replaced. 'If the letters were written down one after the other as they occurred, it would commonly be expected that they would be found to make mere nonsense, and would never arrange themselves into any language known to men. No more they would in general, but it is a commonly accepted result of the theory, and one which we may assume the reader to be ready to admit without further discussion, that, if the process were continued long enough, words making sense would appear; nay, more, that any book we chose to mention—Milton or Shakespeare, for example—would be produced in this way at last. It might take more years than we have space in this volume to represent in figures to obtain such works, but come they would at last.' Such a chance Shakespeare, and a chance world constructed on the same scheme, is a fine specimen of mathematical subtlety, but little else. It serves, however, to illustrate how mathematics may be applied, and how they may not, which is our excuse for quoting it.

Mr.

Mr. Venn's treatise takes him over a much larger field of inquiry than concerns us here. He discusses the rules of probability, and the fallacies arising either from their perverted application, or from the inferential reasoning being from a purely fictitious series, or one in which there is really no experience at hand to work upon. He points out the common confusions made between probability and induction, ably criticises the teaching of Dr. Whewell and Mr. Mill upon the latter, and cleverly shows the interaction of the two. His definition of inductive logic as concerned with universal propositions, and of probability as concerned with proportional ones, is very simple and clear. He defends the science of probability from the charge of attributing events to chance, because it makes no assumption whatever as to whether events are brought to pass by causation or without it, although frequently using the word to express the relative probability of an event occurring or not. Nor has it more to do with natural theology than either the principles of logic or induction have, probability being simply a body of rules for drawing inferences about classes of events which are distinguished by a certain quality. In fine, his treatment of the subject is concise, clear, cautious, and exhaustive. The style of his book is easy, unaffected, and not without a certain grace and vigour.

Thus shorn of its terror, the doctrine or science of probability will cease to alarm any but the most timid and hesitating minds, and no longer terrorise over any but those who wilfully and hopelessly entangle themselves in their own mathematical meshes. An average need no more terrify a reformer or a philanthropist than Chat Moss did Stephenson. It should inspire him with a stronger faith; it should flame before him like a warning flash in the sky; it should be the majesty of his hope and not the measure of his despair. Statistics do not teach us to believe in fate. We are part and parcel of our own statistics; we are flesh and blood, and intellect and will, before which all things are plastic and transparent. Our fatalism is but selfishness, and our idleness its excuse. We can make more crime if we choose, and surely less if we will. We are living and breathing experiments, and scarcely know ourselves. We can build ourselves up into beauty and goodness, or downwards into darkness and despair. If we are links in a chain, it is to receive truth and power and flash it on, and if there be necessity in life it ranges up from the dulness of the clod to the divinity of duty. We have our choice. This fear of numbers and proportions and probabilities is but a confession of weakness; it is intelligence that has got a-head of morality,
the

Motion.

the truer art and science of
let us be more lofty and
a succession of noble efforts
amid that will stop us ; and
with law, and it streams from
want energy, we shall learn the
usual forms, despise its failures,
working parallel with the move-

UNIVERSALITY OF MOTION.

School books, and after them the school-
teaching of place, or the opposite of rest.
We teach, and we all learn of them, the
doctrine of 'inertia,' and some few facts
of motion. We do not think about it, or not more
for the purpose of the hour,—that is to say,—
than for any other ; not always so much as that, even. And
from the schoolroom to the workshop—whatever
the sphere—most of us too hard pressed by the daily
demands of personal action and movement, for the obtaining
of which we have to have leisure, or inclination, perhaps, for re-
ading and pondering definitions, laws, or illustrations
And so, like the grammars of dead languages, or
the tables of arithmetic, the facts and the science are shelved
and are gradually forgotten.
The result is that this first introduction to science is, in most
cases, bringing us acquainted with words and formulæ only,
and means with things. And herein lies the explanation of
the common want of interest and consequent forgetfulness.
The mind is only impressed by things, never by mere words
and propositions. The possibility of familiar acquaintance with
things they are designed to set forth, is, when we reflect
on it, one of the strangest facts of human experience, and one
of the most fruitful sources of error and mischief.
For example : We learnt at school that the earth turns on
its axis daily, and that this rotation is the real cause of the
phenomena which we call the rising and setting of the sun.
We understood the terms of the proposition, and accepted it
without doubting ; but it was not until we reached manhood
and applied ourself with genuine desire to the getting of
knowledge, that even this simple fact revealed itself to us as a
fact,

fact, and impressed our imagination. We can never forget the glow of indescribable joy we felt when the beautiful vision first dawned on us. It was indeed, as Jean Paul says, an exchanging of counters for coins, of creeds for enjoyments.

Of all the results of intellectual culture, and especially of scientific studies, there is, perhaps, none more startling, none more impressive, none more powerfully tending to change the whole mode of thought in the student than this—the discovery of motion everywhere in nature beneath apparent repose. Startling, we said, but that is hardly the word. It would be so if the fact could suddenly become apparent to us while we still continued seeing and conceiving with the vulgar and untaught. But it is a composite, complex fact, which can only present itself element by element. The mind approaches it by many separate paths of observation and reflection, obtaining glimpses now of one portion, now of another; gaining from time to time richer knowledge and fuller experience, until at last, raised above the capacity of mere ignorant surprise, we find ourselves face to face with a glorious revelation which fills us with silent wonder, and inspires some of us, perhaps, with reverence and adoration.

Then the fascinating task is proposed to us, and the pains will not be ill-bestowed, to measure our gain by the contrasts discernible between the conceptions of things with which we started on our path of scientific inquiry, and those at which we have at length arrived.

The earth, for example, on which we stand, to the unscientific eye the 'firm-set' earth, with its great calm features of natural beauty seen day after day, season after season, age after age, as if, like its Maker, it were 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' the same broad still landscapes and oceans, the ever-during hills, the vast silent deserts of sand and ice, so solid, still, and permanent, what has it become to us? A tiny, fragile sphere, in swift complex movement through space; a 'round, rushing earth,' says Bailey; spinning round on its ideal axis every twenty-four hours, with a velocity at the surface of a thousand miles an hour; advancing at the same time in a vast but measurable orbit round the sun, at the enormous but certainly ascertained velocity of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, or nineteen miles in every second. Perhaps, also, as science not wildly dreams, borne on with the sun along some still vaster orbit as yet unmeasured, immeasurable, and beyond the reach of imagination.

Solid, is it? What, then, is the meaning of the term 'Seismology,' one of the latest additions to the vocabulary of

science? The volcano and the earthquake, by their terrible protest perpetually repeated, have made that popular belief untenable. There is nothing left for us but to admit the strange fact, and reconcile our fancy to it as well as we may, that the earth is very much like a huge egg, or even a bomb-shell. It is even so. This 'crust' as we call it, bears, as far as we know, about the same proportion to the entire diameter as the shell of an egg does to its whole bulk. And it yields, and curves, and even splits under the pressure of the awful unknown forces that act beneath. So that we come at last to look upon our Alps, Andes, and Himalaya, merely as huge hardened ripples of the rock-sea, at long intervals rising and sinking, shaken, convulsed, shattered by tremendous forces for which we have at present no name.

Even the greatest physical features of our planet, the divisions of land and water, are not absolutely fixed, but only fixed by comparison with the brief period of man's existence upon it. Science, prying into the rock-beds beneath our feet, discerning a certain order among them, deciphering with exemplary patience the strange records she finds written there,—records of an antiquity compared with which the date of Assyrian sculptures and Babylonian cuneiform inscriptions is but of to-day,—has discovered and unfolded to us the evidences of a series of changes,—movements, formations, elevations, depressions, disruptions, displacements,—on the vastest scale, which must have occupied periods of time so immense, so completely beyond our power of computation, as to be virtually infinite. So that we can no longer say to the 'deep and dark blue ocean,' as it rolls round our continents and islands of to-day,

'Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.'

Its fair aspect, and its living, musical motion may be the same, but its place has been changed, not once or twice, but over and over again. In choicest words has the poet already interpreted to the world this testimony of the rocks :

'There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O Earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There where the long street roars, hath been
The silence of the central sea.

'The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.'

The granite mountain that looks to-day so steadfast and so motionless, only looks so. It is even now wearing and passing

passing away as certainly as a mist of morning. The rain-drop, and the soft embosoming air, and the softer touch of the sunbeam, are silently crumbling it down, and the falling particles are borne away with the torrent which subsides and broadens into the river, and are finally dispersed over great spaces of our present sea-beds.

The waters are visibly in motion, from tiniest spring that bubbles up among the grass in shadiest wood, to mightiest river winding its majestic and beneficent way across a continent, and the broad ocean into which all rivers run. But we see not the half of their motion. The flow of streams and rivers, the waves, and tides, and mysterious currents of the sea, these are but parts of a whole, links of a chain, portions of the great systematic circulation of waters. Upward, from all surfaces of rivers, lakes, and seas, and also, to some extent, from all lands, the fine invisible vapour is perpetually rising through the atmosphere, to what heights let the delicate white veil of the June sky hint, in what quantity let the heavy black thunder-cloud and the rains that fall in the tropics testify. How important the service rendered by these invisible particles of watery vapour during their suspension in the air, absorbing and radiating heat to a surprising extent, is one of the latest and most beautiful discoveries of science.

The atmosphere, too, is full of motion. Whirled round with the globe it enfolds, it acquires a force which makes it rival in destructive power the electric storm and the earthquake. Rarefied by the tropical sunshine, it is perpetually streaming upward in a great ring from the equator, expanding, parting, and falling away to north and south Polar regions, returning thence as an undercurrent to the equator, to rise and circulate again with endless repetition. This great constant current is interrupted, divided, diverted, broken into many subordinate and divergent currents by the irregularities in the configuration of the earth's surface.

We turn, then, from this so evidently unstable, restless world, to that which lies beyond, and we fancy that there at least is stability and rest. We see the blue heavens 'bending over all,' with their still stars shining age after age, from the days when Chaldean sages first delighted to observe them; the same stars, the same constellations, the same sun, moon, and planets. Early dreams of a crystal sphere, of 'fixed stars,' — 'rivetted,' says Aristotle — need not surprise us, need scarcely make us smile. For how they do abide still and offer themselves to our imagination as types of the serene and changeless. The babe fretting in the night is hushed by a sight of the moon and the twinkling stars; the man wearied with
the

the strain of business and care, feels a hush of the same kind when he looks up to them and finds them still the same. The three-score years and ten pass away, with all the toil and agitation, gains and losses, hopes and loves, and sorrows; and still to the dim eye the blue heaven is unchanged. Generations come and go, nations and empires rise, and flourish, and pass away, and still it abides the same, and Humboldt sees what Hipparchus saw.

Nevertheless, science discerns and proclaims the fact that 'there is nothing stationary in space.' There is no crystal or other sphere. The blue sky itself is but a film of colour, or a name for our own atmosphere. There are no fixed stars. A group of planets are rotating and revolving like the earth about the sun, groups of moons similarly about them. The sun stands not still, but, vast as he is, rotates on his axis, and, probably, is rushing onward through space with his train of dependent worlds somewhither. Comets shoot to and fro like shuttles in a loom as wide as space; and 'falling stars,' in single beauty or in periodic swarms, startle us as they disturb the calm aspect of heaven. Fixed stars are suns; and nebulae, till lately mysterious vapoury specks which some could fancy to be traces of a primeval fire-mist out of which suns and worlds were formed, are galaxies of suns, as vast as or vaster than that which encircles our heavens. There is nothing stationary in space.

But these bodies, infinite in number as they appear to us, occupy but an insignificant part of space itself. Although they rest not nor pause in their mysterious circles, in space itself we may perhaps discover many a region where motion is not. No. Science does not leave it possible to us to conceive even one point of space devoid of motion. If the fine ethereal medium believed to be diffused in the interstellar regions be not itself kept in perpetual thrill and vibration by the motions of the suns and systems revolving in it, it is the pathway for the motions of light and radiant heat, probably, also, of electric and magnetic forces. Were it a field for light alone, we could only conceive it as filled with a complicated network of rays, proceeding in all directions from countless centres, crossing and intertwining, palpitating and undulating as they pass from sun or star to remotest unimaginable distances, at velocities we can hardly make intelligible by our numerals. Does light move at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles a second? And are there from forty thousand to sixty thousand waves in every inch of every ray? To light add radiant heat, and the almost spiritual forces of magnetism and electricity; add the probably universal force, which in our ignorance

ignorance of all but its effects, we name gravitation; and space, instead of a vacuum or a motionless ether, has become a sort of close woven living tissue of forces,

Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben.

A glance at the organic world is necessary to complete our view. The surface of the earth is not left bare, a mere passive inorganic mass. It is for the most part covered with plants and peopled with animals and the race of man. In these living forms we have to recognise motion of other kinds and under different conditions from those hitherto noticed. Nor are the results of scientific study in this field less wonderful, less at variance with superficial conceptions than in that of inorganic nature. The locomotion of animals and the mechanical movements of plants, as of forests or cornfields in the wind, or of rushes in the river, or the hidden forests of weeds in the deep sea, are but a small part of the entire quantity of motion which actually goes on in this vital sphere. Beneath the surface, beyond detection by the unassisted eye, proceed the miracles of perpetual motion. In the stately, steadfast tree, very image of grand repose in the still summer air, fixed to one spot, fast bound it seems with a stiff rugged covering of bark, the eye of science discerns incessant movement of microscopic atoms, upward, downward, from deepest rootlet to topmost leaf, under control of the mysterious law of life. She finds that all those million leaves, in which you see only form and colour and mechanical motion, are pierced with passages inconceivably minute, for the admission and emission of gaseous elements, processes which are perpetually going on. Has a lilac leaf more than a hundred and twenty thousand of those pores? Imagination flags in the attempt to conceive the vast whole; the like activity, atomic motion, in every one of the innumerable vegetable forms, from the hugest to the minutest, that together make the earth green. And as in the vegetable, so also in the animal. There is nothing stationary. Growth is motion. From the first production of the mysterious cell, in which all living things, vegetable or animal, begin their existence, to the final return of the decaying tissues to the dust, not a moment's pause. The heart beats, the blood circulates, the lungs expand and contract, the skin, pierced like the leaf with million invisible pores, fulfils its functions; and so with every vital organ. In the waters as well as on the lands these motions of life go on, the subaqueous forms both of vegetable and animal life equalling and perhaps exceeding in number and mass

mass those of land animals and plants. And further, in the seas that are warm beneath the tropical sun, and in those which are ice-bound round the pole, Ehrenberg has proved to us the existence of *Infusoria*. He has shown us that the Bilin slate-beds are composed of the remains of microscopic once living forms; and, what seems perhaps still more astounding, that twenty feet below the city of Berlin is a bed of rock composed in great part of still living *Infusoria*; the 'horizon of life,' says Humboldt, 'being thus immensely expanded before our eyes.'

'*E pur se muove*'—it does move though, whispers Galileo, as he rises from his knees after making that unheroic abjuration of his book and his belief at the bidding of the cardinals and prelates, his judges of the Inquisition. With a larger meaning than Galileo's, vastest and also minutest application, we may echo his whispered conviction, 'it does move though.' The whole moves, every part moves. Atom, cell, plant, rock, ocean, air, are full of motion, every one. Infinite space too, with its worlds and suns, light, heat, electric, magnetic, attractive forces, knows no rest. It is at last clear to us that throughout the whole domain of nature, in the earth and in the heavens, there is no fixure, no pause!

Into the knowledge of motion all our knowledge seems to resolve itself. All discoveries, all inventions, that have made the names of their authors splendid through the ages, seem to be nothing else than discovery of truth respecting motion, or invention of the means of motion. Copernicus, Newton, Kepler, Galileo, Bradley, Roemer, Harvey, Watt, Faraday, Lyell, Wheatstone, and a host of others, what else is it that they have achieved? The Copernican system, gravitation, Kepler's laws, aberration of light, velocity of light, circulation of the blood, the steam-engine, action of electrical and magnetic forces, action of the forces which have slowly worked through geological periods and made this planet what it is, the electric telegraph, the thermometer, what are they all but theories, modes, means, or applications of motion? If we pass from the world of sense to the world of mind, the same fact meets our views. All possible human activity of hand or brain is one or other of the infinite variety of modes of motion. Human power does not extend beyond this; the production, direction, or restraining of motion; the causing things or thoughts to change their place. 'Man, whilst operating, says Bacon,* 'can only apply or withdraw natural bodies, nature internally performs the rest.' And this

* Nov. Org. Lib. I. Aph. 3.

internal performance of nature, no less than the operation of man, is a form of motion. But we are thus brought to the verge of a wide field on which we must not now enter. Suffice it that we apprehend with clearness the fact that motion is at once the summary and the limit of all human power and performance, and that all history is its record.

In the presence of this vision of the universe in motion, sublime and even awful in its impressiveness, the sense of wonder creeps over us at the stillness of it! That we, standing in the thick of these swift-rushing worlds, and atoms, and forces, yet find it possible to be quiet and take our rest. That the whole looks still! Of all imaginable wonders and miracles, we do not know whether there be one so great as this which is wrought before us day by day, moment by moment, though we do not take note of it,—‘the stillness of infinite motion.’

One step further, one glance beyond, if we might but take it! It is not permitted. Invisible but impenetrable barriers hem us in. The great fact which we have been contemplating, which comprehends within itself all created things, from vastest sun advancing in incalculable orbit to minutest animalcule to which a drop of water is a world,—is it the very threshold of the first, last unity, life and creative power? From infinite motion discerned by sense and understanding, is there but one step to infinite will discerned by reason and faith? Like the prophet of old before the bush that burned with fire and was not consumed, we, in the presence of this sublime vision, must reverently bow down as before a manifestation of the Godhead, and feel that the place whereon we stand is holy ground.

The discovery of infinite motion as the result of scientific contemplation of the universe, can be accepted by the mind without pain, because it does not stand in intimate relation to our personal destiny as moral and immortal creatures. But there is a like process to go through, and, to a great extent, a like discovery to be made in the world of thought; and these are not without pain and peril too. To discover unfixedness, instability in the mind’s earth and heaven, in its long-held opinions, first principles, cherished, sacred beliefs; to feel a trembling of the ground it stands on, and has stood on fearlessly for years; to find that the lights of heaven it has watched and revered as its fixed stars,—the men, the books, the venerable institutions which have been its guides and authorities,—are not and never were fixed at all, but are moving, rushing onward amid others away, away,—there is no more fearful

fearful trial for human soul than that. It is the trial of our age. Sigus, however, of deliverance and calm are multiplying around us. Well for him who in the midst of the motion still feels the stillness; who has risen to the rest which from the beginning to the end remains in God.

ART. III.—VOICES FROM THE PRISON.

'Return prepared by the Governor of the Prison of Edinburgh, under sanction of the Right Honourable the Lord Provost, at the request of the Honourable Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P. April, 1852.'

BY the courtesy of Mr. Councillor Lewis, of Edinburgh, and of Mr. Smith, the governor of the gaol, we are favoured with this original and valuable prison return—a document which, having long answered its temporary object, may, as it seems to us, well be brought into prominence at this time to serve a much wider purpose—that of illustrating and confirming the principles of the United Kingdom Alliance, and this, both from its date and the circumstances of its origin, in an entirely independent and authoritative manner. The special ends for which it was procured were to throw light upon the results of granting spirit licences to grocers, and to gather the opinion of criminals as to the advisability of lessening the number of public-houses. This it did, and so very efficiently aided the agitation that procured the Forbes Mackenzie Act; but since it contains testimonies and instruction that go very much farther and deeper, we feel it to be our duty to present the public with a fuller analysis of it than has yet been given.

A somewhat notorious member of Parliament—who, if he can hardly be called the 'wit' of the House of Commons, has certainly descended to play a lower rôle at the Licensed Victuallers' dinner at Nottingham—after designating the temperance people as 'teetotal curs,' and referring to 'the wicked will of the Alliance,' propounds for the consideration of that body of reformers a new theory of the cause of crime, and a new policy of agitation as to its cure. The theory has the conjoint merits of novelty and brevity, though we suspect that neither merit will entitle it to be regarded as either 'sweet' or sound. Mr. Bernal Osborne, then, having met in some obscure prison report with an ungrammatical and illogical sentence, expressing 'the opinion' of somebody that
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it is 'bad female company, and not drink, which is the cause of so much crime,'—as if one cause negatived the other, and as if bad company and drink might not each be a cause of much crime,—proceeds to allege that since 'the ladies' are the cause of crime, the Alliance ought to agitate for a law ordaining that their faces and fascinations should be enveloped in thick and impervious veils. Perhaps the best excuse for this wonderful specimen of parliamentary reasoning is that derived from the circumstance and time of its delivery, namely, after dinner, and the fifth toast, with glasses charged to the brim. But since the *Times* and the *Scotsman* have chosen to give a large currency to the crotchet, we, upon the evidence of the manuscript return before us, may as well explode this passing absurdity. The theory, on the face of it, meets but half the problem, since, out of the 569 prisoners whose testimony is here presented, 321 were themselves females. To assert that 'bad females' made these 'females bad,' or that they 'made themselves bad,' is simply an absurd alternative in circular reasoning; is, in fact, not to reason at all. A wise sociologist would at once go to the criminals themselves, and, gaining their confidence, seek to ascertain their own history of their fall, and, from their experience, to gather sound views as to a remedy.

The remark is very common, that 'no one expects a sound opinion as to drink from a teetotaler;' in fact, we noted the remark the other day in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Now, how much wiser is that fashionable aphorism than this, its parallel: 'No one expects a sound opinion as to sin from a Christian man?' Or than this: 'No one expects a sound opinion as to slavery from a man who has abandoned the practice of keeping slaves?' Or than this: 'No one expects a sound opinion as to theft from a man who no longer indulges in the vice?' When, we may ask, was it discovered that freedom from the bias of appetite, interest, and ancient prejudice, unfitted a man for forming an independent and trustworthy judgment? The evidence to which we have to appeal in this return, however, is not even exposed to this absurd objection, for it is the evidence of men and women removed as far as possible from the practical standpoint of the abstainer and the prohibitionist; and yet, as we shall demonstrate, it reaches theoretically their full conclusions.

First, let us look at the intellectual and moral training to which these 569 prisoners had been subjected beyond their frequent and ordinary attendance at Divine service. One-fifth (107) were Romanists, and four-fifths (462) Protestants. Of the former, 9 only could read and write; of the latter, 346.

447 could read, while 355 could both read and write. Of those who could read, 201 males had been at school, on an average, four years and a month; and the 276 five years. Moreover, 398 had attended Sabbath schools; 145 men for an average of two years, and 253 women, three and a-half years. Here, then, one plain fact stands out, that, as regards the Protestant prisoners, they are not exceptionally ignorant, yet are criminal, for some other reason, in spite of their education, and not less criminal than their uneducated fellow prisoners of the Romish Church. Concerning the crime here extant, therefore, crime not prevented either by Protestant instruction, or Romish ignorance, the main question remains—What are the chiefest, and which is the chief, cause? We observe here that 228 of the offences are entered as ‘Assaults’ and ‘Disorderly.’ 455 of the prisoners were Scottish, 80 Irish, 25 English, and 9 foreign. The following is part of the table or summary at folio 32:—

Cause of first falling into crime :

No. who Assign DRINK.	No. who Assign BAD COMPANY.	No. who Assign DESTITUTION.
Males..... 171	60	17
Females..... 233	43	45
404	103	62

It can hardly be needful formally to remind our readers that it is the drink, most frequently of all causes known, which creates ‘bad company,’ and that eight-tenths of the cases of ‘destitution’ are also the consequences of drinking. 233 of the unhappy female criminals directly assign their fall to drink, which is even a larger proportion than that of the males. As respects the efficiency of punishment, we note that one man had been in prison 140 times; that 23 males had been in gaol above six times, and not less than 57 females, 41 of these last being for disorderly conduct.

Each prisoner was asked the question—What would be the effect of lessening the number of public-houses? and only two or three ‘cannot say.’ On turning to their ‘age,’ we find they were mere girls of 15, without reflection or experience. Many of the replies, however, are significant in the extreme, and give a concrete vitality to the mere figures. The answers to the question are, almost universally, ‘Good, very good;’ but 75 of the prisoners (35 males and 40 females) volunteer a further declaration that there should be no public drinking-houses at all. Prohibition is virtually recommended as the cure. A few samples may be cited from the men:—

No.

No. 8: 'Good. I wish there was none at all; or that it (whisky) sold at a guinea a gallon.' [It was then about half.]

No. 10: 'Good; better if there were none.'

No. 17: 'Good. Should be at a guinea a gallon.'

No. 19: 'There should not be one left.'

No. 44: 'If there was no drink to be got, it would be a benefit.'

No. 55: 'There should be none; it is the ruin of thousands.'

No. 57: 'If there were fewer of them (drink-shops), there would not be so many poor creatures taken to prison.'

No. 59: 'Good. If there were no public-houses, we would be perfectly sober.'

The answer given by No. 70 is very noteworthy:

'The effect would be morally grand, if they were totally abolished, and the distillery fires for ever extinguished.'

It is a reflection upon the indifference of the general Christian public that they have no adequate conception of the 'morally grand' issues of prohibition, so clearly seen by these poor victims.

No. 77 says:—'I hope I will never more taste whisky.' Alas! when the poor victim goes out, his wishes give way before the temptations which the State sets up.

No. 89: 'Should not only be reduced (for that would lead to a monopoly), but completely abolished.' The same person—a clerk—adds, 'There should be no whisky either made or sold, more especially by the grocer, placing the temptation in the way of the frail and the vicious, who, when once they have touched it, will go on, suppose they have to go to the top of Ben Nevis for it.'

No. 110: 'Good. They are perfect man-traps.'

No. 167: 'There would be no need for gaols, if there was none.'

No. 168: 'Good for all my acquaintances.'

No. 191: 'It would be a great blessing to the community if there were none.'

No. 197: 'Good. We can easily want spirits and spirit-shops.' This could not be said of bread and beef-shops.

No. 232: 'It would be well if there was no whisky sold.'

No. 235: 'Good. Can easily be spared. No need for one of them.'

No. 236: 'Should be all done away with, and I would never more be here.'

Such, on this head of inquiry, is the testimony and verdict of the male prisoners. It completely dissipates the fallacy recently propounded by the *Scotsman*, that the powers of a Permissive Bill for the removal of drink-shops from a locality would

would be unworkable where most needed. The exact contrary is plainly the case, since the victimised working classes would be the readiest to remove the temptations from which they suffer. This agrees with the old adage, that they who feel the pinch most will be the first to cry out. But even if the fact were as alleged, the inference would be quite invalid; for the stupidity of the vile and ignorant, content to perpetuate their own vices, is surely the worst of reasons for refusing the power of protection to those who are wise and virtuous enough to avail themselves of it.

The testimony of the females is, if possible, still more uniform and emphatic, both as respects the cause and cure of crime. 'Drink and bad company' is the most frequent cause assigned; and not 'bad company rather than drink,' as in the formula adopted by Mr. Bernal Osborne.

In the very first case, that of a servant, aged 28, we have—'Drink leads to ruin;' and the special ruin here was followed by the birth of a child.

No. 13, a girl of 18, says:—'Drink ruined my father, who was a very respectable man.'

No. 51: 'Good (to reduce the drink-shops). There would not be so many ruined.'

No. 64: 'If none, there would be much less sin.'

No. 74, age 38: 'Drink—public-houses have been my ruin.'

No. 119, a woman of 24, says:—'Good; there would not be so many girls driven to the street.'

No. 121 answers:—'There would be less temptation, less crime, and fewer bad women.'

It is clear that the drink must make those women bad, before they can become 'bad company;' a slight consideration which Mr. Osborne omits from his philosophy.

No. 157, a married woman of 48, says:—'Spirit-shops and drinking have ruined me.'

No. 163, a woman of 31, says:—'There would not be so many boys and girls led astray.'

No. 176, a single woman, aged 28, says of the selling of drink and groceries together:—'Very bad custom: ruined me. Persons ashamed to go into a public-house can easily go in there.' The same is true of the wine-shops introduced by Mr. Gladstone, which are vitiating many of the servants and wives of England; and the glaring evils of which dictate to all sensible Christians and temperance people the duty of declining to purchase groceries at a drink-shop.

No. 185: 'Very good (to reduce drink-shops). Were there none, less dissipation.'

No. 188, a girl of 20, says:—'Drink and bad company brought

brought me here. Very good (to lessen public-houses). There would not be so many young women ruined.'

No. 193: 'Drink was the cause of my losing employment.' That leads, necessarily, to destitution, and, naturally, to prostitution.

No. 214: 'Drink and company ruined me.'

No. 215 says of lessening drink-shops:—'Very good; they lead many astray.'

No. 225 says:—'They are the ruin of thousands.'

No. 229: 'They are a snare.'

No. 236: 'Very good, as so many would not go astray.'

No. 296, a woman of 26, who received a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment, and had been eight years at school, says:—'Drink and bad company was the first cause of my falling into crime.' (The effect of reducing the number of public-houses): 'Very good; there would be fewer girls here.' (Selling groceries and drink together): 'Very bad. A decent woman can go there and drink till she is bad enough for the public-house.'

Before such facts, the theory of Mr. Osborne becomes very apocryphal indeed; yet we must, in fairness, say, that one female witness, worthy of the cause, took up his position, and argued quite as logically for 'liberty' as the honourable gentleman himself. The witness was No. 174, an abandoned old woman of 55, committed to prison as a disorderly for the twentieth time. She had also had experience of Mr. Osborne's remedy—'Secular education, five years; Sunday-school teaching, five.' However, the remedy did not work, and she assigns 'drink' as the cause of her first coming to grief. She admits, further, that drink-selling is a 'temptation'; but finally takes her place on the high, philosophical platform of Mr. Osborne and his clients:—

'Thinks that people should not be interfered with as to what they sell.'

It is one of the cardinal principles of the Alliance that, other things being the same, the facilities for the sale and purchase of strong drink will determine the amount of drinking and consequent evils. The document before us illustrates this principle in two ways; by showing that, in the experience of criminals, it is true (1st) of the grocer's shop combined with a retail wine or spirit licence, where the bad company does not complicate the problem; and (2nd) of the common licensed drink-shop, where the same law operates with increased intensity, arising from a preparatory degradation in the customer, from the directer and more exclusive interest of the publican to sell drink alone, and as much of it as possible, and from the attendant evils of excitement and bad company. At

At the recent Social Science Congress this principle was indirectly attacked, in a very able paper read by Mr. Stitt, of Liverpool, in defence of open licence—a policy, we believe, from which he is wisely receding. The objection was founded upon a misconception which, in a philosophical point of view, it is important that we should explain and correct. The author was far too acute to affirm the contrary of the position of the Alliance, that an increase of facilities for the sale of drink lessened drinking; nay, he even proposed many increased restrictions upon the trade, with many more prohibited hours and days. This virtually implies and involves a belief in the tendency of temptations and opportunities for drinking to increase the evil, otherwise, why trouble ourselves with these limitations? But the fact was still urged as an objection, that, accepting certain statistics, the last few years of open licence in Liverpool had not been followed by a proportionate increase of drunkenness. Now, the value of statistics of this sort depends upon the mode in which they are gathered, and the circumstances out of which the facts arise. The police and magistracy, for example, at different times of months or years, have been more or less strict in attending to drunken cases, or even registering them. Sometimes the gaols or police offices are full, and then they will only take up the worst cases. Sometimes (as at Leeds, lately) owners of public-houses get into watch committees, and instruct chief constables or inspectors not to be too particular in reporting certain facts. Then, again, different lines of social influence may be operating at the same time, as freer licensing along with the check of more rigid enforcement of the law; or, as at Liverpool, the increased licensing may be inflicting mischief, while the Night-Closing Act may be producing good and lessening evil. An accurate thinker, therefore, will not ignore the important clause in the Alliance formula—‘Other things being the same.’*

* The terribly abnormal death-rate of Liverpool during the last few years of open licence must have had an effect in reducing the manifestations of intemperance. It has risen from 30 per thousand up to 40 and 53, for months together, and in some weeks has reached the frightful number of 60 per thousand of the population. Now, whatever may be the precise connection between drinking and this death-rate, whether it is causal or coincidental, whether direct or indirect,—about one thing there can be no question, namely, that disease finds the *ruck* of its victims amongst the most intemperate classes. These, then, having been swept away by typhus and cholera, in excessive and unusual proportions as compared with the previous decade, they could not, as before, by their repeated appearances before the police, swell the list of ‘Drunk and Disorderly.’ The absence of a few hundreds of such characters, more or less, many of whom were in the habit of being brought before the magistrates a dozen or score of times per year, is a condition that plays sad work with figures and statistics, if we regard their value and veracity.

But

But Mr. Stitt committed a greater oversight than that in his argument. He totally forgot the universal limitation of law—the element of time. All laws refer to phenomena that require a certain time for their development, under all circumstances. Can the law of the formation of the drunkard's appetite be an exception? Certainly not; physical and moral conditions are involved in it, and these require a due space for the manifestation of their working. On reflection, Mr. Stitt cannot fail to perceive this truth. We could very well grant to an opponent, therefore, that so many drinking facilities were extant in a given community, that, within a stated period, no sensible or material increase of drunkenness would be found to follow. To use a chemical illustration, as various liquids will only dissolve a certain amount of a saturating substance, so we readily concede that the multiplication of licences might reach a point, in regard to a given population, when no more harm could accrue, for a time. It may be, that in this respect, Liverpool had attained its highest point of saturation. But, with the necessary limitation, the law still holds—that increase of temptation here, as elsewhere, is increase of sin, sorrow, and suffering.

The Edinburgh prison return makes this matter very plain, both as regards the preliminary temptation of the grocery and spirit or wine-shop, and the final one of the public-house. To the question, as to what is the effect of the former, the following are some of the answers from the male prisoners:—

No. 1: 'A very bad custom, and a temptation.'

No. 3: 'Women are tempted to take whisky and get it placed as provisions, and deceive their husbands; a very common practice.'

No. 8: 'Should not be allowed; gives great opportunity to silly women.'

No. 10: 'Have known my own wife to get whisky, which was the first cause of ruin to us both.'

No. 35: 'Bad. Many a woman goes there, ostensibly to buy bread, but gets whisky instead.'

No. 60: 'Bad. Should not be allowed. My wife getting drunk in these shops is the very cause of my being here.'

No. 115: 'Have too much cause to know its effects. It is most ruinous.'

No. 174: 'Very bad to my certain knowledge. Whisky is got there, and women enter it (as) provisions in their pass-book.'

No. 206: 'Gives great opportunities to women who are inclined for drink.'

No. 233: 'Should not be allowed. Many a family ruined by the mothers getting into bad habits.'

No.

No. 236: 'It puts temptation in the way of drinking mothers who cannot resist it, and corrupts those who are temperate.'

But all condemn it as 'very bad,' save two or three, who 'cannot say.' The women are equally candid and emphatic.

No. 1, aged 28, says:—'Bad; should be done away with, for people are often enticed to take spirits instead of provisions.'

No. 2: 'I have gone for provisions and have been tempted to buy whisky.'

No. 39: 'Have suffered a great deal by it; very bad.' Several affirm that it is 'as bad if not worse than the public-house,'—'a snare and a cloak.'

No. 67: 'They ruined me. I got drink instead of provisions, deceiving my husband.'

No. 148: 'Very bad. Tempts to drink when otherwise they would not.'

We might add scores to the same purport, but enough has been cited to satisfy any impartial person. It remains only that we reproduce some of the most notable answers bearing on the question as to the cause of the prisoners relapse from virtue, and their opinion as to the true and efficient remedy for the criminal condition of society which prevails amongst us.

No. 148, a man of 34, uneducated, says:—'Bad temper and drink.' This is instructive, for with no education to control the explosive mental irritability, the drink is sure to rouse the latent tendency.

No. 166, age 27: 'Drink and bad company. As to drink-shops, it would be good for the people if there was none at all.'

No. 177, a young man of 25, seven years at school: 'A good thing for me if there was not a drop of whisky made.'

No. 182, a man of 41, nine years at Tranent School and four at a Sunday-school: 'If there were no public-houses it would be better for every one.'

No. 183, age 26, eleven years at school: 'Drink alone.' (As to public-houses): 'It would be good for me if they were all shut.'

No. 187, age 30: (Cause of fall) 'Drink. If there had been no public-houses I would not have been here.'

No. 193, age 38, five years at school. Cause, 'Drink. I would be happy if there was none sold.'

No. 194, age 43, a printer, eight years at school. Cause of fall, 'Drink.' (As to public-houses): 'It would be very beneficial if they were all shut.'

We conclude with the verdict of 'the ladies,' as Mr. Osborne is pleased to say.

No. 14, age 47, at school seven and a half years, Sunday-school

school four : Cause, 'Drink and bad company. If the magistrates would stop the licences the prisons would not be so full.'

No. 15, age 31, seven years at a common and five at a Sunday-school. Cause of fall, 'Drink : ' (Reducing the number of public-houses) 'Would be a great means of stopping crime.'

No. 17, age 52 : As to drink-shops, 'Would be good if there was none.'

No. 20, age 55, ten years at school. Cause of fall, 'Drink and loose company' (made by drinking). Reducing number of public-houses, 'Would help to empty the gaols.'

No. 25, age 34, six years at secular and three at Sunday-school. Cause of fall, 'Drink and bad company.' (If public-houses were lessened) 'There would be more comfort in many a family.'

No. 33, age 30, attendance at school six and a half years. Cause of fall, 'Drink.' (As to drink-shops) 'If they were all stopt, there would be no drinking.'

No. 27, age 18. 'Loose company. If there was no drink there would be less crime.' This unhappy girl was evidently better acquainted with the connection between loose company and the public-house than Mr. Osborne professes to be.

No. 39, age 34. Cause of fall, 'Drink.' (As to lessening drink facilities) 'Good. A great deal better for many people, who would not have been here but for the public-house.'

No. 60, age 34, ten years at schools. Cause of fall, 'Drink and company.' (As to drink-shops) 'Think they should all be shut up.'

No. 78, a poor woman of 28, opens up a curtain into the causes of domestic misery and degradation, of which Mr. Osborne's pet theory takes no account. As to cause of fall, *she* says :—'Drink and a drunken husband.' (But for public-houses) 'There would not be near so many [prisoners] here; they are like traps at every door.'

No. 80, age 26, six years at secular and seven at Sunday-schools, says :—'Drink and hasty temper.' Here we find the brain-poison producing the same results upon the educated woman as upon the ignorant man, No. 148.

No. 84, age 52. Drink-shops 'Are great encouragements to vice, and tempt people to steal' (to procure drink).

No. 86, age 28, says :—'There should be none at all.'

No. 91, age 20. 'Leads many to destruction.'

Nos. 94, 98, 100, 101, and many others, on being asked their opinion of the result of merely reducing the number of public-houses, make the very sensible response and suggestion :—'Better if there were none at all.'

This, in fact, is the whole of the difference between restriction and prohibition; between tampering with evil and pruning it, and the only moral method of dealing with it, viz.—uprooting it.

No. 122, age 28, with nine years' schooling, says:—'Much more happiness if there were none.' Why limit happiness by licence?

No. 149, age 30, at secular school six years, and Sunday six, says:—'All the public-houses should be shut up.' Of course she means from selling drink, since no one can have any objection to good inns, for rest and refreshment, like 'The Trevolyan' in Manchester, 'The Cobden' in Glasgow, or 'The Cockburn' in Edinburgh.

No. 172, age 25, with eight years' schooling, ascribes her fall to 'Drink and bad company.' She gives her opinion of drink facilities in terse and axiomatic form: 'If there were fewer public-houses there would be fewer imprisonments.'

No. 200, age 44, seven years' schooling, and ten years at Sunday-school. Reducing the drink-shops: 'Very good; would empty the prison.'

No. 204, age 40: 'There would be more food for the poor.'

No. 214, age 20: 'Good for soul and body. Ruined me.'

No. 226, age 30, nine years at school. Cause of fall, 'Drink and misfortune.' Lessening spirit-shops—'Very good; great blessing; empty prison.'

No. 233, age 53: 'I wish there had never been any public-houses.'

No. 256, age 17: 'Should be put down altogether.'

No. 267, age 49, says:—'Very good; would be telling many a great deal' (of truth, she means, by revealing the true cause of crime).

No. 269, age 33, says:—'Were there no public-houses and no pawnshops there would be little need for gaols.'

We conclude with some testimonies that absolutely suggest the clauses and penalties of a Maine law.

No. 70, age 30, seven years at school: 'Spirits should be only sold in the doctors' shops, as medicine.'

No. 80, age 26, six years' secular schooling, says:—'Public-houses lead to all kinds of mischief; druggists alone should be allowed to sell spirits.'

No. 140, age 40, says:—'Whisky should only be sold by druggists.'

No. 147, age 33, says:—'The people that sell drink should be put into gaol, and not us victims.'

We have now done with these Voices from the Prison. The suffering they reveal will touch the humane. Let us hope that

that the truths they proclaim will suggest to the genuine patriot wiser and more radical remedies than have hitherto been tried. If 'a tree is known by its fruit,' the licensed traffic in strong drink stands condemned on this indictment, by an amount of evidence as appalling as it is conclusive. The time, we predict, is not far off when the existence of a trade which inevitably and always produces crime, and antagonises good government, will no longer be tolerated by a people calling themselves Christian, much less sanctioned by a Christian parliament. The sooner the anomaly ceases, the better for the interests of this great nation.

ART. IV.—ON STRIKE AND ON SPREE.

THE extreme scarcity of money, which was so severely felt by commercial and professional people in the summer and autumn, did not exist in anything like the same degree among the upper sections of the working classes, and gold, like water, found its way to its lowest level, not indeed necessarily to stay there. With the last-named there has been no want of money. It was and is to be had almost to any extent simply by working for it. In certain trades and handicrafts wages have been exceptionally high, and are likely to continue so unless unforeseen events occur. These very high wages rule in particular trades, as with masons, bricklayers, navigators, joiners, engineers, and in general wherever some intelligence and considerable physical strength are required. These men can earn from 5s. to 7s. per diem, and do it easily. The enormous amount of building, demolishing, draining, and improving, which is going on in England under the auspices of hotel companies and others under the Limited Liability Act, besides the numerous extension lines of railway in progress, cause a steady demand for this description of labour. It is not as if an artisan could have employment for one month, but not for two; the work is far more regular than the labour, and a man with industrious habits can earn £70 or £80 per annum. Colliers, miners, grinders, and the men of Birmingham, Sheffield, and Staffordshire, get even more than this, and their rate of wages is often between two and four guineas a week. During the harvest women earned 2s. per day with rations, and the men a guinea a week with food, and wages in general have a tendency upwards, both in the agricultural world and among domestic servants, as married men very well know. During the great strike of the iron workers in the north, there was a correspondence

spondence between the representatives of the men and the secretary of the Ironmasters' Association, which was afterwards published in the newspapers, and the public were not a little taken by surprise at the statements it contained. Mr. Jones, on behalf of the masters, affirmed that he had examined the pay-sheets of several large iron firms, and found that the puddlers' earnings for six months averaged £2. 11s. 5d. per week of five days; the ball furnace-men, £3. 12s. 6d. per week; shinglers, 19s. 4d. per day; forge rollers, £6. 17s. 11d. per week; rail mill rollers, £8 to £11 per week; merchant mill rollers, £6 to £8; plate mill shearers, £7 to £7. 15s. per week. Mr. Jones states that for the first six months of 1866 the plate rollers earned on an average at the rate of £550 per annum to each man. When these figures were published they created a profound sensation, and though the men advanced many arguments that went to show that there were deductions, fluctuations, and other matters which were to be set against these returns, yet even they admitted that within the last few years wages had advanced 30 per cent. Without entering on the vexed question of strikes, it may be observed that while latterly strikes have been very numerous and frequent, the object is very often now, not as before only to get higher wages, but combined with that to have less work to do for them. House rent has not been perceptibly affected in the country, but it has advanced enormously in the metropolitan districts; indeed, in London, the difficulty now is, not so much that rents have risen until workmen can no longer afford to pay for them, as that house room can hardly be procured for love or money. It is impossible to predict with certainty as to the food market; corn, flour, and of course broad are dear, and may be dearer. The root crop was abundant and excellent, and ought, certainly, to affect the price of meat favourably. On the whole we may assume that wages have risen much higher in proportion than either food or rent. The question is, in what way this state of things has acted on the men? Looking back on the events of 1866, has it affected their morals, habits, and general conditions, and if so, how?

Last autumn we made careful inquiry on the subject, but though we met with some very gratifying exceptions, we were unable to come to the conclusion that the extra amount of wages was generally either saved or expended in education, better house accommodation, or the purchase of furniture. Too often the public-houses reaped most of the benefits. Unquestionably the workmen were enabled to pay off old debts at the shops which, as a rule, even the poorest most conscientiously do when they can; bedding, blankets, and furniture
were

were got out of pawn, clothes were purchased, and the over-plus went in eating, drinking, and pleasure excursions ! We will give the evidence of some of the masters on these points. 'Sir,' said a master painter employing many hands in a northern county, 'I am paying my men each 7s. a week more than my father did, and they only work four or five days out of the six for it, often not that.' 'We are offering from 8s. to 10s. per day, or 1s. an hour, for colliery hands, and cannot get them,' was the complaint of the South Yorkshire colliery proprietors. 'I see my men scamping their work, and doing it purposely so slow and reckless, that I leave them to it.' 'I cannot stand by and see it done so,' says another master, 'and I dare not say a word, for, if I did, in all probability they would take up their tools and walk off.' 'I have begun to pay my men by the hour instead of by the day,' one employer states, 'so as to try and get some sort of justice out of them.' 'I cannot persuade my men to lay by,' remarked another; 'no, not even when wages are so high. Sometimes I have to advance money for them in the middle of the week, even to clever, good hands too, who are earning as much as £2 per week.'

Of course, we must not be understood to affirm for an instant that all the men act thus. Workmen may be roughly divided into three classes:—(1) Those who are successful, and quickly rise to be masters; (2) those who do not so rise, not from want of ability, but from faults quite under their own control; and (3) those who are unsuccessful rather owing to their deficiencies than their faults, and who have been unfortunate, and had what is called a turn of ill-luck.

Men of the first class are to be frequently met with, especially in the provinces, where individual merit is quickly observed and recognised. They are steady, handy, dexterous fellows, sometimes with a fair education, sometimes endowed with a natural ability and shrewdness which in some degree compensate for the lack of it, and cause one to regret that such good material should be inefficiently prepared. A man of this kind is in constant demand; at twenty-six he will start on his own account, save money, and in half-a-dozen years will employ workmen of his own, buy land, build houses, or take contracts, and become a thriving individual; and then, generally in proportion to the degree of education which he has not or has received, he is hard with his men, and bitter against the Union and strikes, or the reverse.

The second class is composed of men who have skill and ability, but who are incorrigibly unsteady, and though, perhaps at infrequent intervals, this circumstance prevents their ever being relied on, they earn high wages, and spend them as quickly

quickly as they receive them; and, never being a farthing beforehand in the world, in times of scarcity or sickness they often come to grief. An intelligent person, who had lived a long time in Staffordshire, described the working men there as enjoying, with their families, all the prime joints, and French brandy at six shillings per bottle, for the first three days in the week. While this goes on they sit with their door set well open; 'but,' he added, 'Thursday and Friday they are mostly "clemmed," and then they shut up their houses till Saturday comes round.' A large master shoemaker, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was complaining, in the autumn, that he could not accomplish his orders. 'My best men are off "on spree," and I cannot say when they will be back,' he said; 'four or five days, perhaps. They can earn from thirty-five to forty shillings per week easily, but I am often obliged to advance part of their wages in the middle of the week.' Now, to go on strike is often demoralising enough, unless with very exceptional natures, but to go on spree is always so. It does not mean simply getting intoxicated; it means continuous drinking for several days together. A man will leave his home with the best part of a week's wages in his pocket, and wander about from one public-house to another, spending it as long as it lasts, and then going on credit, if it be furnished to him; sometimes he will send out and pawn his tools, or a portion of his clothes, in case any difficulty arises on that score. He drinks ale or gin, changing from one vile compound to another, and passing through all the stages of drunkenness. He gets quarrelsome, stupid, surly, helpless; then he tumbles off his seat, and crawls or is hustled into a shed or loft, where, in his dirt and degradation, he in some degree sleeps off his debauch. As soon as he awakes he commences again, and so on for several days. Often there is a fight in which he gets the worst of it; or he gives some one else the worst of it, and he is taken to prison and fined or locked up. Not unfrequently he has an attack of *delirium tremens*, or, as it is familiarly called, a 'fit of the horrors,' which leaves him for months a wretched, moping, trembling, half-palsied object, weak and irritable both in body and mind. Occasionally a still more dreadful catastrophe results, and, for this world, there is an end of him. That these remarks convey no kind of exaggeration, the most cursory readers of the daily journals are perfectly aware. Cases of this sort constantly appear before the magistrates, and with the almost invariable explanation that the culprit 'had been drinking for some days.' The following was stated some time ago by a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

'I have been told that in some districts, at certain festive seasons, a whole gathering, both male and female, turn out on spree, the results of which are somewhat unfavourable to morality. Some years ago, I was in the Dale district, and saw something of the kind. The occasion was a wedding; and, after the ceremony, the bridegroom, bride, and attendants proceeded on foot from village to village and beerhouse to beerhouse, partaking of refreshments at each place. The men gradually became drunk and noisy; the women, with their sunburnt faces and clumsy wrists "dawked out," as the expression is, their sadly soiled and drabbled dresses, presented an ugly and painful picture. I came into contact with the party at different points four or five times. The last view I had of them was towards evening. The men had quarrelled and were beginning to fight. The women had mostly disappeared. The bridegroom was seated in an arm-chair, with his glass on a table by him, and was weeping bitterly; while the bride sat on a stool at his feet, gazing forlornly and in silence at her lord.'

This is a graphic description of a miserable scene which needs no comment. As a rule, men of this class are very indifferent about their house accommodation. In great towns, especially in London, it is not unusual for a shrewd, thrifty workman to take a large house and let it off in lodgings to his mates, and by this means live absolutely rent free; but this way is only possible to a steady fellow, who has either some money or credit. The author of '*The Homes of the Working Classes*' expressly states that the people who live in the lowest and worst kind of lodgings are by no means the worst paid. They give as little as they can for rent in order that they may spend as much as they can at the public-house; and, as the public-house acts on the lodgings, so the wretched lodgings react on the public-house, by driving their inmates thither. The bad drainage, open cesspools, damp and bare walls, scanty supply of impure water, the foul smells, and all the surrounding and inevitable abominations and discomfort are drowned in drink. It is true that such matters are public concerns, and should be dealt with by law. They are things concerning which the word liberty has no kind of meaning. No doubt, owing to our national tastes in such matters, large licence to do wrong is allowed in order that what is called the freedom of the subject may not be interfered with. Although sanitary works, drainage, water supply, removal of nuisances, are left to be done by private owners, it is obviously on the understanding that they should be properly managed, and that the law should not be either shamelessly evaded or openly defied. Wherever this occurs there is a breach of contract with society, and the offender should be held as a defaulter, and summarily dealt with accordingly. The new Public Health Bill has a decided tendency in this direction; but unhappily, so long as there are reckless, improvident, and ignorant persons who will voluntarily, and when they could quite well afford to do otherwise, inhabit these unwholesome nests of fever and disease, landlords will be found to take rent for them, and neither
party

party has any interest in agitating for reform. If the tenant complains, the answer is easy: 'If you don't like it, turn out, and go elsewhere;' and this, as he merely complains without any intention of amending his own ways, and is, moreover, commonly behindhand with his rent, he is both unwilling and unable to do. The landlord never desires to lay out money in improving his tenement, when he can do as well without, and he has perhaps friends among the members of the Local Board of Health, who by no means wish to make matters unpleasant, create a disturbance, and, it may be, lower the value of the property. There are many streets in certain towns where there are no main drains, and the houses are drained into sump holes. In others there is no drainage of any description. In Leicester the average age at death in the drained streets was $23\frac{1}{2}$ years; in those partially drained, $17\frac{1}{2}$; in those entirely undrained, $13\frac{1}{2}$; yet men are found to write to the newspapers, and affirm that bad smells, such as arise from gas or tan works, are favourable to health, and that an atmosphere of smoke improves the lungs rather than otherwise. After the Smoke Consumption Act passed, there was a noticeable diminution in the death-rate;—and in Manchester, where the law has not been carried out for years, the death-rate is 6 per 1,000 higher than in London, where it has. But as we have remarked, the sort of workman just described is never beforehand with the world, a fact which, however he may account for it, is certainly due to his own failings. With tolerably steady wages at 30s. per week, and this is not at present a high estimate for wages, a young man with average health and skill ought to stand his ground well, and in the end considerably advance his position.

The third class of workmen consists of men of abilities and intelligence rather below the average, slow, steady, plodding in their work, but of regular habits and good character, yet owing, as they would say, to their ill luck, but really to their ignorance, want of thrift, and knowledge, they are constantly behindhand and in difficulties. They either do not discern the right thing to do, or they fail to do it at the right moment. They marry sickly wives and have sickly children, consequently a great part of their wages goes to pay the doctor. Yet if they reflected a little, or practised a moderate degree of prudence, they would remember that 'like will produce like;' that ill health requires the doctor, and the doctor money. If any accident occurs with machinery or tools, it is sure to be with these men; they step on insecure scaffolding, slip and break some of their limbs; or they get their arms or hands crushed, or their feet cut by some unskilfulness in the use of perhaps a newly-

newly-invented machine which they have hardly the intelligence or quickness to understand and manage. If they go on strike, or are, from any cause, thrown out of work, they are not prompt, dexterous, and obliging in turning their hands to odd jobs. They can neither garden, cook, mend a bit of furniture, or their own clothes or shoes, nor do one of those little matters which sailors and emigrants perform as a matter of course, and which to a French or Belgian *ouvrier* present no kind of difficulty. About the close of this autumn, we had some conversation on the road with a respectable, clean-looking fellow, with a very honest expression of face. He was, he said, 'on tramp' looking for work, and had that day walked thirty-five miles. He was one of a number of nail-makers thrown out of employ by the puddlers' strike, and had had nothing to do for more than ten weeks. His wife and three daughters (under fourteen years of age) were at Middlesbrough. 'How did they live?' 'Well, poorly enough; sometimes he got an odd shilling on the road from his mates, which he sent them. He had always refused to let his girl go out to nurse children, and had kept her regularly at school; he wished her to be a scholar, because he knew how much better it was to be so; he wished he were one himself, and thought he should have done better then. He intended, when she was old enough, to send her to learn hat-binding in Manchester, where she would get 25s. per week, work at her own house, and have liberty in the evening. His wife could do nothing, for she was blind. She had a cataract in one eye, and had caught cold in the other by sitting at a broken window, which, as times had been hard, they had no money to pay for mending. An operation was performed, for which he had paid six guineas by instalments, the result of which was the poor woman lost the sight of both eyes, and was blind for life. They might call the doctor a clever surgeon who liked; he called him a clever butcher. He could earn from 30s. to 40s. per week at his trade, at ten hours a day. Some of his mates often went on spree, but he had never got into those ways. If he could find no work, and he saw small chance of it, for there was no iron to make nails with, so much the worse for him. He should tramp back, and he supposed the wife would have to apply to the parish. He was not a Union man, and the nail-makers, as a body, had no intention of a strike, but he thought the masters were a hard lot, and that the puddlers did well to leave off work.' Now, here was a man decent and respectable, hard-working, and not without intelligence, yet close on starving. The country through which he had tramped that day was literally covered with corn, some standing, but mostly cut;
some

some in sheaves, some laid loose, for want of hands to bind and carry it. The reaping machine cut so much at a time that the farmers had not time to lead it gradually; the weather was unsettled; the utmost speed was requisite; time ran in gold; and yet hands could not be had! Farmers thereabouts gladly gave 3s. per day and food to men, or 2s. with rations to women when they could be hired, and it was a melancholy thing to see frequently a great field of fifteen or twenty acres with only four or five harvesters at work on it. Yet this man never seemed to think of turning his hand to this sort of work. His tale was not a singular one. One or two others who were on tramp from the same cause were offered harvest work, but they quite rejected the idea. 'They were nail-makers, and had not been used to that kind of job. It might be the worse for them, but what they wanted was work at their own trade. It was the masters' greediness which brought them to this pass, and they supposed poor men must suffer for it.' These men were evidently honest in their intentions, and shrewd up to a certain point, but there was a want of pliability and real sagacity about them which prevented them tiding over the back wave of misfortune.

Earl Grey looks to Christianity and to mechanics' institutes to stop strikes and prevent disputes in trades between masters and men; but we must add, that until religion acts on the morals, and, aided by wise legislation, produces habits of sobriety, and education confers also intelligence and common sense, things will never greatly improve. As a rule, and we say it with regret, mechanics' institutes have not been successful, or if some of them have succeeded in a pecuniary point of view, they have still failed in another, namely, that of effecting the real purpose for which they were intended. It is not, in nine cases out of ten, the ordinary artisan or working man who avails himself of them, but it is a few of the higher class of mechanics, and the clerks, warehousemen, and poorer gentry of the town. When all our workmen are half as well educated as Prussian workmen are compelled to be, when they learn to comprehend, in ever so slight a degree, political economy, and the workings of the laws of supply and demand, or those which regulate health and disease, they will realise the truth that in intelligent and energetic co-operation they will find the fulcrum and lever which will enable them to contend successfully with the difficulties which now beset them. When the workman is also the master, and the master the workman, progress and prosperity are the almost certain result, if there is a fair stock of prudence, industry, and honesty in the concern. Even in the matter of lodging-houses, a great deal lies
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in the hands of working men. If they can, as they do, subscribe enormous funds for the support of trade unions, they might in good times spare something in order to house themselves a little better than the pigs; and there is little doubt that Government would be supported by every right-thinking man in affording them, not pecuniary aid, but reasonable facilities for any schemes of this kind. A building society has been in operation for some time in Halifax, concerning which some interesting details are given in the work by Mr. Hole, which we reviewed a short time ago; and a suggestion which we extract, made by Alderman Waterlow, seems worthy of attention. He proposes to form a public company for building purposes, 'having a large capital, divided into two classes, the protected and the unprotected capital, the former bearing a fixed rate of interest of 4 per cent., the latter taking the commercial risk and the rest of the profit. He was told, on good authority, that there were plenty of people who, if they could be guaranteed a fixed rate of 4 per cent., would be glad to invest both large and small sums of money in such an undertaking; and that the public would be readily tempted to take up the unprotected capital on the prospect of obtaining 10 or 12 per cent. for their money. In the case which he was considering there would be a return of over 9 per cent., even under the disadvantage of the high ground rent which he had mentioned; but if they thought this over-estimated, let them strike off 20 or 25 per cent. as a discount on his statements, that would then leave more than 6 per cent., and the difference between that and 4 per cent., which would have to be paid on the protected capital, would bring up the other half—the unprotected capital—to 9 per cent.' Accounts differ very much as to the amount of per centage which model lodging-houses afford. Most of them in London give only 4, the average is 5, but some pay from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$. One thing is quite certain, that if they can only be built they will be tenanted. Since very poor working men pay enormous rents for wretched accommodation, it is not unreasonable to suppose they would cheerfully pay the same amount for good, clean, well-built lodging-rooms. The well-meant efforts of those who have erected cottages in suburban districts, and organised working men's trains to carry them to and fro at low fares, have answered only to a certain degree. Low as the fares are, say 3d. per diem, the amount can often ill be spared, and the wife, if she is good for anything, can prepare a dinner far better and more economically at home than a man can get elsewhere. The terminus, too, is often so far from the place of work that the man has daily a long walk through the streets before

before he arrives at his destination, and there is no question that people of this kind esteem most highly that dwelling-place which permits them to be in bed as long, and to get as much rest as they can. If the man goes by train, in order to be at his work at six, he must often rise before five a.m. A useful and practicable idea was ventilated in one of the daily journals with regard to lodgings for men employed in certain large establishments in London. It was observed that many of the largest workshops are situated in outlying localities, where ground, eligible for building sites, is comparatively cheap and plentiful in the immediate neighbourhood of the shops, and considerable portions of this ground are often owned by the individuals or companies to whom the workshops belong; whilst in most cases they could easily purchase some of it. On these pieces of land employers might erect a sufficient number of lofty houses to accommodate comfortably thousands of working men and their families, and these rooms could be let at rents, which even if far lower than those that the men would pay elsewhere, would still yield good interest on the outlay, and secure a good class of steady workmen. The river side of the district running from and including the Isle of Dogs to Woolwich is studded with large works, principally iron shipbuilding yards, employing many thousands of men, and much spare land is lying waste, or covered with rubbish, close by. Such a plan has been carried out by some railway companies for many years, especially in the large works in connection with the London and North-Western Railway at Crewe and Wolverton, where the men invariably lodge in 'the company's houses.' The advantage derived is immense, not only by the employed, but by the companies. In Paris, model houses for the *ouvriers* are being built in various places. Some of them are exceedingly lofty (ground being valuable), and are even eight or nine storeys in height. A large central lift conveys up and down the tenants and all goods and furniture. The Emperor himself has caused his name to be inscribed as an exhibitor of the tenth class, which comprises ameliorations for the moral and physical condition of man. His Majesty has designed a model for a workman's house, with every desirable accommodation, which will be also inexpensive of construction. He would charge it with a moderate rent; part of which would stand as a sort of reserve fund, so that after a certain number of years the tenant would be the actual proprietor. His Majesty esteems such a system a sure means of promoting habits of order and regularity among the Paris workmen. Co-operative societies among workmen for building purposes are not likely to be organised except in large towns.

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In smaller places and country districts the workmen are much scattered, their wages are not so high, and they are, as a rule, not so quick in their intelligence as in the towns. Moreover, though land is more easily rented, landlords and proprietors are often difficult to deal with, owing to their fear of increasing the rates by building cottages for their workpeople. The changes, however, which must before long be made in the Poor Law administration may diminish their disinclination for a work so just and necessary. There has not been, so far as we are aware, any return made of the condition, calling, and number of those people who have become depositors in the Post Office Savings' Banks, or who have insured their lives or have purchased annuities under the Government insurance system. It is most desirable that such returns should be made; when they are, we shall feel surprised, but very glad, if it should turn out that the classes for whom these institutions were originally designed are those who have most largely availed themselves of them. It is said that the insurers and annuitants, from whatever cause, are few, and that the depositors are chiefly domestic servants, small clerks, shopmen, and, during the harvest time, Irish labourers; but that, with regard to those who are working men, the agricultural class save more in proportion to the amount of their wages than the highly-paid artisan. Now, most of the workmen are quite shrewd and intelligent enough to discern the difference between what they actually do and what it would be to their advantage to do. But they seem infected with a reckless and incurable habit of improvidence, which causes many of them, well knowing what is best, to choose that which is worst. It may be that this temper is only a degenerate form of that rough and almost godless self-reliance which is ingrained in our race; but at any rate there it is, and to deal with it successfully may well task the best energies of all who desire the progress of humanity.

In conclusion, we will just remark that in one respect the Government scheme of insurances presses unfairly on women. Their lives are held to be so far better than those of men, partly from their being exposed to fewer dangers, partly from their more temperate habits, that they are charged higher payments in the purchase of an annuity. Granting this, it follows that they ought to pay less to insure a certain sum at their death than men do, but we do not observe that this is the case. Women that are sensible enough to wish to insure, would be shrewd enough also to perceive this anomaly.

ART. V.—BIRMINGHAM AND HARDWARE.

FOR every original achievement in mechanism, for each fresh triumph of the fabricative arts, the human race owes a tributary thrill of wonder which should not be unmingled with thanksgiving. One more pile has been driven in the wall of the coffer-dam that preserves civilisation from the terrible sea of barbarism. One more round in the ladder has been gained by which man ascends from the gloomy levels of a mechanical helplessness which makes him the mere subject and prey of the things of nature. It is true, that were this all the achievement,—were there no moral, no spiritual ascension realised, over and above the material gain, then the condition of man, though surrounded by all the conveniences and refinements of art, would be more deeply to be deplored, than it was when birds and the winds and waters were his only musical instruments, and when he knew no couch softer than the limp leaves of autumn. For what can be more dreadful than the exalted magnificence of a palace, in which the only life is that of moral degradation, where all the glorious upholsteries do but adorn a base luxuriousness, and the polished marbles are witnesses of nothing that is not spiritually ignoble? But, whilst confessing that material progress achieved, is only as a mere fringe on the edge of man's proper robes, and could never suffice in itself to be a protection from bitter frosts, in which all that is truly noble must expire; to any one who can look, as we can, hopefully on the times, and see amidst the whirlings and mutations of things at large a new order developing itself, sure in the end to vindicate the Divine government, and, if destructive, only so as the 'stone cut out without hands' must necessarily break other things in pieces whilst developing itself into the mountain that is to fill the whole earth; to any one so able, happily, to look out upon the world, there must be joy and gratitude in the contemplation of each new success of man's heaven-born invention in adding to the completeness of arts' ministry, and in making good the material defences that are externally to keep at bay the packs of wolvisch savagery and the wild hordes of barbarism. There is then, as we said, an admiration due, and a distinct thanksgiving, for the many and great physical and mechanical conquests of the present age; and, if so, then must such men be honoured, and such parts of the earth's surface be held ever memorable, as distinguish themselves by contributing to the fulfilment of those conquests.

And perhaps, up to the present moment, greatest of all in this respect, stands Birmingham and the Midland Hardware District;

District;—Birmingham, with its old Soho, the source of all practical steam-power;—Bromwicham, or ‘Old Brum,’ at this day the chief seat and centre of almost all manner of workmanship, especially in mediums of brass and iron. And if a subject so grim and smoky, so hard and angular, may not actually be sung in song, it may at least very fittingly have its commemoration in a bulky volume of solid prose. Such a volume is now before us,* and will long be preserved, a laborious and meritorious record of the height to which at this day the fertilising flood of the Nile of inventive industry has risen.

What art of industry is there, indeed, that does not find its exposition in Birmingham? Into this fuliginous centre are sucked from day to day vast heaps of things, solid, crude, and raw; silver, iron, brass, lead, and spelter; wood; cotton; coal, sand, and clay; and forth, day by day, it vomits to the ends of the earth its variously packed cargoes of everything materially useful under the sun. Forward they go, in endless succession;—boilers, and boiler plates, iron bedsteads, cast-iron hollow ware, conserved with tin or with enamel; all kinds of brass instruments, implements, and toys; locks, nails, screws; medals, coins; various things tubular or in wire; all that papier-maché, most obsequious in its serviceableness, all that lordly gold can lend itself to produce; apparatus for flashing the light afar that is to guide the mariner on the seas, or to assist the chemist or the optician; and a long and mingled list of alkalies, acids, soaps, pigments, colours, varnishes, lacquers, pins, needles, fish-hooks, guns, buttons, saddles, statuary, stained glass, ropes, hinges, tea-pots, steel pens, sewing machines, swords, bells, jacks, bellows, saws, planes, heavy edge-tools, fire-irons, fenders, grates, umbrellas, parasols, ‘parkesine,’ railway rolling stock, wax matches, photographic and pharmaceutical chemicals, and coffins. From the volume which gives an account of an industry so vast and varied, we propose to extract, for our readers’ benefit, a few interesting details.

A long and elaborate account of brass and the brass manufactures is supplied by Mr. W. C. Aitken. ‘What Manchester is in cotton, Bradford in wool, and Sheffield in steel, Birmingham is in brass; its articles of cabinet and general brassfoundry are to be found in every part of the world; its gas-fittings in every city and town into which gas

* ‘The Resources, Products, and Industrial History of Birmingham and the Midland Hardware District: A Series of Reports Collected by the Local Industries Committee of the British Association at Birmingham, in 1865.’ Edited by Samuel Timmins. Pp. 721. London: Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly. 1866.

has been introduced ; from Indus to the Poles'—[one would hardly inquire, however, for gas at the North or South Pole!]— ' on the railways of every country and one very sea, its locomotive and marine engine solid brass tubes generate the vapour which impels the locomotive over the iron road, and propels the steamboat over the ocean wave ; its yellow metal bolts, nails, and sheathing hold together and protect from decay wooden walls of our own and other countries' ships ; its " Manillas," once made in tons, are the circulating medium of the natives of the Gold Coast, and its rings and ornaments of brass, sent out in immense quantities, are the chief decorations of the *belles* on the banks of the distant Zambesi.'

The ' Manillas' just referred to were a species of ring-money which was exported to the Spanish settlements on the New and Old Calabar, and the Bonny Rivers in Africa. It was made of copper, largely alloyed with lead, and hardened with arsenic. In an evil hour, an unscrupulous trader, some years ago, got a quantity made of cast-iron, with an electro-coat of copper. On the arrival of these coins at their destination, the fraud was detected at once, and the iron ' Manillas' now lie by the side of the African river where they were landed. They are 'taboo' to the Africans, and remain a standing monument of improbity and dishonour. No more Manilla money was sent for from Birmingham until very recently ; nor then, without the precaution taken of sending the sable ' mintmaster' to this country to examine every coin before accepting it as satisfactory. The mintmaster showed himself quite equal to his duty. A few coins, slightly different in composition, but externally closely resembling the accepted bulk, and such as a Birmingham man would have passed over, were at once thrown aside, with an expressive ' ugh' from the examiner.

Whilst alluding to orders from savage regions, we may notice that much of the brass wire made in Birmingham finds its way to the Old Calabar, in the form of ' guinea rods,' packages of one hundred of which, each three feet in length, are exported, are used as the circulating medium by the natives, and at the death of the possessor are buried with the body. The orders for this article often amount to from five to twenty tons each. To the Gold Coast are also sent large numbers of rings made of solid brass wire, and others made of brass tube. A single order for tubular rings executed in Birmingham three years ago, extended to 240,000 rings, $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. diameter, and required for the manufacture nearly $3\frac{1}{4}$ tons of brass.

The consumption of material in the brass trades is immense.

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Not only are vast quantities of copper and zinc annually worked up, but huge bulks of coals and coke for heating the melting furnaces and the soldering stoves, as well as for working steam engines, are demanded; besides masses of Stourbridge clay for making crucibles, loam and sand for forming moulds, and wood charcoal ground into powder, and bean and other flour, for dusting. Tons of borax from the lagoons of Tuscany are used up every year in soldering; the lead chambers of the acid manufacturer supply thousands of carboys of oil of vitriol and nitric acid for cleaning and dipping; wine casks in thousands are cleansed of their argol for the Birmingham brassworks; and spirit of wine, used in the manufacture of brass lacquer, is consumed in immense quantities. Merely to wrap up the goods when made, and to pack them, thousands of tons of paper are purchased yearly, and a very great quantity of elm and other timber. In the year 1865 there were used in Birmingham, in the brass manufactories, 19,000 tons of copper, costing £1,634,000; and 19,300 tons of old metal, zinc, block tin, and lead; bringing the total up to £2,371,658.

There was a time when lamp, lustre, and chandelier making was much more largely carried on than it is now, or is likely to be again, for a long while to come at the least. Once, tallow and wax candles and oil were the only sources of artificial light; now they are used exceptionally rather than as the rule. The great enemy of the lamp trade is gas; but in its turn it has demanded the creation of a new industry, of the benefits of which Birmingham claims the lion's share. In every part of the world where gas is used, customers are found for Birmingham gas-fittings. Russia uses them amidst her snows; Austria, Prussia, Holland, Bavaria, Belgium, and Spain are well acquainted with them; they receive a welcome in Brazil and Chili, in Batavia and Java, in China and Japan, in Eastern and in Western Ind. In this manufacture, as in many others, foreign makers transcend the English in artistic manipulation; although it must be admitted that Birmingham has made giant strides in good taste of late years, thanks to the attention paid to education in design. It is the substantial, reliable character, and the fair price, of Birmingham gas-fittings that carry them all over the world.

Notwithstanding that gas has played sad havoc with the lamp makers, the trade is still one having claims to consideration. The moderator lamps, which obtained largely a few years ago, and were sold in large quantities, are now not made in Birmingham, so greatly has the demand for them declined. But paraffin oil and petroleum have given a new movement to

the lamp trade. In the year 1860, the manufacture of paraffin oil in this country had reached the amount of 2,300,000 gallons for the year; and the discoveries of the hydro-carbon oil springs in America during the last few years have contributed very largely to create a demand for vessels in which to consume it. In 1860, a single lamp manufacturer produced 247,431 lamps for Mr. Young's oil; and in the following year he was manufacturing them at the rate of 1,200 per day, or 375,000 per annum. Scotland at first claimed the largest share of this manufacture; but the Birmingham production of paraffin burners reaches 500,000 per annum, and at least 750,000 complete lamps are turned out here every year. There is now great rivalry in the production of burners; America and Germany compete strongly with Great Britain in producing this portion of the lamps, and one result of this is, that burners which sold in 1862 at 8½d. each, are now reduced in price by almost one half. Burners are made from sheet-brass, by the processes of stamping and piercing by machinery; the rate of production is therefore very rapid, although thirty-eight distinct operations go to the making of every one of these burners. The paraffin lamp trade is likely to remain brisk for some years; for neither animal nor vegetable oils can compete with those of mineral origin, and these are certain to hold their place wherever gas is unavailable.

Reverting to gas-fittings, of which Birmingham is the great centre of production, the manufacture of these was commenced here in earnest by two establishments about the year 1810. The forms at first were unspeakably bald and poor, and the fitting was anything but gas-proof. The key or plug of each swivel joint and tap was rivetted just as in ordinary beer-taps, the era of screw and washer not having arrived. The imagination of the designers never went beyond a reproduction of the series of patterns that had already grown ancient in the service of oil. Arrangements which the oil-burner and the wick had required of old, gas was made to conform to, in defiance of its wholly different characteristics. Contracted arms, necessary where an oil receptacle required to be near its burner, were retained for gas which made no such requirement but offered economy of light and breadth of diffusion as a reward for the extension of its branches. The contrast between the earlier gas-fittings and those now so common and so cheap is very great; the former could scarcely be looked at now without a smile at their clumsiness; nor compared with the latter as to cost without amazement at the difference. A bracket which cost 8s. 5d. in 1820, can now be produced of a much improved form and make for 1s. 9½d. A three-light
stiff

stiff pendant, costing 110s. in the former year, would now be charged from 25s. to 50s., but made in much more attractive style.

The history of locks and lock-making is agreeably told in a paper by Mr. J. C. Tildesley. The credit of the invention of locks is assigned to Egypt, and is referred back to a period at least four thousand years distant from to-day. The Egyptian lock has three pins, which, falling into as many holes in the bolt when this is pushed in, hold it fast; but may be raised again by a key thrust through the large keyhole in the bolt; and this being raised a little, with its own pins pushes the locking pins out of the way of the bolt. Strange to say, the Egyptian lock is not even now entirely obsolete. Of old, it was usually made of wood, but sometimes of iron or copper. Rude representations of its forms, found among the *bassi relievi* of the ancient temples of Karnack and the Herculaneum, not only prove their antiquity, but show, that through all the intervening ages until now, they have undergone no material constructional change.

Not so old as the Egyptian, but still very ancient, are 'warded' locks, mention of which is made in early manuscripts from the very commencement of the Christian era. They were in old times constructed mainly of metal, and not unfrequently had in them some complicated mystery rendering it difficult for strangers to effect the insertion of the key. In mediæval times these locks were produced in highly artistic designs. Thus the sketch of an ancient *Serrure de Tabernacle*, made in Gaul, shows elaborate engravings on sundry parts of the lock, with beads and scroll-work on the edges; a representation of our Saviour surmounts the escutcheon surrounding the keyhole, and on either side are the figures of angels.

Another ancient lock is of Chinese invention, and relies for its security on levers or tumblers, differing from wards in being moveable. For centuries this lock has been in extensive use throughout the Chinese Empire.

The letter-lock, or combination padlock, is of some, though not great, antiquity. It is so made that revolving portions of it, having letters upon them, must be turned so as to produce a certain word before the lock will open. There is very little security in this kind of fastening, however, unless the number of revolving parts be large; and even then nothing but great patience is required to reduce its conquest to a certainty. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to this kind of lock in their play, 'The Noble Gentleman,' printed in 1615:—

'A cap case for your linen and your plate,
With a strange lock that opens with A.M.E.N.'

And

And Carew, five years later, sang :—

‘As doth a lock
That goes with letters ; for, till every one be known,
The lock’s as fast as if you had found none.’

The introduction of this letter-lock has been attributed, though erroneously, to M. Reignier, a French locksmith, at the close of the seventeenth century ; however, it is certain that for many years his locks were in great repute, and couriers’ despatch boxes were generally fastened with them.

Phœnician merchants are supposed to have first introduced locks into England, whilst trading with the miners of Cornwall. Singular and interesting is the fact that old locks of the Egyptian pattern are still to be found in the Faroe Islands and in some parts of Cornwall and Devon. It is conjectured that the manufacture of locks here had commenced before the time of King Alfred. It is certain that in the twelfth century English locks were highly ornamented, and were, besides, tolerably secure. They became, with the growth of decorative habits, still more complicated and elaborate from the fourteenth to the end of the sixteenth century. Interesting to good wives, is the fact, that latch-keys were invented before the century last named, as was proved by the discovery of a number of them during some recent excavations at Salisbury. Amongst the curiosities of lock-making, it is mentioned that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Mark Scalist, a smith, is said to have constructed a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, all of which, with a pipe key to boot, weighed only two grains.

The first detector lock was described by the famous Marquis of Worcester in his ‘Centurie of Inventions :’—‘This lock is so constructed that if a stranger attempt to open it, it catches his hand as a trap catcheth a fox ; though so far from maiming him for life, yet so far marketh him that if suspected he might easily be detected.’ The detector seems to have been a steel barb hidden in the keyhole, which by a spring was forced through the keyhole into the hand of the person tampering with the lock. It is interesting to learn that, whilst testing the lock, the inventor was the first to be punished by his own device. Miss Mitford, in her ‘Recollections,’ mentions a lock at Ockwell’s Hall, near Taplow, several feet in length, fixed on an iron-studded door, and having a key of such large proportions, that only the strong arm of a man could turn with it the massive bolt.

Dr. Plot, writing in 1686, said of Wolverhampton :—

‘The greatest excellency of the blacksmiths’ profession in this country lies in
their

their making of locks for doors, wherein the artisans of Wolverhampton seem to be preferred to all others, they making them in suites, six, eight, or more in a suite, according as the chapman bespeaks them, yet one master-key shall open them all. Nay, so curious are they in lockwork, that they can contrive a lock that the master or mistress of a family sending a servant into their closets, either with the master-key or their own, can certainly tell by the lock how many times that servant has been in at any distance of time, or how many times the lock has been shot for a whole year together, some of them being made to show it 300, 500, or 1,000 times,—nay, one of the chief workmen of the town told me he could make one that should show it 10,000 times. Further yet, I was told of a very fine lock, made in this town, sold for £20, that had a set of chimes in it that could go at any hour the master should think fit. And these locks they make either with brass or iron boxes, so curiously polished, and the keys so finely wrought, that it is not reasonable to think they were ever exceeded by Tubal Cain, the inspired artificer in brass and iron.

The history of patented locks dates from 1774; the number of patents, alive or dead, is now more than 120. Almost the first lock patented was one by Mr. Robert Barron, of London, who, in the year just named, obtained a monopoly for the construction of locks secured by fixed wards, aided by lifting tumblers. This was a safe and useful lock; it was at once taken into favour, and is still in great demand. In 1784 Mr. Joseph Bramah, of London, patented a lock that long stood unrivalled. It had a sliding bolt; in the edge of this notches were cut, and into these fitted an equal number of small bars, which prevented the motion of the bolt until their removal was effected. They could only be moved by their ends, as no other part of them was exposed, and the ends had always an equal projection when the bar was set fast. It was only when each small bar had received precisely the due motion by the key, that the bolt could be released; and when the pressure of the key was again withdrawn, they fell instantly into their own notches and secured the bolt. The key's movement was a compound of both endway pushing and revolving motion; not a simple rotary one, as in Barron's. For many years this lock was exhibited in Mr. Bramah's window in Piccadilly, with a challenge to any artist who could pick it for a reward of two hundred guineas; and, with this challenge still in force, the lock was shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851. The success of the great American locksmith, Hobbs, in picking Bramah's lock, after sixteen days' persevering endeavour, is well remembered. The occurrence was much talked about at the time, established the fame of Hobbs, and gave an unprecedented stimulus to the lock trade. It was in 1818 that the original patent for Chubb's lock was obtained by Jeremiah Chubb; this lock has been much improved by the successive efforts of Charles Chubb, John Chubb, and Ebenezer Hunter. The detector is the peculiar feature for which Chubb's lock is so well and deservedly celebrated. It consists of a spring
which

which remains inoperative so long as the six separate and double-acting tumblers contained in the lock are lifted by the true key; but should the levers, raised by a false key, vary in the slightest degree, the spring instantly secures the bottom lever and renders the bolt immovable. When the detector spring is thus on duty, the true key, by being turned the reverse way, will restore the spring to its original position, and the lever is then set free. So extensive are the combinations in Chubb's lock, that it would be quite practicable to make locks for all the doors of all the houses in London, with a distinct and different key to each, and yet one master-key should pass the whole! Mr. Chubb made a very complete series of locks some years ago for the Westminster Bridewell. It consists of 1,100 locks, with keys for the master, sub-master, and warders. The governor can at any time make the locks refuse to yield to the under keys; and in case of any surreptitious attempt to open a lock bringing the detector into action, none of the under keys will avail to set it right, and the matter must thus necessarily be brought within the cognisance of the governor, who alone has the key that will release the detector.

Of other celebrated locks, may be mentioned Carpenter's, in which the action of the bolt is perpendicular instead of horizontal; Edward Cotterill's, which has withstood the skill of the famous Hobbs; Parsons's, the first changeable lock; and Hobbs's own, in which an addition to the tumbler stump working beneath the bolt prevents the lock from being picked. Amongst patented improvements applied to locks, are Summerford's, with a tumbler that is drawn down, instead of being lifted up, by the key; and Aubin's, which has a revolving curtain, closing the keyhole during the key's revolution.

Willenhall has been celebrated for its locks and keys for generations. Here it was that, in 1776, James Lees, a workman in his sixty-fourth year, made a lock and key the weight of which did not exceed that of a silver twopence; and declared himself ready to make a dozen locks and keys the total weight of which should not exceed a silver sixpenny piece. Here, in the present day, amongst other varieties, padlocks are made in enormous quantities, at prices ranging from sixpence to £1 per dozen. Excellence of workmanship has given place too much to rapidity of production: and it is this, no doubt, which has occasioned the familiar joke, that if a Willenhall locksmith happens to let a lock fall in the process of manufacture, he does not stay to pick it up, as he can make another in less time. A resident at Willenhall was once taunted that some padlocks were made there which would only lock once; but when he
was

was told that the price was only twopence, he replied, 'Well, it would be a shame if they did lock for twice that money.' The same articles are now being sold at one halfpenny each ! We know not which ought to be most ashamed of the transaction, the makers, or the wholesale buyers.

The principal markets for locks abroad are Australia, New Zealand, India, China, the continent of Europe, South America, the Cape, and the United States. Australia and New Zealand are by far the largest purchasers of door-locks ; for iron padlocks India is perhaps the greatest market, and the continent for padlocks, brass and ornamental. The United States have ceased of late years to buy English locks in large quantities, having taken to making their own. America, France, and Germany are our principal foreign rivals. American locksmiths have one great advantage, in their superior casting-sand, which is so fine that their castings do not require the finishing touch of a file as ours do. Their locks, however, are said to be unenduring and insecure. Our French neighbours produce locks of great excellence in decorative respects, but not possessing the strength and practical usefulness of the English articles ; and the latter are preferred for use in almost all the markets on the globe.

The story of the old plating process, and of its annihilation by electro-plating, is told in a very interesting paper by Mr. Wm. Ryland. About one hundred tons of copper are annually plated in Birmingham ; a large proportion of this is used for reflectors and the button trade ; of the rest, which is used for the 'plated trade,' Sheffield and London take each about as much as Birmingham itself requires. By the 'plated trade' is usually meant the manufacture of articles used for the table in dinner, breakfast, coffee, and dessert services, in their exhaustless varieties. The old method of procedure was first plating the copper, and then by various manipulations producing an article which was finished, all but burnishing, when it left the hands of the original workman. Electro-plating has reversed all this ; for it is now necessary that the article should be finished and nicely polished before it receives its coating of silver. The manufacturer has a great advantage offered to him by this ; his rough stock, made in German silver, can lie by till wanted before receiving the plate. The best quality of German silver will keep well in stock, suffering little change ; but it sometimes happens that articles in common metal become so affected by the atmosphere, especially where gas is burned, as to become rotten and fall in pieces when being prepared for plating.

Since the introduction of electro-plating into the plating trade,

trade, Birmingham has made rapid and great advances in fine-art productions ; and scope has been given to the talent of a class of artisans in designing, modelling, and chasing, which had no existence before. The effect of the training for this kind of work is considered by Mr. Ryland to have been very valuable in a moral point of view. The occupation, he says, is pleasant, the labour light, cleanly, and remunerative, and the impressions produced on the mind by the study of fine forms of decoration carried out in the highest character of workmanship, lead the artist captive, and prevent him from falling into low pursuits which would destroy his ability to produce the requisite effects in his work.

From all respectable establishments the use of soft-solder in putting on the mountings is almost banished ; silver-solder has taken its place, and the mountings are filled with brass instead of lead and tin. The articles are thus rendered much more durable ; and, if well plated, will last for twenty years in domestic use, and then, if the silver be worn off, the goods can be re-plated. This change from soft to silver-solder, however, exposes the workmen more to the fumes and heat of gas, by which most of the soldering is performed ; and this part of the work is therefore more trying than in former years. The use of gas was introduced into the trade by Messrs. Waterhouse and Ryland, in 1823 ; in the following year their consumption was 50,800 feet, at a cost of 15s. per 1,000 feet ; in the year 1864, the consumption of gas in the works of Messrs. Elkington was upwards of 4,000,000 feet, at a cost of 2s. 8d. per 1,000. In contrasting the two systems of plating,—the electro process and the process it has superseded,—Mr. Ryland remarks, that a well-made and well-plated article by the new process is a far better thing than any produced by the old plan ; on the other hand, a poor electro article is far inferior in utility to the worst class of work manufactured under the old system.

With regard to spoons and forks, always so interesting to the housewife, the first great improvement in their manufacture is stated by Mr. A. S. Paterson (who gives some further details of the plated trade) to have been in the introduction, by the late Mr. Askin, of German silver as the material of which they should be made. This silver is a metal composed of nickel, copper, and zinc. It has been used by the Chinese for many ages ; at the time Mr. Askin introduced it into this country, the Germans used a considerable quantity of it, but the quality was very inferior, and their want of care in refining the nickel still causes their metal to be much below the English in whiteness. The German silver having been cast into flat
pieces

pieces called ingots, the ingots are rolled between steel rollers to a suitable thinness, and are then cut into narrow strips. Each of these strips is afterwards rolled at the ends only; at one end for the handle; and at the other end, still wider and thinner, for the bowl or prongs. It is then cut out, with a pair of steel cutters, to the proper size and shape; and if it be a fork, the spaces between the prongs are pierced; and the bowl is stamped or pressed into shape if the article be a spoon. Then comes the levelling of the surface with a file, and the ornamentation by stamping between dies. This is succeeded by polishing, effected with sand, applied with a wooden leather-covered wheel, revolving by steam-power. The bed of the river Trent supplies the best sand for this purpose. Quick-lime is used to give a still higher polish; and this finishes the article, which now needs only to be cleaned and wrapped up for sale, unless plating is required. If destined to be plated, the ware is boiled in a solution of strong alkali, to remove all grease, and is then washed with acid to remove the oxide due to the copper in its composition. A bath of dissolved silver comes next; in this it is left for several hours, whilst a galvanic current is being passed therethrough, depositing on the surface of the ware a uniform and constantly thickening coating of silver. The quality of the plating is proved by a comparison of the weight of the article before and after the plating. After plating, comes polishing with rotten-stone, lime, or rouge; and a final cleaning completes the manufacture.

Many other articles, besides spoons and forks, are usually classed with them; such are nut-crackers, knife-rests, fish eating knives, and dessert knives and forks. There are reckoned to be at least thirty families in Birmingham entirely supported by manufacturing plated nut-crackers alone. For this article, orders for 1,500 dozen pairs per annum not uncommonly come in. A good crop of nuts, increasing the demand for nuts by augmenting the supply, so largely affects the sales of nut-crackers, as even to double it. The sale of unplated spoons and forks is very much larger than that of plated; and the qualities, as to thickness, workmanship, and material, are very various. For export especially, large numbers of such articles are made of brass, and boiled in a solution of tin to whiten the surface.

'Birmingham,' says Mr. W. C. Aitken, in a paper on Coffin Furniture, 'which does so much for us in life, does not desert us in death. It hangs the bells round the coral on which we cut our milk-teeth; it furnishes us with the mystic circle of the wedding ring; and when we have "shuffled off this mortal coil," it will decorate our last cradle of elm or mahogany.'

Incredible

Incredible as it may seem, there is actually a fashion in coffin furniture, due, we suppose, entirely to the whims of undertakers. Convex or raised coffin breast-plates receive no countenance in the metropolis; neither do plates to handles, or screws instead of nails. The London undertaker abhors lace, requires his plates to be of white metal, and will not have the name of the deceased painted on the coffin, but it must be pricked on with a punch in a series of dots, smeared over with black varnish. But in Ireland gilded ornaments are in favour, and 'the Gael and Scot and half-Cymri of the West of England also participate in the desire for gilt, although the pure Cymri of Wales prefers the magpie mixture of black and white. It is only the melancholy Anglo-Saxon who chooses the sadness of unmitigated black.' Mountings, costing £5 or £6 sterling, are required in England for the landed squire or church dignitary; the well-to-do citizen buries these to the value of 8s. or 10s. in his grave; and the pauper's bones cannot be rattled over the stones so cheaply to their long home, but that 4d. must be expended in coffin mountings to adorn the boards that are called a coffin. It is said that as many as from 60 to 80 tons of block tin are annually made into 'coffin lace' in Birmingham.

This great workshop of the world makes not only coffin furniture, but also coffins. The use of metallic coffins is extending. Two palm-oil potentates on the South Coast of Africa, calling themselves, the one 'King I Am,' the other 'Agbo Jack,' not satisfied with mortuary cases of zinc or other usual metal, some time ago sent an order to Birmingham for two brass coffins for themselves. The coffins were made accordingly; they were each six feet ten inches in length, three feet deep, and two feet three inches wide at the widest. They were polished, lacquered, and richly decorated with cast ornaments and substantial handles, and emblazoned shields. The most remarkable thing about these coffins were the padlocks, of which two were attached to the inside of each, and the others to the outside. The inside locks could only be fastened from the interior, and of what use could these be? Rumour did its best to account for this novelty, and the only theory it could suggest was that the coffins were intended to serve during life the purpose of a private cell, into which the proprietor could retire for devotional purposes. 'A more prosaic reading of their use will be found,' thinks Mr. Aitken, 'in their owners using them as receptacles for their treasure during life, and after death to be buried in the coffin with it, as is the custom in that country of gold dust, elephants' tusks, palm oil, and vegetable gums.' This might account for the
size

size of the coffins, and for their substantial construction ; but the most casual reader must observe that it fails to throw light on the padlocks of the interior !

The jewellery and gilt toy trade receive a luminous exposition at the hands of Mr. J. S. Wright. At the commencement of the present century, it is probable, some four hundred artisans were employed in ten or twelve manufactories in Birmingham ; the workers in gold producing chiefly watch chains, seals, and keys ; those in silver, shoe, knee, and other buckles, besides comb ornaments set with imitation stones. The panic of 1825 almost annihilated the jewellery trade in Birmingham ; and for ten years afterwards the artisans suffered the most pinching privations.

At one time, Derby was the centre of the manufacture of common and medium jewellery, and Edinburgh and London then made the finest goods ; but London itself depends largely on Birmingham now, and from Derby and Edinburgh the trade has almost wholly departed. Since 1836 it has been in a flourishing condition in Warwickshire ; and during the last twenty years its progress has been wonderful. This is due, in great measure, to the large importations of gold from Australia and California, to the vastly-increased wealth of England and her colonies, and to the extension of habits of personal adornment ; hence it is that this branch of industry now employs, directly or indirectly, a larger number of persons than any other in Birmingham. With small exceptions, the jewellers are the best paid of any of the artisans. Strange to say, not many women are thus employed, notwithstanding that the cleanliness and delicacy of this manufacture would seem to fit it especially for their sex. As a rule, the working jewellers occupy a social position higher than that of other mechanics ; their dwellings are comfortable, and their clothing is generally superior. A steady hand is indispensable in their work ; and they are not given so much to dissipation as many other classes of workmen. One respect in which they have vast advantage over others, is in the ease with which each may become a manufacturer on his own account. There are few large manufacturers, and probably nine of every ten of the master jewellers were originally workmen. One instance is mentioned, wherein not less than twelve independent concerns are now in active operation, each employing a number of hands ; and the principals were all once employed as apprentices or workmen in a manufactory which has only existed within the last twenty-five years. All, in fact, that a workman needs in order to become his own employer is a bench and a leather apron, one or two pounds worth of tools including

including a blow-pipe, a few sovereigns for raw material, aided by some ounces of copper and zinc. The top room of his house will serve very well as his workshop, or a small room over the wash-house at a rent of 2s. or 2s. 6d. per week. His furnace is merely a gas-jet, which the gas company will furnish on credit; and with these simple appliances, and a skilful hand, he may produce scarf-pins, studs, links, rings, lockets, and so forth, and find a ready market for them all on the Saturday among the 'factors,' whose business it is to supply the shopkeepers throughout the country. In very few branches of trade has a more pronounced improvement taken place during the last twenty-five years than in this; and work is now being produced that has not been surpassed anywhere in delicacy of finish or artistic effect. The London shopkeeper dislikes to confess that his articles are not metropolitan in make, but the fact is, that at least one half of all the gold and silver work seen in the shops of the London jewellers is manufactured in 'Old Brum.'

'Gold,' as understood in the jewellery trade, must not be supposed to mean pure gold. The unalloyed article is never used. The standard gold, as in the coin of the realm, has 22 parts pure in 24; watch cases have 18 parts in 24; ordinary gold work is alloyed with 9 parts of inferior metal in 24; and much that is still more largely adulterated is used for certain purposes. Copper lends to gold the red colour so common in the jewellery of fifty years back, and still highly approved in Holland. Zinc, or zinc and silver, give the rich variations of yellow and coloured gold now so commonly seen in the shops.

The gold is melted and alloyed by the manufacturers; they obtain it in grains or bars from refiners, whose business it is to separate the noble metal from its inferiors; and many old-fashioned ornaments and coins, and even fresh sovereigns, are melted for re-manufacture. The total value of gold used in the trade has been estimated at £600,000 to £700,000 yearly; besides £100,000 or £150,000 worth of silver. Altogether, it may be said that a million pounds worth of gold and silver are consumed in Birmingham every year in the jewellery and kindred trades; and of precious stones and their imitations a quarter of a million pounds more.

The stones used are of all kinds, and much skill is exercised in setting them to the best advantage. It is possible to add brilliance in this way even to the diamond; and emeralds, amethysts, carbuncles, and other coloured stones may be made to look still more splendid than before, by means of pieces of silvered and coloured foil. Pearls, largely used in Birmingham,
are

are obtained from the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, the Eastern Archipelago, the western coast of Central America; and

'For them the Ceylon diver holds his breath,
And goes half naked to the hungry shark.'

Mother-of-pearl is imported for use in Birmingham, and in the shells real pearls are sometimes found after their arrival. A few years ago a small lot of shells was brought to Birmingham, and proved, either from ignorance or mistake, not to have been cleared of the pearls. A considerable number of these were found in them, and one especially was sold for £40 by the man who had bought the shell for working into buttons; the purchaser is said to have resold the same pearl for £160; and it was even reported that it was afterwards held for sale in Paris at £800.

Like that of so many other things, the price of precious stones is rising. A very great advance in the value of diamonds has taken place during the last twenty years; and within the last four or five years emeralds and other precious stones of fine quality have more than doubled in value! Sorts selling formerly at £3 to £4 per carat now fetch £10 to £12; amethysts that were worth £2. 10s. per ounce, are now worth £8 and upwards. What is called the 'consumption' of diamonds has increased tenfold within fifteen years in Birmingham alone.

Silver guard-chains were not made in Birmingham till about the year 1806; and guard-chains of gold were not made to any great extent prior to the last thirty-five years. There are now forty-seven master manufacturers of these articles, and a few of them employ 200 to 300 'hands,' but ten or twenty is the usual number. From 1,500 to 1,600 persons are engaged in this manufacture, of whom 500 are young women, who earn good wages, and maintain a very respectable appearance. The links of the chains are made from strips of wire, afterwards soldered together, cut, engraved, and polished, as may be required. Some ingenious machines have been patented lately, producing very neat patterns of chains, completely finished, from thin strips of metal.

Personal ornaments, in which metals, gilt, or simply coloured, are used, either singly or in combination with stones, cameos, mosaics, ivory, bone, jet, and other materials, are called gilt toys by the Birmingham manufacturers. The manufacture of these is now largely carried on here; and they have displaced to a considerable extent articles of a similar kind which were originally imported from France and Germany. Many of these articles in form and finish are very beautiful; the electro-gilding

gilding process, which has principally contributed to the development of this trade, enables the workman to produce a surface that in many cases cannot be distinguished from that of the finest gold work. The slight film of gold, however, soon wears away. This manufacture produces, by cheap methods, imitations of the more elaborately and delicately finished jewellery. The press and the stamp are the maker's principal tools. The fine Etruscan style, now so current in gold work, is imitated in a die, and stamped up into a close resemblance. So again, the beautiful hinges and snaps made by the goldsmith's hand, with the most delicate tools, are imitated by bending or indenting a piece of metal with a screw press. Ornaments thus made are sold at very low prices. A locket, which in gold would be worth from 15s. to 30s., is produced in metal gilt for a penny. One article which had lately a large popularity, was a little brass book, with hinges and clasp, and good photographs of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and was sold wholesale for about one halfpenny!

An intermediate description of gilt toy is designated 'plated jewellery;' the peculiarity of which consists in the application, by fusion, of thin plates of gold or silver to the thicker plates of common metal which form the basis, and give solidity to the article. Articles thus made have a durability very superior to that of those that are electro-plated; and if the gold plate is also gilt, the appearance is equal to that of gold itself.

Everybody has noticed the stamp marks on the back of silver plate, but what the marks mean is known only to few. A paper on the Birmingham Assay Office, by Mr. Arthur Ryland, gives full information on this head. Originally, one mark only—the leopard's head—served to testify that the article stamped therewith had passed through the ordeal of assay, and had been found to correspond to its professed character. Now, however, the law requires that five marks (commonly called Hall-marks) shall be made use of. First of all, there must be a mark consisting of the initials of the maker. The Assay Office will not receive goods from any person who has not registered there his name, place of business, and initial mark, and not then unless the goods bear his initials; and with every parcel of work the maker must send a note, descriptive of its character, weight, and standard. Then, secondly, the standard mark is affixed by the assayers. To understand this mark it is requisite to know that in the gold standards the proportion of fine gold in each ounce of 24 carats (or equal parts) is investigated. If, then, for example, there be 22 of fine gold to 2 of alloy, the gold is said to

to be 22 carats fine. The standard marks for gold are as follow :—

For gold of 22 carats—A crown and the figures 22.

For gold of 18 carats—A crown and the figures 18.

For gold of 15 carats—The figures 15 and '625.

For gold of 12 carats—The figures 12 and '5.

For gold of 9 carats—The figures 9 and '375.

For silver, on the other hand, the figures represent the proportion of fine silver in a pound, divided into twelve ounces. The standard mark for silver of 11oz. 10dwts. (a quality seldom, if ever, used) is a lion's head erased [torn away at the neck] and the figure of Britannia—except at Birmingham and Sheffield, and there Britannia alone is used. For silver of 11oz. 2dwts., the standard mark is a lion in the attitude which heralds term passant. The third Hall mark, called the duty mark, is invariably the head of the sovereign for the time being. The fourth is the date mark—a variable letter, selected by each office, and changed every year. Lastly, there is the office mark, denoting the place of assay. This mark, for Birmingham, is an anchor.

In testing gold and silver, the assayers scrape off a portion of the metal; the scrapings are called the *diet*, and such of them as are not required by the assay master for his assays are carefully kept, each manufacturer's distinct, and once a year the *diet* is sent to Her Majesty's Mint, where, with formalities resembling those for the trial of the coinage, it is tested by the master of the Mint, to ascertain the correctness of the assays made in the provinces. According to law, all the provincial offices are liable to have their assays tested in this manner, if required by the Lord Chancellor; but in practice this provision of the statute is a dead letter, except with regard to Birmingham, whose gold and silver assays are both tested annually by the master of the Mint; and Sheffield, whose silver assays only are thus treated. The assays, therefore, of these two towns should have a higher value than those of any other offices. The articles which the law requires to be assayed and marked are all those which are made of gold or silver, except watch cases; rings, other than wedding or mourning rings; and certain things which the Legislature deems too small to receive the marks without damage. All articles which the law requires to be assayed are liable to the payment of a duty.

The assay offices in England are seven, and there are two in Scotland, and one in Ireland. Those in England are at London, Birmingham, Chester, Exeter, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sheffield,

Shoffield, and York. Formerly there were offices at Bristol, Coventry, Lincoln, Norwich, and Salisbury.

Of the condition of the workpeople in the brass trades, Mr. Aitken speaks favourably on the whole. He says that Hutton's remark, made in 1780, about the master knowing his way to affluence, and the servant to liquor, is still true as regards the first part of the assertion, but only exceptionally so as to the last. The brassfounders are, as a body, not inferior in sobriety to any other class of workmen; they are prudent and careful; many of them have obtained houses of their own by the help of building societies, and not a few have accumulated money. Their dwellings have frequently trim gardens attached, and habits of prudence are encouraged by their factory clubs and sick societies. Where irregularities exist, they are chiefly the result of intemperate habits. On the other side of the account, however, it must be admitted that pulmonary diseases, caused by dust evolved in filing or in moulding brass, or by the fumes of melted zinc, are common amongst the brassfounders. Brass casters are almost unanimously confessed by all observers to be short-lived, although, if more care were taken to secure good ventilation, and to place casting-shops apart, with high roofs and skylights, and nothing above them, much of this might be avoided. As it is, few of the casters past middle life are entirely free from difficulty of breathing, with more or less cough and expectoration; though, as Dr. Greenhow remarks, 'the large quantity of beer consumed may materially aid the development of the asthma-like form of the disease.' Cases of brass finishers living to the age of sixty are quite exceptional! In one department,—acid finishing,—it is confidently asserted that there are not any dippers, who, practising the operation from their youth, reach that age. To add to the mischief, women are employed in the brass trade; and of these, not only the single, but the married as well. The result is as might be expected. As soon as each confinement is over, the mother goes to the manufactory, and leaves her miserable infant to be fed on artificial food, usually by a child. The natural consequence of this treatment of the child is that it becomes ill, however healthy at birth; it dwindles soon and fast, becomes restless and fractious, is quieted by opiates; nervous disease is thus engendered, and in the majority of cases early death ensues. The population of Birmingham, including Aston, at the census of 1861, amounted to 290,076, and the infantile deaths within the ten years between 1851 and 1861 were 34,517, or nearly one-ninth of the population! Here is infanticide by wholesale, however unintentional. And of the children who survive, what is the history? Badly
nourished,

nourished, feeble in constitution from this cause, and from the use of sleeping drugs, uncared for in infancy, uneducated in childhood, they find their way at six or seven years of age into the factories, to act there as male and female helpers ; at an early age they become feeble parents of a still feebler offspring ; and thus a race of dwindled muscle and dwarfish stature, with an unduly sensitive nervous system and diminished powers of endurance, is being substituted for the stalwart type of original country-born and well-nourished English workman. The exclusion of married women from all employment away from their homes is absolutely demanded by every consideration for the future of this country ; and we are glad to find Mr. Aitken devoting much attention, in his sketch of the brass trades, to this momentous necessity.

ART. VI.—LITTLE DEAD MARY ; OR, THE CHILD
VICTIM.

ABOUT two miles from the place in which I write, there stands a pretty little church, with its broad tower embosomed in trees. It is built on the side of a short, steep hill, and is conspicuous all around, from windows of neat villas, and footpaths across grassy meadows, and from the road to a naval hospital in its rear. In the spring, the tender green of the budding foliage, and the sweet music of bird-voices, contrast with the sober grey of the stone walls ; in 'leafy June' it is half hidden by the trees, and in autumn and winter it repeats nature's lesson in its little churchyard, for the falling leaves are strewn on the last resting places of the dead.

The picturesque, secluded church of Greybridge has attained a somewhat curious celebrity as the "Gretna Green" of this lovely southern county. Here, at unheard-of hours, runaway marriages have taken place between adventurous sailors and pretty girls ; under those trees, in the early morning light, have walked towards the altar young couples whose parents and guardians thought them still asleep in their beds ; and deeply interesting scenes in the romance of real life have been enacted while quiet, orderly people were snoring.

It was not a ceremony of such furtive kind that was being proceeded with in this spot at the time when our narrative opens, about five years ago, though a glance at the almost childlike face of the bride might well have led to such a conclusion. Susan Johnston was surrounded by mother and father, and brothers and sisters, the eldest of whom, and the

only one older than herself, had not attained his eighteenth year. And Frank Bertrand, the good-tempered boatswain of Her Majesty's ship *Terrier*, now lying at anchor in the blue ocean beyond Greybridge, thought himself a lucky man indeed to have gained that sweet young girl for his wife. Susan was very pretty, and she knew it extremely well. Her full, red lips pouted not unfrequently when Frank demanded some favour, and her bright blue eyes turned away from his in peevish disdain; and her little head shook daintily and disdainfully whenever Susan had a mind to be displeased. But Frank admired her all the more for every one of these sillinesses. He was over head and ears in love with the child, and it would have been of little use to try to reason him out of his feelings. Assuredly the boatswain would have been wiser to have put off the marriage; wiser not to marry the beauty of sixteen till he had tested her heart more than could be done in a three months' acquaintance; wiser to have made quite sure that the immature woman's nature within her would, by-and-by, be all centred on himself with rich and deep affection.

Frank had captivated Susan by his praise of her good looks, the finery with which he delighted to adorn her, and the easy, luxurious life he promised her. Before her marriage she had been helping her mother to take care of the children, and cows, and poultry, in a small farmhouse several miles away,—an uncongenial employment to the wilful child. And when Frank Bertrand had been brought to the farm by a sailor-cousin of the Johnstons, and had fallen in love with Susan at first sight, as impulsive sailors are apt to do, she had accepted him joyfully, and overruled all her parents' objections as to age with the remark that 'Frank's old head would do for both of them.' Frank Bertrand was thirty, and her parents unwisely thought their pretty daughter might be right. At all events, it seemed a comfortable match for the girl, and they gave their consent. After three or four months' courtship, the bridegroom elect pressed hard for the wedding day to be fixed. He had just returned from a long voyage when he first visited the farm, but now he was promoted, and stationed at home, for some months, on the admiral's ship. He might not have such a chance of settling Susan comfortably and remaining with her for a long time; and as Susan was perfectly willing and longing to be mistress of herself, her parents again agreed. Frank intended to have been married at the country village near the farm, but Susan and her mother were extremely anxious for a town wedding, and accordingly came up to Greybridge in the miller's wagon, and took lodgings for a fortnight, that the girl might be married in style. Their own
quiet

quiet town could never have supplied the blue silk dress that rivalled the bride's eyes in brilliancy, nor the white mantle trimmed with lace, nor the wedding veil, depending from the artistic bonnet. And Frank was duly dazzled and pleased, and put the ring on Susie's plump finger with many admiring glances at his bride and her costume ; and kissed her afterwards before all with a consciousness, for the first time in his heart, how old and worn he must look with his dark, sun-dyed skin, beside her fair sweetness and bloom. They walked down through the church, and up the avenue of trees to the church-yard gate, where the carriages stood waiting ; and the sweet, soft, sad bells of Greybridge pealed musically out the while upon the sunny air.

For the first year of their married life Frank Bertrand made up his mind that he was extremely happy, and Susan generally thought so too, though she caused her husband a good deal of trouble by her waywardness. But when at the end of that time she presented him with a fine little girl, Frank's joy was unbounded. He strove to devise new plans for her amusement ; he loaded her and the child with every gift that his purse would allow him to buy, and spent each moment of his spare time in looking at a living picture, that was indeed very pretty, and of which he was never tired. Susan and the little, blue-eyed laughing daughter in her arms, were Frank's idols, and he cared not for the laughter of his shipmates, when they begged for an hour of his company, but told them plainly, 'let them laugh that win,' and hurried home to his darlings. It was so funny to see baby Mary's fat, dimpled hands outspread to come to him, and it was so pretty to watch the smile playing around the child-mother's lips as she playfully scolded him for tarrying so long.

A dreadful ending to all this happiness arrived one day. A man-of-war had come into port and been paid off, and Frank had been talking to some of the men, and congratulating them on their arrival ; but when he reached his own ship, he found that he himself was appointed to another vessel just put into commission, under the command of the same admiral with whom he had been so long, and who had conceived a strong regard for the steady boatswain. Poor Frank ! The compliment was a sorry one to him. He choked down the sobs that would rise in his throat, and longed to get away to comfort himself in poor little Susan's love for him, though he knew it would almost break her heart. And little baby Mary, too ;—how could he leave the innocent darling, and not see her again for three years at least ? And not be near to hear her baby lips first utter his name ? The hours went wearily by,
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and then he rushed home to the quiet street, and to the tidy rooms he called home, with an aching head and bursting heart. Susan was out with little Mary, but she presently came in with the jug of supper beer in her hand, and he kissed her passionately as she entered.

‘Why, whatever’s the matter, Frank?’

‘I dare not tell you, my darling.’

‘Not tell me?’ Susan pouted. ‘Whatever do you know that you won’t tell me?’

‘I will then, Susan; I am going away, dear. The admiral has chosen me as his boatswain again on board a larger ship, and we are going to the West Indies. We shall be off in six weeks.’

Frank could restrain himself no longer, and he sat down and laid his head between his hands on the table, while the big tears ran through his fingers. Susan’s grief was not so great as the poor fellow had thought it would be, and he did not know whether to be glad on her account, or sorry on his own. The latter feeling triumphed. Human love is selfish, and it demands increase, not decrease, in affection. Of course she cried, but more like a child that is disappointed of a trifle than a wife who has to part for three weary years from a tender husband, the beloved father of her child. It is always a miserable thing for a husband and wife when the heart of one of them is disproportionately large in comparison to that of the other! Frank Bertrand felt this now, and felt it bitterly.

‘It is a vexing thing, Frank,’ sobbed Susan; ‘but then you know you always said you would have to go some time. But where shall you leave me? Isn’t it lonesome in this quiet place? I would rather go and lodge in a room at the Anchor; there’s more life there.’

‘What on earth do you know, Susie, about the life at the Anchor?’ exclaimed Frank, almost angrily, with all the horror of a sober man, who lives amongst rollicking companions, and knows their characters.

‘Why, Frank, you needn’t speak so sharp, and going away, too,’ said Susan, petulantly: ‘I don’t know anything wrong, only when I go to fetch the beer for supper it always seems bright and pleasant in there, and I know they let out rooms.’

Frank’s tone was very gentle as he replied, ‘Yes, my dear, so do I, but I must get you to promise me not to go to any of those houses to live. Come here, Susan.’

Susan had lain little Mary, who had fallen asleep, in her cradle, and came to her husband’s side. He drew her on to his knee, and said solemnly, ‘I shall never be happy when I am hundreds of miles away from you, my darling, unless you keep in

in this quiet little home ; and if I get drowned or killed, don't go to live anywhere like that, Susie ; that is my special injunction to you. The men in those places don't care what they do when they are tipsy, and if you get trifling with them, my dear, you'll kill me with trouble.'

Susan had never seen Frank so much in earnest, and she promised. 'I wish,' he continued, 'that you wouldn't go to the Anchor at all, Susie ; send for your beer, my girl, don't go yourself ; do keep yourself all right, and occupy your time with little Mary, so as to please me when I come back. You will, Susie, won't you ?'

'I think, Frank,' she said, half crying, 'you want me to be moping all the time you're away, and I can't.'

'I don't, Susan ; but I'll send for your sister to come and stay a bit with you ; wouldn't you like that ?'

Susan agreed. 'Yes, that will do very nicely, I'd like to have Bess here awhile, and she'd help to mind Mary.'

The weeks passed away. Bessie Johnston arrived before Frank Bertrand left, and did her full share in the crying when he departed, for her brother had been very kind to her. How the poor fellow got away he did not know, but it was with a feeling of misery and loneliness, that seemed to him the presentiment of coming evil. 'I'd give anything I had to stay with you, Susie,' he said, as he clasped her again and again in his arms, straining her to his heart ; 'my poor little Susie, my dear, dear girl ! I wish I hadn't got to leave you for such a weary time. And you'll be sure to take care of little Mary, my dear, and bring her up to be a fine girl against I come back again ; and you'll never fail to write to be by every mail ;'—and then tears and sobs would come again as he dandled the crowing baby in his arms, kissed little Bessie, and turned again for a last farewell to his poor young wife. Susan had broken down now, and was clinging to him as he had wished to feel her ; but suddenly she turned her head, and looked at the clock through her tears :—

'Why, Frank, you ought to have been off half-an-hour ago.'

And Frank Bertrand, at those strange words, pressed her once more to his heart, bade her 'a good-bye and God bless you,' and hurried off. They all watched him from the door, and in the afternoon Susan and Bessie and the baby went out, with a number of women, sailors' wives and children, and a few men, to bid him another good-bye. The ship *Fury* was to sail in the morning, and Susan meant to get up and walk to the park of the seaport whence it sailed, where she could have a view of it steaming away into the distance. Frank Bertrand helped them on board, and showed his wife

about,

about, that she might fancy she saw him when he was far away ; and Susan was attentive, and pleased and flattered too, at the compliments many of her husband's shipmates addressed to her. They were on board for some time, and Bessie was delighted with everything, for it was all new to the country child. And then another—the last—farewell came, and again the father fondled the little Mary, and broke down as he took leave of Susan, and handed her so tenderly into the boat. He stood waving his handkerchief from the bulwarks, with the other sailors, as it receded from Susan's view, and he tried to discern, longer than it was possible, the flutter of Susan's bonnet strings, or the outline of her form. But Susan was not employed in looking for him after he was really out of sight. The experienced elderly women brought out various bottles of cordial, and as Susan was the youngest wife present, made her drink first, to 'cheer up,' and wish her husband a happy voyage. Susan did so, and felt wonderfully better, and smiled and laughed again before she reached the shore. But Bessie looked up at her wonderingly, and thought, with the intuition of her deeper nature, that Frank Bertrand would not laugh so soon.

Poor Susan ! This was the beginning of a career the supper beer had prepared her for, but which she would have shuddered at, could she have beheld it, when she began to tread that downward course. Spite of her promise to her husband, she frequented the Anchor, though she never changed her lodgings. After her sister Bessie went home, and her evenings felt lonesome again, she would steal in to the warm, gaily-lighted house at the corner, where she was always sure of a noisy welcome, and plenty of flattery from the assembled customers. It was a place much frequented by seamen and soldiers, and, inflamed by drink, she would listen to words which she knew it would have horrified her husband to know that she heard them.

So the years passed away. Little Mary was growing a sweet, engaging child. She alone seemed to stand between her mother and destruction, and oftentimes her baby voice, uttering the dear father's name, recalled Susan from some thought of dissipation, and made her resolve to lead a better life. Then the young mother would absent herself for weeks from the Anchor, and carry out Frank's injunctions ; would write long, affectionate letters to her husband, detailing minutely the progress of their child ; would busy her fingers with dainty dresses for the little maiden, or with a pretty bonnet, such as Frank would have liked for herself ; or she would plan to save some money before he came home, and buy
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some pictures for the walls of their rooms, such as he would like to see. But, some way, the money never was saved, and her account at the Anchor grew a few pence larger almost every week. Yet Frank was the last person to wish her to stint herself of a drop of spirit if she liked it, or to desire her to act 'shabbily' to her friends, and so her conscience was stifled.

And now the three years were nearly coming to a close, and Frank wrote joyfully to tell her that the Fury was to return at once ; and Susan, as she read the letter, was ashamed to own that she did not feel glad.

That evening she told the news to the landlady of the Anchor, and saw a frown on her brow, though she professed to be very glad. 'Well, my dear, you are a lucky woman ; 't isn't every one can depend on a husband coming back to his time. We must drink his health to-night, and a good voyage to him. Simpson and Efford are coming in, and would like to help you.'

Simpson and Efford were two servants of officers in the neighbourhood—bold, gay, bad young men, whom conscience told Susan to avoid, but whose flatteries her vanity never resisted. In their company she had once been drunk ; this evening they were determined to make her so again, and to induce her to stay away all night from her peaceful home. They congratulated her on her husband's returning, and then gave her ugly hints that he was a tyrant to her, and a deal too old and plain for such a sweet, pretty young girl ; that she should have looked about a little before making her choice, and then she might have had whom she would, and need never have been ashamed of her husband's common appearance. Susan allowed herself to listen, while a true heart was all the time speeding quickly towards her and their little child, Mary, trusting to her love and faithfulness more than he had ever done before, for he had only the preceding week received an affectionate letter from his wife, fuller of kind expressions than it was her wont to write.

Susan was deeply humbled, and dreadfully wretched the day after that miserable night. She no longer dared to look forward to her husband's return. On going back to her home, she had found little Mary very cold and pallid, asleep on a chair, with traces of tears upon her sweet, innocent face. How bitterly Susan reproached herself for her folly and her crime. But the gnawings of conscience were now too strong to be borne. After comforting and feeding the little girl, who had awakened, sad and bewildered, she hastened again to the Anchor, with a bottle, and had it filled with brandy, while she

she reproached the landlady for allowing her to get drunk the night before. Of course it was not the fault of that good woman ; she was not answerable for the drunkenness of her customers, or she should have more than enough to do ; and she pretended not to know anything about Susan's doings after she left the public-house.

In dreadful confusion, and with a racking headache, the boatswain's wife took a deep draught of spirit, and professed herself to be better. She kept a guard over her conduct after this, and resisted all temptations to spend another evening in company at the Anchor. She took care of little Mary, who by her fright at her mother's protracted absence, had been seriously injured ; and she prepared for her husband's arrival. Two weeks passed away. He might come any day now. Just at this time, little Mary came in one day from her play, and called out, like the little son of the Shunamite woman, 'My head ! my head !' and Susan lifted her on to her knee, and bathed the child's burning, throbbing brow, and then put her to bed. Mary moaned piteously all through the night for drink, and Susan watched her anxiously. In the morning she sent for the doctor, who came and told the sorrowful mother that little Mary's disorder was small-pox. Soon the pretty little face was blotched and disfigured, and Susan dreaded lest Frank should arrive before the little girl had recovered from her illness. She was sitting by the bedside on the third day after little Mary had been taken ill. The child was tossing restlessly with the fever, and moaning. Susan heard the door open, and before she turned her head her husband's arms were round her, and he was pouring out blessings and rejoicings at their meeting.

'But my poor little Mary, she is ill,' he exclaimed ; 'Mrs. Austin told me so as I ran up the stairs, but I wouldn't wait to hear anything about it till you could tell me. And how are you yourself, my darling, after all these weary years ? You look ill ; you are over-wearied with nursing. I shall soon be able to help you, Susan ; and I will make little Mary's eyes sparkle soon with the pretty toys I have got for her.'

Susan could hardly answer him. Her unfaithfulness, her ingratitude to the man who loved her so tenderly, smote her to the heart ; and she tried to talk of their child. She told him of the pretty ways and words of little Mary ; how she would call for him, and how often she had wanted to have him come back again.

And Frank looked round the apartment, and sat down by the little child, and felt as if he could not be too gentle to the young wife who had been so long separated from him, whose
beauty

beauty had a little faded, even with her longing and waiting for him, and who had had all this anxiety to bear on account of little Mary. So he talked to her affectionately and cheerfully, telling her of his doings in the beautiful islands far away, and bringing out one after another little keepsakes he had purchased for her. Oh ! if Susan had but thrown herself on her husband's love and confessed all, she might, even now, have been forgiven ; but she hid her dreadful secret in her heart, and could not rejoice in Frank's return.

Bertrand had to be on board ship every other night till she was paid off, and then he would have a holiday. Little Mary's health gradually improved, and in two or three days Frank had heard her sweet voice, now weak and tremulous with illness, admiring the gay toys he had placed about her bed. It was music to the fond father to hear the cheery ' Oh ! thank you, father ! How kind you are to little Mary.' ' Oh ! look, mother, father has brought such a beautiful basket.' ' Is this for me, too ? I am so happy ; I wish I could get up.' And after she had played with her toys, she seemed so much better and sank into such a peaceful sleep, that Frank asked Susan to go out with him while a neighbour dropped in to watch the child. Susan agreed, but accompanied him with a heavy heart. His purpose was to buy her some new dress or bonnet. They passed the Anchor on their way into the town. At the door stood Efford smoking a cigar, and looking impudent and determined. Susan coloured deeply when she saw him, and, as he spoke to her, Frank turned to look at his wife. A pang of sudden jealousy made him speak angrily to Susan ; she retorted, though she knew she deserved more than all he said ; and, for the first time in their life, a real quarrel took place. The shopping was not done, and Frank Bertrand went off to his ship without going home. Susan just looked in at her house. She was in a dreadful passion against Frank, and quite careless of consequences. ' Ellen Stevens,' she said to the young woman who sat by little Mary, ' would you mind staying here a bit longer ? I have an errand or two to do, and I'll be back by nine o'clock.'

Ellen said she would stay willingly, and Susan went off again. Her throat was hot and dry. ' I must have a drink,' she said to herself, and she walked in through the swinging doors of the Anchor. ' A glass of brandy' she demanded, and she had it. Efford came out from a room inside, and abused her husband as a cowardly old tyrant. She let him talk on, and laughed bitterly, and drank again. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock came, and she was still jesting and laughing in that deadly haunt ; and where was little Mary ? No holy thought
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of husband and child was with Susan now. Brandy had driven the good angel out, and the demons were rioting within. More drink ! Her purse was full. Frank had put an extra sovereign in that day, and she treated, with his hard-earned money, the *habitués* of the Anchor. Ten o'clock ! Still the sick child at home was forgotten. Susan did what only a drunken mother could have done. She left her little Mary to live or to die, alone. As the clock struck, the landlady reminded her of home, but she answered she had left it in good hands. She grew more and more oblivious, and dead to duty ; and reeled away at last when the house was shut up, not with unsteady steps towards her residence, but supported by the two men, Simpson and Efford. She never reached home that night !

Poor little Mary ! Till nine o'clock, Ellen Stevens waited for the return of Mrs. Bertrand. Another hour passed, and still she did not come. The girl could stay no longer. 'Mrs. Bertrand is sure to be in presently,' she said ; so she made up the fire, and left the little child asleep. Hours passed away. Frank Bertrand was wearily pacing the deck of the *Fury*, more miserable than he had ever been in his life, and anxious almost beyond endurance as to the fate of both wife and child. Oh ! if he could have heard the low wailing cry, 'Water, mother,' 'Water, good father,' 'Little Mary is so ill, mother,' 'Why does nobody come ?' If he had known that his only child was dying thus lonely and forsaken, whilst his wife dishonoured his honest name, that strong heart must have been broken.

Susan came back at last. Late the next morning she opened the door, and entered, ashamed to meet the eyes of her sick child. But she never would meet those expressive eyes again. The life was for ever gone from that innocent child ; a little dead Mary was all that was left. Extended on the bed lay the body, the eyes opened, the limbs unstraightened, the hands icy cold, and the gay foreign toys strewn over the floor. Then the mother turned and fled from the room, screaming for help. The woman of the house came, and other neighbours, amongst them Ellen Stevens ; and then a policeman, who questioned the poor distracted Susan, and to whom she confessed having staid out all night, amidst beseeching entreaties that he would not tell her husband.

Of course, Frank Bertrand was told ; and then Susan learned, if she had never known before, what strong drink and bad company had made her throw away. The passionate lamentations of a most loving heart—the cries of compassionate tenderness over the little dead Mary, whom his wife's heartless neglect

neglect had slain,—the expression of an indignation too deep for anger, and almost too strong for forgiveness, might have convinced any woman, not utterly hardened, that she would never be so loved again. But Susan went to her old enemy, the brandy bottle, and her heart was steeled once more. There was an inquest held at the Anchor, and as the doctor's examination had convinced him that the child would have died, even with care, Susan escaped legal punishment, although she was severely censured by the coroner, at the request of the jury.

Frank Bertrand could no longer endure England, and was soon again sent off to a foreign station, through the interest of his late captain. He would not take leave of Susan now. His heart was with little dead Mary—the child-victim to strong drink.

There is no artistic conclusion to this true tale of wrong; Susan is, we fear, still pursuing her downward path, but the veil of uncertainty hides her from our view. Oh! that she might be restored to penitence and virtue. Oh! that around her, and every mother who reads these pages, the angel of little dead Mary, who does always behold the 'face of our Father who is in heaven,' may hover, pointing a warning finger to the ruby wine, the comforting cordial, the dangerous brandy; and uttering such a clear, sweet voice of protest against the robber of a mother's love, as shall pierce through webs of sophistry and prejudice, straight to the inmost heart!

ART. VII.—THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS IN MANCHESTER.

FINANCIAL depression, and Lord Stanley's resignation of the presidency owing to the change of the Ministry, were hostile signs on the nativity of the tenth annual Congress; but the energy of the local secretaries and committee countervailed these, and the Manchester Congress was the most successful of any of the gatherings of the association since the one held at Edinburgh. Sixteen hundred and fifty-six tickets were sold; and the net proceeds amounted to upwards of £1,052. The meetings throughout were well attended, and the business, as arranged by the Committees of Departments, was satisfactorily gone through.

In the International Law Section of the Jurisprudence and Law Amendment

Department, there was an interesting discussion on a paper by Mr. Anthony Trollope on International Copyright. The duty of the mother country towards less favoured races in the colonies was considered, and the opinion was strongly expressed that judicial appointments in such of our dependencies as are inhabited by various races should be placed in the hands of the Imperial Government, in order to secure an independent and impartial tribunal. International extradition for non-political offences was favourably regarded in this section; but it was agreed that there must be the provision that the prisoner should be within a certain time put on his trial in his own country for the offence alleged against him at the time of his extradition,

tion, and for no other; and that where this was not done, the State that gave him up should be entitled to reclaim him. It was, at the same time, thought that *prima facie* evidence of guilt might be submitted to a high officer, constituted for the purpose, as a safeguard against charges fabricated for the purpose of securing the alleged criminal; and that the decisions of such an officer, under the express provisions of an international code, would be received with as much confidence by foreign nations as those of prize courts.

In the Municipal Law Section of the same Department, an entire change in the existing law of bankruptcy was advocated, including abolition of the existing courts and machinery, and placing the estate of the insolvent debtor, and his acquittance from liability, entirely in the hands of the creditors, as a body corporate and extra-judicially; leaving offences against penal acts to be dealt with by ordinary criminal courts, and all litigation relating to the winding-up to the ordinary civil courts. The Committee of the Department were unanimously requested to prepare a full report on the papers and discussion, and submit the same to an early meeting of the Department.

In considering the best method of reducing the law of England to a compendious form, the Congress had the advantage of the presence of a distinguished United States lawyer, Mr. D. D. Field, who has taken a leading part in reducing the law of his own State of New York, to a code. The able and convincing statement of Mr. Field, in explaining the work thus accomplished, made a very marked impression, and a strong feeling was displayed by the section that there should be no longer delay in commencing so useful a work for our own country. The council subsequently resolved to urge on the Government the appointment of a royal commission, or some other procedure likely to lead to an early effort to codify the law. Mr. Field, in the address which he delivered as chairman of the International Section of the Jurisprudence Department, advocated an international code for settling disputes between civilised States; and the council resolved to accede to the proposal, and have appointed a committee to prepare the outline of such a code, and report at the next annual meeting. Various remedies for bribery at elections were

suggested in the Municipal Law Section. Mr. Hare read a paper explanatory of his celebrated voting scheme, and a discussion ensued upon it.

In the Repression of Crime Section it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of the Right Hon. Jos. Napier, that the treatment of life-sentenced convicts should be revised, so as to make their liberation the exception, and not, as now, the rule; and that, to obviate danger or detriment to other prisoners or prisons, a special prison should be established, if possible on some island near our own shores, in which these convicts might receive special treatment. It was agreed that further legislation against infanticide was necessary; that the burden of illegitimacy should be laid on both parents according to their means; that capital punishment for infanticide should be abolished; and that the modification proposed in the 12th, 13th, and 14th clauses of the report of the Capital Punishment Commission should be adopted. It was generally thought that coroners should inquire into all cases of death in workhouses, reformatories, and lunatic asylums, as they do now in gaols; and that their courts are susceptible of much improvement. Exertions recently made for the reformation and future employment of female convicts, through the operations of the Carlisle Memorial Refuge, and other similar institutions, were noticed as having been very successful.

Coming next to the Second, or Education Department, we impinge at once on various difficulties, which prevent all possibility of unanimity. But there was a strong opinion in many quarters that education ought to be legally obligatory, and that it should be paid for out of an education rate. Yet the present denominational system was by no means out of favour, and the religious element in teaching was much insisted on. Still, it was considered that by giving the parents a free choice of schools the difficulty might be met, at least in large towns. The labours of the Manchester Education Aid Society were felt to have done much to aid in bringing the education question to its solution. The administration of educational endowments was the theme of an able paper by Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth. His proposal for the formation of a department of public charities, in connection with the Privy Council, and acting in harmony with the Executive Committee,

Committee, received much attention. That children should be exempted in State-aided schools from religious teaching not approved of by parents, was largely conceded; some preferred that it should be done on the Conscience Clause principle; others favoured the adoption of a secular system. Unanimously it was agreed that the matter was ripe for immediate treatment by the Legislature. There was a long discussion as to the conditions on which the State should pecuniarily assist schools hitherto completely or partially unaided, and it was agreed, by resolution,

‘That this Department, while strongly affirming that complete provision for national education must be made by act of Parliament, are nevertheless convinced that much might be done in the meantime by relaxing in some points the Privy Council rules, and therefore earnestly request the council of the association to press on the Committee of Council on Education the necessity for modifying the revised code in the following particulars in the case of elementary schools, where the average attendance is below seventy, or where the school fees do not reach one-sixth of the total annual expenses.

‘1. That a certificated teacher be not necessarily required.

‘2. That the age at which children present at the inspection become entitled to the grant of 6s. 6d., without individual examination, be raised from six to eight years.

‘3. That supplementary rules 8 and 9, which fix the standard higher than the schools in view can attain, be not enforced.

‘4. That where an additional expense is incurred by industrial teaching a grant in aid be given.

‘5. That when the schools are held in rented premises no reduction be made for endowment, unless to the extent of the excess (if any) of the endowment over the rent.’

Mr. Nassau Molesworth's paper on the ‘Half Time System’ brought out, in discussion, a strong expression of feeling favourable to the system's extension to all branches of labour.

It was unanimously agreed in the Department of Health, that a royal commission should frame a measure to consolidate and better administer the laws relating to public health. The tightening of many existing permissive enactments, so as to make them com-

pulsory, was generally recommended, as also was the inclusion of larger populations by extension of the areas of sanitary administration. Some discussion arose out of smoke; it will not, we hope, end in it. Dr. Angus Smith deserves well of the community for his strenuous presentment of the evil effects of smoke on health, vegetation, property, and the good spirits and comfort of everybody. Small, certain, and cumulative fines were considered superior to heavy ones, which, being seldom imposed, do no good, and it was thought that Government should do the inspection and should enforce the penalties. With regard to the pollution of rivers, Lord Robert Moptagu obtained the unanimous adoption of a resolution to the effect that while it is necessary to remove, as speedily as possible, excreta and refuse from houses, it is advisable eventually to procure compulsory legislation against the pollution of rivers by town sewage; and that the council should petition Parliament to compel towns and manufactories to use all practicable means for arresting such pollution. Amendment of the law against the adulteration of food was recommended, assimilating it in some degree to that relating to weights and measures, and including publication and exposure amongst the penalties. Miss Garrett's paper on volunteer nurses led to a corroboration of her opinion that a higher status and more liberal pay will be the best means to obtain good nurses.

In Section A of the Department of Economy and Trade, there was a great debate on drunkenness and the licensing system. Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth presided. The following papers were read:—One by the Rev. James Clark, of Salford (prepared by Mr. Samuel Pope for the Executive of the United Kingdom Alliance), ‘On what conditions and by what authority ought licences for the sale of alcoholic liquors to be granted?’ Another by Mr. J. J. Stitt, of Liverpool, giving a history of the licensing system, and an explanation of the new licensing practice introduced by the Liverpool magistrates. A third, by the Rev. John Jones, of Liverpool, on ‘The remedy for our national drunkenness.’ And a fourth, by the Rev. A. Johnston, showing the extent and cost of the drinking system in Scotland, and the good effects of the Forbes Mackenzie Act. A fifth, by Dr. Gale,

was taken as read. The discussion was opened by Mr. J. H. Raper; and amongst those who took part in it were General Neal Dow the 'father of the Maine Law,' and the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., president of the Wesleyan Conference. We quote the *Western Morning News* in saying that during the discussion 'a sensation was caused by the appearance of a Liverpool licensed victualler, named Smith, who boldly advocated the theory that licensing ought to be done away with altogether, because every man ought to be allowed to sell drink. The laughter grew quite uproarious when he spoke with much gusto on the great elevation of mind, and the startling revelations of truth which were made to the working classes when they got gloriously drunk. A sensation of another and profounder kind was caused when Mr. Arthur, the president of the Wesleyan Conference, announced his adhesion to the main principle of the Permissive Bill, that no community ought to have public-houses thrust upon them if two-thirds of that community were opposed thereto. This section sat for nearly five hours, and even then had by no means said all it had to say, though quite enough for the purpose.' The following resolution was proposed by Mr. Raper, and seconded by the Rev. J. V. B. Shrewsbury:—'That the necessities of the country call loudly upon the Legislature to pass a general measure to amend the laws regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors; that this section would therefore respectfully request the general council of the association to consider the propriety of memorialising Government to amend the licence laws, and to insert clauses in any measure enabling the inhabitants of townships and parishes entirely to prohibit the granting or renewing of licences whenever a large majority so desire.' An amendment, by Mr. Grindley, for limiting restriction to hours of sale, and modifying the Beer Act, was proposed, but received only three votes. Mr. Raper's motion was carried by a very large majority,—a circumstance very notable, indicating an amount of progress in social science which could have been looked for at no previous period. With reference, also, to the dwellings of the labouring classes, an important discussion occurred in this section. The plan generally favoured, on the whole, was to buy up blocks of old buildings, and make

them fit to live in, rather than to attempt much in new erections; and it was thought by many that parliamentary power should be sought for compulsory purchase of such buildings. A full discussion of co-operation took place in this Section, and there was a disposition on all sides to look with great hopefulness to the progress of this movement.

In Section B of the same Department, taxation was discussed, and upon it the general opinion seemed to be, that the number of articles subject to duties of customs and excise should be further diminished. The Bank Charter Act and National Debt Reduction were also debated in this Section.

A great gathering of working men in the Free Trade Hall, on one of the evenings, was addressed by leading members of the Social Science Association. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided, and delivered an eloquent address. Lord Brougham also spoke; and amongst the other speakers were Mr. Thos. Hughes, M.P., Mr. Daniel, M.P., Mr. Hastings, Mr. D. D. Field, Mr. Robert Rawlinson, C.B., and General Neal Dow.

Having alluded to Lord Brougham, we may fitly mention here that at the meeting in the Nisi Prius Court, held on the Thursday, his lordship, in his address as president of the council, said: 'We are now in Manchester, the headquarters of the great Alliance movement, and, next to Rochdale, of the co-operative system, which indeed owes its continued existence to this place. As to the evils of intemperance, and the important services rendered by the Alliance to the good cause, there can be no doubt.'

In an address in his capacity of president of the Fourth Department, Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth gave 'A Sketch of the Laws of Social Progress, illustrated by the Growth of the Freedom and Political Capacity of the Manual Labour Class in England,' in the course of which occurred the following passage:

'Perhaps no regenerative effort is more important or has to grapple with so formidable an evil as the United Kingdom Alliance. Between sixty and seventy millions of money are every year spent in beer, spirits, and tobacco. Every intelligent inquirer is conscious that the eighteen millions of money which we annually apply to the support of indigence and the repression of crime are to a great extent absorbed by the consequences of the demoralisation, misery,

misery, and want caused by intemperance. Our commercial prosperity will feed this frightful source of degradation so long as the evil is not combated by a system of obligatory national education, elevating the intelligence and the moral and religious principles of those classes who are now the victims of intemperance. Meanwhile 70,000 of the manual labour classes have enrolled themselves members of the United Kingdom Alliance. They have created an active propagandism— assembling meetings characterised by the most enthusiastic outbursts of feeling. They establish local societies in almost every town or large village, circulate periodicals, and enrol members; they found benefit societies, bands of hope for children, employ missionaries and teachers, and have established about twenty county unions.

During the sittings of the different Sections, the liquor traffic question received much incidental attention, in addition to the more special notice given to it as recorded above. For example: a paper was read by Mr. Airlie, from the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, on *Recreative Amusements*; the Rev. H. Solly read a paper on *Working Men's Clubs*; and Dr. Martin, of Warrington, read a paper on the *Cause of the High Rate of Mortality in Liverpool*; in all which papers, and especially in the last, there was distinct tracing of the drink traffic as the great cause placing obstacles in the way of improvement. In the Health Section there was repeated reference to drinking and drunkenness as causes of bad nursing and other evils. In the supplementary Section of Economy and Trade, a paper on *Servants' Clubs*, by Mrs. Rainda, was very pointed in its denunciation of public-houses and beer-shops. On Monday night, the Civil Court was crowded, for a discussion of the subject of bribery at elections. One of the papers read, prepared by Mr. J. Noble, recommended the prohibition of public-houses as committee rooms and places for electoral purposes, and the closing of all public-houses on the days of nomination and polling, as practised at the last election of President for the United States. These recommendations were loudly cheered; and they were endorsed by Mr. Freeland, ex-M.P. for Chichester, and other gentlemen who took part in the debate.

Again, in a paper by Mr. A. Ransome, on the *Health of Manchester and Salford*, read on Saturday in the Health Section,

the writer said:—"Intemperance has often been noticed as a cause of disease, and it is difficult to over-estimate its gravity. According to tables carefully drawn up by Mr. Neison from copious data, the rate of mortality amongst persons of intemperate habits is shown to be "frightfully high," and unequalled by the results of any other series of observations made on any class of the population of this country. At the term of life from twenty-one to thirty the mortality is upwards of five times that of the general community, and the effects of the different kinds of drink are thus shown:—"The rate of mortality amongst beer drinkers is 44·97 per 1,000 yearly; spirit drinkers, 59·96; mixed beer and spirit, 61·94. "Truly," he says, "if there be anything in the usages of society calculated to destroy life, the most powerful is certainly the inordinate use of strong drink." It has often been said that in any place the more numerous the facilities for drinking the greater the amount of drunkenness, and, we may now surely add, the larger will be the rate of mortality. In Liverpool the excessive mortality is by many observers attributed largely to drunkenness; and the mortality sub-committee of the Board of Health recommends that some control over the sale of intoxicating liquors should be given to the authorities."

On one of the mornings during the progress of the Congress, a large and distinguished company accepted the invitation of the United Kingdom Alliance Executive, to breakfast in the Trevelyan Hotel, Manchester. The venerable chairman of the Executive of the Alliance, Mr. Alderman Harvey, J.P., presided; and addresses were delivered by Mr. B. Whitworth, M.P.; Mr. Rawlinson, C.B.; Dr. Hancock, of Dublin; Mr. Thomas Beggs, of London; Rev. W. N. Molesworth, of Rochdale; Mr. J. H. Raper; Rev. Dr. Emerton; Mr. Gilbert, of London, and the Hon. Neal Dow. The journal from which we have already quoted gave the following notice of the breakfast:—"Yesterday we began the day with a breakfast which the United Kingdom Alliance very hospitably gave to the sociologists in the Trevelyan (Temperance) Hotel. There was some very good speaking—short, pithy, and to the point. Alderman Harvey, of Salford, an ardent friend of the Alliance, presided, and he called up in succession a number of gentlemen of whom some are well known outside the ranks of the temperance

temperance party. Chief of these was Mr. Rawlinson, once a journeyman mason, now a C.B., and one of the most influential men in Lancashire, and he has gained his influence, not like most Lancashire men, by money getting, but by force of ability and social science. When the cotton famine was at its height, there was no one whom the Government could so well select as Mr. Rawlinson, for the purpose of carrying out the operations of the Public Works Act. That act, as your readers are aware, empowered the Treasury to advance money for making sewers, waterworks, and carrying out other improvements in the Lancashire towns. At first it seemed as if the measure were to be a dead letter; but through Mr. Rawlinson's exertions the local authorities were persuaded into making use of the permissive power given to them, and the result was an immediate benefit in the employment of starving workpeople, and the permanent improvement of towns that sorely needed it. This permissive legis-

lation has done so much, that a shrewd man like Mr. Rawlinson could not but be convinced of the soundness of the principle, and, persuaded that if you could make men clean by act of Parliament, you could also make them sober. So he has given in his adhesion to the principle of the Alliance, not a little to the satisfaction of its members. Mr. Whitworth, M.P., Dr. Molesworth (known by his history of the Reform Bill), and General Neal Dow also gave us speeches.'

The council of the Social Science Association, in their summary report of the Congress, have recorded their gratitude to the citizens of Manchester for the hospitality and kindness with which the association had been received; and they have alluded with especial pleasure to the peculiar facilities afforded by the noble edifice, the Assize Courts, for the accommodation of members and the transaction of business.

Next year's Congress will assemble in Belfast in September.

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

WHY GOOD MAID SERVANTS ARE SCARCE.

The system of small farms has gone out of fashion; where formerly there were three small farms, at each of which a rough cottage girl was every year broken a little to the habits of civilised life, there is now one large farm, the occupier of which is a rich man, and often a man of education. In this farm no girl is trained, for the mistress of the house will not take rough girls from the village; on the contrary, she requires well-taught servants, and so, instead of three farms, in each of which a raw girl was every year partially trained, there is now one farm where no training is done, but where two or three accomplished maid servants are employed. This is the condition of large parts of several counties, and it fully accounts for the scarcity of trained servants.

The cotton famine and the silk distress at Coventry did nothing to diminish the scarcity of good servants, although great numbers of girls were thereby thrown out of work who would have been glad to take situations in

gentlemen's families, if any one would have engaged them. It is not probable that the scarcity of good maid servants will diminish; on the contrary, as the system of large farms extends—which it certainly will do in some parts of the country, being the most profitable plan, under certain agricultural conditions—the number of training places, and, consequently, the number of trained girls, will continue to diminish. It appears to me that ladies will have to resign themselves to the infliction of half-trained servants. This is a real and serious inconvenience, but we shall not remedy it by taking measures to add to the number of untrained girls anxious to become servants.

It is sometimes said that the race of servants is inferior in point of station to what it used to be, and that the daughters of cow cottagers, blacksmiths, carpenters, &c., who, fifty years ago, used to go to service, and who made the best servants, now become dressmakers or nursery governesses. This is true, and

and the change arises from a difference in the manners and customs, not of that class, but of the class above it.

In former days it was the custom for a farmer to sit in his kitchen in the evening when work was over, with his wife and family, his farm servants and servant maids. They all supped together and spent the evening together; thus the farmer and his wife acted as protectors and 'chaperons' to the young girls, and all was well. But now the custom is changed; the farmer sits in the parlour with his family, and the servant girls spend the evening alone with the farm lads. In the very large farm-houses this does not usually occur; there the farming men lodge with the foreman, whose wife cooks for them, and they all sup and spend the evening together; but in ordinary farm-houses the new custom is productive of much harm. There is, therefore, no cause for surprise if parents who can afford to apprentice their daughters to the dress-making trade should prefer to do so, rather than expose them to the very great disagreeableness of spending the evening alone with rough lads, whose manners and language are by no means what they ought to be.

If gentlefolks would take the daughters of cow cottagers and superior workmen into their houses at once, without any previous training, their parents would probably be glad to send them, but they do not like to expose them to the rough ordeal of farm life, and we ought not to blame them for this feeling, for it is indeed commendable.

The author of 'Ploughing and Sowing'* says on this subject:—

'Every farm-house that I go into, I hear the same story. The master and mistress (strange misnomers!) have no control whatever over their servants, except in their actual work: this is abundantly evident; but where does the fault lie? Surely with us all; not only with the employers themselves, but with the so-called Christian people who live round about, and make no effort, or not all that they might do, to remedy this state of things; but in the first instance, I think, the blame rests most with the farmers and their wives, in having that number of young servants in their house, and not living amongst them; quite forgetting that in every gentleman's

house, where there is anything like that number of young servants, there are upper servants, male and female, whose first duty it is to keep order in the household, whereas in a farm-house, the foreman, who is the only person even supposed to have any authority in the kitchen, is very frequently under twenty, and seldom more than twenty-three.

'Seeing is believing. I had heard all my life, with the hearing of the ear, that farm-house life was "so demoralising." I had also heard pretty much what were its evils and dangers, but till I saw it with my own eyes last Thursday evening, at seven o'clock, I never really believed it; not that I doubted it, but I never believed it in any true sense, till I saw it. This was how it happened:—I went into a farm-house parlour, and stayed for a few minutes talking with its inmates; then down a passage to the farm-house kitchen, to talk to its inmates, consisting of seven young men and youths, and three young women, who had all just finished supper; the girls were "washing up," the lads were sitting on benches about the kitchen or near the fire; there was no housekeeper, no older person with them: that is just what I saw, and just what takes place every evening of their lives, except that my coming amongst them on this occasion made a little difference, perhaps even a great difference, and something of a sensation.'

In another book* by the same author there is the following passage:—

'I am afraid, however, that if the generality of farmers and their wives cannot be considered guiltless concerning the boys that they employ, still less can they as regards their servant girls. If they are bound in some degree to supply the place of parents to the boys they hire, they are certainly not less so as regards the girls, who are exposed to especial dangers and trials. When they fall, who shall apportion the blame aright between their parents, their employers, and themselves? One thing is plain—that in the higher classes of life, watchful care from very early years, refinement of manners, and regard for public opinion, are hardly considered sufficient safeguards to make it desirable to leave youths and maidens constantly in one another's society, without some kind of *chaperonage*; how must it be,

* 'Ploughing and Sowing.' Edited by the Rev. F. Digby Legard.

* 'More About Farm Lads.'

then

then, with those poor girls who have not had those advantages of early association and training, and are too often exposed to very much that is unseemly, without any protection of older friend or guardian; for the mistress is never in the kitchen in the evening, and the foreman, who is supposed to keep order, is often a youth of twenty. I have known ten farm lads and three girls in a house, with a foreman of twenty, and a wild youth he was! Perhaps more generally the foreman is twenty-two or twenty-three. If he is older and married, he does not live in the house, but goes home when he has had his supper, leaving perhaps six or eight young men and lads, and either two or three girls, to their own devices.*

In small farms, where there is only one girl and one or two lads, the state of affairs is no better. The wife of a clergyman, writing from another county, says in a letter about a girl who is going to service, 'I shall dread her going to a small farm-house, so many girls are ruined; they are allowed to mix so much with the farming lads.'

I have been told by a working woman, on whose word I can rely, that if a servant girl complains to her mistress of insolent conduct on the part of the lads, the answer not unfrequently is,

* This describes farm life in Yorkshire. In other counties it is, I believe, usual, when the farms are so large as to require six or eight farming men, to send them to lodge with the foreman.

'If you do not like your place you can leave;' and the young man is not even reproved for his conduct, which the girl must either submit to, or lose her place. The fact is, that it is much easier to get a new maid than a new farm lad—the number of girls anxious to get training being so great—and if the lad was offended he would want to leave; and, though he has no legal right to do so till the end of the year, a farmer does not like to keep a lad against his will.

'If a master endeavours to find fault about anything, a lad's reply will be, "If I don't please you, give me my money." This generally happens at a time of year when there is much to be done in the fields, and a great demand for labour. Will it be believed that in the great majority of cases a master dares not refuse? I have often argued the matter with farmers, and have tried to show them that if thus bullied, they were the servants and their lads the masters. "It's all very true what you say," they replied, "but you see there are so many ways they can spite us, best let 'em go when they've a mind to, or they'll maybe do you a hurt."'

There is a tract, warning young girls not on any account to become shopwomen, or engage in any occupation except domestic service, as that is the only employment where they are certain to be always protected by their masters and mistresses!—*Englishwoman's Review*.

“ More About Farm Lads.”

SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE SALTWORKERS.

The social condition of the saltworkers has for centuries been, and in most cases continues to be, a reproach to English civilisation. The heat of the stoves and pan-houses in which they work, and which frequently better deserve the name of their homes than the miserable hovels in which they huddle out of working hours, renders more than a minimum of clothing unnecessary if not burdensome, and even this minimum is not unfrequently dispensed with by both sexes. The work is necessarily continuous day and night, and from Monday morning to Saturday evening it often happens that the labourer never quits the precincts of the works, snatch-

ing his intervals of rest beside the pans. Men and women, boys and girls, are thus exposed to more than all the debasing and demoralising influences which haunt the worst dwellings of our agricultural labourers, without a single antagonistic agency to prevent their lapse into the lowest depths of brutish immorality. The social condition of the saltworkers has consequently been, and probably still is, more abjectly degraded than that of any other class equally numerous, although their poverty is by no means so depressing. With scarcely an exception, wherever salt manufactures on a large scale have existed, the population employed in them

them has been the disgrace and pollution of the neighbourhood, a community almost unapproachable by philanthropy and irreclaimable by religion. Happily we are able to record the dawn of better days in the district nearest to Birmingham.

It is now eight years since the employment of women at the Stoke Works was entirely discontinued by the proprietor, John Corbett, Esq., and although the full result of the measure will not be felt until a new generation has arisen, it has already acted on the habits and condition of the workpeople in such a manner as to produce a social revolution in the neighbourhood. Marriage, an institution previously almost ignored, has in a great measure superseded the indiscriminate concubinage resulting from the former conditions of labour; the dwellings of the workpeople, now continuously occupied, have very perceptibly improved, and if the condition of the saltworker from a social and moral point of view is still greatly lower than that of the average artisan, it is far higher than it ever has been, or indeed could be, under the old system. The reformation thus effected has also been materially aided by an alteration in the arrangement of the work introduced about five years ago. Formerly, one man only was usually appointed to take charge of each pan both by day and night, and was paid at the rate of 1s. 10½d. per ton of salt manufactured. In place of this system, what is termed 'shift work' is now universally adopted at the Stoke Works. Two men, one for the day and one for the night, are appointed to each pan, and receive 2s. per ton proportionally divided between them, the higher rate of payment being compensated by the additional amount manufactured under the new system. Three assistants are required to each pan, who are paid by the men in charge of it out of their receipts for the salt manufactured. Much of the work can be done by boys and girls, and a father, by taking his children as his assistants, could make a considerable addition to his wages. A strong inducement is thus held out to parents to employ their children in such a manner as wholly to preclude their chance of obtaining any education, although at Stoke the inducement no longer exists in the case of girls. All the work is paid by the piece, and even in processes apparently so simple, an amount of judgment, experi-

ence, tact, and dexterity is required which makes a wide difference between the wages of a good and a bad workman. A fair workman, on an average, at 2s. per ton, can, it is calculated, make about 28s. per week. Each head of a pan is paid 22s. weekly on account, and the balance is settled monthly, the work being appraised by the foreman of the salt works, who rejects or reduces the allowance for work in any way faulty or imperfect. About 500 hands are employed at Stoke Works, and the average amount of salt of all kinds manufactured is about 3,000 tons per week, with a consumption of from 1,600 to 2,000 tons of fuel. Previous to 1823, when the duty on salt, then as high as 15s. per bushel, was repealed, the entire annual produce of Droitwich did not amount to more than 9,000 tons, the entire produce of Worcestershire being now about 250,000 tons per annum. The Cheshire salt works are capable of producing a million tons per annum, but the supply being immensely in excess of the demand, many works are always standing both in the Cheshire and Worcestershire districts. The export trade of Worcestershire is about 50,000 tons annually; that of Cheshire about 650,000 tons.

The price of salt for many years has ranged within very narrow limits. Monthly meetings are held by the manufacturers, as in other trades, and arrangements made as to the rate of wages, the prices to be charged, and other matters affecting their common interests. The number of 'small masters' in the trade, however, renders any effective combination among the manufacturers as difficult as the introduction of any substantial reform in the habits and condition of the workpeople. A large portion of the trade in the aggregate at Droitwich is in the hands of such masters, who, not possessed of sufficient capital to undertake the manufacture on a scale large enough to permit the adoption of expensive improvements in machinery, or in the system of working and payment of wages, are still able, by employing their own family as workpeople, to produce salt at a rate so low as to render it difficult for those able to initiate the necessary reforms to realise an adequate remuneration from them. On the whole, therefore, although the experiment tried at Stoke has, we believe, been commercially as well as socially successful, and must

must in the long run materially affect the condition of the saltworkers, there is but little immediate prospect of their making any great general advance in the social scale. For the present the public is able to purchase salt at a price possibly lower by some infinitesimal fraction than it would be if the manufacture were entirely in the hands of

large proprietors and the employment of women and children strictly prohibited; but the advantage is dearly purchased by the continued existence amongst us of a class of labourers which ranks below that even of the working colliers.—*Birmingham and the Hard-ware District.*

INFANT MORTALITY. EARLY CLOSING.

Infant mortality in France has long been the subject of newspaper disquisition. It must be satisfactory to the writers who have laboured to show that this mortality was in great measure preventable, to find a striking instance in which it has been most materially diminished in consequence of the stir made by the public press. M. Jean Dollfus, one of the largest manufacturers in Alsatia, was shocked to find that the women employed in his factories lost 40 per cent. of their children in the first year, whereas the average mortality at that age in France is only 18. He came to the conclusion that a main cause of this frightful loss of incipient life was the necessity which lay upon the mothers to resume work too soon after their confinement. He therefore, with the true grandeur of a merchant prince, determined to pay to every woman in his service who was brought to bed six weeks' wages, without requiring any work for it. This was three years ago. The wondrous and most rejoicing result of the philanthropic experiment has been the reduction of infant mortality in the district from 40 to 25. Six other houses have been so struck with the beneficial effects of M. Dollfus's system, that they have resolved to adopt it, subject only to a modification—necessary, perhaps, in a commercial point of view, and wholesome as regards the independence of the workman. Seeing the immense benefit to humanity produced by M. Dollfus's charity, they recommend to all their *employés* to make themselves

participants in the system by a subscription of three sous a fortnight from all women in their factories between the ages of 18 and 45 years. A better insurance could scarcely be devised. I should add that the premium is insufficient to cover the risk, but the masters undertake to make up the difference. The high moral of the story lies far less in the relations between master and servant than in the proved fact that infants die if their mothers are constrained to hard labour soon after their birth. Another experiment of M. Dollfus, with a view to improve the moral condition of his labourers, has been successful. He some time since told his 600 weavers that he would pay them for eleven hours' work a day the same wages that he had hitherto paid for twelve, but on the condition, which commercial competition rendered indispensable, that they should do as much work in the reduced time as they had been in the habit of doing. 'Thank you for nothing,' a critical workman might well have said, without being thought cantankerous. Nevertheless, it is alleged that the workmen accept the conceded hour as a precious boon, and cheerfully act up to the conditions. The fear of losing the hour imparts to them the activity requisite to do twelve hours' work in eleven. The leaders of this praiseworthy movement say that, among other results, an increased demand for books at the Mulhouse Working Men's Library is remarkable.—*Paris correspondent of the Daily News.*

BRIEF NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Autobiography of the Rev. E. Mathews, the Father Dickson of Mrs. Stowe's 'Dred'; also, a Description of the Influence of the Slave Party over the American Presidents, and the Rise and Progress of the Anti-Slavery Reform; with a Preface by Handel Cossham, Esq. Pp. 444. London: Houlston and Wright.

THE Rev. E. Mathews belongs to a family which had, at no very remote period, with the family of the great apostle of temperance, Theobald Mathew, one common progenitor. Though an Englishman, he has gone through much labour and suffering in behalf of the anti-slavery cause in the United States, and on one occasion was pitched ten times successively into a pond by pro-slavery persecutors, and left to crawl out each time as he could. Indeed he is, as the title indicates, the original from whom Mrs. H. B. Stowe drew her 'Father Dickson,' in 'Dred'; it must needs be, therefore, that his history is one well deserving of recital.

Mr. Mathews's book is evidently not written merely that his own trumpet may be duly sounded. His narration is modest and reticent, where many in like case would have made it self-laudatory; indeed, its greatest fault is in its too careful avoidance of those personal details which would serve to reveal the man and add particular interest to an autobiography. He pleads guilty, in fact, to having a penchant for blue books, so what can any reader in search of mere thrilling narrative expect? Yet there is an agreeable spice of anecdote in the volume, although, as regards the bulk of the matter, it is, and its great value, lies in its being occupied with records of the great political and social movements that have attracted so much of the world's attention to America.

To all who, notwithstanding the prevalence of the Eyre, Hobbs, and Ramsey spirit, have hearts that yet beat true to humanity, and souls that can rise in indignant protest against tyranny and oppression no matter what the hue of the victims, this will be a deeply interesting book, and they will be delighted to accompany Mr. Mathews through the details of recent American politics, combined with the history of a man

evidently of large philanthropic spirit, and possessing no mean amount of moral and physical courage.

We select a few passages for the immediate entertainment of our readers, who will, however, do well to get the book.

LOST IN THE FOREST.

'From Brothertown I set out for Sheboygan, a settlement of white people, where there was a Baptist Church, which I had assisted to organise. This was on the shore of Lake Michigan, about fifty miles east of Brothertown. There was a good road by Green Bay, and one about one-third the distance, through the woods; the latter was an Indian trail, a narrow pathway wide enough for one person only. The Indians had no conveyances with wheels and made no roads. They did not travel two abreast, but in single file,—men, women, children, and horses following one behind the other. I have known them as they approached me leave the path—on seeing that my horse was somewhat frightened—and hide behind the trees till I had passed by. The smell of the deerskins they wore might have produced this effect on the horse. I decided to reach Sheboygan if possible by the Indian trail. On Friday I started, having an appointment to preach in the evening. The day was pleasant—it was in summer. In some portions of the trail, the grass had grown—but I succeeded, though not without some difficulty, in tracing it. I passed through the oak openings. Many of the trees were stunted by the fires that in the fall of the year sweep over the country for hundreds of miles. So dry is the grass that sometimes from lighted tobacco from pipe or cigar it will commence burning and continue many days.

'But to pursue the trail, I passed the openings and entered the thick forest. Here the trees on the trail were blazed—this was an additional guide. The first travellers took with them an axe, and cut off a little bark from each tree on the way, and applied to the wound a fire-brand, preventing growth and leaving a permanent mark. The mark thus made by white men is oval, that of Indians is pointed like an arrow. Riding

on with confidence, I was surprised to find, near sundown, that the trail branched into two separate pathways. I took that most deeply trodden, and hastened on, but after a while observed that the trees were not blazed. The wiser course would have been to halt, kindle a fire, rest till morning, then return, and follow the other branch of the trail. I supposed, however, that I could not be far from Sheboygan; and if I could make my way, should be in time for the meeting and not disappoint the audience. So I rode on. At some distance in the forest, on my left, there appeared a large open space. Anticipating that this was a settlement where the woods had been cut down, probably the outskirts of Sheboygan, I left the trail and hastened towards it; when, lo! it was a large swamp in which no trees could grow; and as my horse began to sink in the bog at its borders, I leaped off to get him on to good ground, and while doing so lost my reckoning of the direction in which was the trail. In vain I tried to find it again.

'The Sheboygan river, at the side of which the town is built, rises in this direction. If I could but see this, my difficulty would be at an end. Climbing a high tree I looked in every direction; but no river was visible; nothing but the interminable forest stretching away to the horizon, a prospect that made my heart sink within me. The forest was a hundred and fifty miles from north to south, and fifty miles from east to west; and I had no compass. I hoped, however, by the sun, to be able to proceed to the east the next morning. Descending, and tying my horse to a tree, I kindled a fire, having dry wood in abundance, and ate a supper of fine plums. In my journey I saw a tree loaded with them, and had filled my pockets with them to give to the children of the settlers. Wolves and rattle-snakes were my only antagonists. The former will not approach a fire, and the latter always give warning before they bite. They are readily killed by a stroke across the back with a switch—I have thus killed many of them; considering that by so doing I might be saving some one's life. When the fire got low, I grew cold and awoke. I replenished my fire, and was soon again in slumber. The next morning there was a drizzling rain; and I could not ascertain the east by the sun. I gave my horse the rein, hoping he would find

his way back to the trail, but he made his way back to the place where he had spent the night, and proceeded no farther.

'By no expedient could I regain the lost trail. One mode remained of judging of the east. A little moss always grows on the north sides of the trees, near the roots. Judging by this mode I proceeded eastward. Descending a valley I hoped to find some water for my horse. For myself I had found wild raspberries in abundance, rich as they were ripe—and felt no thirst. A small stream purled its course through the valley, but so overgrown with thorns and briers, that it was impossible without the aid of an axe to gain access to it; and I had no axe with me. Turning, however, down the stream, I at length came to an opening. My horse was now able to enter the stream, and while he slaked his thirst I observed the frame of an Indian wigwam on the opposite bank—the poles on which the covering had been placed. A wigwam is always built close to a trail. I rode up the bank, and to my great relief found a trail. The trees were blazed—the marks were pointed, not oval. It was not the trail I left. Continuing my journey as long as light permitted, and reaching no settlement, I dismounted, and fastening the fore-feet of my horse together with a small chain having a strap at each end, I turned him out. He had never left me but once, when a man scolded him for endeavouring to enter a log-house where I was. A log served for a pillow—and wrapping my Boston comforter, a sort of overcoat round me, I lay down near the fire I had kindled, anticipating, however, that as the ground and log were wet from a recent shower of rain, I might take cold.

'In the dead of the night I awoke; the owls were hooting. I listened, and could hear the clank of the small chain, as my horse changed his position. My anxiety to know where I was amounted almost to an agony. I was lonely in its utmost sense. In the depth of that forest I thought of dear friends in Old England; of life as a probation; of great moral conflicts; of slavery and anti-slavery; and a voice seemed to say—"Great as your toils and anxieties are in this dilemma, they are not as great as those of the slave. You long to see a brother man; but, were you an escaping slave, you would tremble to see one; you are faint for want of food; but

but the escaping slave, equally faint, may hear the bloodhounds baying on his track." I resolved to remember those in bonds, as bound with them; and become agent of the Anti-Slavery Society, should I escape from my present peril.

'With the earliest light I was on my way the next morning. It was Sunday. The sun rose from behind a cloud. My course was north-west. Emerging from the woods I came to an Indian hunting-ground. There were level lawns and clumps of trees—it seemed some English park. I reached an excellent spring of water, and there the trail ended. To return and seek a settlement at the other end of the trail was more than my strength could bear. Having the sun to guide me, I decided to keep on in a north-westerly course, hoping to strike the Wisconsin river, when I should know my way. Before going far, unexpectedly, I came upon another trail. Pursuing this I came to a level flat country. At my right hand were some hills. Passing these I saw in the distance a log-house, and corn growing. These the hills had hidden from view. Had the house been built of polished marble, it could not have appeared more delightful to me. I rode up to the door and knocked. It was opened by a woman. I apologised for my appearance, having been lost in the woods since Friday, stating that I had left Fon du Lac for Sheboygan, and should feel greatly obliged to learn the name of the locality. The woman was from Ireland, and replied, "Faith, sir, then you are back at Fon du Lac again." I was within four miles of the place from which I started.'

W. E. FORSTER, ESQ., M.P.

'The Memoirs of William Forster, a minister of the Society of Friends, whose first visit was paid to America in 1824, contain the following from his diary:—

"Almost from the first of my coming to America I have wished to obtain a brief summary of the laws in all the different States, relating to slaves and free people of colour. A few friends in Philadelphia are now interested in the object, and I hope it will ultimately be accomplished, though it must be a work of considerable time, of no small labour, and probably of some expense. I know of nothing that would be so likely to arouse the people of the Eastern and

Middle States into action as having these oppressive statutes brought before them in such a compendium."

'This was written in Pennsylvania in 1824. In New York, soon afterwards, he adds:—"The work I have so long had in view, a digest of the laws of the different States, affecting slaves and free coloured people, is in progress. A young man, an attorney in Philadelphia, the son of my friend, Daniel Stroud, of Stroudsborough, has it in hand; he is hearty in the cause; I augur great things from its publication."

'Mr. Forster paid three visits to America. In the last he was one of a deputation sent by the English Society of Friends, for the purpose of waiting on the governor of each State and placing the subject of emancipation before him in the form of an address. The deputation called on the present President of the United States, who was then the governor of the Slave State of Tennessee.

'In a lecture on slavery which I delivered at Burleigh, near Otley, in Yorkshire, which was illustrated by a large map, I traced out the course of the deputation in the Slave States, and its arrival in Tennessee, and described the illness, death, and burial of one of the number—Mr. Forster—adding, he was the father of our worthy chairman, Mr. William Edward Forster, M.P., who presided, now (June, 1866) the Under Colonial Secretary, rose, and with much emotion said, "I regard my father as, in some sense, a martyr to the anti-slavery cause."

A RIGHTEOUS PROTEST.

'In April, 1850, a Christian Anti-Slavery Convention was held at Cincinnati, invited by a committee representing several religious denominations. As six of our white friends from College Hill designed attending it, I proposed that we should strike a blow at caste on the steamboat, and eat with the coloured passengers; and then distribute handbills among the whites, showing that we had done right. I read a copy of a handbill which I had drawn up. This was approved, they would eat with the coloured passengers, and I was authorised to have two hundred bills in readiness. They were neatly printed, and ready, when we all went on board the "Ben Franklin," one of the *most superb* boats on the river. But in the

with all the other boats, a white gambler on board was treated with more respect than a coloured minister, however intelligent or pious.

There were but two coloured passengers, Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, of Columbus; and S. Tossott, a Congregationalist. The supper bell rang in due season, and the first white company were served. It rang the second time, and a second company of white people took their seats. I and my anti-slavery friends were patiently waiting for the third bell. As I was beginning to fear they never would finish eating, the whites rose from the table, which having been prepared, the third bell rang for the coloured passengers. Then was seen the remarkable spectacle of whites and blacks eating at the same public table. The steward and waiters were coloured persons. I had apprised the steward of our plan,—so that six extra plates were duly laid. We enjoyed the supper, albeit several pairs of eyes peered upon us from the end of the cabin, who perhaps imagined the comet was coming, or some other unusual event, or why should caste be thus disregarded?

But the attention and diligence of the coloured waiters,—who were delighted to see their colour respected,—could scarcely be excelled. "Will you take some fish, sir? Shall I help you to a thin slice of ham? Will you take some of this excellent pie? Shall I change your plate, sir; this is another kind of pie." Why, if we had been governors of States, or members of the Cabinet, they could not have waited upon us with more assiduity. After supper we prepared to give the passengers a little anti-slavery dessert. Our anti-slavery friends divided the boat into districts, and each taking a number of bills, we gave one to each passenger. The bill read thus:—

"To the passengers on board this steamboat.

"Respected reader,—Custom having established a law which requires coloured persons, whatever may be their intellectual and moral worth, to wait until white persons have eaten, on board our steamboats, &c.

"We present to our fellow-passengers the following reasons against the continuance of this custom.

"1. It is unjust. Coloured passengers pay the same as others.

"2. It is contrary to the word of God: 'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.'

"3. It is anti-republican—all men are born free and equal.

"4. It pays no regard to moral character. Gamblers, if white, take precedence of ministers of the Gospel, if coloured.

"5. It is oppressive to the friends of liberty; they are expected to sanction the wicked prejudice on which slavery, the sum of all villainies, rests.

"Should the reader desire to reply publicly to these objections, he will please forward his name to the person from whom he received this handbill, that it may be appended to a paper to be presented to the captain of the steamboat, requesting the use of the saloon for that purpose.

"(Signed)—Several Passengers."

This was received differently by different persons. Mrs. Craven, whose district was the ladies' cabin, handed one to the wife of the captain. She read it, and instantly returned it, saying, "Take this back; my husband is perfectly competent to make rules to govern this boat." But her husband had not made the rule. The slaveholders had made it; perhaps she feared the loss of their custom if caste was disregarded.

I handed a bill to a man sitting near the stove,—he read it and threw it in the fire. Another proposed to see the captain and have those who had distributed the bills set ashore at the first wood-yard. This is one of the yards where wood is piled up for the steamboats, as they consume wood instead of coal; and perhaps no house could be found within twenty miles of it. So great was the excitement that, though I endeavoured to look calm, I feared all our anti-slavery friends would be thrown into the river together. A passenger came to me for another copy of the bill, to send to South Carolina. This I was happy to supply. A person said I am quite willing to eat with such respectable coloured passengers as we have on board. Here was a convert. But among all the passengers not one was found willing to come forward and publicly defend the ungodly practice of excluding coloured passengers from the table. Yet it was a hard task for them, after having been challenged, to say nothing.

Free coloured persons were not allowed to sleep in the state-rooms. Beds are made up for them on the cabin-floor. Many prefer to sit up all night. Yet when a slaveholder goes on board he occupies

occupies one berth in the state-room and his slave the other, to be ready to hand his master a glass of water in the night, if he should be thirsty. I took a state-room, containing two berths, and told Mr. Fitzgerald he could occupy one of them. This was the first instance in the history of the boat where a free coloured person and a white man had occupied the same state-room. As I thought of his comfortable situation compared with sleeping on the cabin-floor my pillow seemed softer.

'Mr. Fitzgerald, the coloured minister above referred to, visited St. Louis. At that time all coloured men who were strangers in that city were liable to be sent to prison. While walking down the street a policeman came, and demanded who he belonged to? "I belong," he replied, "to Mr. Fitzgerald." As this was a somewhat aristocratic name, the policeman was satisfied, and went away, little imagining that Mr. Fitzgerald had claimed the right to belong to himself. I inquired of Mr. Fitzgerald how he succeeded in bearing up under the constant ill-treatment of the white people. His reply was—"I used to grieve much about it, till I came to the determination—I will deserve respect, and then if I am not respected it will be no fault of mine. Since then the ill-treatment has but little effect upon me."

THE RIGHT SORT OF FAST.

'Passing through Mequanego in one of my journeys, I was requested to preach, but the hope was expressed that I would not refer to slavery, because there was a revival of religion, and it might check the progress of the revival. It is customary in a revival to devote a day to fasting and prayer. I inquired if they ever knew a revival injured by a fast? The reply was "No, a fast always promotes a revival." I then asked them to bring the Bible, turn to the 58th of Isaiah, and read the 6th verse. They did so, as follows:—"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? To loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

'I then stated that they had acknowledged that a fast promoted a revival, yet they feared to keep one of God's chosen fasts, lest the revival should be hindered.

'In the smaller towns and villages,

usually, a long shed is erected to accommodate the horses of the members of the congregation during the time of worship. When a Baptist Association was held, the supporters of slavery on reaching the place of worship, would go to the shed and survey the horses, and seeing my French pony among them would exclaim, "Ah, here is Mr. Mathews's pony, now we shall have to meet that slavery question again."

GOVERNOR BRIGGS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

'Governor Briggs really seemed to be an excellent and devout man. He related the following anecdote, which deeply affected the audience. A father gave his son a dollar, and told him to be careful of it and save it. The son passing through the streets, and seeing a little girl crying bitterly, inquired the cause, and learned that her mother was ill, and that they had no food. He went to the house, found that it was indeed a case of distress, and gave the woman his dollar. A few days afterwards the father said to him—"Well, my son, have you the dollar I gave you?" "No, father," he replied, "I have lent it." He then inquired to whom? and learning the facts of the case, said—"I do not object to your having aided the distressed family, but you should have been more candid, and not have said you lent it." "Father," said the son, "the Bible says he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." The father was so well pleased with this smart answer that he gave his son another dollar. On receiving it, he said—"There, father, I knew I should get my dollar again, but I did not think it would come back so quick!"

'Yet, as an illustration of the power of the slaveholders to corrupt and mislead men of benevolent minds, by means of their pro-slavery political party machinery, the course Governor Briggs pursued in the Mexican war may be adduced. Polk called on Mr. Briggs, in common with the governors of the other States, to furnish troops for the war. Governor Briggs ought to have protested against this high-handed iniquity. Instead of doing this he called out some troops, and sent them forward to fight for the extension of slavery.

'He died a soldier's death, for going one day to a closet in which was a loaded gun, as he opened the door the

gun

gun fell forward and exploded, causing his death.'

HOW IT USED TO BE.

'Mr. Collins, whose hospitality I shared, related to me the following case of cruelty, which he had just heard on good authority:—

'In Alabama a slave ran away. The dogs were sent in pursuit, overtook him, and so attacked him that his tongue hung out of his mouth several inches. The poor fellow was brought back. To punish him he was compelled to stand upon his feet in front of the house of the woman claiming him. All night he was kept thus, all the next day, and the succeeding night. Nature, however, gave way, and he fell down. A fire was kept burning, and when he fell a hot brand was applied to him, till he rose up again. His shrieks were such that the woman owning him, who was a member of the Baptist Church, being unable to endure them, left the vicinity; and then the slave was hung by the mob.'

'A member of the Cross Creek Church stated to me that, in Eastern Maryland, a slave was tied up to an apple tree and flogged till he died. An iron collar was round his neck, and to obtain it his head was chopped off; the head and trunk were buried in a hole near the apple tree.

'In almost every neighbourhood some tragical case of cruelty to the slaves was related to me.'

Richard Cobden: A Study for Young Men. By T. Bullock, author of 'History of Modern Europe,' 'History of England,' &c., &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., Stationers' Hall Court. Manchester: John Heywood, 143, Deansgate.

SOME hitherto unpublished and very interesting particulars of the life of the late illustrious Free-trade apostle are included in this brief but valuable memoir. Mr. Bullock is a skilful and vigorous writer, and he has here a theme more than worthy of his pen. The following passages are taken from his pamphlet:—

'On the 3rd of June, 1804, Richard Cobden was born in a homely farmhouse at Dunford, within easy distance from Midhurst, a small parliamentary borough, standing in a neighbourhood of great natural beauty, and surrounded

by many fine mansions, belonging to the families of Richmond, Egmont, Camoys, Percies, Montagues, and Wyndhams. A little to the north of Midhurst is Verdrey, the birthplace of Otway, the poet. Midhurst is a small, ancient-looking town of about 7,000 inhabitants. For some time the celebrated Charles J. Fox sat for it in Parliament. Its Grammar School—now fallen into decay—gave young Cobden the rudiments of his education. For a time, and before he settled at Dunford, Cobden's father resided at Midhurst; and his grandfather, known as "Maltster Cobden," is said to have been many years chief magistrate or head bailiff there. The father of Richard Cobden died when Richard was a mere boy; but a friend of the family, a gentleman of Chichester, generously provided for the completion of his education in that cathedral city. At the age of fourteen or fifteen, young Cobden was taken under the care of an uncle, who had a warehouse in London, whither Master Richard, duly perched on a stage-coach, was transferred. From beneath the shadow of Chichester Cathedral, and from amid the pastures and stubble fields of Dunford, to the grim rooms of a London warehouse, was a somewhat striking transition. It was not long before the master found that his new servant was much addicted to reading. This kind of employment was not what he wanted in a warehouse, nor, in the uncle's opinion, was a youth whose heart was set on books likely to do much that was wonderful in the counting-house; and at length young Cobden was plainly told that he must give up reading, or give up expecting ever to succeed in business. If this meant that he must cease reading during business hours, it might not have been very far from the truth; but if it meant that the employment of his leisure time with books was inconsistent with success in business, it was a very foolish and mistaken notion. Be this as it may, young Cobden kept to his reading, and, withal, succeeded well in his business; while his old master, who no doubt eschewed reading, in due time failed in his business, and came to comparative poverty. The "reader," however, did not allow his old employer to want, for while the old man lived, Richard Cobden, when at the height of his popularity, allowed him £50 a year from his own purse.

'With a view to improving his position,

tion, young Cobden before long removed to another firm in Watling-street. Here he served his master faithfully, and was in due time changed from an indoor to an outdoor servant. One of the regular travellers of the firm being sick, it fell to the lot of Richard to undertake his duties. At first he received but a very moderate salary, but on the "road" he was soon much respected. He sent home large orders, and made his services too valuable to his employers to be dispensed with. Many a tradesman now living remembers his interesting, gentlemanly, after-dinner conversations and discussions in the commercial rooms, where he not only knew how to "take orders," but to talk Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." Already the young commercial traveller was an enthusiastic advocate of Free-trade, and at the same time a favourite with his employers, who, in course of time, wishing to withdraw from the business, offered it to young Cobden and two other of their young servants.

"In his business transactions young Cobden, by his skill and affability, had won the respect and admiration of a London commercial gentleman—a Mr. Lewis. The three young men to whom was offered the interest and good-will of the business above referred to were required to find £1,500 in cash as their part of the bargain. None of the three had the command of money, but all resolved to look round for friends. Each indulged the hope that he would fall on the right man. Cobden seems to have had the least prospect of success, but he applied, with trembling no doubt, to Mr. Lewis, who readily promised to advance £500 as young Cobden's share. So far there was a bright prospect, but soon young Cobden had to return to Mr. Lewis with the sad tale that his colleagues had been unable to raise their proportion of £500 each. This looked gloomy enough, for £500 was but a third of £1,500, nor was young Cobden hopeful that Mr. Lewis would advance the £500 against the empty purses of his proposed partners. The retiring firm, however, at length agreed to accept £500, and Mr. Lewis found the money. The three young men were soon launched and fairly afloat on the sea of business. They opened three establishments; one at Sabden, near Clitheroe, for the printing of calicoes, in which they dealt, and two others, one in London and another in Manchester,

for the sale of goods. The Manchester house, under the name of 'Richard Cobden and Co.,' was situated in Mosley-street, a street now almost devoted to warehouses, but at that time mainly occupied by the medical profession, one or two of whom still stand the whirl of business and the racket of luries and 'buses, and hold their ground amid crammed warehouses and interminable bales of cotton goods.

'At this time (1830) Richard Cobden was scarcely twenty-six years old, but soon after his new start in life he began to take an interest in public questions, and to attract the attention of some of the local leaders of public opinion. In the meantime his business flourished, and he began to accumulate money. With energy and courage, combined with rare judgment and tact, Cobden pushed his business. Selecting a few new designs, he rapidly supplied the home market with such prints as met home tastes, and at once shipped to foreign markets such as failed to meet a ready sale in this country. Rapidly he took the lead in calico-printing. "Cobden's prints" were known everywhere, and later on, when he was becoming famous throughout Europe as a politician, servant girls and duchesses, mechanics' wives and young Queen Victoria, were seen dressed in "Cobden's prints."

'Richard Cobden was not the man to be long content with merely reading and talking politics. He tried his pen, modestly and anonymously in a Manchester paper, as do most intelligent young men, especially where they can find an editor who has sense enough and manliness enough to treat them with respect. His letters on the incorporation of Manchester, and other public questions, under the signature of "Libra," at least made an impression on the editor of the *Manchester Times* of that day, who, after a time, believing there was a new man starting up in the Liberal ranks of the cotton metropolis, asked one morning, in his "Notices to Correspondents," to have an interview at the office of the journal with his new contributor. About noon of the same day a young gentleman introduced himself as "Richard Cobden," a name which was strange to the editor, who at once inquired his business. The young man had to explain that he was "Libra," and that he understood the editor "wished to see him." The two were soon on good

has got the long ears and the fool's cap now?" In his more private circles he would indulge in a little laughter at the follies and blunderings of his political opponents, but important subjects, he considered, should always be discussed with due gravity in Parliament.

'It was not a little which could provoke Cobden to personal conflict, but when he was so provoked he generally came down on his opponent, no matter whom, with terrible severity. His comparatively recent "set-to" with the *Times* newspaper in defence of Mr. Bright, who had been calumniously misrepresented on the "land question," displayed the resolute and determined spirit of Cobden, and convinced Mr. Delane that he was not to be trifled with under the guise of the anonymous. Cobden, however, was always quiet and somewhat flat in prospect of an unpleasant conflict in the House. On the way, a friend once tried to cheer him by jokes. He kept serious, however, and was in no mood for fun. The blundering of his opponents, it was said, would give him a glorious triumph. He still kept serious, and coolly replied, "I know you can enjoy all this, and perhaps it is best so; but I hate having to beard in this way hundreds of well-meaning, wrong-headed people, and to face the look of rage and loathing with which they regard me: but it must be done." He had less of bitterness in his character, perhaps, than any other party man. In his bosom he could not harbour personal rancour. He might be moved to fiery indignation by a public injustice, and then display a latent vehemence which nothing else could rouse. Only a mean man can cherish in his heart personal hatred, and Cobden knew how to be mean in nothing. He was always generous-minded, too, and quite willing to accord due merit to friends and foes. When journeying to meetings, during the early struggle of the League, in the neighbourhood of Manchester, he would often converse with friends on kindred subjects as they passed along, and introduce on the platform points which had thus been canvassed on the road.

'Cobden was an honest, a straightforward, transparent man, who could not do with trickery or crookedness in any shape. He was a true son of Nature, who heartily despised much of the artificial and conventional of this world. Affectations and fopperies, plush and liveries, he had no respect for. Still,

he was nothing like an approach to the Quaker, but from birth was a sound Churchman, whom bishops were proud to talk to to the last. Yet Cobden was no cynic, nor did he interfere with or lecture those who liked to dandle and display baubles. Once, at the time of the Quaker disruption in Manchester, at a dinner party, he joked an alderman who had seceded. The latter had put on a blue dandy coat, with gilt buttons and so forth, and, indeed, had turned rather gay for a man of his extraction. Cobden went up to him, and taking hold of his bright buttons, said, "Ah, William —, we shall soon have you, if not a *swearer*, a *fighter*, like other good Christians!"

The Englishwoman's Review: A Journal of Woman's Work. London: 19, Langham Place, Regent-street; and W. Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.

THE first number of a new Quarterly Review, designed to fill the much deplored vacancy left in the discontinuance of the 'Englishwoman's Journal.'

It opens with four very well-written articles;—first, on the object of the new Review; second, on Types of Female Character; third, on the Scarcity of good Maid Servants; and, fourth, on the Extension of the Franchise to Female Householders. It contains, also, expositions of public opinion on questions concerning women, culled from current publications, besides other valuable subsidiary matter.

The second article is by the estimable and now, we may add, renowned Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, who has won laurels in two distinct fields,—social science, and literature. Miss Parkes explains that she has at all times believed that the most effectual help which could be rendered by literature toward advancing the education of women, or extending their capacities of usefulness, was in presenting many conceptions of what they really are in some few of their innumerable types, showing that the stuff out of which it is desired to create a better average, is not a dull or even a beautiful uniformity of nature, but something extraordinarily diverse in its kinds, and capable of infinite modification by circumstances. Her protest is strong against the supposition that all women do, or ought to, possess a fixed type of nature from which any deviation is a sin against true beauty and true strength. And rapid though her progress

gress necessarily is in this article across the centuries of history and the fields of literature, she succeeds in giving no slight demonstration of the justness of her protest.

Our *Social Science Selections* bear some witness to the value of the third article,—on the scarcity of good maid servants. We know not which are of the most value, the passages we have quoted, or those which we have left unquoted.

For the extension of the franchise to female householders equally as to males, the fourth article assigns excellent reasons. And with reference to the false report current in some quarters, that only some twenty signatures were attached to the famous female-franchise petition presented to Parliament last May, the article affirms that not twenty, but fifteen hundred was the number of signatures attached; that amongst them were the names of many widows and married women; and that the proportion of women who signed it, under thirty-five years old, was much less than that of those who transcend that age.

This new Quarterly gives excellent promise of usefulness, and has our heartiest good wishes.

The Middle Classes and the Borough Franchise. By Henry Warwick Cole, Q.C. London: Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

THE author's design is to point out a method by which the electoral franchise may be extended to large masses of the working classes without at the same time swamping the middle classes. Such as consider this, and not something else, to be the problem that really requires solution, may hail the appearance of this pamphlet with interest and pleasure, for the author certainly succeeds in dealing with that particular problem in a less objectionable way than any other projector whose scheme we have happened to meet with.

Animal Sagacity. Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. London: S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

ARE any of our readers in search of a very charming present for a child? If so, we advise them to obtain sight of a volume just published by Mr. Partridge, in anticipation of the great gift season. They will find in it a large number of anecdotes of animals, well adapted to promote kindliness towards the lower

creation in the conduct of little people; and so beautifully printed, in such clear type, on such stout and smooth paper, and bound so attractively, that surely, having seen it, they will be compelled to buy. The illustrations are large, abundant, and of excellent quality.

The Children's Prize. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

ON a smaller scale, and in cheaper style, than the book last noticed, the 'Children's Prize' will be found to be a very acceptable gift for a child. It consists of one year's numbers of a monthly magazine, full of moral and religious anecdotes and little homilies, profusely illustrated with woodcuts.

Sparks from the Anvil. By Elihu Burritt. Illustrated edition. Pp. 148. London: S. W. Partridge.

A NEATLY illustrated edition of an old favourite.

Millennial Sacred Lyre, &c. By James Sinclair, of Strathapey, Natural Philosopher, Poet, Critic, &c.

THREE queer-looking little pamphlets, apparently printed on a Waterlow's copying press, or some machine of that kind, and published, as the author says, 'for the good of humanity.' Unfortunately, the character is so small that the use of a microscope is advisable in the perusal, on which account, if on no other, we fear humanity will fail to receive the benefit intended.

A Few Observations on the Diet of Invalids; chiefly intended for Nurses and Nursing Mothers; with numerous Recipes. By Henry Barber, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London. Ulverstone Advertiser office.

A PAMPHLET full of most judicious advice, and just the thing to place in the hands of any nursing mother whose inclinations or whose friends solicit her to take alcoholic drinks.

The Social Reformer; a Journal of Economical and Social Science. Glasgow: George Love, 40, and James Nimmo, 36, St. Enoch Square; Scottish Permissive Bill Association, 11, Union-street.

THIS is the spirited and useful organ of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association, and holds a high place amongst the serials of its class.

John Heppell; or, 'Just One Glass.'
London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

ANOTHER pathetic temperance story, well adapted for doing missionary work. It is nicely illustrated.

The Class and the Desk; a Manual for Teachers, being Notes of Preparation for the Sunday School. London: James Sangster and Co., La Belle Sauvage Yard; and W. Kent and Co., 21, Paternoster Row.

THIS serial retains the characteristics for which we have previously given it our commendation.

The Life-Boat; or, Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution. Issued Quarterly. London: 14, John-street, Adelphi.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

The Shipwrecked Mariner. A Quarterly Maritime Magazine. London: Geo. Morrish, 42, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

The Financial Reformer. A Monthly Periodical, established by the Financial Reform Association, July, 1858, to Advocate Economical Government, Just and Simple Taxation, and Perfect Freedom of Trade. Printed for the Council of the Financial Reform Association, by Holme and Copley, 3, South John-street, Liverpool.

Work and Wages; or, Capital, Currency, and Production. With Observations in Reply to Professor Cairnes on the Bank Charter; and Remarks on Gold, as the Standard of Value, as Money, and as an Instrument of Exchange. By E. T. Craig, Author of 'A Remedy for Ireland; with Suggestions on Co-

operative Farming,' &c. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

The Church of the People. A Monthly Magazine. London: James Parker and Co., 377, Strand. Manchester: A. Megson and Son.

The Baptist Magazine. (The profits given to the widows of Baptist Ministers.) Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Church. A Penny Magazine. Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Our Own Fireside; a Monthly Magazine of Home Literature for the Christian Family. Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester; Author of 'The Way Home,' 'The Syrian Leper,' &c. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

Old Jonathan's Almanack, 1887.

Old Jonathan; or, the District and Parish Helper. For the Streets and Lanes of the City, for the Highways and Hedges, to bring in the Poor and the Maimed, and the Halt and the Blind. Monthly. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

A Remedy for the Pacification of Ireland; or, How to Manage the Agricultural Population, and at the same time Secure a good Rental, and make a Prosperous, Contented, and Happy People. Illustrated by a Sketch of the Ralahine Agricultural and Co-operative Association; with Suggestions of Agricultural Co-operation, and Regulations for Co-operative Farming. By E. T. Craig, Author of 'Shakespeare, Art, and the Heritage of Genius,' &c. Second Edition. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row.

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Meliora.

THE OLD DRAMATISTS ON DRINK.

THE dramatic literature of England, taken for all in all, is characterised by force, intelligence, and personality. Its early producers were great men, great Englishmen, full of the hardy vitality of the race from which they sprung. As Hazlitt has said, 'They were truly English. They did not look out of themselves to see what they should be; they sought for truth and nature, and found it in themselves. There was no tinsel and but little art; they were not the spoiled children of affectation and refinement, but a bold, vigorous, independent race of thinkers, with prodigious strength and energy, with none but natural grace, and heartfelt unobtrusive delicacy. They were not at all sophisticated. The mind of their country was great in them, and it prevailed. With their learning and unexampled acquirement, they did not forget that they were men: with all their endeavours after excellence they did not lay aside the strong original bent and character of their minds.' These poets, knowing the irregularity and might of human passion, saw in the representative form of the drama an effective instrument for the exposition of thought—of thought gifted with the grace, power, and attractiveness of life; and trusting to their own judgments they produced visions of life, pictures of history, expositions of the workings of passion, and lessons on the philosophy of events, which have placed the dramatic literature of England in the foremost files of the products of thought, and enabled Bacon, the great compeer of Shakespeare, to say, '*Dramatica poesis est veluti Historia spectabilis.*' 'Dramatic poetry is, as it were, visible history.' It was because they themselves lived and translated their own life into thought that they were able to exhibit to others the threads of causation running from the passionate heart of man along the mazes of circumstance to the production of results. The fancy, the affections, the passions, and the reasonings of men, in all their strength and with all their

ardour, were looked on and experienced by them with observant eyes, and turned to account at once as illustrations or instructions. Hence the realism of the Elizabethan drama and its *vraisemblance*; and hence it is that the wit, humour, brilliancy of thought, briskness of fancy, and dexterity of phrase never seem superfluous, or merely ornamental, and are accepted as part of the characters which defile before us upon imagination's broad and ample stage. They are impassioned persons, not personified passions; they are neither allegories, symbols, nor types, but plain realities invested with a life beyond life by the master spirits of that age of vivid conception, ardent feeling, and glowing thought.

In the Elizabethan era, dramatic literature had a peculiar suitability to the state of society. The practical mind of England revolted from abstract thought and persisted in having things put in the concrete. Intelligence had, indeed, been enfranchised from its bondage to ritual theology and scholastic philosophy; but it could not readily divest itself of the taste for scenic effect imbibed from the former, or the inclination to search into the secret operations of thought induced by the latter. The theatre combined both, yet secularised each, and added besides a sort of experimental philosophy of the passions which harmonised with the tendencies of the time. But it had also a higher utility. It popularised thought. It educated the people. It supplied 'object lessons' in history, social life, and morals for the masses. It diffused throughout society the best ideas of the best thinkers in the most attractive forms, and with the most effective urgency and agencies. In an unreading age it provided intellectual excitement and secular instruction. It united in its own functions for that age what we now diversely effect by our galleries of painting and sculpture, our concerts and conversaziones, our lectures and clubrooms, our museums and athenæums, our public libraries and reading-rooms, and our magazines and newspapers. The drama was, indeed, an essential element in the life of a transitional age, in which great mental activity and intense passion were combined with scarcity of books and inability to read, as well as with tastes for enjoying life in common, and a deficiency of home accommodations and comforts to make such enjoyment possible at the citizen's fireside. Looked at thus, the drama, in the age of its highest development, justifies its existence as a form at once of literature and of life.

The drama represents action in the line of causation, not of appearance. Painting shows only a state, the action of a moment; but the drama displays to us the forward movement

of quick life—life passing amid the possibilities and probabilities of passion and event, as a constantly changing present rooted in the past and growing towards the future, the *denouement*. The drama is not only imitative but instructive; life so exhibited as to give pleasure; it is, in one word, *imaginative*. It is not like dialogue, a dull and changeless discourse, shared in by several interlocutors; nor stately narrative like an epic; nor all emotion-fraught like lyric poetry. It possesses, indeed, animated dialogue and conversation briskened by feeling; it has a story in the origin, movement, and issue; and it gains interest and intensity from the energy of the emotion which it represents; but all these are realised and invested with life. They thus acquire a zest and relish; and impart a vitally animal delight by their sensuousness, which gives them a power over the spirit far more lively and enduring than either could possess singly and apart. Hence, the drama busied men's brains, stirred their hearts, quickened public opinion, and excited zeal, for it was the mirror of human life constructed by genius.

So lusty was the life of the early dramatists, that their thoughts took shape, vitality, and individuality. They hunger and thirst, rejoice and are sorrowful, act and are acted upon, have lawless imaginations and tormenting desires, both 'fate and metaphysical aid' surround them, yet they are real. We do not find them—

Playing with words and idle similes,

but creating persons, setting in motion causes, and bringing about effects. This overflowing life, this boisterousness of animal vivacity and spendthriftness of fancy, make the biographies of our dramatists often as full of incident as their own plays, and as interesting as many modern romances. They are all tinctured with a spirit of adventure, and almost all of them have an unsaintly touch of sin on their souls, indicating a sort of hunger and thirst after unrighteousness. Vicissitudes, dangers, excitements, were common with them. It was seldom that with any of them 'it savoured of meat and drink;' but when it did they 'made the best amends they could for a year of abstinence and toil by a week of merriment and convivial indulgence.' From these men, brimful of the experiences of life, we wish to draw a lesson, and to learn what they thought of that vice of drunkenness in which they too often revelled, and from which they frequently suffered. We intend, by 'induction of instances' taken from their writings, to show what the old dramatists thought of drink, and in what spirit they spoke of that bane of men, cities, and societies.

This is a quarry yet unwrought in the temperance cause. There has, indeed, appeared in 'The Scottish Review' an able paper on 'The Sots of Shakespeare,' and in our own pages (October, 1861) an endeavour was made to interest our readers in Shakespeare's opinions 'on Wine.' We venture to open a much more extensive and exhaustive investigation; and to endeavour to bring before the reader the verdict of the old dramatists on drink. That we are not unlikely, in the course of our quest, to find some distinct expressions of opinion on this subject may be indicated by a quotation or two from an old author, whose power seems to come nearer to the fine vigour and impassioned form of thought, the illustrative terseness, the deep reach of feeling, and profound philosophy of Shakespeare than any other dramatist among his compeers; although in his own time,—

His Fame unto that pitch was only raised,
As not to be despised, nor overpraised.

Of Cyril Tourneur the only authentic fact known is that in 1613 he carried letters to Brussels for King James I., and was rewarded for this service with ten pounds. He is reputedly the author of three plays—'The Nobleman, a tragi-comedy,' 'The Atheist's Tragedy,' and 'The Revenger's Tragedy.' The first is lost; from the second we have read a few extracts; the third is the only one we know; and we quite endorse the late Professor Craik's opinion of it. 'Both in the development of character and the conduct of the action, it evinces a rare dramatic skill, and the dialogue in parts is wonderfully fine—natural and direct as real passion, yet ennobled by the breathing thoughts and burning words of a poetic imagination, by images and lines that plough into the memory and the heart.' Amongst these we need not hesitate to quote the following expressive phrases, which we commend to the notebook and mind of temperance advocates. The play from which they are taken was published in 1606. Spurio, the illegitimate son of the Duke, complains:—

I was begot

After some gluttonous dinner, some stirring dish
Was my first father, when deep healths went round,
And ladies' cheeks were painted red with wine,
Their tongues as short and nimble as their heels,
Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rose
Were merrily disposed to fall again.
In such a whispering and withdrawing hour,
When base male-bawds kept sentinel at stair heads,
Was I stolen softly; oh, damnation meet,
The sin of feasts—drunken adultery.
I feel it swell me! my revenge is just!
I was begot in impudent wine and lust.
Stepmother, I consent to thy desires;
I love thy mischief well, but I hate thee.

His honestly born half-brother, Vindici, speaks of—

Drunken procreation ! which begets so many drunkards.
Well, if anything be damned,
It will be twelve o'clock at night ; that twelve
Will never 'scape.
It is the Judas of the hours, wherein
Honest salvation is betrayed to sin.

This same Vindici, with a skull in his hand, says—

Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble ;
A drunkard clasp his teeth, and not undo them,
To suffer wet damnation to run through them.

Luxurioso, asking for a person, gets as his reply from Hippolito—

Your good lordship
Would have a loathsome sight of him, offence ;
He's not in case now to be seen, my lord,
The worst of all the deadly sins is in him :—
That beggarly damnation—Drunkennes.
Luxurioso. Then he's a double slave.

Vindici, too, when this double slave is to be murdered in his drunken sleep for his mighty revenge, avers—

He that dies drunk, falls into hell fire like a bucket of water, quah, quah !

Here, having drawn our bow almost at a venture, in a single play we have found a goodly number of strong, pertinent words, which show that Cyril Tournour had seen, perhaps felt, the terrible woes of addiction to that vice and sin which another dramatist affirms will be employed—

To be hell's advocate 'gainst their own souls.

England's old dramatists, although possessed of nimble fancy, delectable wit, and 'brave sublunary' intelligence, were also for the most part endowed with strong passions and given to evil habits. They would 'continue quaffing, carousing, and surfeiting' for days together on the proceeds of a successful play ; and thereafter, overwhelmed by the distresses arising from their excesses, would hide out of sight from friends for shame, from duns for debt, and from foes for terror, often being noticed, as an old rhymist has it—

Now strutting in a silken suit,
Then begging by the way.

It was a wild, coarse, dissolute life they led for the most part ;—we except their head and chief, for reasons given in a paper ('Meliora,' April, 1864) on 'The Moral Character of Shakespeare.' They were most of them men whom accident or folly had thrown out of the right grooves of progress ; and

who, for one reason or another, had no fixed means of living, or settled dwelling place. Their labours delighted others, but they were scantily requited for what they produced. Irregular passions and irregular pay are bad companions, and their experience of the dangers of drink were very marked. Marlowe, Nash, Peele, and Greene, for instance, encouraged each other in the ways of folly, and greedily hasted after and tasted all the debauchery and dissipation of London. They quickly squandered what they readily gained. As frequenters of taverns and ordinaries they acquired the reputation of lovers of good eating and drinking, heroes of alehouse brawls, and riotous violators of the quiet of nights. All ended ill.

Marlowe was happy in his buskined Muse,
 Alas! unhappy in his life and end.
 Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell—
 Wit lent from Heaven, but vices sent from Hell.

In a drunken quarrel between himself and a rival in an illicit amour, Christopher Marlowe, one of the chief of British playwrights, met his death. 'So it fell out,' says Beard in his 'Theatre of God's Judgments,' 'that as he proposed to stab one whom he owed a grudge unto, with his dagger, the other party perceiving, so avoided the stroke, that withal, catching hold of his wrist, he stabbed his own dagger into his own head, in such sort that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be wrought, he shortly after died thereof.' This 'mortal stab' was administered by Francis Archer, 1st June, 1593.

Thus did he come to sudden end,
 That was a foe to all,
 And least unto himself a friend,
 As raging passion's thrall.

Nash was scarcely less disreputable, though he had the grace to repent. This thoughtless libertine, who had been expelled from the University on account of 'riotous vanity,' was imprudent, extravagant, and dissipated. Often in poverty, frequently in prison, seldom free from some fault, yet such was the extraordinary power of his genius that it withstood the evil communications of 'nifs, foists, coney-catchers, cross-biters, lifts, high-lawyers, and all the rabble of that unclean generation of vipers,' among whom he had his conversation for years; and stayed with him among all the extreme shifts to which he was driven. The time fortunately came to him, perhaps through Greene's beseeching, that he turned from his folly, and said:—

Ah worthless wit, to train me to this woe!
 Deceitful arts that nourish discontent!
 Ill thrive the folly that bewitched me so;
 Vain thoughts adieu for now I will repent.

Repentance, however, could not save him from the premature grave which early vicious habit usually digs, and he perished when less than thirty-seven years of age. From him we have, as we shall see anon, one of the most striking testimonies against Bacchanalian indulgence to be met with in our dramatic literature.

George Peele, whom Nash describes as 'the chief supporter of pleasure now living, the Atlas of poetry, and *primus verborum artifex* (foremost worker in words),' was an author by profession. His 'pregnant dexterity of wit and manifold variety of invention,' made him popular with the town wits, and the habits of debauchery then prevalent in society were too agreeable to his own natural disposition to receive much resistance. Latterly he entirely quitted the paths of honest living and resorted to many ingenious though wicked devices for procuring money, most frequently on false pretences. He, too, died a sad and premature death, due to the vices in which he indulged. 'His comedies and tragedies,' says Anthony Wood, 'were often acted with great applause, and did endure reading with due commendation many years after their author's death.'

Robert Greene, the chief man of this party of pre-Shakespearean playwrights, was a most dissipated dramatist, although a man of almost exhaustless intellectual resources, and considerable genius, although in morals 'unstable as water,' or rather unsteady as a drunkard's gait. He was an outspoken and public reveller, well known for the extreme licentiousness of his life, and his devotion 'to loves, to passions, and to society.'

Such a life could not and did not end in peace; he was, as we proceed to show, cut off in the prime of his days—as early, it is believed, as his thirty-second year—and his eyes were closed amidst circumstances as melancholy as any that are to be found in the whole range of biography. It was early in August, 1592, that Greene held the fatal banquet which terminated in his death. It consisted of pickled herrings and Rhenish wine—the most injurious meal he could have chosen—and he indulged immoderately in both. His chief guest was Nash, a well-known dramatist of the period. He was immediately seized by a complaint in the bowels, accompanied by inflammation and swelling, which gradually spread upwards to his heart. During the month which intervened between this attack and his death, his condition was truly wretched; his lodgings were at a poor shoemaker's in the Dowgate, and, there can be no doubt, that but for the compassion shown him he must have perished for the want of the common necessities of life. The poor man could ill afford to maintain him a month, little as he required, but he did what he could without complaining; and the kindness of the shoemaker's wife, who acted as his nurse, is mentioned with praise. She had admired, she now pitied him; and she no doubt grieved that she could not furnish him with the things which his appetite craved. She wept as she afterwards related how plaintively he had begged for a pennyworth of Malmesbury; whether he procured it we know not. She and the mother of his illegitimate child were, we are told, the only persons who visited him on his bed of death. In this his hour of need he was forsaken by all, even by Nash, the companion of his drunkenness. This, however, is not strictly true; for

certainly Henry Chettle, a fertile but forgotten writer, who published his *Groat's Worth of Wit* [bought with a million of repentance]; and his *Repentance* [of Robert Greene, Master of Arts; written by himself, in which is laid open his loose life, with the manner of his death], who transcribed a portion of both, and added something at the close, must have received his dying instructions; however, this is scarcely a relief to the dark and melancholy parts of the picture. To heighten our sense of his destitution, we need only observe, that he was in a sad state of filth for want of clean linen, that he had but one shirt, and when it was washed he was glad to borrow one from the shoemaker. In that state he died, September the third, and the same charity which had supported him in his last days bore his expenses to the tomb.*

Such a life and such a death should be a lesson of itself, but the lesson should be emphasised to every one when we hear from a deathbed racked by pain of body and remorse of soul, such words as these addressed to the companions of his loose career, in his *Groat's Worth of Wit* :—

If woeful experience may move you, gentlemen, to beware, or unheard of wretchedness intreat you to take heed, I doubt not that you will look back with sorrow on your past time, and endeavour with repentance to spend that which is to come. Defer not (with me) till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited. Let me heartily intreat of you to be warned by my harms. Delight not (as I have done) in irreligious oaths; for from the blasphemer's house a curse shall not depart. *Despite drunkenness, which wasteth the wit, and maketh men all equal to the beasts.* Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light tapers that are, with care, delivered to all of you to maintain; these with wind-puffed wrath may be extinguished, which drunkenness puts out, which negligence lets fall; for man's time of itself is not so short, but it is more shortened by sin.

If we bring such witnesses as these to give evidence as to the evils of intoxication and intemperance, we cannot be accused of culling our witnesses from men of no experience, mere theoretical speculators and cold water drinkers, but of men who had 'perfect understanding of all these things.'

We may now, perhaps, find the reader inclined to change the topic of topers' lives for a little, and to take a taste of their quality as authors; and we shall proceed to quote from the only known independent dramatic work of the brilliant pamphleteer, the quick, elastic, inexhaustible satirist, Thomas Nash. The play, 'Summer's last Will and Testament,' from which we make our extracts, is one composed mostly in blank verse, partly in prose, and interspersed here and there with some lyrical poetry. It was performed before Queen Elizabeth, at Nonsuch, in 1592. It has no very marked diversity in the characters, and little plot-interest. The chief part is that of Will Summers, the jester at the court of Henry VIII. The play depends upon a pun between the Shropshire-born court fool's name and the fair season of summer. It is more a pageant than a play. Will Summers acts as a sort of master

* 'Lives of the English Dramatists,' vol. I., p. 30. 'Lardner's Cyclopædia.'

of the ceremonies, calling in the different mystery-men, as they might be called, and directing their actions and their conversation. The *dramatis personæ* are chiefly allegorical, *e.g.*, Ver, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Christmas, and Backwinter, Sons to Winter, Sol, Solstitium, Vertumnus, Orion, Bacchus, Harvest, with satyrs, nymphs, maids, clowns, hunters, reapers, morris-dancers, and other supernumeraries. Amidst a good deal of buffoonery and tomfooling there are some pertinent passages of poetry here and there, and our readers will see from the subjoined extract that Nash knew something of the incoherent talkativeness and treachery of Bacchus.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Bacchus.
Vertumnus. Bacchus, Bacche, Bacchum ;
 God Bacchus, god fatback,
 Baron of double beer and bottle ale,
 Come in and show thy nose that is nothing pale ;
 Back, back there, god barrel-belly may enter.

[*Enter BACCHUS riding upon an ass, trapp'd in ivy, himself dress'd in vine leaves, and a garland of grapes on his head ; his companions having all jacks in their hands, and ivy garlands on their heads ; they come in singing—*]

THE SONG.

Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass
 In cup, in corn, or glass.
 God Bacchus *do me right,**
 And dub me knight

Domingo.

Bacchus. Wherefore, didst thou call me, Vertumnus ? Hast any drink to give me ? One of you hold my ass while I light. Walk him up and down the hall till I talk a word or two.

Summer. What, Bacchus, still *animus in patinis* ; no mind but on the pot ?

Bacchus. Why, Summer, Summer, how would'st do but for rain ? What's a fair house without water coming to it ? Let me see how a smith can work if he have not his trough standing by him ? What sets an edge on a knife ? The grindstone alone ? No ; the moist element pour'd upon it, which grinds out all gaps, sets a point upon it, and scours it bright as the firmament. So, I tell thee, give a soldier wine before he goes to battle, it grinds out all gaps, makes him forget all scars and wounds, and fight in the thickest of his enemies, as though he were but at foils among his fellows. Give a scholar wine going to his book, or being about to invent, it sets a new point on his wit, it glazeth it, it scours it, it gives him *acumen*. Plato saith *Vinum esse fomitem quendam et incitabilem ingenii virtutisque*. Aristotle saith *Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementia* ! There is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madness, and what makes a man more mad in the head than wine ? *Qui bene vult poiein debet ante pirein*. He that will do well, must drink well. *Prome, prome, potum prome* ! Ho, butler, a fresh pot. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus*. A pox on him that leaves his drink behind him. *Rendezvous*.

Summer. *It is wine's custom to be full of words*. Pray thee, Bacchus, give us *vicissitudinem loquendi*. A change of talk.

Bacchus. A fiddlestick. Ne'er tell me I am full of words. *Fœcundi calices, quem non fecere disertum ; aut epi aut abi*. Either take your drink or you are an infidel.

Summer. I would about thy vintage question thee. How thrive thy vines ? Hadst thou good store of grapes ?

* A challenge to drink, having pledged healths.

Bacchus. *Vinum quasi venenum*; wine is poison to a sick body. A sick body is no sound body; *ergo*, wine is a pure thing, and is poison to all corruption. Tryill! the hunter's whoop to you. I'll stand to it. Alexander was a brave man, and yet an arrant drunkard.

Winter. Fie, drunken sot; forgot'st thou where thou art? My lord asks thee what vintage thou hast made.

Bacchus. Faith, shall I tell no lie? Because you are my countryman and so forth; and a good fellow is a good fellow, though he have never a penny in his purse. We had but even pot luck, a little to moisten our lips and no more. That same Sol is a pagan and a proselyte; he shined so bright all summer, that he burnt more grapes than his beams were all worth, were every beam as big as a weaver's beam. *A fabis abstinendum.* Faith he should have abstain'd, for what is flesh and blood without his liquor?

Autumn. Thou want'st no liquor nor no flesh and blood.
I pray thee may I ask, without offence,
How many tuns of wine hast in thy paunch?
Methinks that, built like a round church,
Should yet have some of Julius Cæsar's wine,
I warrant 'twas not broached this hundred year.

Bacchus. Hear'st thou, dough-belly! because thou talk'st, and talk'st and dar'st not drink to me a black jack, wilt thou give me leave to broach this little kilderkin of my corpse against thy back? I know thou art but a micher (fincher) and dar'st not stand me. *A vous, monsieur.* A frolick upsy freeze; cross ho! *Super nagulum.**

[Knocks the jack upon his thumb.]

Winter. Gramercy, Bacchus, as much as though I did.
For this time thou must pardon me perforce.

Bacchus. What, give me the disgrace? Go to, I say, I am no Pope to pardon any man. *Ran, Ran, tarra*: cold beer makes good blood. St. George for England! Somewhat is better than nothing. Let me see, hast thou done me justice? Why so: thou art a king, though there were no kings in the cards but the knave. Summer, wilt thou have a demi-culverin, that shall cry husty tusty, and make thy cup fly fine meal in the element?

Summer. No, keep thy drink, I pray thee, to thyself.

Bacchus. This Pupillonian in the fool's coat, shall have a cast of martin's and a whiff. To the health of Captain Rhinoceroty†! Look to it; let him have weight and measure.

Will Summer. What an ass is this? I cannot drink so much though I should burst.

Bacchus. Fool, do not refuse your moist sustenance: come, come, dog's head in the pot; do what you are born to.

Will Summer. If you will needs make me a drunkard against my will, so it is; I'll try what burden my belly is of.

Bacchus. Crouch, crouch on your knees, fool, when you pledge god Bacchus.

[Here Will Summer drinks, and they sing about him. Bacchus begins.]

All. Monsieur Mingo for quaffing did surpass
In cup, or can, or glass.

Bacchus. Ho, well shot, a toucher, a toucher!
For quaffing joy doth pass,
In cup, or can, or glass.

All. God Bacchus do him right
And dub him knight.

* 'This new device [we quote Nash's explanation] consisteth in this, that after a man hath turned up the bottom of the cup to drop it on his nail, and make a pearl with what is left, which, if it shed, and cannot make it stand on, by reason there is too much, he must drink again for his penance.'

† Probably a satirical expression for a 'single-cup drinker,' from *rhinoceros* a single-horned animal.

Bacchus. Rise up Sir Robert Tossopot.

[*Here he dubs Will Summer with the black-jack.*]

Summer. No more of this. I hate it to the death,
No such deformer of the soul and sense,
As is this swinish, damn'd-born drunkenness.
Bacchus, for thou abusest so earth's fruits,
Imprison'd live in cellars and in vaults.
Let none commit their councils unto thee,
Thy wrath be fatal to thy dearest friends;
Unarmed run upon thy foeman's swords;
Never fear any plague before it fall;
Dropsies and watery tympanies haunt thee;
Thy lungs with surfeiting be putrified,
To cause thee have a noxious, stinking breath;
Slaver and drivel like a child at mouth;
Be poor and beggarly in thy old age;
Let thine own kinsmen laugh when thou complain'st,
And many tears gain nothing but blind scoffs.
This is the guerdon due to drunkenness,
Shame, sickness, misery, follow excess.

Bacchus. Now, on my honour, Sir Summer, thou art a bad member, a dunce, a mongrel, to discredit so worshipful an art after this order. Thou hast curst me and I will bless thee. Never cup of Nipitaty in London come near thy niggardly habitation! I beseech the gods of good fellowship thou may'st fall into a consumption with drinking small beer! Every day may'st thou eat fish, and let it stick in the midst of thy maw, for want of a cup of wine to swim away in. Venison be *venenum* to thee; and may that vintner have the plague in his house that sells a drop of claret to kill the poison of it. As many wounds may'st thou have as Cæsar had in the senate house, and get no white wine to wash them with; and, to conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow before thou hast the fourth part of a dram of my juice to cheer up thy spirits.

Summer. Hale him away, he barketh like a wolf,
It is his drink, not he, that rails on us.

Bacchus. Nay soft, brother Summer, back with that fool. Here is a snuff in the bottom of the jack enough to light a man to bed withal; we'll leave no flocks behind us whatsoever we do.

Summer. Go, drag him hence, I say, when I command.

Bacchus. Since we must needs go, let's go merrily. Farewell, Sir Robert Tossopot: sing amain, Monsieur Mingo, whilst I mount up my ass.

[*Here they go out singing 'Monsieur Mingo,' as they came in.*]

Will Summer. Of all the gods, this Bacchus is the ill-favour'dst, mis-shapen god that ever I saw. A pox on him! he hath christened me with a new nick name of Sir Robert Tossopot, that will not part from me this twelvemonth. Ned Fool's clothes are so perfumed with the beer he poured on me that there shall not be a Dutchman within twenty miles, but he'll smell out and claim kindred of him. *What a beastly thing it is to bottle all up in a man's belly, when a man must set his guts on a gallon pot last, only to purchase the ale-house title of boon companion.* 'Carouse, pledge me and you dare. 'Swounds, I'll drink with thee for all that ever thou art worth!' It is even as two men would strive who should run farthest into the sea for a wager. Methinks these are good household terms; 'Will it please you to be here, sir? I commend me to you; shall I be so bold as to trouble you? Saving your tale I drink to you.' And if these were put in practice but a year or two in taverns, wine would soon fall from six-and-twenty pound a tun, and be beggar's money a penny a quart, and take up his inn with waste beer in the alms tub. I am a sinner as others: I must not say much of this argument. Every one when he is whole can give advice to them that are sick. My masters, you that be good fellows, get you into corners, and sup off your provender closely; report hath a blister on her tongue: open taverns are tell-tales. *Non peccat quicunque potest peccasse negare.* [He sins not who is able to deny that he had sinned.]

Besides the above passage, this play contains several other words of weight on drink, as where Winter asks quite a Permissive Bill question—

Who locks not poison from his children's taste?
and where Summer says—

I bequeath
My drought and thirst to *drunkards' quenchless throats.*

But the above may suffice as a word to the wise from the lips of one of whom it has been said—

There lived not that man, I think,
Used better or more bitter gall in ink.

From a rude sketch of a play, in the Garrick collection, in the British Museum, which, though it seems to have been first printed in 1659, appears from the plot, allusions, and style to have been written at a much earlier date, the following song—with its sly satire—deserves quotation :—

I.

Submit, bunch of grapes, to the strong barley ear,
The weak wine no longer the laurel shall wear.

II.

Sack and all drinks else desist from the strife;
Ale's th' only Aqua Vitæ and Liquor of life.

III.

Then come my good fellows, let's drink it around;
It keeps from the grave—*though it lays us on ground.*

IV.

Ale's a physician, no mountebank bragger:
Can cure the chill Ague, *though 't be with the stagger.*

V.

Ale's a strong wrestler; flings all it hath met,
And makes the ground slippery, though it be not wet.

VI.

Ale is both Ceres and good Neptune too,
Ale's froth was the sea from which Venus grew.

VII.

Ale is immortal, and be there no stops
To bonny lads, quaffing—can live without hops.

VIII.

Then come, my brave fellows, let's drink it around;
It keeps us from the grave, *though it lays us on ground.*

The hints at the truth which, like the sunlight through a rifted rain cloud, dart out here and there in the above song, show evidently that the anonymous author felt that the merriment of ale was not without its disadvantages; and knew at least this, that however much it may be praised, sung, and

used, as 'all is not gold that glitters,' so all is not delight that is got out of the ale jug.

The following quaint, old-fashioned portrait of 'Ancients of the Parish at their Ale' has been selected for its exquisiteness by Charles Lamb, from a comedy of date 1599, written by Henry Porter—whose name, though it may now be suggestive of drink, had no such connotation when he bore it; for porter was first brewed in 1722. We have been able to learn no particulars of his life; but the author of 'The Two Angry Women of Abingdon' must have had a keen eye, observant of every-day life, when he wrote:—

He'll answer
With some rhyme-rotten sentence, or old saying,
Such spokes as the Ancients of the Parish use;
With, 'Neighbour, it's an old proverb and a true,
Goose giblets are good meat, old sack better than new.'
Then says another—'Neighbour, that is true.'
And when each man hath drunk his gallon round,
(A penny pot, for that's the old man's gallon),
Then doth he lick his lips, and stroke his beard,
That's glued together with the slavering drops
Of yesty ale; and when he scarce can trim
His gouty fingers, thus he'll fillip it,
And with a rotten hem, say '*Hey my hearts!*'
'*Merry go sorry!*' 'Cock and Pie, my hearty'!
And then their saving-penny-proverb comes,
And that is this—'*They that will to the wine,*
By'r Lady Mistress! shall lay their penny to mine.'

How accurately here is the little witted, the out-worn featured, and the palsy-brained frequenter of the old village tap taken off to the life in these few lines. But, leaving Lamb, *revenons à nos moutons*.

'A Looking-glass for London and England' was written, as many plays were, in partnership. Its authors were that Robert Greene of whom we have already spoken, and Thomas Lodge, a member of the same set of boon companions. Stephen Gosson, in his 'Plays Confuted,' 1582, speaks of Lodge as 'a vagrant person, visited by the hand of God.' He was, indeed, deserving of that character, for his life which was chequered, and in which he 'kept villanous company;' and as for the latter part, Anthony Wood says, 'he made his last exit (of the plague, I think) in September, 1625.' In vigour of poetic conception, and occasional elegance of expression, Lodge was, perhaps, superior to Greene; but we do not know how to apportion the authorship, and cannot, therefore, tell to which of these playwrights the portion to be quoted belongs. The drama—which in fact is less a drama than a moral diorama—was written to show that the stage was not amenable to the charge brought against it by the puritanical writers of pander-

ing to immorality. This is done by an application, which we must confess appears to us dull, wearisome, and grotesque, of the Scriptural story of Nineveh and the call to repentance brought to it by the prophet Jonas, to the state of the city of London, and only to a very limited extent indeed, holds 'as 'twere the mirror up to nature.' The passages which we quote, however, do in some measure show that Lodge and Greene thought it right to say about drink then what would not be said amiss or inappropriately even now.

London! look on; this matter nips thee near,
Leave off thy riot, pride, and sumptuous cheer!

Upon the stage there enter a clown and a crew of ruffians, to go to drink, and matters proceed thus:—

First Ruff. Come on, Smith, thou shalt be one of the crew, because thou knowest where the best ale in the town is [kept].

Adam (the Smith). Come on, in faith, my colts, &c.

Clown. Why! What? Shall we have this paltry Smith with us?

Adam. Paltry Smith! What are you, that you speak petty treason against the Smith's trade?

Clown. Why, slave, I am a gentleman of Nineveh.

Adam. A gentleman, good sir! I remember you well, and all your progenitors.

. Alas, sir! your father;—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still! A proper youth he was, i'faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rat's colour, half-black, half-white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was *nos autem glorificare*, so set with rubies that after his death it should have been nailed up in Coppersmiths' Hall for a monument. Well, sir, I was beholden to your good father, for he was the first man that ever instructed me in the mystery of a pot of ale.

Second Ruff. Well said, Smith! that crossed him over the thumbs.

* * * * *

Clown. Well sirrah, bring us to the best ale in the town.

* * * * * *[Exeunt.]*

The scene being thereafter changed as the play proceeds, we have a drunken brawl and a murder, thus:—

[Enter ADAM, and the crew of Ruffians, drunk.]

Adam. Farewell, gentle tapster! Masters, as good ale as ever was tapped; look to your feet, for the ale is strong. Well, farewell, gentle tapster.

First Ruff (to Second). Why, sirrah, slave! thinkest thou the wench loves thee best, because she laughed on thee? Give me but such another word, and I will throw the pot at thy head.

Adam. Spill no drink, spill no drink, the ale is good; I'll tell you what—ale is ale; and so I commend me to you with hearty commendations. Farewell, gentle tapster.

Second Ruff. Why, wherefore, peasant, scornest thou that the wench should love me; look but on her, and I'll thrust my dagger in your bosom.

First Ruff. Well, sirrah! thou'rt as thou art, and so I'll take thee.

Second Ruff. Why, what am I?

First Ruff. Why, what thou wilt—a slave!

Second Ruff. Then take that, villain, and learn how thou use me another time.

[Stabs First Ruff.]

First Ruff. Oh, I am slain!

[Dies.]

Second Buff. That's all one to me, I care not—now will I in to my wench and call for a fresh pot. *[Exit; then exeunt all, except Adam.]*

Adam. Nay, but hear ye, take me with ye, for the ale is ale—cut a fresh toast, tapster! fill me a pot; here is money, I am no beggar; I'll follow thee as long as the ale lasts. *[Here he stumbles over the dead man.]* A pestilence on the blocks for me—I might have had a fall: well, if we shall have no ale, I'll sit me down; and—so farewell, gentle tapster. *[Sits.]*

[Enter RAISIN, ALVIDA, the KING OF CILICIA, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.]

Raisin. What slaughtered wretch is bleeding here his last,
So near the royal palace of the king?—
Search out if any one be biding nigh
That can discourse the manner of his death.
Seat thee, fair Alvida, the fair of fairs;
Let not the object once offend thine eyes.

First Lord. Here's one sits here asleep, my lord.

Raisin. Wake him and make inquiry of this thing.

First Lord. Sirrah, you! hearest thou, fellow?

Adam. If you will fill a fresh pot, here's a penny; or else—farewell, gentle tapster.

First Lord. He is drunk, my lord.

Raisin. We'll sport with him, that Alvida may laugh.

First Lord. Sirrah, thou fellow, thou must come to the king.

Adam. I will not do a stroke of work to-day, for the ale is good ale, and you can ask but a penny for the pot, no more, by the statute.

First Lord. Villain, here's the king; thou must come to him.

Adam. The king come to an alehouse! Tapster, fill me three pots. Where's the king? Is this he? Give me your hand, sir; as good ale as ever was tapp'd. You shall drink till your skin crack.

Raisin. But hearest thou, fellow, who killed this man?

Adam. I'll tell you, sir,—if you did but taste of this ale,—all Nineveh hath not such a cup of ale, it flowers in the cup, sir; by my troth, I spent elevenpence, besides three races* of ginger.

Raisin. Answer me, knave, to my question, how came this man to be slain?

Adam. Slain! Why, the ale is strong ale, 'tis huffcap;† I warrant you 'twill make a man well. Tapster, ho; for the king, a cup of ale and a fresh toast, here's two races more.

Alvida. Why, good fellow, the king talks not of drink; he would have thee tell him how this man came dead.

Adam. Dead! Nay, I think I am alive yet, and will drink a full pot ere night; but hear ye, if ye be the wench that filled us drink, why so, do your office, and give us a fresh pot; or if you be the tapster's wife, why so, wash the glass clean.

Alvida. He is so drunk, my lord, there is no talking with him.

Adam. Drunk! Nay, then, wench, I am not drunk; thou'rt a shotten quean to call me drunk; I tell thee I am not drunk, I am a Smith, I —

First Lord. Sir, here comes one, perhaps, that can tell.

[Enter the Smith, Adam's master.]

Smith. God save you, masters!

Raisin. Smith, canst thou tell me how this man came dead?

Smith. May it please your highness, my man here and a crew of them went to the alehouse, and came out so drunk that one of them killed another; and now, sir, I am fain to leave my shop and come to fetch him home.

Raisin. Some of you carry away the dead body; drunken men must have their fits; and sirrah, Smith, hence with thy man.

Smith. Sirrah, you, rise, come go with me.

* Quasi *radices*, roots.

† That is, a potent liquor which inspirits those who quaff it to set their caps in a huffing manner, i.e., insolently.

Adam. If we shall have a pot of ale, let's have it; here's money. Hold, tapster, take my purse.

Smith. Come then with me, the pot stands full in the house.

Adam. I am for you; let's go; thou'rt an honest tapster; we'll drink six pots ere we part. [*Exeunt Smith, Adam, and Attendants, with the dead body.*]

After this passage of Greene's, or Lodge's, in which the mingled lewdness, crudeness, and rudeness of the thoughts—if thoughts they can be called instead of half ideas—of drunkards is exhibited in not a very different manner from that of the stupid, stolid, masses of men who in our own day are addicted to drink, and therefore given to brawls and stabbing, and

Roar at midnight in deep tavern howls,

we may pass to the scene in which are depicted the ridiculous effects from which even, what is sometimes called 'gentlemanly drunkenness' is not free. It is from the pen of the '*prose* Shakespeare'—Thomas Heywood, and has been characterised by Charles Lamb as a piece of pleasant exaggeration (which for its life and humour might have been told or acted by Petruchio himself). It 'gave rise to the title of Cowley's Latin play *Naufragium Jocularé*, and furnished the idea of the best scene in it;' although so old and so inveterately alike is drunkenness in all ages, that the suggestion of Heywood's scene came from an old Greek comedy.—'The Flaggon' of Cratinus, 'the Drunkard' (Ὁ Φιλοποτητής), B.C. 440:—

This gentleman and I

Past but just now by your next neighbour's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth: his father now at sea.

———There this night

Was a great feast.

In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of ships and storms at sea: when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnacle,
Moving and floating, and the confused noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteady footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel; this conceived,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the maintop and discover. He
Climbs up the bed-post to the tester there,
Reports a turbulent sea and tempests towards;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bed-steads, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles;

They take him for the boatswain : one lies struggling
Upon the floor as if he swam for life :
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on't, labours and rows ;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler played.
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to 'scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.—The rude multitude
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by the ears about it ;
The Constable is call'd to atone the broil ;
Which does and bearing such a noise within
Of imminent shipwreck enters th' house, and finds them
In this confusion ; they adore his staff
And think it Neptune's trident ; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves :
And at this point we left them.

Thomas Heywood's 'English Traveller,' from which the foregoing passage has been quoted, contains many excellent passages. Some of his other plays, too, might afford other extracts ; but as we must hasten on to other writers, we shall only make use here of two verses of the *Epilogue* to 'A Woman Killed with Kindness,' indicative of the diversity of men's taste regarding wine, showing it to be an artificial acquirement :—

An honest crew, disposed to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and call'd for wine.
The drawer brought it (smiling like a cherry)
And told them it was pleasant, neat, and fine.
Taste it, quoth one : he did ; oh fie ! (quoth he)
This wine was good ; now't runs too near the lee.

Another sipp'd to give the wine his due,
And said unto the rest it drunk too flat ;
The third said it was old ; the fourth too new ;
Nay, quoth the fifth, the sharpness likes me not.
Thus, gentlemen, you see, how in one hour
The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

This song may be held to prove the wisdom of the saying of John Webster, 'That our false pleasure is but care disguised.' In this author's eminently interesting, extraordinarily powerful, though somewhat confused work, 'The White Devil,' we have a few words which strongly impress us with the idea that he knew the woes and contentions of strong drink. He makes one of his characters, contemplating a course of fraudulent living, say—

Shall I,
Having a path so open and so free
To my preferment, still retain your milk
In my pale forehead ? No, this face of mine
I'll arm and fortify with rosy wine
'Gainst shame and blushing.

And Cardinal Monticelso, in warning the Duke of Branchiano against the evil pursuits in which he is entangling himself, uses this strong simile in dissuasion—

Oh, my lord,
The drunkard after all his lavish cups
Is dry; and then is sober; so at length
When you awake from this lascivious dream
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Placed in the adder's tail.

In another place he reminds us of a profound though much forgotten fact in human life—‘We lay our souls in pawn to the devil for a little pleasure;’ and the sin-overgloomed play ends with this couplet:—

Let guilty men remember their black deeds
Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds.

‘The Malecontent,’ by John Marston, a forcible declaimer and a writer of some dramatic genius, who boasted that he used ‘plain naked words,’ does not fail to give us a note or two on the drink question:—

Malvolio. Let's be once drunk together, and so unite a most virtuously strengthened friendship.

Bilioso, an old choleric admiral, having been appointed ‘embassador for Florence,’ had a little chat with Bianca, lady attendant on the Duchess, in which the following ‘passage of wit’ occurs—

Bilioso. I am horribly troubled with the gout. Nothing grieves me but that my doctor hath forbidden me wine, and you know your ambassador must drink. Did'st thou ask thy doctor what was good for the gout?

Bianca. Yes; he said ease, women, and wine were good for it.

Bilioso. Nay, thou hast such a wit; what was good to cure it, said he?

Malvolio expresses astonishment that Heaven permits the world to ‘Carouse damnation, even with greedy swallow.’ At another time he says, ‘I would rather follow a drunkard and live by licking up his vomit than by servile flattery;’ thus indicating his opinion that ‘Within the deepest deep there is a deeper still.’ If these things be true of drink—and who can deny it?—might we not do well to remember what rare old George Chapman says in ‘The Widow's Tears,’ ‘They that fear the adder's sting will not come near her hissing?’ We know on good authority what it is that ‘biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.’

When we think of the many smooth-tongued synonyms by which men indicate without expressing the actual fact of having been overcome by liquor, and how strenuously they strive to wriggle out of the plain English term by which such

a fact has been for long ages known and named—*drunk*, may we not say with this same Chapman, that ‘Honesty is stripped out of his true substance by verbal nicety; common sinners startle at common terms; and they that by whole mountains swallow down the deeds of darkness, a poor mote of a familiar word makes them turn up the white of the eye?’ In the play first quoted from, ‘*The Widow’s Tears*,’ Lysander says of Marsalio:—

I know him for a wild corrupted youth,
Whom profane ruffians, squires to bawds and strumpets;
Drunkards spued out of taverns into the sinks
Of tap-houses and stews; revolts from manhood,
Debauched perdue, have by their companies
Turned devil like themselves.

It is this Lysander using a tempter’s tongue, with the motto ‘To live freely is to feast our appetites freely,’ who says—

Wine is ordained to raise such hearts as sink;
Whom woeful stars distemper let him drink;

but in another place Marsalio affirms that—

Howsoever
Your banquet seems sweet in your liquorish palate,
It shall be sure to turn gall in your maw.

In ‘*Westward Ho*,’ a serving man in a tavern gives us his sly chuckle at the folly of tavern patrons by declaring—‘The knight hath drunk so much health to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he has almost lost the use of his legs;’ another person is spoken of who ‘made wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran down his throat so fast that before my chambermaid had taken half [the dinner] up, he was scarce able to stand;’ while, as an epitaph on a ruined character, another makes this request, ‘Let that ruin of intemperance be raked up in dust and ashes.’

Thomas Middleton, a writer with a great deal of comic talent, in his ‘*Mayor of Quinborough*,’ speaks of wickedness as causing people to

Gallop down hill as fearless as a drunkard.

When the cheaters as players come to help the enjoyment, in the colloquy that takes place, Simon says—

Give me a play without a beast, I charge you.
That’s hard; without a cuckold or a drunkard.
Second Cheater. Oh! these beasts are often the best men
Simon. In a parish, and must not be kept out.

In the same author's 'Roaring Girl,' one of the characters exclaims—

I must not to my grave
As a drunkard to his bed ; whereon he lies
Only to sleep, and never cares to rise.

Moll sings a canting song, which expresses the terrible depths to which a love of drink leads—

A rich cup of wine,
O it is juice divine ;
More wholesome for the head
Than meat, sleep, or bread.
To fill my drunken pate
With that, I'd sit up late ;
By the heels would I lie,
Under a dirty ditch die, &c.

He makes Sir Alexander Wingrave deliberately affirm that any offence can be cured by age ;

But theft and drunkenness
Nothing but death can wipe away,
Their sins are green when their heads are grey.

In Sir William Davenant's play, 'The Wits,' Meagre says to Younger Palatine, 'Old wine and new clothes, sir, make you wanton ;' his lady-love, Lucy, tells him—'Thou dost out-drink the youths of Norway at their marriage-feasts,' and he, speaking of what he had done during a drinking-bout, says to her—

I have been at thy aunt's house,
And there committed more disorder than
A storm in a ship, or a cannon bullet
Shot through a kitchen among shelves of pewter ;

and she complainingly rejoins :—

I am deprived
By thy rash wine of all atonement now
Unto her other legacies or love.

Finding that with Lucy 'temptations will not thrive,' he resolves—

If pregnant wine
Can raise her up, this day she shall be mine.

Then, too, as now, the English had charges of adulteration, though of a different kind, to bring against the importers of wine ; for one Thwack in this same play says—

That our French and Deal wines are poisoned so
With brimstone by the Hollanders, that they
Will only serve for medicine to recover
Children of the itch ; and there is not left
Sack enough to mull for a parson's cold.

Of the comparative effects of drinking, we have the following notice :—

Younger Pallatine. There! there's more money for your watch. Methinks

They've not drunk wine enough—they do not chirp.

Snore. Your wine mutes them, they understand it not;

But they have good capacity in ale;

Ale, sir, will heat them more than your beef brewis.

Younger Pall. Well, let them have ale, then!

Snore. O sir, 'twill make them sing like the silk-knitters of Cock-lane.

In a comedy written by Robert Davenport, and entitled 'The City Night-cap,' we are told of the evil company that drink keeps or invites :—

Lust is still

Like a midnight meal; after our violent drinkings

'Tis swallowed greedily; but the course being kept,

We are sicker when we wake than ere we slept.

So true is it, as one of the authors of 'The Widow,' Johnson, Fletcher, or Middleton has said—

What delight has man

Now at this present, for his pleasant sin

Of yesterday's committing? Alas! 'tis vanished,

And nothing but the sting remains with him.

In that same play we find the following comparison—

A distressed man's flatteries

Are like vows made in drink; or bonds in prison,

There's poor assurance in them.

And we are told that—

'Tis man's own sins

That put on armour upon all his evils,

And give them strength to strike him.

Because the Dutch gave the world that distillation of malt or rye, flavoured with turpentine, common salt, and juniper, called Hollands, it became a common saying in England that a person was 'drunk as a Dutchman,'—a saying which has varied in after times from 'drunk as a lord,' to 'drunk as a coal-heaver.' Owen Feltham and Andrew Marvell both noted the exceeding drunkenness of Dutch cities. In allusion to this circumstance, Thomas Nash makes Winter, in his 'Summer's Last Will and Testament,' remark—

Drunkness, of his good behaviour

Hath testimonial, from where he was born—

That pleasant work '*De arte bibendi*,'

A drunken Dutchman spued out a few years since.

Feltham, however, distinctly states that in his opinion the English were not a whit behind their neighbours in their love of 'shame's surfeit.'

Sir Samuel Tuke, of Temple Cressy, in Essex, author of the drama entitled 'The Adventures of Five Hours,' an attempt made in 1663

To take all England with a Spanish plot,

written at the request of Charles II., held the same view, and roundly gave it utterance, as will be seen in the following extract:—

- Silvio.* But prythee, brother, instruct us a little ;
Tell us what kind of country is this Holland,
That's so much talked of, and so much fought for ?
- Ernesto.* Why, friend, 'tis a huge ship at anchor, fraught
With a sort of creatures made up of turf
And butter.
- Pedro.* Pray, sir, what do they drink in that country ?
'Tis said there's neither fountains there,
Nor vines.
- Ernesto.* This is the butler, sure, by his apt question. *[Aside.*
Friend, they drink there a certain muddy liquor,
Made of that grain with which you feed your mules.
- Pedro.* What, barley ? can that juice quench their thirst ?
- Ernesto.* You'd scarce believe it could, did you but see
How oft they drink.
- Pedro.* But methinks that should make them drunk, camerade.
- Ernesto.* Indeed, most strangers are of that opinion :
But they themselves believe it not, because
They are so often.
- Geraldo.* A nation, sure, of walking tuns ! the world
Has not the like.
- Ernesto.* Pardon me, friend ; there is but a great ditch
Betwixt them and such another nation :
If these good fellows would but join, and drink
That dry, i'faith they might shake hands.

'Facts,' said a Scottish poet, 'are chieils that winna ding, and darena be disputed,' and we have the most indubitable fact that the statute of 4th James I., chap. 5, sec. 4th, contains a passage enacting a penalty on any person continuing drinking or tippling in inns, alehouses or victualling houses, etc., to prove that drunkenness had in England brought itself under the eye of the law in such a manner as to induce the adoption of measures for its restraint. This law is alluded to by Justice Tutchin, one of the characters in a wild play, entitled 'Rum-Alley ; or, Merry Tricks,' composed by Lodowick Barry, a gentleman of Irish birth, in the hope that the time would come when he might 'obtain like favours which some others gain' by the drama. It was published in 1611. The allusion runs thus:—

Nor in an alehouse have I made me drunk,
The statute is not broke, I have the skill
To drink by law ; then say as I say still.

Of old, too, there was the same resistance felt to the imposition of control upon the appetite for liquor, for we find in a

comedy of date 1655, composed conjointly by Thomas Heywood and William Rowley, entitled 'Fortune by Land and Sea,' a riotous gallant exclaiming—

A man cannot be merry and drink drunk,
But he must be controlled by gravity.

And Frank Forrest, who goes to a drinking party against his father's will, gets killed in a brawl originating in these revels.

That is a very contemptuous phrase which Thomas May in 'The Heir' employs when he talks of 'a stale drunkard wakened in the midst of his sleep;' and it is a sad thing that even in our day it should be possible—especially after parliamentary elections—for politicians to use words like those employed by the unknown author of 'Jack Drum's Entertainment,' 1601 :—

I am not yet distraught,
I long not to be squeezed with my own weight,
Nor hoist up all my sails to catch the wind
Of the drunk-reeling Commons.

Ben Jonson, in his prologue to 'The Devil is an Ass,' asks his audience to

Show this but the same face as you have done
Your dear delight, 'The Devil of Edmonton.'

The author of the play bearing this name is unknown. It has been ascribed with equally little proof both to Michael Drayton and to Shakespeare. The latter's it certainly is not, although in the opinion of Charles Lamb it has his manner in the sweetness and goodnature of some parts of it. It more resembles the handwriting of the former. In its pages there are a few graphic touches regarding that pestilent misleader of men—drink—whereby

Losing once his compass,
He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth lose the very sight of heaven.

A roistering encourager of trade to the tap is Blague, mine host of the George, at Waltham, and speaks thus :—

Host. Knights and lords have been drunk too in my house, I thank the destinies.
Harry Clare. Pr'ythee, good sinful innkeeper, will that corruption, thine hostler, to look after my gelding.

In a scene showing a company of fellow tipplers, the following among other passages of pertinence occur :—

Banks. Take me with you, good Sir John : a plague on thee, Smvg, and thou touchest liquor thou art foundered straight. What, are your brains always water-mills ? must they ever run round ?

Smvg. Banks, your ale is as a Philistine fox :—nouns ! there's fire i'th' tail on't.

Afterwards Sir John characteristically replies to Smug's wish for the time when it shall please God and the destines that he should be drunk in his company:—

We'll wet our lips together and hug; carouse in private, and elevate the heart, and the liver, and the lights—mark you me, within us, for—hem—grass and hay—we are all mortal—let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

This sage drunken morality does not stop the tipples, and after a little its effects become apparent, for says the

Host. Smith, I see by thy eyes thou hast been reading a little *Geneva* print.

In the course of another carousal this replication takes place :

Smug. Mine host, my bully, my precious consul, my noble Holofernes, I have been drunk in thy house twenty times and ten ; all's one for that : I was last night in the third heaven, my brain was poor, it had yeast in't, but now I am a man of action ; is't not so, lad ?

Banks. Why now thou hast two of the liberal sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou mayest serve the Duke of Europe.

This experienced toper, Smug, afterwards sums up thus :—

Smug. Fire! nouns, there's no fire in England like your *Trinidad* sack.

Such are some of the friskier's phrases in 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton,' and yet not the most marked, for the old writers often employed expressions in their days which would seem in ours to be spoken with the rough side of the tongue. Indeed, forcible as some of the quotations we have given are, we have felt compelled frequently to weaken the pungency of the whole by stopping before the gathered venom of the sentence was quite exhausted.

We turn now to a curious metaphysical and allegorical performance, an academic play, due, it is supposed, to the pen of one Anthony Brewer, author of the 'Country Girl and the Love Sick King.' This piece, entitled 'Lingua; or, the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority,' has, besides its own merits, an accidental interest, in consequence of its being traditionally reported that Oliver Cromwell, while a student, played the part of Tactus on its first performance at Trinity College, Cambridge. The author describes his purpose in the prologue, thus :—

We,
Sad hours and serious studies to relieve,
Have taught severe *philosophy* to smile,
The senses' rash contentions we compose,
And give displeased ambition's *tongue* her due.

It is, of course, very scholastic, and indeed contains—

Whole squadrons of fantastical chimeras,
And thousand vain imaginations ;

with none of which, however, have we anything to do just now, but with those portions which concern the doings of drink; and first we are told—‘Had not Meleager been sick and Acrasia drunk, the senses might have whistled for their victory.’

Common Sense sitting in judgment, has Gustus (Taste) called before him. His servants, Appetite and Bacchus, follow. Here is a portion of the colloquy:—

Appetite. Come, come, Bacchus; you're so fat. Enter, enter.

Phantastes. Fie, fie, Gustus, this is a great indecorum to bring Bacchus alone; you should have made Thirst lead him by the hand.

Gustus. Right, sir! But men, now-a-days, drink often when they be not dry.

In another scene we find Mendacio enter with a bottle in his hand, soliloquising:—

Mendacio. My lady, Lingua, is just like one of these lean-witted comedians who, disturbing all to the fifth act, bring down some Mercury or Jupiter in an engine, to make all friends: so she, but in a contrary manner, seeing her former plots dispurposed, sends me to an old witch, called Acrasia, to help to wreak her spite upon the senses. The old hag, after many an incircled circumstance, and often naming of the direful Hecate, and Demigorgon, gives me this bottle of wine, mingled with such hellish drugs and forcible words, that whoever drinks of it shall be presently possessed with an enrag'd and mad kind of anger.

Deceiving Mendacio meets Appetite, and after conversation, says—

Mendacio. Why, take this bottle of wine. Come on. Go thy ways to them (the senses) again.

Appetite. Ha! ha! ha! what good will this do?

Mendacio. This is the Nepenthe that reconciles the gods; do but let the senses taste of it, and fear not, they'll love thee as well as ever they did.

Appetite. I pray thee, where hadst it?

Mendacio. My lady gave it me to bring her; Mercury stole it from Hebe for her; thou knowest there were some jars betwixt her and thy masters, and with this drink she would gladly wash out all the relics of their disagreement.

Chuckling at the probable outbreak of mischief, the wine-giver speaks to himself—

Mendacio. Why, this is better than I could have wished it; Fortune, I think, is fallen in love with me, Answering so right mine expectation. By this time Appetite is at the table, And with a lowly cringe presents the wine To his old master, Gustus; now he takes it, And drinks, perchance, to Lingua; she craftily Kisses the cup, but lets not down a drop, And gives it to the rest; 'tis sweet, they'll swallow it; But when 'tis once descended to the stomach, And sends up noisome vapours to the brain, 'Twill make them swagger gallantly; they'll rage Most strangely, or Acraasia's art deceives her; When, if my lady stir her nimble tongue, And closely sow contentious words amongst them, O, what a stabbing there will be! what bleeding!

Lingua. What, art thou there, Mendacio? pretty rascal;
Come, let me kiss thee for thy good deserts.
Mendacio. Madam, does't take? have they all tasted it?
Lingua. All, all, and all are well nigh mad already—
O, how they stare, and swear, and fume, and brawl!
Wrath gives them weapons; pots and candlesticks,
Joint-stools and trenchers, fly about the room,
Like to the bloody banquet of the centaurs,
But all the sport's to see what several thoughts
The potion works in their imaginations,
For Visus thinks himself—a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Seing the mischief made by drink among them, their
purveyor remarks:—

Appetite. They want common sense amongst them. There's such a hurly-burly;
Auditis is stark deaf, and wonders why men speak so softly that he cannot hear
them: Visus hath drunk himself stark blind, and therefore imagineth himself to
be Polyphemus: Tactus is raging mad, and cannot be otherwise persuaded but he
is Heroules furens. There's such conceits amongst them.

Again and again his astonishment rises, and he exclaims in
wonder:—

Appetite. What a strange temper are the senses in!
How come their wits thus topsy-turvy turned?
Hercules Tactus, Visus Polypheme;
Two goodly surnames have they purchased.
By the rare ambrosia of an oyster pye,
They have got such proud imaginations,
That I could wish I were mad for company:
But since my fortunes cannot stretch so high,
I'll rest contented with this wise estate.

We have another description of the effects of drink on the
senses given in these terms:—

Crapula. The noble senses, peers of microcosm,
Will eft soon fall to ruin perpetual,
Unless your ready helping hand re-cure them.
Lately they banquetted at Gustus's table,
And there fell mad or drunk, I know not whether:
So that it's doubtful in these outrageous fits
That they'll murder one another.

Sleep kindly thereafter visits them—even the heavy, restless
sleep of inebriety, 'surfeit, and distemperature.' Their strange
dreams form a portion of the fun of the play, for they are full,
as drunkard's dreams, we suppose, are, of 'rake hell conceits.'

Space warns us that we must draw our citations to a close.
These, numerous as they are, are not nearly all that could
be brought before our readers. We have in this case
studiously gathered our extracts from the out of the way
corners and by-paths of dramatic literature. The broad high-
way on which are the fields of exquisite thought and lesson-
teaching wisdom belonging to Shakespeare and Jonson,
Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Ford, we have not

entered into; for they are better known than those from which we have selected, and are more readily accessible. Nor are their words and thoughts upon drink and the drink-traffic less earnest and affecting than those of these secondary, off-the-road dramatists. They speak with equal power to the same purpose, and this is all the more important to be noted because they spoke right out from the feelings of their own experience, and with no direct intent of being temperance advocates.

We have now to make a last quotation; but this shall be to show that these men were not all ignorant of the way of safety. In a play called 'Microcosmus,' by Thomas Nabbes, who, like Brewer, thought to make metaphysics interesting—

By breathing life and action into it,

we have a character, Physander, who has exhausted all the delights of those servants of sensuality, the senses, and feels the vanity of all such pleasures, seeking a pathway to a newer life. Bellamina, his true wife, encouraging his good intents, confidently assures him:—

Thou shalt be cur'd by Temperance;
 She's the physician that doth moderate
 Desire with reason, bridling appetite.
 From a rock,
 That weeps a running crystal, she doth fill
 Her shell-cup, and drinks sparingly.
 Rewards will only crown
 The end of a well-prosecuted good.
 Philosophy, religious solitude,
 And labour wait on temperance. In these
 Desire is bounded; they instruct the mind's
 And body's actions. 'Tis lascivious ease
 That gives the first beginning to all ill;
 The thoughts being busied on good objects, sin
 Can never find a way to enter in.

Having tried the prescribed course, Physander finds that he has chosen the paths of pleasantness and peace, and says—

Temperance, to thee I owe my after life;
 Thou that command'st o'er pleasures, hating some,
 When thou dispens'st with others; still directing
 All to a sound mean. Under thy low roof
 I'll eat and sleep, whilst grave philosophy
 Instructs my soul in justice. What is she?
Bellamina. A habit of the mind, by which just things
 Reflect their working. Man's the best of creatures,
 Enjoying law and justice; but the worst,
 If separated from them. 'Tis established
 By fear of law, and by religion. It
 Distributes due reward to all.
Physander. That is reward
 To virtue, and to vice its punishment.

To what end, then, have we prosecuted this painful search through the pages of the amusers of our ancestors ? and wherefore have we laid before our readers these passages from our elder dramatists ? For these among other ends ;—that men may see from the lives of these authors, whose superfused activity gave life even to their thoughts, that neither learning nor talent can of themselves supply moral control, or so discipline the heart as to enable it to avoid or overcome the seductions of the senses ; that from the wide induction of our old literature here made, it may be found proved, that drink has in all times been a foe to human elevation, a producer of woe, a degrader of man, and a destroyer of social and civil happiness ; that by an exhibition of the effects of drink, as drawn by men who knew well its consequences and results, and showed them to a people observant of the facts of life, we might attract the attention of those who cannot see the loathsomeness of indulgence in themselves to this mirror of the drunkard's life ; that from the perusal of these passages in the literature of the olden time, we may be warned against following fashions which may rise up in judgment against our age ; and that from the horror inspired by the mere literary exhibition of the evils of the sin of drunkenness, we may be taught to abstain from the real exhibition of such intemperance, either by accident or habit, in our own persons ; for here is another word still of the old dramatists on drink—a defence of our article from '*The Muse's Looking-glass*,' by Thomas Randolph :

The Spartans when they strove to express the loathsomeness
Of drunkenness to their children, brought a slave,
Some captive Helot, overcharged with wine,
Reeling in thus:—his eyes shot out with staring ;
A fire in his nose ; a burning redness
Blazing in either cheek ; his hair upright,
His tongue and senses faltering, and his stomach
O'erburdened ready to discharge her load
In each man's face he met. This made 'em see
And hate that sin of swine, and not of men.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP AND THE POOR.

1. *Working Men and Religious Institutions.* James Clark and Co., 13, Fleet-street.
2. *Lectures on the Reasons and Excuses given by Intelligent Mechanics for not Going to Church.* By the Rev. E. White. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.
3. *Surrey Chapel; its Services and Institutions.* Caxton Press, Camden Road.

THE phases of religious thought are very various, and perhaps nearly as diverse are the pretexts men have for abstaining from acts of public worship. This was shown at a Conference recently held at the London Coffee House, between a number of influential ministers and laymen, with some representatives of the working classes. To this peculiar gathering we would for a short space direct the attention of our readers.

The basis of the discussion was defined as follows by the promoters of the meeting:—

It is not proposed to include within the scope of this Conference the expression of objections which may be felt to the truth of Christianity, or to consider the evidence of particular doctrines which may be incidentally referred to; but only to inquire what are the objections, political, theological, or social, entertained against existing religious organisations by those who do not profess antagonism to the Christian religion, and to ascertain how far such objections really account for the alleged alienation of working men from the Churches.

With this limitation in the object of the Conference, the freest utterances will be invited from all parties, in the hope that mutual explanations may ultimately lead to a better understanding and practical improvements.

The invitations to the Conference were sent by circular. Fourteen clergymen of different denominations, and twelve laymen, inclusive of several persons widely known in the temperance and philanthropic world, were the conveners.

Mr. Edward Miall was chosen chairman of the Conference by common consent, and the event proved that a happier selection could not have been made. The parties to the debate were ranged on opposite sides of the capacious apartment, that the wearers of fustian might not feel themselves in danger of being overawed by the wearers of broadcloth. Among the more noteworthy individuals present were the Dean of Westminster, Canons Miller and Champneys, Revs. T. Binney, Newman Hall, Dr. Raleigh, W. Brock, Dr. Burns, and Dr. Edwards; T. Hughes, Esq., M.P., Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P.; Messrs. Edmond Beales, J. M. Ludlow, W. H. Walsen, Henry Lee (Manchester), C. E. Mudie, and George Potter.

It had been deemed desirable, if possible, to eliminate the professedly infidel element from the gathering. A glance, however, at the list of persons present shows plainly to the initiated that this portion of the programme was not carried out. A story is told by a temperance speaker of a professed atheist who was present. The unbeliever was at the opening of a temperance hall, and on one of the speakers invoking the blessing of Heaven, and the aid of ministers in the good work, he demurred to the remarks as inappropriate and uncalled for, affirming that the man who invented gas had been of more advantage to the world than all the parsons and religions put together. This interruption caused great commotion, until a speaker rose from the platform and stilled the tumult by urging upon all present to tolerate difference of opinion in such matters, 'as,' said he, 'there is no accounting for tastes; for instance, if the friend who has spoken were dying and required consolation, he, of course, would send for his minister; on the contrary, the gentleman who interrupted would, under similar circumstances, send for the gasfitter.'

It may be as well to state here that, while some exceedingly strong statements were occasionally made, so far as could be publicly discerned there was no desire on the part of the speakers to make the utterance needlessly offensive. The chairman's dictum on this point was most pertinent:—'The most unrestrained freedom of utterance is quite compatible, it may be well to remember, with gentleness of spirit, with a considerate regard to the feelings of others, with a cautious abstinence from the imputation of unworthy motives, and with a generous, brotherly, charitable bearing. I am confident that they will best further the end of the Conference who "nothing extenuate" and who also "set down nought in malice." Plain speaking is not to be confounded with bitter speaking. If sometimes the surgeon must use the knife to lay bare the core of an ulcer, he will be careful at least not to turn the knife in the wound, or inflict more pain than is inseparable from probing the unsound place.' As a rule, this wholesome advice was rigidly adhered to.

Some of the objections touched things ecclesiastical; as that the Church establishment was a monopoly to a certain extent, though perhaps no monopoly was intended; that there was a strong feeling against a State Church; that the great emoluments of bishops were objectionable, and 'the accursed system of selling livings;' that the rectors had fat livings, and the curates too often had starving stipends; that electing bishops, when they had been already chosen by the Prime Minister, was a mockery; that the advertising,

of the sale of livings was scandalous, and so was the exercise of patronage by dissolute men; that there were Lord Chancellors who, whether moral or immoral men, had the power of giving livings for political corruption; that working men knew it, and so long as such a system was maintained they would not support it; that 5,700 livings were in the hands of the nobility and clergy in connection with the Established Church; that some of the men holding these livings would frequent horse-racing, prize-fighting, and everything immoral and bad, and yet those men held the ministries of the Church in their hands. It was further objected that clerical magistrates were severe. The aggressions of ritualism also were alluded to; people were bound up in holy crosses, holy wafers, consecrated garments, time, seasons, books, and such things. On the other hand, it was objected to Dissenting chapels that they were religious shops; that ministers were subjected too much to the caprice of their supporters; and that deacons were not chosen from working men.

To excuse absence from places of worship of any sort, it was urged that the payment of ministers was a hindrance; that parsons were partial to the rich and well-to-do; that some ministers were mercenary; that the inconsistencies of professed Christians were a stumbling block; that ministers did not live the Gospel they preached; that professors of religion did not seem better than other people; that Christian employers and overseers very often left their religion at home with their Sunday clothes; that more communion was wanted between rich and poor; that class distinctions were a great barrier; that the pew system was to be condemned; that the Church was not prepared to receive working men,—if they did come, they were considered merely as interlopers; that clergymen compelled attendance at church as a condition for the receipt of eleemosynary aid; that too often the sympathy manifested by the clergyman was a pauperising sympathy.

The social objections, resolved themselves into references to the inefficiency and uncertainty of clerical aid in matters of every-day import to the great bulk of the people; the over-taxed energies of the workmen; the scant sympathy with co-operation; the great gulf between well-to-do and poor people in church, especially in country churches; the disregard of the Sabbath by railway and steamboat companies, etc.; the degrading practice of holding trades and friendly society meetings at public-houses, and the difficulty of getting the use of school-rooms that are attached to places of worship; the want of suitable clothing by many of the people; and the inconsistencies of social habits with the sanctuary. One

member of the Conference, who had tabulated his statement, thus enumerated the objections of a social kind he had heard at intervals:—‘ That religion required men to be so strict, to pull a long face, to abstain from amusements and indulgences, and to be always praying and reading the Bible ; that Sunday was the only time for a family to meet and have a good dinner and spend the day together—the only day for a little pleasure and enjoyment—the only day for exercise and fresh air—the only day for rest, quiet, and relaxation—the only day for reading the newspaper—the only day for talking over politics, and so forth, with one’s friends—the only day for doing odd jobs, taking physic, mending and putting our things in order—the only day for visiting ; that one’s neighbours did the same as one’s self, and one did not care to seem peculiar ; that a good many gentlefolks stopped away from church, and those who went only went for fashion, display, to be looked at, etc., and one did not care to be where they were ; some would not go to please their masters and other folks ; some stayed away because they were no hypocrites ; some meant to go when they were older, but wanted to enjoy life a little longer ; some could not dress well enough “ to go among those people ; ” others liked to attend the preaching and discussions in the open air.’ Others again deemed ‘ the study of nature ’ better than indoor services.

Then, again, the conventionalities of the ministerial dress were objectionable, especially ‘ white chokers.’ It was urged that the Gospel should be preached in a free and easy way ; that parsons should not preach as though they did it from the edge of a cloud, imagining they were angels ; that preaching should be separated from worship ; that the reading of rigmorale sermons only drove people to sleep ; that the drowsiness of many preachers was offensive ; that preachers were wanted adapted to the wants and feelings of working men, who could exhibit kindly the simple truths of the Gospel ; also, that some preached too high for the people,—the sheep had to be fed, but the rack containing the fodder was too high up.

Of objections to the doctrine preached in churches and chapels, the following were perhaps the principal. Religionists attributed to God all the bad passions they found in themselves, and all the evil passions of human nature. Ministers and teachers adulterated Christianity, and gave short measure, too. The Christianity that was taught, taught a man to be perfectly satisfied with the condition in which he was placed, while common sense taught him to try and do better. Many ministers took too gloomy a view of human

nature, of the aspect of society and the world at large, which was, after all, not entirely a vale of tears. Human nature was given too bad a name. Pulpit teaching was not according to intellectuality, reason, and common sense. By the enforcing of particular beliefs and particular doctrines, religion was made unpractical. The declaration that unless mankind received some particular doctrine they must go into eternal torments was often made. There were hostility and mutual condemnation; there were differences of opinion and practice in many who professed the same doctrines. Speculative dogmas and controversies were too frequently dragged into the pulpit. The difficulty of deciding between the claims of different creeds was great.

It is easy to see that most of these objections are mutually destructive. Almost all are evidently no better than pretexts and excuses. Of forms of church government and discipline, the variety is wide enough to give every person who is sincerely in search of a place of public worship and instruction the possibility of finding what may satisfy his need. A man who is hungry will not refuse to eat what is set before him, merely because of a trifling defect in the cooking of the viands, or of something ideally susceptible of improvement in the shape or colouring of the crockery. The meat is acceptable, though not done quite to a turn; the dishes will be allowed to serve, if clean, though of inartistic form, though painted in too plain, or too fantastic, a pattern. Even with regard to the question of cleanness, a reasonable limit must be put to the inquiry. It should not be thought necessary to call the microscope in aid. The powers and possibilities of scullery maids are human and quite finite; if the plate-cleaners do their work in a good, average way, it is enough, and we need not insist on applying the test of magnifying glasses. Of course, where there is evident unfitness of heart and life in a minister; where there appears to be no effort made on his part to live the life his sacred calling compels him to describe, the remedy of abstention is indispensable; but the abstention should be not from public worship, but from him. Whether the injudicious microscopic test is refrained from or not, many excellent clergymen and ministers may always be found whom we shall deem quite good enough to act as our spiritual servitors, if only we be willing to take a just estimate of ourselves.

The man who thinks that the Church establishment is a monopoly, and who has a strong feeling against a State Church, cannot hold himself excused from public worship on that ground, so long as there are churches that are not monopolies,

and that are entirely free from State trammels. If it is a bad thing for a Church to have rich bishops, it is easy to join in public worship where we shall assuredly never come in contact with any bishop at all. The sale of livings is, no doubt, a scandal; as also is the sale of titles and Government offices for political subserviency; but a man is not to be excused from taking his due part as a good citizen in the affairs of a State because that State is not wholly free from abuses. If rectors have fat livings whilst curates starve, all the more reason is there to comfort the poor curates by doing one's own share in swelling the size of their congregations. It is a mockery to pretend freely to elect bishops where there is really no option; but are we to refuse to fulfil our duties because some other people fail to do theirs? In short, allegations against a Church establishment on the one hand, or against the voluntary system on the other, may go to justify our preference of one system over the other, but cannot excuse us from doing our own duty to God and the neighbour—to God, in the public acknowledgment and worship of Him, as well as in all other ways; and to the neighbour, not only in private, but also in sustaining and encouraging, for his sake, the efforts of the public inculcators of duty.

We have already glanced at the proper mode of meeting the objections arising out of the worldliness and hypocrisy of some ministers. On the other hand, all are not like these. Mr. White, who was, by the way, the prime mover in the matter of the Conference, says very truly :—‘ I speak within the mark when I say that there are hundreds of ministers, both within and without the Established Church, who, having been born and educated to positions of wealth, in which a certain very considerable income was not only possible but secured to them, have abandoned those prospects, in order to devote their lives to the study and diffusion of the Christian faith; and who, as the direct consequence of that course have, in the reception of a professional stipend ten and even twenty times less than that which they so abandoned, persevered for many years of hard and anxious toil in the prosecution of their enterprise. . . . I claim, as I have said, to be heard as an impartial witness. I have no interest in defending men, simply because they are of my order; and have no earthly inducement to speak aught but the truth. I intimately know a large number of the persons of whom I speak, fair specimens certainly of the generality, and with an abhorrence of priestcraft as great as that of any working man—that is, of all undue and unwholesome influence of clergymen over other men. I must say that, so far as my experience goes, the large majority

of the persons engaged in teaching the Gospel appear to me to be actuated by honest motives ; and that to regard them as impelled by mercenary aims—as teaching just for the sake of a living—is a scandalous libel. For twenty-five years I have lived in habits of the closest intimacy with numerous ministers of all sorts, with city missionaries and persons of that order, and it must have been that in that time, and in an intimacy so close, in the privacy of conversation, some “sly twinkle” of the eye would have revealed the fact that wickedness was at the heart, if it were there. I declare before Heaven that I have never seen or known anything of the sort. I have met with some who seemed to be but slenderly endowed with the knowledge and ability necessary in the teachers of others. I have met with different degrees of goodness in them, and different measures of readiness for self-sacrifice ; but those whom I have known have been men of whose substantial sincerity I am far better assured than I am of the sincerity of those who plead the rapacity of ministers as an excuse for neglecting Christianity. Speaking in a region of London inhabited by so many working men, I can only say of the ministers in that region, in or out of the Established Church (though they need no man’s testimony, and certainly not mine), that what you see them in public, that you will always find them in private—upright, temperate, honest, earnest men of God.’

Again ; very little worthy of respect are the excuses urged by those who, mingling with church-goers, can see nothing in them but their inconsistencies and shortcomings. There is an eye ‘to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint,’—that cannot recognise Christian character when it is before it, so long as the Christian, struggling with his corruptions, falls anything short of the ready-made angel. There are persons that occupy themselves with judging others, when they ought to be humbly and severely examining themselves. Even if the judgment were equitable (which it never is with such), it would not follow that they ought to stop at home because other people go to church whose spirits are not yet made perfect. We appreciate fully what constitutes Christian perfection, do we ? All the more reason, then, is there that we, who can so critically appraise human conduct, should set before others our own immaculate example, and thus practically show them how Christians should comport themselves, and what manner of men they ought to be.

That class distinctions are a great barrier ; that the bought-pew system is objectionable ; that the rich too often do not know how to mix with the poor (or the poor with the rich, for

that matter); that there is a want of sympathy, and so forth; these are objections that, like most of the others, indicate defects that should be and may be amended; but they do not excuse working people from the duty and privilege of public worship and instruction. It is always easy to find a congregation of one's peers in social rank, if one insists on it; but how this self-sorting process, this or any other sort of shunning of the rich by the poor, can promote sympathy and develop kindly feeling between persons in different ranks, it is impossible to discover. It is bad, certainly, that Brown in the pew never has a word to say to Jones in the free seats; bad that he should never be able to tell whether Jones would rather have him speak to him or be silent; bad that there should be pews on the one hand, and free seats on the other. But if Jones stops at home and sulks, or goes off to the tea-garden and smokes or dances, does that in the least mend the matter?

That ministers of religion should think it necessary to dress differently from other Christians, may give cause for regret. It is a matter of taste. But that persons, who are not babies, should decline to receive the great message of the glad tidings through a larynx that has a white handkerchief around it, must give cause for astonishment. They would not act so foolishly in affairs of inferior moment. They would not refuse to receive directions for their journey whilst travelling in a strange country, because the innkeeper who proffered the information insisted on wearing a blue coat, or a white apron. Nor would they consider a scientific lecture vitiated merely because the professor was a little whimsical in his attire. The like may be urged in reply to other objections that are founded on trivial peculiarities of manner or style. And since the choice of a preacher is a varied one, and the liberty to exercise it lies within very wide limits, it is always possible to consult one's taste. Is one preacher too high and stilted? Others are homely enough for the humblest capacity. Is one man too solemn for us? Let us try another. There are preachers who are comical enough, in all conscience.

Much more important are the considerations grounded in doctrine that we find urged by some of the speakers. But here, again, the sincere seeker has abundant means of self-defence against bad doctrine, a long way short of being obliged to forego public worship altogether. If one-sided teaching offends him, he may always find the other side brought out elsewhere. If some 'religionists' attribute bad passions to God, all are not guilty of that error. If some adulterate or withhold, others are not chargeable with so doing. If

some teach that all ought to rest in the rank of life in which they are, others are to be found recognising the truth that Christianity only requires absolute contentment with our lot where God's Providence does not afford any opportunity of mending it. Against unfair and dishonest ways of getting richer, of course, true Christianity always raises a protest. If the world is not a vale of tears to some hearers, let them thank God therefore, and not quarrel with preachers who have found it to be so.

And with regard to differences of belief in general, we may quote Mr. White again, who in his second lecture 'On the difficulty of knowing what is true through the multitude of opinions,' after some valuable reasoning, says (pp. 12, 13): 'The world is full of all sorts of diseases and infirmities; and no one can deny that the world is also full of all sorts of opinions on the proper method of treating them. In some countries they treat them with charms and amulets. In others, as Montaigne says, with the most horrible combinations of every kind of abomination that the earth supplies. In this country there are two great schools of medicine, the homœopathic and the allopathic;—almost every medical man has also some peculiar methods of his own; and the present state of medical science is such as to give some colour to the ironical remark of Dr. Southey, that "men pour medicines of which they know little, into bodies of which they know less." Such is the state of medicine in Europe. Now, when sickness comes to the house of a skilled artificer, how does he reason, how does he act? Does he say,—"These doctors all work for pay; and these doctors all differ from each other to such a degree that I shall have nothing to do with any medicine at all; or, I shall let this fever take its course; I shall let this dislocated ankle work itself round if it can; this irritated and tormented liver, and stomach, and brain, shall have their own way; what's the use of meddling with medicine and surgery?" No, the intelligent mechanic says,—"It is a painful fact that doctors differ thus, nevertheless the doctors of all schools do much good. They are gradually influencing each others' practice. Those who gave too much medicine formerly, now give less. Those who gave too little, now give a little more. Besides, they are all agreed on the most essential things, on diet, on nursing, on the special efficacy of many drugs or modes of treatment, and I know my neighbour's child was cured by the doctors in the University Hospital, and my brother's wife in St. Bartholomew's. I can't settle the differences of the doctors, but I shall send for this one or for that, for most of them will help a working man as much as they can, and somehow or other

they generally manage to do some good, and very often put you in the way to effect a speedy cure." Because while there are many things on which they differ, there are also many on which they are agreed, or there are totally different ways of bringing about the same result. And if the working classes were in illness to abandon all to neglect, because of the multitude of medical opinions, and just to learn enough of medicine to quote the doctors against each other, they would generally die in their illness, and they would deserve it for their folly. You see the parallel.'

A favourite plea with some of the speakers at the Conference was the contrariety of science and religious teaching. It was said that 'at the present time men's thoughts had turned into a new channel. They no longer studied literature or science in the same way as formerly; the great mass of men had turned their attention to the study of experimental science. Now, was this less really a worship of God, if it was devoutly done, than the direct worship carried on in churches and chapels? But what was the position of the great mass of teachers of the Christian religion? Why, they had separated themselves entirely from a scientific investigation of God's works; they had almost put themselves in opposition to it. The gravest opposition to science came not from the actual truth, but from the conceptions which had been formed of it by intelligent men, who had entirely separated themselves from the great truths that should have come from the Bible and illuminated their search. This was a most lamentable condition of things, and working men perceived it. There were professors who were obliged to let religion alone, because the interpretation that was made of religion clashed with the facts which they were conscientiously obliged to expound. He did not believe that such persons had any wish to put down religion, but they found that certain facts existed, and that the Church held certain views and adopted certain interpretations of the Bible, and that those things clashed. The working man standing between the two said, "There is the scientific man, am I to believe him? Here is the clergyman, am I to believe him?" The natural dislike that man no doubt had to religious teaching and religious thought led him to accept the scientific teaching in preference to the religious.'

It was further stoutly declared that 'science and religion had for a great number of years been considered to be at variance. When he looked at a number of gentlemen around him who had, to a certain extent, dissented from the established religion of the day, who had advanced in their opinions with regard to geology and other sciences, he did not wonder that

working men who had, to a certain extent, intellectually examined the subject, felt a good deal dissatisfied with the churches already existing. . . . When he found a minister in the Church stating that the Mosaic cosmogony was necessarily true, and that Professor Huxley was a heretic, or something worse than a heretic; and, on the other hand, heard the Professor or Mr. Ramsay, or some competent searcher of geology or ethnology, dispute the statements made in the Church, and saying that the old cosmogony was not to be believed, there was a great source of infidelity. He would frankly state to them that working men had examined these questions extensively. . . . And when clergymen condescend to go into philosophical institutions and deliver lectures on various sciences of the day, it was highly probable that the working classes would be found anxious to listen, and the common bond of sympathy would be more strongly cemented in that way than in any other.' These asseverations and others of a similar kind, were met upon the spot with some degree of smartness.

The Rev. G. W. McCree, who made a telling speech, said: 'If a man said, "I do not go to the house of the Lord because I do not find that you ministers are remarkably scientific men," he might be asked if he was a remarkably scientific man himself. Many persons seemed to think that the statements of scientific men were to be taken exactly as perfect truth, but where was the science of fifty years ago, or even of ten years ago? Scientific theories which were put in antagonism to the Divine Word when he was a lad were now admitted even by sceptical lecturers and by their very propounders to have been baseless and false, so that we were bound, as Dr. Miller had said, to ask, "Are you quite sure that your science is truer than the Bible, and are you quite sure that the gospel of science is a truer gospel than the Gospel of Revelation?" He must, however, remind his friends that some of the geologists of this country had been Christian men. What was Dr. Pye-Smith or Hugh Miller or Dr. Hitchcock? He might go on to prove that the most thoughtful, the broadest-minded, the sublimest men in connection with science were men who believed in the Divine origin of Christianity as much as he himself did.'

On the other hand, there is much that preachers should think worthy of shrewd pondering, in the remarks of Dr. Miller, when he said, 'With regard to science, there was a great deal of truth in what had been stated, and it was a great pity that any religious man should ever put the question as if there could be really any variance between science and

true religion. The thing was out of the question. The same God that wrote the Bible made the world, and God was one, truth was one. But the working men misunderstood this truth altogether; it was not that Moses and science were at variance. When a man of science said to him, "You are wrong," he did one of two things. He said, "Let me be quite sure that Professor Huxley is right first;" and if he was quite sure that he was right, then he would say, "Let me be quite sure that my interpretation of the Bible is right: it must be looked to, because it is quite possible that my interpretation of the Bible may be wrong." The Bible, and his interpretation of it, were two very different things; truth and his version of it were two very different things indeed.'

Some of the objections at the Conference came from men who seem quite unable to care for anything that has not a strong political flavour. They find fault with religious doctrine that it is not political, as a man might complain of music that it will not dig potatoes or turn a grindstone. The business of a minister of religion is to teach men the way rather to heaven, than to political power. Some politicians, who as to religious thought and worship are relatively as Hodge the ploughman is to literature, would like to turn the pulpit into a mere political engine, just as Hodge would sell all the books in the parish for cheese and beer. It was said that 'A very serious question had been raised as to politics connected with the clergy. No doubt many of the working classes were alienated in great measure from the Church by the consideration that too many of the clergy were linked up with the ruling powers in the State against them.' 'There are three elements which have each contributed their share—[of commercial success]—the educated mind of the country, the accumulated capital, and the skilled and unskilled labour. But the labour is a principal element in the wonderful work, and deserves its proper and respectful recognition from the body politic. And it is the withholding of this recognition, it is the political exclusion of the educated working men from the rights and franchises of citizenship, which has more than anything else to do with the class feeling of which so many have spoken. The artisans are jealous of the middle classes, and hence arises that violent class feeling which leads them to regard Christian worship itself as a speciality of the middle and upper ranks of society. They shrink from weekly contact with people who enjoy privileges from which they are debarred. And the removal of those disabilities, the gradual and judicious removal of this political exclusion, will remove the principal barrier between the working community and the Church.'

We should think more of this if there were no liberal clergymen or Dissenting ministers, and no ground for the 'violent class feeling' and 'jealousy of the middle classes' beyond the exclusion from the franchise. But exclusion from comparative wealth and social distinction has much more to do with this jealousy than the mere question of the vote. People in poor clothing do not feel comfortable amongst those in more costly attire; and never will, until either the clothing is equalised or the heart is Christianised. The poor will envy and be jealous of the rich, just as the rich will look down upon and despise the poor, until the true lesson is learned that real dignity and worth are not matters either of clothing on the one hand, or of the franchise on the other.

At the same time it is very true that if clergymen and ministers sympathised more fully in the political claims of the poor, they would be more welcome amongst them, might exert greater influence over them, and be more successful in their efforts to teach them something still more important than how to attain political equality. Mr. Henry Lee, of Manchester, said: 'One of his workmen, a very intelligent man, and a Christian man, said to him, "You are one of the inconsistent." He asked "Why?" "Because," said the man, "You don't come out publicly to advocate the political enfranchisement of your fellow-countrymen." "Well," he replied, "I have considered the matter, and I thought I had other work to do." "Well," said the man, "one of the reasons which keep us as a class from taking part with you in public worship, is that we believe your class does not care whether we get the franchise or not." Undoubtedly one great reason had been that which had been already suggested in this Conference, that religious men, especially the preaching men, the clergy of all denominations, did not seem to care sufficiently for the social and political well-being of the working classes, and if working men saw that, they imagined there was very little in what was said about other things. The fact was, we must do people good in a way which they could understand before they would allow us to do them good in a way which they did not understand.'

Another said: 'The working men were engaged, at present, in a great struggle to better their condition. They might be mistaken in their proceedings, and their efforts might be fruitless, but the great religious bodies left the subject alone, thinking, as they appeared to do, that religion had nothing to do with social matters, and that the working men were to go on blundering, or to pursue a righteous struggle, without the slightest assistance or advice.'

In all this, there exists no reason why a clergyman who does not believe in the political horn-book of the poor man should substitute it for the catechism, or should even use it as a surface on which to write his religious lessons. If he does not believe in Democratic politics, he is not to be asked to pretend that he does so. The fact that he finds grown-up men, though acute in asserting their political rights, yet remaining in a state of arrested development, if not even of inveterate idiocy, as regards religion, is not enough, of itself, to inspire him with a strong desire to see the helm of the vessel of the State placed in their hands. On the other hand, it is a great pity that the real genius of Christianity should be so little understood as it is by some preachers. The man who wisely recognises it, feels religiously bound to impart freely to all everything in the shape of political and social privilege or power that it is at all possible, without manifest danger, to impart. Some seek to give all that can be given with safety; others to withhold all that can be safely withheld. There is a vast difference between the two attitudes. The attitude of the former is the Christian attitude; that of the latter is essentially pagan. Poor men, when they hear or read the precepts of Christianity, often feel this truth, and are offended and disgusted with the inconsistency of men who profess to be Christians yet fail to recognise it.

We have regarded the various objections urged at the Conference, chiefly as to their bearing on the duty of the poor; and little better than mere pretexts we have found most of them to be. But there is also another point of view from which they require to be regarded; and there is much in them that deserves to arrest the attention of ministers of religion.

Many of the objections simply illustrate the truth, that the greatest of all the causes of the abstention of the poor from public worship, is the religious idiocy to which we have alluded; an idiocy that cannot be met by anything short of the renewal of the natural will, and the opening out of spiritual faculties that are at present held fast closed. Religion is, indeed, the only real cure for the want of religion. But in seeking to apply the remedy, many external,—often some merely mechanical,—hindrances must be met, or the effort will be in vain. Whatever can be done by a thoughtful and patient study of such hindrances, can never be undeserving the attention of Christ's ministers. To all movements for social amelioration, they are clearly bound to lend a hearty assistance; and their sincerity, as 'ambassadors of Christ,' must be most grievously discounted, whenever they purposely withhold themselves from these.

Amongst hindrances to the Gospel, a very prominent place is held by the 'drink demon.' We cull a few specimens. The Rev. Newman Hall said :—' The working classes of this country spend fifty millions a year in strong drink. If they object to pay 3d. a week for seat rent, they do not object to spend 6d. a day for drink. That is one great reason that keeps people from the House of God. One cure for that is by ministers plunging into the great vortex, and endeavouring to stop the evil by their own example of self-denial and earnestness. It seems as if everthing was done to make the working man degraded.' At every corner at every street these places are put up, with all that can make them attractive, leading men body and soul to ruin.' Another speaker thus delivered himself :—' Their legislators had made working men what they were. They had licensed 160,000 public-houses, to stand in every street corner, on purpose to tempt the people, and not only that, but they were realising every year £25,000,000 of blood-money in the form of revenue upon misery, wretchedness, disease, and death. Ministers of the Gospel had always been the greatest opponents of the temperance movement. Thousands of teetotalers from various parts of the country would not go to their various churches and chapels because ministers of the Gospel opposed the movement. Temperance was inseparable from true Christianity, and if ministers of the Gospel came out and aided working men in connection with their social institutions, the social evils that now afflicted society would soon be removed.' A third declared that 'the drinking customs were the greatest enemies to religion, and they alone kept a whole army of working men from churches and chapels.' Mr. W. Booker said :—' The use of intoxicating drinks was no doubt a very great obstacle to attendance at church, and it would be well if the ministers themselves would leave off dabbling with such things.' A speaker before quoted (Mr. Lee) also took an opportunity to say that 'a man who habitually spent his time in the public-house was not a man who would be found in the place of worship. The associations of the public-house, the songs that were sung there under the influence of drink, the people with whom the man must necessarily be a companion when he went there, were inconsistent altogether with attendance at a place of worship, and the man who went to a place of worship after having had a bacchanalian spree at a public-house on a Saturday night would feel very uncomfortable.' The Rev. H. Solly said :—' Another material obstacle was the want of more places to which persons could go in their old clothes—dirty and shabby clothes ; and

great want undoubtedly was the means of inducing persons not to spend in drink what would enable them to get better clothes.' Mr. Bagge (hatter) said :—' The practice of holding clubs at public-houses was extremely injurious to the moral and spiritual welfare of working men. He wished there could be some hall or other public place provided where they could settle these matters without being subject to public-house associations.'

There is manifestly no attempt at exaggeration in these statements ; they are undoubtedly within the truth, and we see here, as indeed everywhere, where we are seeking the benefit of the masses, how the wine merchant, the distiller, the brewer, the publican, and the beershop-keeper stop the way.

Personally we are much inclined to doubt whether, taking the numerical differences of the classes into consideration, poor people neglect or undervalue religious privileges more than any other class of the community. Still, such courteous interchanges of opinion as this Conference presents, cannot but result in good, and as fast as the real hindrances complained of are removed, the power of truth and the beauty of holiness will develop themselves from out the mists and fogs of ignorance, folly, and wrong. And it may console many to think that if the bill of indictment drawn up at the Conference be to the full extent of the charges against religious institutions, then the servants of the sanctuary who are in earnest in their Master's cause may cluster around their ark, and sing songs of joy in anticipation of a not inglorious triumph.

We had marked for quotation some extracts from the third publication named at the head of this article to show, by way of offset to some of the allegations made at the Conference, that in some quarters, at least, hearty sympathy and practical co-operation with the people are not only proffered and carried out, but are also heartily appreciated ; but we must for the present forbear. It may, on a future occasion, be our privilege to say something upon various methods of reaching the masses of the population ; meanwhile, we commend to the thoughtful attention of our readers the objections and statements we have selected for their information, concluding with the hope expressed by the chairman of the Conference, that whatever may become of our opinions, our hearts may draw closer together, and our brotherhood make itself more sensibly felt, ever remembering that where love paves the way to truth, even differences conduce to harmony.

A MODEL MANUFACTURING TOWN.

AMONGST the leading social problems of the day, one of the most prominent, as well as the most important, is that dealt with by those who, while recognising the rights of capital and of labour, seek at the same time to benefit the toiling masses by endeavouring to make their home comforts greater, and to thereby elevate them in the social scale. How to provide comfortable and commodious residences for the artisan and labourer, with all modern sanitary improvements; how to draw off the working man from the allurements of the public-house and gin-palace; how to improve the tastes of the masses, and teach them to desire other enjoyments than those of the tap-room; how to educate the children of even many of the industrious classes, are all questions which public philanthropists, social reformers, and even benevolent legislators have taxed their energies to solve; and although they have been to some partial extent successful, yet they must all confess that their efforts have been largely attended with failure. The result might lead some to despondency in regard to their labours for their fellows, if it were not that so much which is encouraging can be pointed to as justifying bright hopes of future success.

One very noteworthy instance of what can be done to benefit *employés* is to be witnessed at an undoubtedly model manufacturing town, to which it shall be our duty, and a pleasing one indeed, to introduce the reader. In what part of the United Kingdom the town is situate is, of course, the first information which will naturally be desired. That, however, is a point which we would prefer not to explain to the reader too soon. There are portions of the United Kingdom against which ill-grounded prejudices still exist, although we hope that these are fast dying out. Steam is bridging over distances; the telegraphic wires are making all of us 'finger acquaintances,' like the lovers who had never spoken to each other, but carried on a gratifying courtship by help of the deaf and dumb alphabetical signs while sitting at the drawing-room windows of houses on opposite sides of the street; the penny post, the penny newspaper, the cheap periodical, the public school, are all doing their work, more slowly, no doubt, than some of us would wish, but still not the less surely, in breaking down barriers of ignorance, of prejudice, and of ill-will against each other, which centuries of past misunderstanding have created. This being so, perhaps, we may acquaint the reader that our model manufacturing town is in—

But is the reader quite sure, now, that his prejudices will not instantly arise on receiving the information, and that he will

not be inclined to lay down this book without reading further, or, at least, at once turn to another article without considering that what is to follow may be well deserving of his careful attention?

He is resolved, then, not to be led by any prejudices, and that he will peruse all about this model manufacturing town, even though it be situated in the most extraordinary place? Very well. This being distinctly agreed upon, we now proceed to state at once that our model manufacturing town is in—Ireland. Does the reader regret the arrangement made that his prejudices are to be mastered? Perhaps some may even ask—is there a manufacturing town in Ireland? We have known intelligent men to put this question in more than one part of England, although in, at least, one instance the inquirer was wearing at the time Irish manufactured linen. No doubt the Dublin Exhibition of 1855 has done much to show that Ireland has manufactures, but her manufacturing towns are not yet as well known as they deserve to be. Of course, Belfast is in the linen trade what Manchester is in the cotton. But as there are Bolton, and Ashton, and Bury, and Burnley, and Blackburn, and Oldham, and other cotton manufacturing towns around Manchester, so there are Lisburn, and Lurgan, and Portadown, and Armagh, and Carrickfergus, and Ballymena around Belfast, all extensively engaged in the various branches of the linen trade.

None of these, however, is a model manufacturing town, though all of them are places well worthy of notice; and in most of them much has been done to improve the position of the working classes. The model town to which we seek to direct special attention is Bessbrook, within three English miles of Newry, county Armagh; and, perhaps, it has not its equal in the United Kingdom as one of the most unexceptionable manufacturing towns.

A few years ago Bessbrook had no existence. It has sprung up in the memory of young men. Its principal founder, and now sole proprietor—a man still active, hale, and hearty—is John Grubb Richardson, of Moyallen, a leading member of the Society of Friends in Ireland. This gentleman, with one or two other 'Friends' formed the Bessbrook Spinning Co., and erected the Bessbrook Mills in an open country lying to the left of the Newry main line station of the Dublin and Belfast Junction Railway, or the third station from Dundalk, —the first, when travelling by mail or express train, on the way to Belfast from the Irish metropolis. The site is one of the prettiest that could have been selected in the district. Newry lies three English miles below it at the foot of a range of gently

sloping hills forming a basin at the bottom of which the populous town of Newry stands. Bessbrook is, itself, sheltered by rising ground on three sides of it, but with the view to Newry, Armagh, and Portadown open. The factory has grown from small proportions at first to large and still larger dimensions, until, at the present time, it gives employment to over 3,000 'hands.' The flax is taken 'raw' off the 'spread,' and is put through every process in the factory—from beetling the fibre until the fine linen is turned out completed. The name—the 'Bessbrook Spinning Mills'—is at present therefore a misnomer. The factory itself is a perfect model, and all the grounds surrounding it are laid out in the most beautiful manner. In summer the appearance is charming; even in mid-winter it is delightful. It must be almost a pleasure to pursue ordinary daily avocations in the midst of so much of nature's loveliness, adorned still further by art and skill in horticulture and landscape gardening.

On these scenes around the factory we shall not linger. Our object is rather to describe Bessbrook, its population, and institutions. The town of Bessbrook is an appendage to the factory, having in reality 'grown with its growth.' According as 'the mill' has been enlarged, so has the town in a like ratio, until it now contains a population of nearly 3,000, somewhat equal to that of the county town of Cavan in the same province of Ulster. Most of the 'mill hands' reside in Bessbrook, though some of them dwell in the surrounding farm houses, and others in the town of Newry. Mr. Richardson has caused the town to be erected solely to accommodate the *employés*. It is well laid out, as well as beautifully situated. It stands on a slope of ground above the northern end of the factory. At the furthest distance from the mill is a very neat square in which several good shops stand, and from this square streets run down the slope towards the factory and Newry. Two of the shops in the square are co-operative stores belonging to the workers—one to adults, and the other solely to juveniles of the Band of Hope, who are its only shareholders. Besides these, there are in the square a draper's shop, a butcher's shop, a glass and delf shop, and a bakery. The owners of these latter establishments are of Mr. Richardson's selection—men chosen for their well-established reputation for honourable and honest dealing. There are no two houses in the same trade, and everything supplied is of the best quality at fair market prices, the competition of the adjoining large town of Newry being sufficient to secure this, even if Mr. Richardson did not take so much care as he does to have the most strictly upright dealers in the shops, subject also, to a great extent, to the

surveillance of himself or his manager, Mr. Harris, and liable to be at any time put under notice to leave if found engaged in dishonest trading.

The co-operative stores are managed by the working men at the heads of the several departments in the factory, and the majority of the operatives hold shares in the stores. These establishments have always been well conducted, and have hitherto paid a good dividend to the investors, besides supplying all the inhabitants with wholesome, unadulterated provisions. In these business matters Mr. Richardson takes the deepest interest, and Mr. Harris devotes much time and attention to their development.

The square, shops, adjoining streets, and all the larger houses, are lighted with gas manufactured at the mill. The footpaths of the town are neatly kept, the streets well sewered and scrupulously scavenged. The streets are very uniform, the houses in each being adapted for larger or smaller families, as the case may be. Each family is accommodated with a house of from three to six rooms, according to its numbers, and for this it pays Mr. Richardson a fixed weekly rent which, whilst not onerous on the inhabitants, returns a fair per centage on the capital expended in erecting and sustaining the town. No overcrowding is observable ; all is comfortable and commodious. In this respect the town is a model ; but not in this respect alone. House accommodation of this class is highly important for the operative classes ; but Mr. Richardson is no believer in comfortable dwellings alone working a great reform amongst the masses. He rather believes that if the people are reformed they will themselves reform their dwellings. Still, he lends them useful aid in effecting both.

In one of the principal streets is a reading room and library, with a room for playing games such as draughts, back-gammon, and chess. This institution is well supplied with newspapers, periodicals, and books, and is a favourite place of resort in the evenings, especially during the winter months. Close to this reading room is an hotel, conducted on temperance principles, where visitors to the town or 'casuals' may find excellent accommodation. In the same street is a dispensary, where the sick are attended to and medicines dispensed by Dr. Lightburne. On the management of this and other institutions of the place we shall have a word of explanation presently. At the end of this street, standing a little retired from the thoroughfare, are splendid schools, admirably conducted and largely attended.

In the management of these schools, and of the dispensary, Mr. Richardson has probably gone to greater trouble than in any other arrangements connected with the factory and the town.

In Ireland there exists an admirable dispensary system under the Medical Charities' Act, and connected with the Poor-Law administration of the country. Every foot of Irish soil is in some dispensary district, and every poor resident is entitled to medical attendance, at his own house or at the dispensary, as the case may require. But Mr. Richardson has not considered that it could even be creditable to independent, industrious operatives to have recourse to the relief provided by the Medical Charities' Act in time of sickness. Bessbrook is taxed under the Poor Laws for medical relief for the district in which it stands, but this consideration has not altered Mr. Richardson's views. Neither has he thought that operatives ought to be dependent for their support on others in case of sickness. He has, therefore, caused a fund to be established at the factory for providing medical attendance, medicine, and half the usual weekly earnings, for any and all workers in cases of sickness. Each *employé* pays so much per week to this fund. The contribution is stopped from his or her wages under a distinct arrangement made on entering the employment. This fund, so created, supports the dispensary, pays Dr. Lightburne, and gives half the ordinary wages to all who are detained from employment by sickness. The amount of weekly contributions from the workers would not of itself be sufficient to accomplish all this, but Mr. Richardson supplements it with about £150 a year. The workers are thus independent in sickness, and the poor's rate is relieved of any burden from Bessbrook.

The schools are equally well managed. Knowing how careless, too frequently, working parents are in keeping their children at school, Mr. Richardson has devised a plan to promote attendance. He has not said, 'You must send your children to the schools;' but he has said, and he enforces it, that they must pay a penny per week for each child over four years of age for its school fees, and that then they may send them to school or not as they please. He explains that, of course, his desire is to secure their attendance. The penny per week per child school fee is also stopped from the wages, and handed to the school teachers. The schools are under the Board of National Education in Ireland, which secures united secular and separate religious instruction for the children—the only system, we take the liberty of saying, which can ever work well in Ireland, and the only system which ought to exist in England and Scotland also; a system which recognises the right of the parent, or guardian, to decide what religious instruction, if any, his child shall attend in a National School. This secures that no party can coerce children into

learning the tenets of any particular religion while acquiring secular education. The children attending Bessbrook schools are, therefore, not going to a Quaker institution, but to an establishment where the conscientious convictions of every parent and child are fully acknowledged and respected. The payment of the penny a week is to some extent compulsory, though part of the original bargain on entering the employment; but it is for a noble object, and the operatives all admit the great benefit it brings.

Adjoining the factory is a large dining hall, capable of seating 250 persons at dinner. It can be also used for public meetings; but, when only in use as a dining hall, each table is separated from the next by a thick curtain on a roller; when the curtains are all down the tables are distinct and separate; when they are rolled up, the hall is one long apartment. Coffee is sold here at a halfpenny per cup, and everything else is equally cheap, and many of the workers who have not families take their mid-day meal in this hall. The food supplied is of first-class quality, and the cooking excellent.

We have pointed out some of the direct and striking features connected with this model town and its management. We must now briefly refer to negative advantages which it possesses. We do not know that all our readers will sympathise with these; but it is our duty to record them, as well as our impressions of their effects upon the town.

First amongst the negative points of management of Mr. Richardson is the fact that he allows no licensed public-house in the town, nor on any of his lands surrounding it. And as a corollary to this, he allows no police in the place. The Irish constabulary, armed *cap-a-pie*, occupy every town in Ireland, and have barracks for half-a-dozen men each along every road side; but there are none in Bessbrook. Mr. Richardson alleges that so long as he keeps out the public-house they can do without police; but that so soon as the tap-room is introduced they will require the constabulary. There is no drunkenness in Bessbrook; no quarrelling, though the inhabitants are all Irish; no theft; no crime; no infanticide;—in short, the operatives are models of sobriety and good order. Of course, it is not meant to be said that they have not their faults and their failings like mankind everywhere; but the town is wholly free from sad scenes which are to be met with publicly every night in much smaller populations. And the population of Bessbrook is composed entirely of operatives, while that of many other towns is mixed, comprising the wealthy and the poor. The operatives themselves have not two opinions on the question of the

absence or presence of the public-house. They are agreed that if licensed houses were opened in Bessbrook, the reading-room, the library, the schools, the co-operative societies would all be deserted, by only too many, for the allurements of the dram-shop, and that another establishment, hitherto unknown in Bessbrook, the pawn-office, would soon be required. And not only so, but the police-barrack, the handcuffs, and the dark cells would come into fashion, too, and homes now happy would soon be rendered miserable. All this Mr. Richardson had seen in too many other towns, and he decided to keep the licensed public-houses out of Bessbrook. The results have decidedly confirmed him in his resolution, and would convince the most sceptical of the wisdom of the course he thus adopted, if the town were only once or twice visited by them. Coupled with the last negative point of management is also the exclusion of police and pawn-offices, as already referred to; these follow in the wake of the dram-shop, and the exclusion of the public-house renders all the rest unnecessary.

As bearing upon this question, we may add that there is a well-managed temperance society conducted in the town, of which Mr. Richardson is president, and Dr. Lightburne secretary. A large number of the workers, male and female, are enrolled teetotalers, and take an interest in the meetings, which are held in the school-rooms; occasional soirées are held in the dining hall, at these tea and coffee are provided, and very pleasing reunions are effected. At these latter Mr. John Richardson, son and heir to the proprietor, takes a leading part, and, in person, sees that every one is made thoroughly comfortable. We had the pleasure of attending one of these meetings during the winter just past, and we must bear witness that 'the arrangements reflected credit on all concerned,' as the reporters put it.

The amount of comfort in the homes of the people at Bessbrook is exactly what might be expected from all these efforts to educate the operatives in practical matters. The houses, which we visited extensively, are kept scrupulously clean. The walls of the ground-floors are neatly whitewashed, the floors are well kept, the furniture is suitable, and much of it is, moreover, ornamental. There is nothing like 'an Irish cabin' to be seen; nothing of the custom of feeding the fowl and the pig in the kitchen which still prevails amongst even rather well-to-do farmers. The good housewives appear tidy and neatly dressed, with nothing tawdry or showy about them. The children seem well kept, and everything bespeaks good wages well spent for the benefit of the household, not for the

advantage of the spirit-dealer, as is too often the case with even the poorest in our Irish towns, whose earnings, if well laid out, would not purchase enough of bare necessities, much less needless and worse than useless luxuries, for a working man.

On the whole, then, we think we have clearly established our starting point, that there is a model manufacturing town, and that Bessbrook, county Armagh, Ireland, is entitled to rank as such. Our narrative plainly proves that even amid agitation and foolish commotion, the manufactures of the country can be promoted and the well-being of the workers carefully secured in such a model town as Bessbrook, and with such a model proprietor and employer as Mr. J. Grubb Richardson.

THE AMATEUR FEMALE CASUAL.

MR. JAMES GREENWOOD'S famous adventure in one of the Metropolitan casual wards, with the graphic details of his description of it, from the bath of weak mutton broth, to the horrible conversation of the 'casuals,' will long remain in the memories of those who read it on its original appearance. The experiment has been imitated, on the female side, by a poor widow who, in gratitude for some assistance rendered to her at a time of great distress, accomplished four visits to so many different casual wards in London, in order to supply materials for a true appreciation of their character and management. We are assured by the gentleman who has published the result*, that her character is reliable, and that every effort had been made to confirm the truthfulness of her descriptions, by visits to the wards and otherwise; so that although, as he admits, it is impossible to rely implicitly on every detail, there is nevertheless full reason to believe that her statements are substantially true, and that the picture may be regarded as practically correct.

* *The Female Casual and Her Lodging, with a Complete Scheme for the Regulation of Workhouse Infirmeries.* By J. H. Stallard, M.B., London, Author of 'London Pauperism.' London: Saunders, Otley, and Co., 68, Brook-street.

Of course, the same difficulty occurs in the outset, as in the case of Mr. Greenwood himself. Falsehoods had to be told in order to gain admission to the wards; are we sure, then, that they had not to be told subsequently in order to add to the sensation? In her case as in Mr. James Greenwood's, it seems requisite to assume that although witnesses like these will be false for a purpose, they may be relied upon for this purpose;—that though they will tell lies in workhouses, they will not deceive the public at large.

In commencing her undertaking, our female 'casual' discovered that as a preliminary to obtaining admission, just as severe an ordeal of questioning and of delay had to be gone through as if what was sought had been a real privilege deserving to be very jealously guarded. At Newington, there was no admission to be had without an order from the police; and this caused the loss of more than an hour in searching for and securing it. At the police station, the inspector scrutinised the applicant 'very fiercely,' and wanted to know why she came there. Several men of the force standing by as spectators served as accessories to the scene, and laughed and jeered at the applicant 'as if it was fine fun;' but one of them was of a better sort, for he seemed to pity her, and said he was sorry he had not a penny in his pocket to give her. Having at length got the order, she returned to the workhouse door, but found the knocker fastened down with wire, so that it could not be used except to knock very gently. The door was opened by a porter, who looked at her order of admission, and then shut the door in her face. For ten minutes she waited outside, affording to some people in the neighbourhood a favourable opportunity for coming out of their cottages and staring at her, of which they continued to avail themselves until the moment of her admission.

At Lambeth, from the workhouse, where she applied for a night's lodging, she was sent to the police station for an order of admission. The inspector was very abrupt—did not seem to like his duty, and talked to her bluffly; but after asking sundry questions, gave her the order. Possessed of this, she returned to the workhouse, and was admitted by two men, the elder of whom, having read the document, sent the other with her to the casual ward.

On her third adventure, the witness took care to apply where she knew no police order was required; for she was glad to escape the ordeal of the police station, 'which is enough,' she says, 'to deter any one who is respectable from seeking a night's lodging in the places provided for the destitute.' Having asked for a night's lodging, she was told

to go to the stoneyard, at the back of the Pavilion Theatre, in the Whitechapel Road. Passing up a wide entry, she found the place with some difficulty. Here again the knocker on the door was fastened down,—so securely, indeed, this time, that it could not be moved at all, and the adventurer had to kick at the door to make her presence known. A little grey-headed old man, clad in workhouse attire, made his appearance. He had a kindly expression, which, however, he tried to disguise under a very stern manner. A curious scene ensued between the two impostors,—the sham casual on the one hand, the honest old pretender to hard-heartedness on the other. He asked her shortly what she wanted, and when she had told him, ‘a night’s lodging,’ he replied, ‘You cannot have it; we are full!’ She retorted, ‘I must have a night’s shelter somewhere;’ and, looking through the gate at a wooden lodge which appeared to be his room, she added, ‘I can sit down there, if you please.’ ‘Oh no, indeed,’ said he, ‘you will get me into fine trouble if you go there; you’d better go somewhere else, for we cannot take you in here.’ The visitor pretended to be greatly distressed, but the soft-hearted old hypocrite said sternly, ‘You must be off; I have no room,’ and slammed the gate, taking good care, however, to leave it a little open that he might see which course the woman would take. Finding at length that she would not go away, he said, ‘Well, there, come along; I’ve got one bed left, and you seem a decent sort of woman. I don’t think you were ever here before.’ Looking at her very scrutinisingly, but very kindly, he added, ‘Poor soul, I hope you will not want to come again, for there is a rough lot here;’ and thinking she was still crying, he said, ‘There, come along in, and you shall have a bed.’ He then showed her into a little square office, and after asking her name, age, and other particulars, gave her a ticket with her name upon it, and a man’s blue and white calico shirt to sleep in. In reply to a question, he told her she was to undress and give him all her clothes; but on her objecting to the shirt he had given her as not being clean, he advised her not to put it on, as she did not look like one of the roughs, and they were a dirty lot; however, he begged her to mind what she was about, and not let the nurse see her in her own shift in the morning, lest he should ‘catch it’ for having been so lenient with her. Having put the rest of her clothes together, and pinned them in a bundle, to which the ticket was appended, he led her across the yard to a wooden building which proved to be the casual ward.

On her fourth adventure, the workhouse of St. George in the East was the scene of the experiment. She had the

greatest difficulty in finding it, and was very tired when she arrived. Here the doors were open; and in the gateway was a stout man leaning over the half door of the office, wearing a cap, and smoking a cigar. Puffing the smoke in her face, and 'taking it very easily,' he said, 'What do you want?' and having heard her tale, he said, 'I cannot make it out what you want here. Do you know what a casual ward is? It is a great pity that you cannot manage better than to come here.' Again he looked her over from head to foot; and it was only on a view of her boots that he at length determined to admit her.

Such are the difficulties through which it was necessary to make one's way, prior to obtaining the boon of a night's lodging in a ward for 'casuals.*' And what a boon! In only one of the four cases would a lodging in the street have been less desirable.

The exception was Lambeth. Here, after being put through a bath room having a very clean wooden floor, and separated from the sleeping ward by a door and curtain, and furnished with

* An odd parallel, with striking contrasts with all this painful search in the police-office for her 'evidence,' followed by the ordeal at the door with the knocker fastened down, and the horrible conversation of the wretched inmates, is supplied in the famous old story of a male 'casual' who required a night's lodgings, and was fortunate enough to find it.—'Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said Christian to the Porter, "Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night?" The Porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the Hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims." The Porter also asked whence he was and whither he was going. * * * PORTER: "But how doth it happen that you come so late? The sun is set."—CHRISTIAN: "I had been here sooner, but that * * I lost my evidence, and came without it to the brow of the hill; and then feeling for it, and finding it not, I was forced with sorrow of heart to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it; and now I am come."—PORTER: "Well, I will call out one of the virgins of the place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family, according to the rules of the house." So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out of the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called. * * Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going; and he told her. She asked him also how he got into the way; and he told her. Then she asked him what he met with on the way; and he told her. And at last she asked his name, so he said, "It is Christian; and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the Hill for the relief and security of pilgrims." So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and after a little pause she said, I will call for two or three more of my family. So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family; and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord! this house was built by the Lord of the Hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in." Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and sat down, they gave him something to drink, and consented together that, until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with Christian, for the best improvement of time, and they appointed Piety, Prudence, and Charity to discourse with him.'

a stove to dry wet clothes in, and three zinc baths well supplied not only with hot and cold water, but also with soap and a clean towel, she put on a blue gown which was lent to her to sleep in, and found the sleeping ward to be a large place with twenty-four straw-filled canvas beds in it, each lying in its own wooden trough. The beds were tolerably clean, but the rugs were dirty, and she saw so many vermin on the one on her bed, that she sat on the edge of the bed nearly all night instead of lying down on it. Otherwise, she makes no complaint of the accommodation provided. A breakfast of 'a pint of good skilly' and a 'piece of bread' was found for each of the women in the ward; and, after picking a quantity of oakum, they were discharged from this singularly comfortable place.

But at Newington Workhouse, after having received a piece of bread, and been shown to the ward by a woman who told her to undress, and took from her everything but her boots, stockings, and chemise, our witness found herself left alone in a very different sort of place. It was an apartment about 13 feet long and 7 or 8 feet wide, with a sloping roof, lighted in the daytime by a skylight of six panes. Over the door of it was a small opening for ventilation, but the place was dreadfully hot, and it was in vain that she tried to open the skylight. A gaslight was at one end of the room. There was only a narrow passage between the beds and the wall. The beds and bolsters were of straw, and very hard. There were two very thick horse-hair-looking rugs to each bed. One of these was placed underneath, and the other was to serve as a coverlet; but if used as such, it lay oppressively heavy on the sleeper. After a time our mock-casual felt very lonely, and began to cry, for she feared that there would be no 'casuals' there that night, and that all her pains and discomfort would therefore be thrown away in a fruitless experiment. If she had really been alone it would have been better for her; but she soon found the place alive with vermin, and that 'scores of bugs' were running about the bed. Afterwards, several 'casuals' came in. At six o'clock next morning the 'nurse' arrived. Thankful, indeed, was our amateur to see the door open, and to breathe once more the fresh air; for the heat and stench were indescribable, the whole place swarmed with vermin, and the restlessness of those who were asleep was most painful to behold. Receiving her bundle of clothes from the nurse, she went, with her companions, to the oakum room, which was clean and more airy than the dreadful hole in which the night had been passed. Here she had given to her a pint of oatmeal porridge, and a piece of very good

bread, which, however, she was in no condition to eat. No water for washing purposes was to be had. On reaching home, she found scores of vermin on her clothes, was obliged to burn her chemise, and was so ill from fright and loss of rest that she thought it impossible that she could ever again enter a casual ward. Thus ended her first experiment.

After awhile, she gathered courage to try again. The second experiment was at Lambeth; and we have already referred to it. The third was at Whitechapel, where the casual ward proved to be a wooden structure, which seemed to have been built for a wagon shed, but had had its sides boarded up to adapt it as a casual ward. The place, when she entered, was already well filled. It was nearly square, was about 18 feet long, and had nine shallow trough beds on the one side, and seven on the other. From the ceiling hung a gaslight. A water tap was near the door. At one corner a door opened into a second ward, about 8 feet wide, having in it nine beds. The place was fearfully hot, and there was not a breath of air. 'Oh dear,' said one, 'what a dreadful night, and what a dreadful place.' 'It is enough to kill us,' said another; and a third declared that she should be eaten alive. The place was swarming with verminous life. The walls were of old, white-washed wood, and the insects ran in and out of the cracks 'like bees at the entrance of their hive on a summer's morning.' 'It is no exaggeration to say there were myriads; indeed, it is difficult to conceive so many in so small a place.' A piece of bread which she had had given her by the old man, she laid upon her bed, 'for it was impossible to eat,' and very soon afterwards she saw it 'absolutely covered with black vermin.' It was utterly impossible to lie down. The walls and woodwork were all spotted over either with marks where vermin had been killed, or with living specimens. As the night went on, the horror of the adventure grew. 'There lay the women, naked and restless, tossing about in the dim gaslight, and getting up from time to time to shake off their disgusting tormentors, which speckled their naked limbs with huge black spots.' About midnight the closeness and heat of the place became intolerable, and every one began to feel ill and to suffer from diarrhoea. Several were drawn double with cramp. The children began to cry constantly, and seemed extremely ill. For her own part, nausea and illness were taking fast hold of our amateur. From this time the closet was constantly occupied by one or another, and the stench became dreadful. The witness declares she suffered more than she can say, and as long as she lives will never forget the horrors of that dreadful night. 'No wonder there is cholera

at the east of London, for it is generated every night in the Whitechapel casual ward.'

About seven o'clock in the morning, a large, stout woman came in and said 'All up!' She was followed by a man who brought up the clothes of the casuals. Throwing these at them, she said, 'Here, make haste,' urging them to get on and be quick. If any one lingered for a moment, in order to pick vermin from her clothes, she peremptorily stopped her, and seemed determined to get through her disagreeable duty with utmost speed. Probably she had overslept herself, and was afraid of the consequences. Several of the women attempted to wash in a pail of water which, sans soap or towels, stood outside the door. One woman, with three children, and who was more decent than the rest, was particularly anxious for a wash; but the majority did not attempt it; indeed, time was not allowed them, as the fat woman was continually driving them on by saying 'Be quick,' 'Be off,' 'Get on,' and so forth. Those who did succeed in wetting their faces, had to dry them on their own rags. When all were ready, they were led across the yard to the office, and were regaled with skilly and bread; the former 'horrible stuff,' 'black, and totally unfit to eat.' They had to carry it across the stone-yard to the oakum room—a filthy, wooden building covered with tar, and whitewashed inside. Breakfast being over, the oakum was produced; every one had a pound; very old it was, and hard, and quite unfit for women to pick. It took our amateur nearly four hours to do her share, although she worked very hard, and her hands were quite sore when she had done. In winding up her report of this adventure, she remarks that 'bad as the night was at Newington, it was a palace compared with this, which was enough to kill any one, and ought to be at once closed.'

At St. George's in the East, three pieces of stale and mouldy bread, pinned together with a wooden skewer, were given her for supper—evidently the leavings of the sick ward, which our amateur says she could not have touched if she had been really hungry. The woman who dealt out to her this dole, then led her outside the workhouse, and, descending a flight of stone steps, unlocked the door of an underground cellar. The place was quite dark, so that, on entering, the visitor could not see her conductor; and a shiver ran through her as she perceived the stifling closeness of the air, enforced by a stench much worse than anything she had yet experienced. 'What a dungeon!' she exclaimed aloud; 'surely I am not to sleep here! I cannot do so; I really dare not!' Her conductor, however, passed carelessly across the dark cellar, and

opening the door of a second place where there was a gaslight and some rugs, brought one out for her, and said 'That is your bed.' Nothing was visible at first; but a cold bench, covered with a kind of tarpauling, could be felt with the hand. Our amateur was allowed to keep her clothes on; she feared to pull them off lest she should catch a cold. Dreading to be left alone in this place, she tried to detain the woman by talking to her, but this stratagem did not avail. The woman locked all the doors, and went away. The 'casual' became now able dimly to see that she was in a square apartment, which received a dim illumination through an opening about a foot square leading to the place where the rugs were stored, and wherein the gaslight was burning. Groping about, she came in contact first with a black mass in the corner, which proved to be a heap of clothing. This convinced her that she was not alone, and turning towards a bench she found a young girl, whom she aroused. Taking off her bonnet, and folding up her cloak, she said to the girl, 'What a dreadful place!' The girl replied, 'Yes, indeed, it is; you can't see me, but feel my arms; I am bitten all over;' and on complying with the request, our visitor found her arms to be covered with 'wheals.' A dreadful smell was in the room; she felt faint; the idea of having cholera haunted her, and she sat down trembling with fear. The nurse now unlocked the door, placed three pint tins full of water upon the window sill, and went away. Spoken to, she did not, or would not, hear. Faintness, sickness, and diarrhoea now came on; and cold perspiration broke out over the visitor. Opening a door in the corner to which the girl directed her, she found the closet. On lifting the seat-lid, she started back, for there was no pan, and the soil reached nearly to the top. The floor was wet and saturated with the filth that oozed out upon it. Feeling too ill to stay there, she returned to the ward and vomited. She was very much alarmed, and tried to open the door, but could not do it; nor was there either bell or knocker to be found. Having heard that walking about was the best remedy under such circumstances, she did not cease doing so until it was nearly daylight. She then essayed to lie down, but the rugs were 'alive,' and the look of things was so bad that she could not bring herself even to sit. The girl in the next bed lay on the bare tarpauling with nothing on but her chemise. On being asked if she was not afraid to lie in that way, she replied, 'What is the use of making a bother about it? They do not care for us.' For an hour the amateur watched, thinking only of the horrors of this foetid dungeon, and listening to the groans of the vermin-ridden women and children. One of the

latter was at the mother's breast, and was crying at intervals the whole night through. There were six women and three children, all lying half exposed in the glimmering daylight—all restless, and their sleep broken with exclamations of 'Oh dear,' 'God help us,' 'What shall we do?' Our visitor became very cold, and vomited incessantly. She was forced to cover herself with the rug to preserve any warmth in her body; but from that moment her torture was unspeakable. She felt stung and irritated until she tore her flesh till it bled in every part of her body. About six o'clock the door opened, and the woman who came exclaimed, 'Oh, dear, what a horrid smell! it's enough to kill you.' She tried to pull the window open, but did not succeed. Most of the 'casuals' were half-dressed when she came, and before they had all finished two men came down the stairs and brought skilly and bread. When breakfast was finished, the men gave each of the adult 'casuals' two pounds of oakum to pick. About half-past ten o'clock the nurse came in and kindly helped our amateur to pick her share; and at eleven o'clock a man took away the work, without remarking on its being all completed. No water to wash was to be had, the bath-rooms and other wards being given up to the cholera cases, and the attendant refusing to fetch a pail of water, in the absence of an order to do so. And so at noon, without having had any chance of ablution, the 'casuals' were all turned out of the place.

Abominable as was the accommodation provided at these places, and strict as is the ordeal preliminary to admission, it is certain that were the former made comfortable, and the latter easy, there would be a large population habitually looking to these casual wards as their sole domiciles. A woman who was in the Lambeth ward when the witness visited it, said 'She would be — if she would pay for a night's lodging, even if she had a pound in her pocket; and that if it were not for the oakum-picking she would come there every night.' Another, described as superior in some respects to the run of 'casuals,' calmly stated that she and another woman had been offered half-a-crown a day for a fortnight at strawberry picking, but thought they would not like it, 'as the sun was so very hot,' and they actually declined the offer. What is to be done with people of this kind? To offer comfortable accommodations to such, is only to encourage them in their dreadful laziness, and would be certain largely to augment their numbers.

And yet, not even for such, ought there to be wards so made and so conducted as to be full of vermin and to defy all sanitary laws. It is positively wicked to allow the stench of the water-closets to pervade the dormitories even of such people

as these; and no less decidedly should a 'dead set' be made at the vermin.

With references to the latter nearly every part of this remarkable narrative abounds. They seem to crawl all over almost every page. Here, for instance, is a dreadful picture, as drawn by our 'casual.' It describes part of her experience at Newington:—

Shortly afterwards two women came in, and relieved the loneliness. They were after hours, and their clothes were not taken away. The first was an elderly woman of about fifty-four years of age, very strong, ruddy, and sun-burnt; she had a basket with some scraps of food in it, and a blacking-box with Day and Martin's name upon it, which was filled with cottons, tapes, stay-laces, and other articles of a similar kind. She was literally clothed in filthy rags. Her dress consisted of an old body-lining, which scarcely reached her waist, and a black skirt,—she had nothing on else but a bonnet and shawl.

After taking these off she removed a series of rags which were pinned in pieces round about her, and as each was taken off she drew it briskly through her hand to knock off the vermin with which everything was covered. She then removed her boots, which were without a bit of sole and very old, and her stockings, which had no feet, a few rags being tied round the toes to protect them on the road. When she had reduced herself to complete nudity she commenced to destroy the vermin on her body, the skin being covered with sores and dirt such as made me ill to look upon.

The other woman was somewhat younger; her outside clothes were rather more respectable, but underneath she was quite as bad, and was very soon as naked as the other, and actively engaged in the same way.

When they had finished themselves, they began to pick their clothes, shaking them over the beds generally, and turning over the gathers of the dresses to find out what they sought.

After a time I got a little tranquil, for no one can conceive my horror at the sight which presented itself, and which I could not help watching spite of all my fear. I asked them what time it was, and they said it was about eleven o'clock, and I then said 'I suppose you are friends;' they said 'No, they had met accidentally at the police-station.' Both were hawkers out of luck. The younger one had no money, and nothing to sell. She said that she would like to wash her chemise, and the other said she could go to the public wash-house at three-halfpence an hour; but what, said the former, if you have not got the money? They remained in this way fully an hour and a half, and then they shook the rugs and the beds, making a great dust, and lay down talking to each other in low tones which I could not hear.

They soon went to sleep, but I was frightened to death. I found myself covered with vermin, and in a state of constant misery the whole night through. I could neither sit nor lie, and I went as near the door as I could get, in order to get a breath of air if one came through the narrow opening I have already noticed.

About three o'clock I heard the bell ring and the key turned in the door. Fearing to be found out of bed I again forced myself to get in before the woman came, and I had scarcely done so when she brought in a woman of about thirty years of age, who was tall, strong, and almost as dark as a gipsy. She appeared under the influence of drink, but not intoxicated, and she sat down sullenly in the corner and began to pick over her dress as the others had done. She wore a dark linesey skirt, very torn and dirty; the body was of striped calico, and she said she had bought it for twopence of a workhouse nurse, but she added that they chaffed her about getting it in gaol, which seemed more likely. She said, '—— that fellow (Mr. Greenwood, we suppose) that made a bother about the vagrants; he has only given us extra trouble. I came here at two o'clock, and they made me go all the way to the police station for an order; if I had known that, I could have got one easy enough on my way, for I have passed them twenty times.' Her feet were also encased in rags, and she said 'She hadn't had a wash for more than three weeks.'

In my life I never saw a human being in such a dreadful state. There she sat tearing her skin to pieces, and on her back were sores as large as your hand, which must have been intolerably painful. The stench was terrific, and, dirty as she was, I was obliged to ask her for a little water to prevent my fainting. She fetched the tin and poured some water into it, and, seeing me shiver at the dirty can, she put in her fingers to clean it out. I thought I must have died, for I could not touch the water; and when she saw the reason she said, 'What a fool I am, I forgot what I had been doing;' and then she swilled the tin several times, and I took a little and was revived. She remained sitting in the corner until it was daylight, and then lay down; and they were all fast asleep when the nurse arrived in the morning soon after six o'clock.

Here is a companion picture, as witnessed at Lambeth:—

The last arrival was at twelve o'clock, when a woman and three children were shown in. They were at the police station when I was there, and she said they had been kept waiting for more than two hours for the order of admission. One child was put to bed with the mother, another in a bed by her bedside, and the eldest was sent over to the men's ward. They seemed very tired, but for a long time they never ceased getting up and tearing themselves to pieces; indeed, the constant scratching of every one in the ward went on until it was quite daylight. They all seem accustomed to the vermin, and they look for nothing better. * * * They all seemed to know that sleep was out of the question until the feeding time was fairly over, and daylight had arrived; then a common repose gradually took possession of the casuals and their voracious companions, and I was the only person awake when the bell rang for us to get up.

Shortly afterwards the woman came in and expressed her surprise that they were not yet dressed, and hurried them on. The beds were then turned up, and a deaf and dumb girl brought in a pint of good skilly and a piece of bread for each. After breakfast the oakum was brought in, and we were set to work, superintended by the female already described.

The operation of picking their clothes went on even whilst they were eating their breakfast, and seems the only habitual method of cleanliness; it was continued whilst they were at work, and there was a woman named Shipton, of middle age, the wife of a vagrant in the male ward, who could not sit still one moment without turning up her clothes to relieve the violent irritation of her skin. After sitting at her work for an hour, and doing very little, this woman became suddenly frantic; she jumped up and rushed about the ward, as if she were insane, crying piteously, 'I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it.'

Roaring with madness, she stripped herself entirely naked, retaining only her bonnet and a small shawl. The clothes she took off scarcely held together, and she tore them into rags. At this moment the woman came in and began to blow her up.

'What have you done that for?' she said; 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself. This is the twelfth case of tearing up, and you will have three days for it on bread and water. If you wanted to tear up why did you not do it outside, and not keep me here two or three hours waiting on such as you?'

'I could not bear it any longer,' answered the woman, 'and I cannot help it.'

The attendant then went out for the assistant nurse, who was a sour-looking woman in spectacles. When she came in she turned over the torn rags with her keys, and said that they were clean and free from vermin, that she had seen much worse, and that it was not through dirt she did it, but devilment. She went away, but turned back again to tell the superintendent to take care that the woman did the oakum before she left. Neither the nurse nor the other person seemed to have a grain of pity for this poor creature, but I believe her sufferings to have been genuine. She appears to have had the fever, which made them less easily borne; even the nurse was frightened, and in my whole life I never saw so pitiful an object.

If the Legislature is really determined and has finally resolved that casual wards, open to all the necessitous alike, whether

deserving or undeserving, shall be provided by the so-called guardians of the poor, it is certain, we repeat, that the casual wards ought to be at least so placed and managed, as not to be positively promotive of infectious or contagious disease, and so constructed as to afford the least possible lodgment for vermin. A temporary complete change of clothing should be provided, and the clothes of the paupers should be in all cases well boiled before being returned to their owners. To do less than this, is to inflict most unjust and unnecessary persecution on the deserving poor, who must sometimes come within these wards; and for whose benefit, indeed, they ought to be entirely appropriated.

Dr. Stallard treats the question in a very sensible manner. He observes that two distinct classes,—the deserving and the undeserving, are to be found availing themselves of the casual ward. The one class deserve to be assisted; would work, if they could find it, or were able; are compelled, perhaps, to travel for some temporary purpose, are unable to pay for lodgings, and ought to be properly accommodated whilst on their way. The other class are old stagers, accustomed to the treatment they receive, and determined to live without working as much as they can; they care little what they eat, they wallow in filth, and set the Union officers at defiance. It is a subject of just complaint that to such as these the Houseless Poor Act has given a legal position, and the privileges of lodging and food at the public expense. What right, asks Dr. Stallard, have such idle vagabonds, whether male or female, to our sympathy and relief? And is it not shameful that the heavily-burdened ratepayer should be taxed for their support? On the other hand, what right have we to keep a destitute but honest wayfarer, whether man or woman, standing at the door of a police-office, perhaps mixed up with a score of foul-mouthed vagabonds, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the mockery of passers by, and the jeers of the police, who reluctantly perform their hateful duty? What right to insult those who are already in despair? The professional vagrant and the destitute traveller should never have been confounded by the Legislature; should never be forced to sleep in the same bedroom, or associate in the same work-place. The casual ward is a school of vagrancy and petty crime, in which those who enter by compulsion are taught to prefer a wandering life, and to acquire the means of indulging in their preference; but happily the pupils are comparatively few, because the genuine wayfarer shuns the horrors of the accommodation, and feels that he cannot associate with the vagrant without losing caste and self-respect. Every night, respectable but destitute

persons prefer to walk the streets, or, as in Bethnal Green, to sit in the public water-closet, rather than remain in such debasing company.

But here comes the question: Can the two classes be discriminated in practise? At present, this is not done, or even attempted. The employment of policemen as relieving officers does indeed deter some of the criminal class from seeking lodgings in casual wards; but it also keeps away others sorely needing and really deserving relief, who cannot bring themselves to submit to this ordeal that they may obtain it. We agree with Dr. Stallard that every genuine destitute traveller should be provided with a bed and breakfast at the public cost, and should be let go in the morning as early as he pleases. He should, however, for his due recognition, be expected to provide himself with a passport signed perhaps by an employer in the presence of a police inspector, a clergyman, or a magistrate, to stand good for a certain reasonable time. In London, a certificate of destitution should be obtained, entitling the bearer to bed and breakfast for a week, and renewable at discretion, until work was found. Persons found wandering in the streets, homeless and uncertificated, should be taken before the Poor-law magistrate, and either supplied with the necessary certificate, or remitted to a house of detention. This latter should be a real workhouse, where useful labour should be provided and insisted upon, and from which no inmate should be allowed to depart without having behaved well for at least a month. At the end of that time, if found deserving, he should be supplied with a passport, in order that he may seek employment. Dr. Stallard suggests that a register of persons wanting labourers should be kept at these houses of detention. Would it not be still better if the Board of Trade would organise for the whole kingdom a system by which the waves of high and low pressure of the atmosphere of supply and demand in all its branches might be noted and registered, so that persons unable under present arrangements to find work for themselves might know on good authority whither they might betake themselves with the best chance of discovering it?

Dr. Stallard's projected method of dealing with the two classes of destitute persons is described in detail in his book, and to this we must refer those of our readers who desire further information with regard to it. The latter part of his volume is filled with the particulars of a complete scheme for the regulation of workhouse infirmaries.

WHAT DO THEY SAY, THOSE WEDDING BELLS?

'I DON'T like 'em,' said Judith Spinks to herself, as she sat alone in her work room, cutting out the pattern for a new silk mantle, and as she spoke, she gave an indignant poke of her scissors at the paper, till it was a wonder the pattern was not quite spoiled, but it was not. 'What's the good of 'em? Making all that uproar because two folks have made fools of themselves? Because another poor woman, God help her, has put herself into a man's power for ever and ever, no matter what comes. What's the good of you, I ask?' she went on, lifting up her head and apostrophising the bells, that just now, pealing from the belfry close by, seemed inclined in their fun or madness, Judith thought the latter, to make a humming-top of her little room with its open window, and of her brain at the same time. 'Slap bang, here we are again.' 'Yes, I hear you!' 'Here we are again, here we are again.' 'Hush, you almost drive me crazy!' And she rose up from her chair, and, going to the window, seized hold of the iron hook that held it open, and shut the casement with a quick hand, and close-pressed lips of determination. 'It's a hot day, and it's a shame to shut the window, the room so close as it is; but I can't abear you, I can't abear you!' And as she sat down again she shook her fist in the air, in the direction of the window whence you could see, if you were so minded, a section of the church steeple, and a bit of the churchyard, with its rows of sombre, cut yews on either side the paths. And then the dressmaker returned to her scissors and her pattern with a stern face.

'Miss Spinks, Miss Spinks!' said a voice at the door of the attic, for it was in the top storey of the house that she was sitting, 'May I come in? just for a minute! To see them coming out, you know.' And while the speaker was uttering these words, she entered the room, in the shape of a young, bright-faced girl, with rosy cheeks and light hair, and tripped quickly across the floor, with the motion of a sunbeam that has half an idea of dancing, but has not quite made up its mind.

Miss Spinks did not lift up her head, or she might have been tempted to look less grave, but she said gruffly, while snipping away, 'What a simpleton you are, Lucy! Ah—well—in twenty years you'll be wiser.'

Judith Spinks could speak with authority on this matter, for she had evidently passed the twenty years she spoke of. Twenty and seventeen, which last was the age of Lucy, make thirty-seven; and, to look at Miss Spinks's face, you could not have the smallest hesitation in declaring her to be forty years

old at least. You would declare her to be so, though you would make her frown when you did it, for she did not like her age to be guessed, she would tell you stately; but you might nevertheless be wrong, for care and incessant work had done something, as well as age, in carving the three very distinct wrinkles on her forehead, and the two still more distinct ones on either side her mouth, and in dimming the brightness of her double-dark eyes, dark in their setting as well as their irids. They were sharp eyes now, but not bright, unless indignation lighted a fire beneath them, which it was apt to do, and made them flash, we will not say how many feet, across a room.

'How beautiful,' said Lucy enthusiastically at the window, blunting her pretty nose at the pane; 'I'm glad I was just in time to see them. White silk and lace, and such a veil! she looks quite handsome, I declare. And now she's in the carriage, two horses, with white rosettes, and white gloves and rosettes for the driver. Ah—there—off they go! Do come and look, Miss Spinks! Bridesmaids and all in another carriage! What a gay wedding! I didn't think Sarah Jennings's father would have come out so. What a lot of money it will cost! And what sweet bells—I do love those bells.'

'More fool you!' growled Miss Spinks energetically, retaining her seat, notwithstanding Lucy's appeal. It was strange that a dressmaker should resist the allurements belonging to her craft, and refuse the fascination of looking at a wedding party, and scanning the silks and laces, the make and the fit, and the thousand and one attractions that a dressmaker feels when appealed to by the vision of fine dress; but Miss Spinks was peculiar, and 'she had her reasons,' she would tell you, more or less mysteriously, if you asked her why.

'Oh, Miss Spinks, how can you say so?' replied Lucy, used to her friend's abrupt and uncomplimentary speeches, and not at all offended. 'Listen! Don't you hear them say?—

Oh, love is still the lord of all!
Oh, love is still the lord of all!

I found those words in a song the other day, and I'm sure the bells are ringing them exactly.'

'I wish they were,' said the dressmaker, 'not that it would matter to me though. I've done with love and all such rubbish long ago. But the bells say different to different people.'

'Yes, I suppose they do,' said Lucy, coming from the window as the last of the gay procession drove away; 'and

you put me in mind of what mother told me once. She said that all the bells spoke to her, when she was married, was—

Take care, don't spoil your wedding gown!
Take care, don't spoil your wedding gown!

I couldn't help laughing when she told me, it seemed such a queer thing for bells to say; and I asked her what sort of a wedding gown it was, that she thought so much of, that morning? She said it was a white chintz, with rose-buds in it, that cost half-a-crown a yard, the loveliest thing, just come out—there's a bit of it still in one of our bed quilts—but she said the bells weren't meaning the white chintz, but another sort of wedding gown—her good character, that she wasn't to spot. I wonder what they'll say when I'm married?'

'I'll tell you what they say to a great many,' said Judith, pinning her new pattern on to a piece of uncut silk,

Women are crazy when they wed;

and I'm sure it's true. And I could add another line to it that's quite as true—

A good deal better if they'd been dead.

They say as bad things as that many times. I have heard them say as plain as plain—

Oh me! it's all poverty!
Oh me! it's all poverty!

How would you like your bells to say that to you?'

'Don't talk of such dismal things,' said Lucy.

'I hear the bells here very often,' went on Miss Spinks; 'and they tell me a many things that other people never guess. I heard them ring when my sister was married. She'd asked me to be her bridesmaid, but I wouldn't, for good reason. So I sat up in this room, making a lot of mourning that had come in the night before, instead; and when the bells began to ring, they fairly made me jump off my chair, for if they didn't say, just as if they'd spoken—

There's nothing here, but rags and beer,
But rags and beer, but rags and beer.

I got up and shut the window, just as I've done this morning, and I said, "It's not going to be so bad as that, I hope; she shan't have rags while I can stitch for her, at all events." But the bells were about right. If I didn't find her a few old clothes now and then, she'd have nothing but rags about her. And as to her husband, it's all beer, beer, beer, with him from morning till night. I've never liked those bells since.'

'But it wasn't the bells' fault,' Lucy ventured to say.

'The bells' fault? No. I know that. Do you think I'm a fool? But if you'd ever seen a man that had once told you you must go with him and have a good whipping at the cross, before all the people, you wouldn't like to see that man's face again—ever! And no more do I like those bells. They told me of *my* whipping, and I've had it,—before all the people too. Why, Lucy, girl, I never walk the streets now, but I think folks are saying, when my back's turned, "There goes Miss Spinks, whose sister's the poorest castaway in the place, the wife of the drunken shoemaker." Though for that matter there's a many as badly off as she is, and John Webb isn't the only drunkard in the village. I do what I can for her, but I can't do everything. I've plenty of work, and I'm thankful for it; but I'm bound to keep myself respectable, and I'm always at my wit's end for money and clothes, with her and the children draining me so. Her money goes to the public for her husband's beer and tobacco, and mine often goes after it. It's just like throwing money into the sea to give it Emma. Oh! Lucy, never you marry, girl! For if your husband should be a drunkard, what help have you? A woman, when she's poor, has no chance. There's no help for her from the law, as long as he doesn't half kill her with blows, or cut her throat. She's *married* to him, and that, to my thinking, means, she's a slave for life, body and soul, and slaves all poor married women are, more or less. Oh, those bells, I wish they'd be quiet. I've come to hate wedding bells, I've seen so much sorrow after 'em.'

'But it isn't all sorrow, Miss Spinks,' said Lucy hopefully, 'there's a many happy weddings in the world.'

'Well, so there are, I suppose,' said Judith with a sigh; 'but I'll tell you how it is, Lucy, I've seen so much trouble, that I can hardly see anything else. And, after all, it's an awful risk to run to get married. To be tied to a man for life, that may, if he chooses, bring you into such misery as my sister is in, and no help for it. No help from the magistrates, not when you're dying by inches, you and your children dying for want of good food, want of clothes, want of fire, want of instruction. No help from the parish, for they tell you you've got a husband in good work, that's bound to maintain you. No help from people who are charitable to others, for they say that to give you money is like putting water into a sieve, and only encourages drunkenness. Oh, it's cruel, cruel work!'

'But what can be done?' asked Lucy.

'It's as clear as daylight what could be done, if they'd do it. When a *man will* drink, and *won't* provide for his family, the

magistrates ought to help a poor woman by giving notice to his master to pay part, if not all, of his wages to his wife, till he engages to do better, and does it. And the publican who sold him the drink should be warned also, and if he sells him any more, should be punished along with him, by a little of the treadmill. Oh, I would soon put a stop to such drunkards' doings as those, if I were law-maker. Why, Lucy, just think, there are fifteen public-houses in our little village. Think what pounds and pounds go from poor men's wages, and poor women's comforts and necessities, to support them all. If I were law-maker, there shouldn't be a public-house in Gloucestershire.'

'That would be the best remedy, after all,' said Lucy, opening the door to go out. 'One thing I'm glad of, that father and mother don't keep a public. Father once wanted, but mother said No. She wouldn't be after helping to make drunkards. Good morning, it's time I was back at my work.'

And she departed, leaving the room duller than it was before to the dressmaker. The bells had not yet ceased their ringing. Heavenwards they tossed out their glad marriage burden, earthwards they threw out their sweet clangour, over the graves and the yew trees, over house tops, tree tops, hill tops, and down into the valleys and coverts, where they roused the echoes, and rolled joyful music down the little streams, and made the lambs lift up their heads from the grass to listen. To the lambs, perhaps, they might ring out some simple, silly little couplet like this—

How pleasant it to graze is
Amongst buttercups and daisies.

But to Judith Spinks, sitting at work, they made out a sadder burden, as she began to sew the rich shot silk of the mantle, and pulled her needle in and out despondingly. The merriest sounds may have the mournfullest meaning when a sorrowful interpreter listens to them. She thought of her sister and her married troubles, till the tears filled her eyes, and then she wiped the overflowing drops away hastily and determinedly. 'No tears for me,' she said rather savagely. 'They'll spoil the silk. Dressmakers can't cry like other folk. Not that it would be much good if they could; what's the use of crying? If I'd been given to crying, I shouldn't be sitting here, with work from the Hall. I should have been in the workhouse, most likely, and more than half blind to the bargain, for I've had trouble enough to turn some folks blind. And what's *my* trouble to *hers*, after all? Mr. Harris said this morning, when he came for the poor-rate, that they'd ~~summons~~

her husband and distrain his goods for the rate, only there wasn't three shillings worth of furniture in the house. Think of that! And she brought up so comfortably as she was, and had her share of mother's furniture when she died; eight years' schooling too, if she'd a day, and a teacher at the Sunday school when she was single! The youngest and the prettiest she was too, and the pet at home. Eh! mother, mother; did you ever think she'd come to this?' And forgetful of her determination just before, the poor lonely woman tossed aside the silk and gave way to a flood of tears.

The tears were a wonderful relief to her. With them went away some of the bitterness that had lain at her heart all the morning, and the voices of the noisy bells sounded softer after the shower. She did not sit long, however, thus, for she was a woman of spirit and resolution, not given to lazy indulgences, whether of sorrow or anything else. The work must be done, and she must do it. Scrubbing her eyes and wiping her hands, lest she should rust the needle and tarnish the silk, she took up the mantle again, and with a deep sigh resumed her sewing. In and out industriously the needle made its way, and presently the sheeny silk took something of the shape it was intended to have, and put on fashionable airs and graces, for it was to be a mantle of unusual attractions, coquettish, shining, and pretty, a great contrast in appearance to its artificer. When it should be worn, who would have an idea of the bare little attic in which it was moulded and fashioned, and of the hollow-eyed woman of forty who put it together? Who would whisper of her tears and sorrows? of the burst of feeling that hindered its development, and the clamour of wedding bells that tore her heart in two, while she was sewing its seams and frills? Who would tell of the sad words those bells rang into her ears?

Bitterest rosemary and rue,
Are what the poor man's bride comes to.

Presently a knock came to the door, and when the dressmaker said 'Come in,' a little boy entered, with a rough, dusty-looking head of hair, shabby clothes, and ragged boots, and standing with his hand on the latch, delivered himself of his message, 'Mother says she wants 'ee.' 'Wants me? what for, Johnny?' asked the dressmaker. But Johnny, if he knew, was not inclined to say, and stood in silence surveying the mantle with stolid eyes. He had given his message and done his duty; what more could be wanted from him? 'Come here,' said Judith, in a more imperative tone, 'and tell me what's the matter.' Thus commanded, Johnny approached

slowly and reluctantly. He knew that he was unwashed and uncombed, and that his aunt would not like him to come too near her work in that state. But all he could say when by her side was the message, 'Mother says she wants 'ee.' 'Didn't she say what for?' 'Noa.' 'And don't you know?' 'Noa.' 'Bless me, how stupid you are, child. Is father at home?' 'Noa.' 'What's your mother doing?' But Johnny didn't approve of so many questions, he held down his head, and began to look sulky. Like many another drunkard's child, he was not so bright as he should be. Judith Spinks was puzzled, but at length decided that perhaps she had better go at once, and see what her sister needed. 'Tell mother I'll come,' she replied, and then a thought struck her. 'Have you had any breakfast this morning?' she asked. Johnny's eyes brightened, he understood such a question as this, for eating and drinking were with him the most important operations in life. 'Mother hasn't,' he said, 'but she gev me and Bess a bit of bread.' 'Why, hasn't mother had any?' asked Judith, expecting the old answer, 'There is none,' with a sort of heart sickness. But there was another want this time. 'She'd no sticks, she's been to 'ood.' 'Been to wood, has she? Well, tell her I'll come. And here, Johnny, take this and make haste.' And from a wonderful cupboard, that Johnny had had reason to be thankful for before to-day, she produced a piece of bread and butter, and gave it to him. Quickly and gladly the little boy went away, with hand and mouth in close conjunction, and with round, happy-looking eyes, and she heard the sound of his broken boot, descending the wooden stairs, directly after.

With a sinking, boding heart, Judith folded up the mantle. Mrs. Wyatt at the Hall could wait, her sister could not, it seemed. 'Why don't that selfish brute of a father mend that child's boots?' she asked internally, while getting her bonnet hastily from the box, as the thump, thump of the broken leather reached her ears. After one glance at the looking-glass, and one hasty expression, that sounded something like a malediction, she left the room, and was soon on her way to Vicarage Row, where was her sister's home. Did the Vicar, whose fine house at the end gave the name to the row, ever bestow more than a passing thought, and wonder at the nest of poor dwellings about him? Did he ever enter the drunkards' houses, plentiful in this row, and urge to sobriety and purity of life? If he did, surely his words were of little avail, for year after year the same unhappy mixtures of vice and poverty were to be found here. The same miserable drunkards reeled home to their wives at midnight, the same wretched wives

faded hopelessly by the cheerless hearth, the same dirty, untaught children roamed about, to be drunkards, or slaves of drunkards in their turn, when father and mother were dead or on the parish. And why were his words of so little avail? He could not tell these wretched fathers and mothers that drink was perfectly unnecessary as well as dangerous, he could not say '*I never take it,*' and poor men are quick enough to perceive another's want of heartiness and thoroughness. 'If he takes it, why shouldn't I?' is such a natural and inevitable thought, is so convenient to a self-accusing conscience, is so unanswerable by the *he* meant, that it is sure to be used to hide and excuse a multitude of sins. It had done duty in that way to a good many of John Webb's shortcomings in the matter of temperance. 'He drinks wine, and I drink beer, that's all the difference that I see,' was a favourite speech of his when the clergyman was named to him as shocked at his immorality, and this speech was an agreeable stronghold that he felt could not be taken by the enemy. In his house, too, as we see, he took equally good care to leave little for another enemy, the poor-rate collector. He could afford to laugh to scorn summons and distraint. Furniture, clothes, and possessions of any kind, were of the poorest and scantiest, and I am not sure that he had not a certain pleasure in such a state of things. It was something to be able to defy tax-gatherers, and to incur debts with impunity, though, of course, the difficulty was great as to the incurring. The welfare of wife and children must have been of little account with him. And yet, strange to say, he had no look of hardened vice on his face, no distinguishing mark of sensuality. Meeting him in the street, you would think 'here is a slovenly, dirty shoemaker,' but you would not dream that he could be deliberately indifferent and cruel to wife and children, heartless, selfish, and self-indulgent. His wife's face and figure would tell you so, however, too plainly. How can we describe her utterly pale, sorrow-sodden, exhausted look? How paint the bewildered, helpless expression of her eyes, like those of a dumb animal caught suddenly in a snare, or thorny brake, from which it sees no possibility of escape? How sketch tellingly enough her hollow chest and bony form, all too slightly concealed by the thin, limp, tattered dress, with its dearth of under-clothing? We can only say, what is the truth, that her face and figure have pursued us and haunted us on to the recording of this story, and we have given them what voice was in our power to speak to others as they have spoken to us. It is one of the anomalies of this world that the innocent suffer not only for and with, but frequently much more than the guilty. John

Webb's sins brought punishment upon his wife that he never felt, or felt slightly. Hunger, and rags, and cold that she felt so keenly, scarcely reached him. He had lost pride in becoming dress long ago, a little beer was more to him than a new hat or coat; hungry he seldom was, drink took away his healthy appetite, and the greater part of the wages that reached home he took care to consume on daintier food than wife or children could ever obtain. He was the bread-winner, and therefore of right must be the principal bread-eater. So he thought, so all in his rank of life thought, and it seemed no shame even to his fellows who were not drunkards to have the best that the house contained, and leave the remnant to the helot of a wife* and her young ones.

There was a smoke in the little, untidy cottage when Judith Spinks entered it, so great that, at first when she went in, she could not see exactly who were its occupants, and she stumbled over a great bundle of sticks that had been thrown upon the floor near the entrance, as by some careless or overwearied person who had not had strength enough or spirit enough to put it in its place. A fire was being kindled on the hearth, for John Webb had not the luxury of a grate, and the wet wood was hissing and sputtering and smoking. Before it knelt a little girl, with black face and hands, trying to blow a little more life into it. 'Where's mother, Bessy?' asked Judith, as soon as she could see who it was. 'I' the corner,' said Bessy; and in the corner Judith found her, sitting in a troubled, helpless way, rocking herself to and fro, and muttering, 'He's gone, he's gone; I know'd he would!' 'Who's gone? What's the matter, Emma?' was the dressmaker's next question, almost hoping to hear that the husband was gone. It would be so much better for her sister to be in the workhouse even than here; the workhouse was a blessed place compared with all this squalor and misery.

'Bob's gone. He went off afore daylight this morning, and I didn't know till I came back from the 'ood, but what he was playing about. Oh! oh! what shall I do?'

'Don't cry in that way,' said Judith, 'where's he gone to?'

'He's run away. He allers said he should, but I wouldn't believe him. He said he'd be off to sea, if father ever beat him again.'

Bob was the eldest of the family, the most intelligent and spirited of the lot, and a boy of twelve years old now. That he had really run away Judith refused at first to believe.

* See the testimony of a clergyman of the Church of England on the forced degradation of working men's wives, as quoted in the *Alliance News* of November 17th, 1866.

He'd hidden himself, she thought, and would most likely return at nightfall; so she busied herself in getting a cup of tea ready for her sister, and in endeavouring to induce her to eat a little of a new loaf that Bessy fetched with aunt's money. After her breakfast the poor mother related all that she knew or feared about the boy's absence; and when everything had been told, and a letter had been read, it seemed highly probable to Judith that he might be really gone away. But what was to be done? It was noon now, and he had set off before daylight to walk to Gloucester, six miles off. He must have reached the city hours ago, and before any one could get there he would be hidden, or on board a vessel, and perhaps might already be on his way down the river. He could read and write, thanks to Aunt Judith, who had paid for his schooling, and as a proof of his writing capacity he had left a scrap of paper in Bessy's hands, to be given to mother when the clock struck twelve, not before, which injunction Bessy had too faithfully kept, with a few words upon it, as a farewell to his mother. 'Dear mother, I'm gone bekorse father is so bad. Don't cry for me. I'll come back when I'm a man. Robert Webb.'

'And he never will. I know he never will,' sobbed the mother, feeble in mind and body from long ill-usage, 'broken sperited' the neighbours called it. 'I wish I were dead!'

'Nay, Emma,' said her sister, 'that's the last thing you should wish; what's to become of the rest, if you die? Keep up your spirits, and give me the paper, and I'll take it to the policeman, perhaps he'll put us in the way of finding him.'

The policeman suggested a communication with the police at Gloucester, and a description of the lad to be given, that he might be sought for among the vessels. 'But,' said he, 'I advise you if you find him with a good captain, to let him go; anything would be better than staying here with such a drunken sot of a father.'

He was not found, however, and not even a trace of him was discovered.

John Webb felt the loss of his eldest son acutely, far more so than could have been expected from such a careless father. He tried to give up drink in his first fresh feeling of remorse, but the public-houses were too strong for him. Fifteen stood with wide-open doors wherever he turned, and in one or other of the fifteen he was generally to be found of an evening. 'They were licensed to ruin him,' Judith said bitterly. By and by he was too ill to work, and the doctor told him his liver was almost worn out; and then John Webb went to the workhouse, to drag on for a year or two longer a miserable

pauper's life, at the expense of the ratepayers. Judith, with the rest of the temperate inhabitants of the parish, had to pay her share of his maintenance, and of that of scores of others who, like him, owed their pauperism to the wealthy brewer and the tempting publican. 'Let them pay their own debts,' said she indignantly, as she threw down her shillings to the collector. 'Why should I be taxed to support Mr. Burton, the great brewer, who rolls about in his close carriage, and lives in a nobleman's house? He's bought all the public-houses in this neighbourhood, that he may sell his drink and make sure of the people's ruin. The least he can do is to pay the poor-rates for all those he's made paupers of.' But the tax collector shook his head, and said, that wasn't the way things were done in England.

Before the father went to the workhouse, the bodies of Emma Webb and her baby were laid in a grave at the cemetery on the hill. Mr. Burton, the brewer, did not, I dare say, when he drove past it in his carriage, think of the many graves already in that little cemetery that were filled with prematurely worn and diseased bodies, that he might ride softly and live elegantly. It was more comfortable to forget such things.

Twelve years afterwards, and there were two workers in the attic, Judith Spinks and her niece Bessy. Bessy was neither pretty nor strong, but she was quick with her needle, and well contented to be like her aunt, a dressmaker. 'Aunt,' she said one morning rather abruptly, 'there's going to be a grand show on the green to-day; mayn't I go and see the Forester's band come in? I'll be back for dinner.' 'Well, child, you may go, but take an umbrella, it looks like rain.' There was a very merry laugh in the attic at these words. 'Rain, aunt? Why the sun shines all over the steeple. There'll be no rain to-day.' And Bessy took no umbrella, though she had on her very best.

Judith sat busy at her sewing by herself, and a melancholy feeling came over her. What had she to do with gaiety and Forester's music? 'Let the young enjoy themselves,' she said, a little sorrowfully, 'trouble will come soon enough.' And then she thought of the bright, rosy-faced Lucy, that had been with her in this room twelve years ago. Where was she now? That very morning she had sent home the mourning that was to be worn at her funeral. Lucy had married a good, kind husband, but in her second confinement death had come to her from medicine wrongly administered by a half-tipsy nurse. Yes, where was she now? Where were her sister Emma and the baby? Where was Bob? It all seemed a

very weary and mysterious world to the dressmaker. Why should the innocent suffer thus for the guilty? she asked, despondingly. She was quite an old woman now, among the ribbons and silks and laces that were heaped on the table before her. The night before, she had been up late finishing the mourning for Lucy, and perhaps this was the reason that in a little while she fell asleep. Her work dropped from her hand, and her head sank on one side. The attic, the silk, the laces were all gone, and, instead, rose up before her a lovely garden with fairest fruits and flowers; flowers of all seasons growing together in one harmonious combination; roses with anemones and snowdrops, lilies with primroses and violets, tulips with dahlias and chrysanthemums, buds and blossoms and fruit mingled. She was not surprised, but she was delighted; and, walking along among them, her dress touched their blossoms and roused a dozen sweet odours wherever she moved. Sunshine was abroad in the garden, bright and soft, cheering and lovely, and her weak old eyes that had shed so many tears were not a bit dazzled. A large stone basin full of the clearest water attracted her to stand by it; on its rim letters were cut in a language to her unknown, and they combined so as to form a beautiful flowing pattern. 'It is an Eastern pattern,' she thought; and, while she was thinking this, a young man approached, tall and smiling, and black-haired, and as he came to her she saw he carried a number of dresses on his arm, and he said to her, 'Which dress shall you like to wear?' Before she could answer he gave her a beautiful purple one, with the brightest stars upon it—not of tinsel, but of pure gold—and when she took hold of it her old brown woollen dress fell off, and the beautiful dress was in its place. When it was on he vanished, but now she perceived that the garden was full of people like herself, clothed in dresses of different colours; and amongst them she saw, not far from her, Lucy and her sister Emma. Bells began to ring, a glorious wedding peal filled the air, and from the middle of the basin sprang a fountain of sparkling, flashing water, that danced and rippled to the chime of the bells. She saw Lucy smiling and saying something to her sister about the bells, but they neither of them noticed her. The wedding bells, however, spoke to her, and their words filled her heart with a strange, sweet joy.

Her eyes opened—the garden was gone, the flowers, the fountain, the people, the purple dress; her brown woollen was upon her, her wrinkles and her grey hair; the plain whitewashed attic was round her, but the sound of the bells remained, and instead of the tall majestic young man who had re-clothed her

was one much smaller and meaner, with sandy hair and weather-beaten face. But he was smiling very pleasantly upon her; he was putting out his hand, and saying, in a voice that sounded far away and strange to her bewildered senses, 'Don't you know me, aunt? I'm Bob, come back safe and sound to work for you and Bessy, now the old folks are gone.' 'Oh, Bob; your mother!' exclaimed Judith, as she recognised him and clasped his rough hand hysterically in hers: 'Do you hear what those wedding bells say?—

God's love is still the Lord of all—

and your mother hears them too!'

'Nay, aunt,' said Bob gravely, for he thought she had lost her reason in the sudden joy; 'they're not wedding bells at all; they're only ringing in the Foresters.'

'It's my dream,' said Judith. But I believe she liked the sound of wedding bells ever after.

SELECTIONS.

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER HOME CONTRAST.

THE pestilence so constantly hovering over the wretched wastes of devastated Germany had been brought to Netherby by a cousin of my mother's, who had come on a visit to us. He fell sick the day after his arrival, and died on the third day. That evening Tib, the dairy-woman, sickened; and before the next morning, Margery, her daughter. A panic seized the household. My father accepted Lady Lucy's generous offer to take charge of Roger and me, we happening to have been from the first secluded from all contact with the sick. Aunt Dorothy made a faint remonstrance. There were, said she, contagions worse than any plague. If her brother would answer for it to his conscience, it was well. She, at least, would wash her hands of the whole thing. But my father had no scruples. 'He only hoped,' he said, 'that Lady Lucy might touch us with the infection of her gracious kindness. Olive would be only with her; and as to Roger and the rest of the household, if he was ever to be a true Protestant, the time must come when he must learn, if necessary, to protest.'

So much to Aunt Dorothy. To Roger himself he said, in a low voice, as we were riding off, with his hand on the horse's mane,—

'Remember, my lad, there is no true manliness without godliness.'

Aunt Gretel watched and waved her hand to us from the infected chamber window, where she sat nursing Margery; and when I opened my bundle of clothes that evening, I found in the corner a little book

containing my mother's favourite psalms copied in English for us—the 46th (Dr. Luther's own psalm), the 23rd, and the 139th.

Thus armed, Roger and I sallied forth into our enchanted castle.

To be disenchanted. Not to be repelled, but certainly to be disenchanted. Not by any subtle spell of countermagic, or rude shock of bitter discovery, but by the slow changing of the world of misty twilight splendours, of dreams and visions, guesses and rumours, into a world of daylight, of sight and touch.

My first disenchantment was the Lady Lucy's artificial curls. She allowed me to remain with her while her gentlewoman disrobed her that evening. I shall never forget the dismay with which I beheld one dainty ringlet after another, of the kind called 'heart-breakers,' disentangled from among her hair—itsself still brown and abundant—and laid on the dressing-table. The perfumes, essences, powders, ointments, salves, balsams, crystal phials, and porcelain cups, among which these 'heart-breakers' were laid (mysterious and strange as they were to me, who knew of no cosmetics but cold water and fresh air), seemed to me only so many appropriate decorations of the shrine of my idol. But the hair was false, and perplexed me sorely, Puritan child that I was, brought up with no habits of subtle discernment between a deception and a lie.

The next morning brought me yet greater perplexity. I slept in a light closet in a turret off the Lady Lucy's chamber. The Lady Lucy's own gentlewoman came in to dress me; but before she appeared I was already arrayed, and was kneeling at the window-seat of my little arched window, reading my mother's psalms.

I thought she came to call me to prayers, with which we always began the day at home—my father reading a psalm at daybreak, and offering a short solemn prayer in the hall, where all the men and maidens were gathered, after which we sat down at one table to breakfast, as the family had done since the days of Queen Elizabeth. But when I asked her if she came for this, she smiled, and said it was not a saint's day, so that it was not likely the whole household would assemble, though no doubt my Lady and Mistress Lettice would attend service with the chaplain in the chapel. But she said I might attend Lady Lucy in her chamber, before she rose. I gladly accepted, and Lady Lucy invited me to partake of a new kind of confection called chocolate, brought from the Indies by the Spaniards, which finding I could not relish, she sent for a cup of new milk and a manchet of fine milk-bread, on which I breakfasted. Then she began her dressing; and then ensued my second stage of disenchantment. Out of the many crystal and porcelain vases on the table, her gentlewoman took powders and paints, and, to my unutterable amazement, actually began to tint with rose-colour Lady Lucy's cheeks, and to lay a delicate ivory-white on her brow. She made no mystery of it; but I suppose she saw the horror in my eyes, for she laughed and said,—

'You are watching me, little Olive, with great eyes, as if I were Red Riding Hood's wolf-grandmother. What is the matter?'

I could not answer, but I felt myself flush crimson; and I remem-

ber that the only word that seemed as if it could come to my lips, was 'Jezebel.' I quite hated myself for the thought—the Lady Lucy was so tender and good! Yet all the day, through the service in the chapel, and my plays with Lettice, and my quiet sitting on my favourite footstool at Lady Lucy's feet, those terrible words haunted me like a bad dream: 'And she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window.' A thousand times I drove them away. I repeated to myself how she loved my mother, how my father honoured her, how gracious and tender she was to me and to all. Still the words came back, with the visions of the false curls, and the paint, and the powder. And I could have cried with vexation that I had ever seen these. For I felt sure Lady Lucy was inwardly as sweet and true as I had believed, and that these were only little court customs quite foreign to her nature, to which she, as a great lady, had to submit, but which no more made her heart bad than the washed hands and platters made the Pharisees good. Yet the serene and perfect image was broken, and do what I would I could not restore it.

My third disenchantment was more serious.

At the ringing of the great tower bell for dinner, summoning the household, and inviting all within hearing to share the hospitality of the Hall, a cavalcade swept up the avenue, consisting of the family of a neighbouring country gentleman. Lady Lucy, who was seated at her broidery frame in the drawing chamber, was evidently not pleased at this announcement. 'They always stay till dark,' she said, 'and question me till I am wearied to death, about what the queen wears, what the princesses eat, or how the king talks, as if their majesties were some strange foreign beasts, and I some Moorish showman hired to exhibit them. Lettice, my sweet, take them into the garden after dinner, or I shall not recover it.'

Yet, when the ladies entered, she received them with a manner as gracious as if they had been anxiously expected friends. I reasoned with myself that this graciousness was an inalienable quality of hers, as little voluntary or conscious as the soft tones of her voice; or that probably she repented of having spoken hastily of her visitors, and compensated for it by being more than ordinarily kind. But when it proved that they had to leave early, and she lamented over the shortness of the visit, and yet immediately after their departure threw herself languidly on a couch, and sighed, 'What a deliverance!' I involuntarily shrank from her to the farthest corner of the room, and watching the departing strangers, wished myself departing with them.

I stood there long, until she came gently to me and laid her hand kindly on my head. I looked up at her, and longed to look straight into her heart.

'Tears on the long lashes!' said she caressingly. 'What is the matter, little one?'

My eyelids sank, and the tears fell.

'What ails thee, little silent woman?' said she, stooping to me.

I threw my arms around her and sobbed, 'You are *really* glad to

have me, Lady Lucy; are you not? You would not like me to go?’

She seemed at first perplexed.

‘You take things too much to heart, Olive, like your poor mother,’ she said at last, very gently. ‘Those ladies are nothing to me; and your mother was dear to me, Olive, and so are you.’

But in the evening, when I was in bed, she came herself into my little chamber, and sat by my bedside, like Aunt Gretel, and played with my long hair in her sweet way; and then, before she left, said tenderly,—

‘My poor little Olive, you must not doubt your mother’s old friend. I am not all, or half I would be; but I could not bear to be distrusted by you. But you have lived too much shut up in a world of your own. You wear your heart too near the surface. You bring heart and conscience into things which only need courtesy and tactics. You waste your gold where beads and copper are as valuable. I must be courteous to my enemies, little one, and gracious to people who weary me to death; but to you I give a bit of my heart, and that is quite a different thing.’

And she left me reassured of her affection, but not a little perplexed by this double code of morals. That one region of life should be governed by the rules of right and wrong, and another by those of politeness, was altogether a strange thing to me.

It was Monday when our visit commenced, so that we were no longer strangers in the house by the following Sunday. But we were not prepared for the contrast between the Sundays at Davenant Hall with those at Netherby. At our own home, grave as the day was, there was always a quiet festival air about it. The hall was fresh swept, and strewn with clean sand. My father and my aunts, the maids and men, had on their holiday dresses. That morning at prayers we always had a psalm, and the mere thrill of my voice against my father’s rich deep tones was a pleasure to me. Then after breakfast Roger and I had a walk in the fields with him, and he made us hear and see a hundred things in the ways of birds, and beasts, and insects, that we should never have known without him. One day it was the little brown and white harvest-mouse, which, by cautiously approaching it, we saw climbing by the help of its tail and claws to its little round nest woven of grass suspended from a corn-stalk. Another day it was a squirrel, with its summer house hung to the branch of a tree, with its nursery of little squirrels; and its warm winter house, lined with hay, in the fork of an old trunk; or a colony of ants roofing their dwellings in the wood with dry leaves and twigs. Or he would turn it into a parable, and show us how every creature has its enemies, and must live on the defensive, or not live at all. Or he would watch with us the butterfly struggling from the chrysalis, or the dragon-fly soaring from its first life in the reedy creeks of the Mere to the new life of freedom in the sunshine. Or he would point out to us how the field-spider had anticipated military science; how she threw up her bulwarks and strengthened every weak point by her fairy buttresses, and kept up the communication between the citadel and the remotest outwork. Or he would teach us to distinguish

the various songs of the birds—the throistles, the chaffinches, the blackbirds, or the nightingales. God, he said, had filled the woods with throngs of sacred carollers, and melodious troubadours, and merry minstrels; some with one sweet monotonous cadence, one bell-like note, one happy little ‘peep’ or chirp, and no more, and others overflowing with a passion of intricate and endless varied song; and it was a churlish return for such a concert not to give heed enough to learn one song from another. Or, together, we would watch the rooks in the great elm grove behind the house, how strict their laws of property were, the old birds claiming the same nest every year, and the young ones having to construct new ones. Or he would tell us of the different forms of government among the various creatures: how the bees had an hereditary monarchy, yet owned no aristocracy but that of labour, killing their drones before winter, that if any would not work neither should he eat; and how the rooks held parliaments. Everywhere he made us see, wonderfully blended and balanced, fixed order, with free, spontaneous action; freaks of sportive merriment, free as the wildest play of childhood, with a fixedness of law more exact than the nicest calculations of the mathematician; ‘service which is perfect freedom;’ delicate beauty with homely utility; lavish abundance with provident care. And everywhere he made us feel that the spring of all this order, the source of all this fulness, the smile through all this humour and play of nature, the soul of all this law, was none other than God. So that often after these morning walks with him we fell into an awed silence, feeling the warm daylight solemn as a starry midnight, with the Great Presence; and entered the church-porch almost with the feeling that we were rather stepping out of the temple than into it; that, sacred as was the place of worship and of the dead, it was not more sacred or awful than the world of life we left to enter it.

The golden hour of our golden day (for Sunday was ever that to us), was when, in the evening, he read the Bible with Roger and me in his own room. I cannot remember much that he used to say about it. I only remember how he made us reverence and love it; its fragments of biography which make you know the people better than volumes of narrative; its characters that are never mere incarnations of principles, but men and women; its letters that are never mere sermons concentrated on an individual; its sermons that are never mere dissertations, peculiarly applicable to no one time or place, but *speeches* intensely directed to the needs of one audience, and the circumstances of one place, and *therefore* containing guiding wisdom for all; its prayers that are never sermons from a pulpit, but brief cries of entreaty from the dust, or flaming torrents of adoration piercing beyond the stars, or quiet asking of little children for daily bread; its confessions that are great drops of blood wrung slowly from the agony of the heart; its hymns that dart upward, singing and soaring in a wild passion of praise and joy.

After this learning and repeating our chapters from the Bible, while my father and my aunts were going about the cottages and villages near us on various errands of mercy, Roger and I had a free

hour or two, during which we commonly resorted in summer to our perch on the apple tree, and in winter to the chamber over the porch where the dried herbs were kept, where we held our weekly convocation as to all matter that came under our cognisance, domestic, personal, ecclesiastical, or political. Placidia was not excluded, but being four years older, she preferred 'her book' and the society of our aunts. Then came the sacred hour with our father in his own chamber. Afterwards, in winter, we often gathered round the fire in the great hall, we in the chimney nook, and the men and maidens in an outer circle, while my father told stories of the sufferings of holy men and women for conscience sake, or while Dr. Antony (when he was visiting us) narrated his interviews with those who were languishing for truth or for liberty in various prisons throughout the realm.

And so the night came, always, it seemed to us, sooner than any other day. Although never until our visit at Davenant Hall did I understand the unspeakable blessing of that weekly closing of the doors on Time, and opening all the windows of the soul towards Eternity; the unspeakable lowering and narrowing of the whole being which follows on its neglect and loss. To us the Lord's Day was a day of Paradise; but I believe the barest Sabbath that was ever fenced round with prohibitions by the most rigid Puritanism, looking rather to the fence than the enclosure, rather to what is shut out than to what is cultivated within, is a boon and a blessing compared with the life without pauses, without any consecrated house for the soul built out of Time, without silences within to listen to the Voice that is heard best in silence.

It was a point of honour and a badge of loyalty with many of the Cavaliers to protest practically against the Puritan observance of the Sabbath. The Lady Lucy, indeed, welcomed the sacred day, as she did everything else that was sacred and heavenly. She sang to her lute a lovely song in praise of the day from the new 'Divine Poems' of Mr. George Herbert, and told me how he had sung it to his lute on his death-bed only a few years before, in 1632.

On Sunday heaven's gates stand ope,
she sang; and I am sure they stood ever open to her.

But the rest of the family, while reverencing her devout and charitable life, seemed to have no more thought of following it than if she had been a nun in a convent. Indeed, in a sense, she did dwell apart, cloistered in a hallowed atmosphere of her own.

Her husband and her sons requested her prayers when they went on any expedition of danger, as their ancestors must have sought for the intercessions of the priest or canonised saint. The heavier oaths, except under strong provocation, were dropped (by instinct rather than by intention) in her presence; and mild adjurations, as by heathen gods or goddesses, or by a lover's troth, or by a Cavalier's honour, substituted for them. They would listen fondly as she sang 'divine poems' to her lute, and declared she had the sweetest warbling voice and the prettiest hands in His Majesty's three kingdoms. But it never seemed to occur to them that her piety

was any condemnation or any rule to them. Indeed, she had so many minute laws and ceremonies that, easily as they suited her, it would have been difficult to fit them into any but a lady's life of leisure. She had special prayers and hymns for nine o'clock, mid-day, three o'clock, six o'clock. And once awaking in the night, I heard sounds like those of her lute stealing from the window of the little oratory next her chamber. She had what seemed to me countless distinctions of days and seasons, marked by the things she ate or did not eat, which she observed as strictly as Aunt Dorothy her prohibitions as to not wearing things. Only in one thing Lady Lucy was happier than Aunt Dorothy; for whilst Aunt Dorothy fondly wished for a book of Leviticus in the New Testament, and could not find it, Lady Lucy had her book of Leviticus—not indeed exactly in the New Testament, but solemnly sanctioned by the authority of Archbishop Laud.

A complex framework to adapt to the endless varieties and inexorable necessities of any man's life, rich or poor, in court, or camp, or city; or indeed of any woman's, unless provided with waiting gentlewomen.

In fact, the Lady Lucy herself sometimes spoke with wistful looks and sighs of Mr. Farrar's Sacred College at Little Gidding (not far from us), between Huntingdon and Cambridge, where the voice of prayer never ceased day nor night, and the psalter was chanted through in a rotatory manner by successive worshippers once in every four-and-twenty hours.

Sir Walter and her sons never attempted to imitate her. She floated in their imagination, in a land of clouds between earth and heaven. Her religion had a dainty sweetness and solemn grace about it most becoming, they considered, to a noble lady; but for men, except for a few clergymen, as inapplicable as Archbishop Laud's priestly vestments for the street or the battle-field.

In our Puritan homes there was altogether another stamp of religion. Whatever it might lack in grace and taste, it was a religion for men as much as for women, a religion for the camp as much as the oratory. Rough it might be often, and stern. It was never feeble. It had no two standards of holiness for clergy and laity, men and women. All men and women, we were taught, were called to love God with the whole heart; to serve Him at all times. If we obeyed, we were still (in our sinfulness) ever doing less than duty. If we disobeyed, we were in revolt against the King of heaven. There were no neutrals in that war, no reserves in that disobedience.

And unhappily the Lady Lucy's family, in surrendering any hope of reaching her eminence of piety, surrendered more. For it is not elevating, it is lowering, to have constantly before us an image of holiness which we admire but do not imitate.

In the morning the household met in the family-chapel (the parish-church being for the present avoided until danger of the infectious sickness was over). In the afternoon, Sir Walter and his sons loyally played at tennis and bowls with the young men of the household. And in the evening there was a dance in the hall, in which all joined.

The merriment was loud, and reached Lettice and me where we sat with the Lady Lucy and her lute.

Yet now and then one of the boys would come in and complain of the tedium of the day. It was such an interruption, they said, to the employments of the week, and just at the best season in the year for hunting, and with their father's hounds in perfect condition and training. Tennis, they said, was all very well for boys, and morris-dancing for girls, but there was no real sport in such things after all, except to fill up an idle hour or two. The next day there was to be a rare bear-baiting at Huntingdon, and the day after a cock-fight in the next village. And at the beginning of the following week Sir Walter had promised to give them a bull to be baited. And the 'Book of Sports,' in their opinion, let the Puritans say what they like, was too rigid by half in prohibiting such true old English sports on Sundays.

The Lady Lucy said a few pitiful tender words on behalf of Sir Walter's bull, which was listened to without the slightest disrespect, or the slightest change of mind—kissing her hand, and laughingly vowing she was too tender and sweet for this world at all, and that if she had had the making of it she would certainly have left bears and bulls altogether out of the creation.

It was without doubt a long and dreary Sunday to Roger and me. It would naturally have been long and melancholy anywhere without our father.—*The Draytons and the Davenants: a Story of the Civil Wars.*

ON THE GOOD EFFECTED BY PREACHING.

OUR recompense is always greater than our trouble, even when the duties of the pulpit are so understood that they occupy every moment, that they invade the whole life. That of which beginners who are threatened by discouragement, and veterans in whom lassitude commences, cannot too thoroughly persuade themselves, is that preachers do not know the use they are to society, to their country, to the Church, to individual progress, to the peace of families, in the support of the weak, in the consolation of the afflicted. Yes, I am strongly convinced that we have no idea either of the evil that is prevented, or of the good that is done; by a thousand signs, small and great, we may recognise it by almost daily proofs. If our lips were not closed, if our pens were not broken, and were it not for a feeling of the sacred duty of an inviolable silence which alone renders our ministry possible (not to speak of our ordination vow), if we might publish the confidences which our sermons induce, their fruits of social and religious usefulness would astonish the most incredulous. Yet after all, is there room to be very much surprised at this, and are not these effects of our exhortations explained by the very nature of the human heart? It would be strange if this incessant action of the religious mind upon the public mind were fruitless. Our sermons keep the Gospel present to the mind of the world, and compel it to think of it; they render

forgetfulness of it impossible, and in these three last centuries especially, preaching has rediscovered its purity in founding faith upon the basis of freedom of inquiry. I know that it will be easy for sceptics, for worldlings, for scoffers, to turn these assertions into ridicule, and to reproach us with being judges in our own cause, of striking with our own hands a medal in our own honour, without daring to show the reverse side. But I know that in the course of a long ministry, unmistakable proofs of these assertions abound, and that from so many communications received concerning the fruits of our preaching; we have a right to believe that there are many others that have not been made known to us. Our sacred ministry (our adversaries should remember) has no confessional; but it has confession, without spiritual constraint exercised upon him who makes it, without absolution decreed by him who receives it, but so intimate as to concern everything pertaining to life and death, all the emotions, the griefs, the errors, the hopes of the human soul.

Another special aspect of these encouragements of our labour, and of these proofs of the importance of preaching, deserves to be pointed out. The responsibility of the hearer is involved as well as that of the preacher. Bossuet was right in saying, 'If you do not go from this sermon more a Christian, you will go from it more guilty.' But this power of preaching is due especially to the fact that it is indirect, general, impersonal; the pulpit orator deals with all the world, comprehending himself in it, and each one deals with his own heart; advanced and pious Christians, irresolute and troubled spirits, sceptics of every shade, careless ones of every degree of security and forgetfulness, each takes what comes to him, and, on his own responsibility, what suits him, and hence it results that we know not what is the feature, the exhortation, the reproach, the counsel; even the simple quotation of Scripture, which strikes. Often a saying which appeared to us very insignificant and ordinary, a discourse which cost us very little trouble to write or to extemporise, finds an unforeseen and sudden echo in the depth of some irresolute or anguished heart. What pastor's memory is not full of recollections of this kind which are extremely varied, and what is the public career in which every time that he is called to discharge the principal duty, the functionary may not encourage and strengthen himself by saying, 'I do not know all the good that I am about to do?'

I delivered, at Amsterdam and at Paris, a sermon upon this text: 'In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men' (Matt. xv., 2). If there is a common and worn theme, it is that of this very simple discourse, the parallel of the morality of the world, and that of the Gospel; the sermon contains this certainly very ordinary passage: 'See how the world understands justice; my right! it cries on every side, my whole right, my right without abatement, my right without diminution; my right according to the letter of the law! and often with what hardness those whose exorbitant and cruel demands we wish to soften, reply, "I am in the right; I have the law on my side; the consequences do not matter to me," and the consequences are, perhaps, the loss, the ruin, the poverty of a whole

family. . . . What is this harshness but a doctrine according to the commandments of men? The believer, who acknowledges the Gospel as the highest law, says also, when it is necessary, my right; but he understands by that right according to equity rather than according to justice, right according to the spirit which quickens, and not according to the letter which kills; right which is right not only before men, but before God.'

The day after one of the deliveries of this sermon, I received an anonymous letter. My correspondent, who is still unknown to me, wrote that, a mere servant in a bank, he had been compelled, on account of prolonged illnesses, to ask considerable advances from his superior, under agreement to repay them at fixed intervals; that he had been unable to fulfil his engagements; that, tired of waiting, his patron had ended by threatening him with a visit of the bailiff, the seizure of his goods, the loss of his place; that he saw himself, his wife, and his children at the brink of ruin. . . . And that, having gone home from the office with despair in his soul, he had that same day received a letter in which this patron informed him that, struck with a passage of the sermon of that day, he now wished to exercise his strict right only according to the morality of the Gospel, and gave him all the time necessary to free himself, and retained him in his situation.

Between the relatives of a scholar in one of my classes there had arisen a serious discord, so that the rupture had for several years been complete. They went to church, to attend the service of her first communion; the first comers of these estranged relatives occupied the first pew of an upper gallery; the last comers, in their haste to seat themselves, seeing a second pew empty, eagerly took possession of it; they turned round, to look about, and found themselves amongst their family. The church was full; no one would think of changing places, and not without some embarrassment they silently remained through the service. The subject of the sermon was religion knitting together our affections, and its influence upon domestic peace and joy. The service ended; no one in this gallery went away; there were some whisperings, some sobs, and the eldest ended by saying, 'Should we not do well to apply what we have just heard?' They stretched forth their hands, and the young girl had the sweet emotion of being embraced under her white veil by her reconciled relatives.

The world sees in such coincidences happy accidents: we see in them two other things, that is to say, what is called Providence and grace; but in them we may well see preaching also.

Subjects the most worn, the most full of common places, may produce a salutary effect upon some troubled soul, even when we least expect it. I recollect a very modest homily upon the death of Moses; the discourse traced the picture of the triumphant end of the prophet on the summit of the mountain, and depicted him, according to the image of the text, expiring in the most intimate relation with God, in the most delightful feeling of the Divine presence; the peroration turned upon the very simple thought that if the death of the lawgiver seems a kind of privilege and an exceptional recompense under the

first covenant, every believer may succeed in dying so by faith in Christ. Many years after this service a respectable woman, very aged, smitten with a mortal malady, sent for me, and her first word was this: 'I passed a part of my old age tormented with a fear of death which nothing calmed, and which continually disturbed my piety; since the day in which I listened to a meditation upon the death of Moses, this anxiety has been dispelled; I have understood that the Saviour is near us when He calls us, and now that the moment has come, I feel that I am about to die in peace.' I was present at her last moments, and I have rarely seen any more calm. Who could have told me that such a discourse would produce such an effect?—*The Preacher's Counsellor.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Draytons and the Davenants: A Story of the Civil Wars. By the Author of 'Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family,' etc., etc. Pp. 494. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Paternoster Row.

THIS is a book the production of which is honourable to our age.

The story is that of two families of the gentry of Old England in the days of the Civil Wars, who lived not far apart at their ancient homesteads, and who, though espousing different sides in the great struggle between King and Parliament, were held to each other by ties of mutual respect and affection. How these ties were formed, how justified; in what way they were sometimes stretched and strained almost to breaking by political principles that diverged, and by the trying events of those unhappy times; and how still they held good and grew stronger still in spite of all, the author sets before us in worthy English.

Beautifully, and with many subtle touches of heart-wisdom, are the various developments of character worked out for us by the writer; and ably does she set before us the principles that necessitated the overt hostilities into which Roundhead rectitude and sturdy independence on the one hand, and Cavalier looseness and loyalty on the other, inevitably grew. Her sympathies go out fairly on both sides, but she is too noble in heart not to dwell with most emphatic affection on those qualities that must always win respect in every

true-hearted age for the sterling virtues of the Puritans.

Whilst it is to the exposition of the conflicting principles that led to the Civil War, and to the development of the characters her imagination enables her to paint for us, that the author gives the largest attention, there is, of course, abundant room for the play of startling incidents in the circumstances of those times to enable her to carry her people through various adventures. The dramatic persons are decidedly distinct and real, and, for the most part, they are truly noble;—people whom it is not only a pleasure to know, but also an advantage. Time spent in their company is well-spent.

Not knowing the author otherwise, we judge her entirely by her writing, and have no hesitation in saying that she ought in duty to continue to write, for in so doing she confers a benefit on her age. Long may she live to give us books like the one before us; and large and ever-increasing be the circle of her readers.

The Preacher's Counsellor. By Athanasio Coquerel. Translated from the French by the Rev. R. A. Bertram, Author of 'Lectures on the Imprecatory Psalms,' &c. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WHILST listening to the orators, it sometimes occurs that we ask ourselves, What is the secret of this eloquence? Is it all, like the length of the nose, natural?

Or is it, as the colour of that organ too often is, diligently and laboriously acquired? Does the man speak thus by a gift of the tongue, and because he cannot restrain it? Or was he once unable to help himself to effective expression, like the mass—uncertain, even, whether he had anything to express? To this free power of speech has he worked his way by long study and much practice, or was he, so to speak, free born? Inquiries like these frequently occur; it does not always happen that they obtain an answer.

The testimony of classic antiquity, of course, is in favour of eloquence as an acquired art. When we incline too much to insist on the all-sufficiency of eloquent nature, Demosthenes pelts us with his pebbles. Cicero lets us into the secret of his own oratorical elaborations. Quintilian instructs us how the thing is to be done. But can nineteenth century ears be satisfied with what sufficed for the ancients? Is it, indeed, on artificial procedures of composition and memorisation that are built the marvels of modern oratory?

It is an interesting circumstance when we stumble upon answers to such questions. In Athanase Coquerel we have admittedly one of the most eminent pulpit orators of the present day; and in this book he tells us without reserve what is the art and method of his preaching. Nearly fifty years of ministerial labour, having all the accredited proofs of success, give him a title to be listened to, and assure us that there will be much worthy of regard in his confidences and counsels.

The heads of his chapters enhance this expectation. He talks to us on the dangers of imitation; on parliamentary, judicial, and academical eloquence, as compared with that of the pulpit; on the best kinds of sermons; on allegory, exegesis, and wit, in sermons; on the choice of the text; on the adaptation of preaching to our own time; on the education of the auditory by preaching; on plans of sermons; on the reading of sermons; on the recitation and the extemporisation of them; on the continued labour of preaching, and its moral and artistic aspects. He pleads eloquently against depreciation of the importance of the sermon in connection with public worship; and has something, too, to say on other points—the responsibility of preaching, the good done by it, and so forth.

It reveals itself, in the course of these essays, that M. Coquerel, for his part, has very little inclination to rely on what is called extempore preaching. He insists that every word must be written out beforehand, and yet that not a word must be read in the delivery; in short, he would lay the whole burden on the memory. This is confessedly his own art; it is by this method that he has for so many years charmed the ears and extorted the continued attendance of the *élite* of Amsterdam and Paris.

There is something that disappoints in this confession. On other accounts we are not disposed to admit that there is not in his advice much that is essentially French, and, therefore, not quite adapted for the meridian of Greenwich. There is a tendency to dwell with too much emphasis on mere manner and style, on what is merely external. But there is also much in the volume which every one who is not, yet wishes to be, an effective speaker, might find it greatly to his advantage to consider; and we are glad that it is now rendered accessible to all British readers in its present cheap form of publication.

The translation is, in places, somewhat stiff, and, by oversight, it is even here and there slightly ungrammatical; but it appears to be excellent on the whole. The work was announced under the title, 'Pulpit Power;' the issue meanwhile of another work under this name has caused the non-fulfilment of this part of the announcement.

Third Report of the Manchester and Salford Education-Aid Society. 1867. Manchester: Cave and Sever, Hunt's Bank.

We are glad to know that this society is prosecuting its useful labours with a success that now compels its officers to appeal for increased pecuniary aid. The report opens with a loving reference to the late Edward Brotherton, in whose death it is, indeed, easy to understand how the society considers itself to have been called on to sustain an irreparable loss. 'Seldom,' it says, 'has a devotedly useful life been more suddenly arrested in the very height of its usefulness. The committee were paralysed by this sad and unlooked-for event. The mind which had originated the Education-Aid Society—had lovingly watched over and laboured to develop its growth—had directed its operations, and was more

familiar than any other with the minutest details of its workings—was lost! And the hand which had penned its admirable reports had written its last! A memorable meeting of the committee was held, at which the following resolution was passed:—

“That the Committee of the Manchester and Salford Education-Aid Society desire, with feelings of great sorrow, to record the sense they entertain of the heavy loss which the society has sustained by the unexpected decease of their late honorary secretary, Mr. Edward Brotherton. The society owes its existence to his indefatigable labours. Blessed with a most benevolent disposition, and having time at command, he devoted himself quietly and unostentatiously to the work of visiting the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. He made known the results of these visitations to others, and this led to the formation of the Education-Aid Society. He took an active part in forming the rules of the society, and in its general management. His catholicity of spirit, his urbanity of manners, his true humility, and his unaffected simplicity, won the confidence, the esteem, and the affection of all who were associated with him. Almost the whole of his time was devoted to the work of the society, and he may truly be said to have died in its service. The members of the committee have a mournful satisfaction in placing this just tribute to his memory on their books, and they will long and affectionately cherish the remembrance of his personal worth, his active benevolence, and his bright example.”

‘It seems superfluous to add to the language of the resolution, which expresses so fully the feelings of regard and affection which the committee entertain towards their late lamented colleague.

‘Those of the committee more intimately associated with him, found in the late Edward Brotherton one whose singleness of heart and simplicity of character never failed him,—qualities which endeared him to all who had the privilege of his companionship. If ever a murmur rose to his lips, it was when his vivid descriptions of the miseries and degradation of the uneducated were met by indifference or disbelief. But with the impulse of one who felt that he had a mission to fulfil, he, who was so gentle by nature, became bold as the pleader of the wrongs of others. He who so

loved retirement, accepted a front rank in the struggle, and that with so much modesty and grace that those who followed were unconscious of being led. His remarkable capacity for the work, and the stimulus imparted to others by his devotion and untiring energy, mainly contributed to place the Education-Aid Society in its present important position.

‘The death of such a man in the crisis of his career of philanthropy is a public misfortune, and the cause of education has lost in him one of its most earnest and most able advocates. Wherever his labours and sacrifices are known, his death is sincerely deplored. His remains were followed to the grave by many members of the Education-Aid Society, and by several leading men in the city,—a last and richly-earned mark of public respect and public approval.’

The following further extracts from this interesting report will be acceptable to our readers:—

‘The expenditure of the society in payment of school-fees has continued to increase. The total amount expended in this manner, during the whole of the year 1865, was £1,178. 5s. 4½d. For the four quarters of the year 1866, the expenditure was as follows:—

Quarter ending March.....	£417	2	1
June.....	398	14	0
September.	448	12	6½
December.	513	18	10

Total.....£1,178 7 5½

During the September quarter of 1866, £148. 12s. 6½d. was paid by the society for school-fees. To this add the amount paid by parents, £172. 10s. 4d., making a sum of £621. 2s. 4½d., or £2,484. 9s. 6d. per annum. If the sums payable as capitation grants to the children in attendance be taken into account, it is only reasonable to estimate that a sum of nearly £5,000 has been placed in circulation among the various schools during the past year, through the agency and influence of the society. When it is considered also that the average sum paid by the society for each child is only slightly in excess of 4s. per annum, strong evidence is given that the funds have been so economically distributed as to cover the largest possible area of good. The fact that the amount paid by the parents averages two-fifths of that paid by the society, is a guarantee that aid has been only granted where strictly needed, and no demoralising effects produced on the recipients.’

'After three years' unrelaxing effort in the face of very great difficulties, the committee, in place of losing heart, are daily more and more convinced of the value and importance of the work in which they have embarked.' It may seem but a poor return for all their labours that out of 21,000 grants current, barely one half are in use. The thought is depressing, that among the poorer sections of the manual-labour classes so little value is set on education, that even when offered free of cost it is in so many instances impossible to persuade parents to accept the gift. The committee candidly admit that when they commenced operations they were wholly unprepared for such a result. Herein, then, lies the true value of their researches. They have sounded depths of ignorance previously unexplored,—they have gauged the extent of the evil, and have put into figures the monstrous sum of popular ignorance in these districts. At the same time they have discovered that gentle treatment will not wholly arrest the disorder.

'These discoveries have from time to time been placed before the public, and it is believed that in many quarters they have caused reflection on a question which has been too much neglected. On this subject the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce recently said — "After thirty years of discussion and controversy, it seems a bold thing to say that the subject of national education has never thoroughly possessed itself of the public mind." The public mind has needed awakening;—facts were required to rouse the indifferent and convince the unbelieving. This responsible task seems in a measure to have fallen to the lot of the committee of the Education-Aid Society.

'An event of some interest to the committee occurred during the past year, which has given a significance to the society's transactions and an importance to its position before unknown.

'At the invitation of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, the committee contributed a paper "On the best means of removing impediments to education among the manual-labour class," which was read before the Congress here in October last. The experiences of the committee, and the conclusions at which they had arrived as to the measures necessary to remove these impediments, were embodied in the paper. The discussion

which followed seemed to show that it had made a deep impression. It closed with the following passage:—"The committee believe that the experiment of what the voluntary system *can* do in education has been tried in a way and to an extent that has not been attempted before; and they give it as their deliberate and unanimous conviction, that such is the apathy and indifference of a large proportion of the parents, that nothing but compulsion in one form or other will bring their children within the pale of education." That such should be the fact, is no more remarkable than that so important a matter—so deeply concerning our social progress and well-being—should be known to so few. The evils at our very doors too often escape our observation. The committee, therefore, record with satisfaction that the publicity recently given to their operations has awakened a new interest in the question of popular education, which it is hoped may lead to beneficial action. Mr. Bruce spoke at the Congress of the facts brought forward by the society as the "thunder clap from Manchester," and feared that if the state of things in other large towns were depicted with equal honesty and care, Manchester would not be found to stand alone in educational destitution.

'This word of warning has not been in vain. In other towns investigations are going on, and an evident desire is shown to ascertain the extent of the evil, so that means may be devised for its mitigation or removal.

'While such is the spirit which the declared experiences of the society have evoked, the committee may be excused a feeling of heartfelt satisfaction that the Education-Aid Society seems destined to become the pioneer to a more widely-extended movement in favour of a comprehensive scheme of popular education. Insignificant, therefore, as the few thousand neglected children sent to school by the society may appear—as representing the direct results of its labours—the indirect benefits which have been conferred are of immeasurable value. The fact that other centres of population have thus been stirred up to emulate the example of Manchester, and probe their own social wounds, and that the society's experience has proved the inefficiency of all existing educational appliances, seem to the committee to render its claims upon public support

stronger than ever. The expenditure of the society has been gradually increasing. Every month has shown a greater number of children gathered within the educational fold, involving a proportionately larger outlay in the payment of school-fees. But while this expansion of liabilities has been going on, the income has remained almost stationary, until now the disbursements are considerably in excess of the society's resources.'

Elgin: And a Guide to Elgin Cathedral, once Denominated the Lantern of the North. Together with some Pious and Religious Reflections within the Old Walls, evoked by the Resident Spirit of the Ruins. Pp. 255. By the Old Cicerone of Elgin Cathedral. London: J. C. Hotten, Piccadilly.

THE writer of this book, in his preface, assures the reader that 'he will find nothing here of any importance,' an advertisement intended to cover the preface only; but very fit to serve as an introduction to nearly the whole of the volume. Unless mere empty amusement is of importance, there is, indeed, here little that is important; only that there are certain excuses for, and even recommendations of, a shameless profligacy, which might prove important in a bad sense if they fell into the hands of the unwary.

In his preface, and some other parts, the writer imitates Dean Swift; his models in other portions appear to be 'Tristram Shandy,' and 'The Doctor.' But his humour is wholly imitative and second-rate; we enjoy it only as we enjoy what revives the recollection of something much better that was read a long time ago.

The writer claims, it is true, that 'his mind is strongly impressed with, and is sensitive to, the great and solemn truths of religion; and the prelections are called into existence by the vivifying spirit falling on a congenial nidus.' But this is only an instance of his humorousness. A merely poetic, not a moral sympathy with 'the great and solemn truths,' is all that he manifests in this volume. Of conscientiousness there is little trace. His view of the great and solemn truths is, therefore, an indirect, sideway view. He sees them on their edge, instead of in full face; and, so far from appreciating them, he sets himself in direct antagonism to them whenever invited to

do so by his humorous turn. Not seeing anything in the Word except what appears on the surface, and reading it always with a materialistic eye, he often finds it amusing. To him its intellectual quality, seen only from an external point of view, appears far gone in ineffectual age, like the prophet's; and he accosts it derisively with a 'Go up, thou bald head.' In many parts of his book he affords an example of the unhappy mistakes in morals they are always liable to make who, neglecting the Christian fountain of living waters, hew out for themselves defective cisterns that let regenerative truth run through. His method of regarding the relationship of the sexes is simply atrocious.

In other respects, his book is amusing; and although his humour has no original sap in it, his volume shows considerable ability. His book has a certain topographic value; there is some curious ethnologic dissertation in it; and he might have deserved the thanks of a public considerably wider than that of Elgin, had he but refrained from allowing his love of jesting and his materialistic bias to outrage much that ought to be held sacred.

The Friend's Examiner: A Religious, Social, and Miscellaneous Review. Conducted by Members of the Society of Friends. No. I. First Month, 1867. London: W. A. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

'THE object of this serial volume,' it is said, 'will be, not to subserve any private interests or sectional opinions, but to promote the well-being of the religious Society of Friends, the advancement of its Christian doctrines, and its religious, social, and national influence.' It is to be published 'half-yearly, or oftener,' and to contain 150 pages, demy 8vo., pica. The literary contributions are to be all voluntary, and are to bear the signatures of the writers. The number before us produces a very favourable impression as we dip into its pages. There is evidently an increased intellectual activity amongst members of the Society of Friends, of which this new magazine is both offspring and proof. The standard against 'Ritualism' is raised aloft with all the old Quaker heartiness and zeal; there is an excellent article on Prison Discipline by Mr. W. Tallack; an innovation in public worship, in the form of

readings, is wisely advocated; an interesting memoir of the late John Stewart, of the *Edinburgh News*, is given; Darwinian natural selection is intelligently discussed; and there are several other articles well worthy of perusal. The largeness of the type is a real luxury.

The Bible Pattern of a Good Woman.
By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Pp. 80.
London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE occasion and plan of this useful little work are so well described in the introductory chapter, that we cannot do better than reprint this here, in order to explain both to our readers. Mrs. Balfour says:—

I called one morning on a young woman, the wife of a working man, who then lived in my neighbourhood; and I found her, and a young sister of her's, with an open Bible before them, and both laughing very heartily. It was summer-time, and my entrance at the open door had been rather sudden. As I paused on the threshold, to see if it was convenient for me to speak to the mistress of the house, whom I will call Mrs. Smith, I noticed that the laughter very suddenly ceased, and both of them looked red and confused. I confess that I was surprised that, being both, as I thought so well employed with a Bible open before them, they should seem half annoyed at my coming. Mrs. Smith was a very frank person, and she said, 'Mary and I have been looking out our birthday verses, and we are laughing to think that sister Sarah has not a verse, because she was born before the tenth of the month.'

'What do you mean,' said I, 'by birthday verses?'

'Oh, we looked in the last chapter of Proverbs, and the verse that is numbered the same as the day of the month that our birthday comes on, we take for ourselves.'

'Indeed, and pray may I ask what are these verses that you take to yourselves?' was my inquiry.

'Well,' said Mrs. Smith, looking at the Bible, 'I can't say they suit us at all. Mine is the sixteenth verse, "She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard." And Mary's is the twenty-first verse, "She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her

household are clothed with scarlet." So it must be for rich folks, and not for working women like us, that such birthday verses are meant. But pray, ma'am, sit down.'

I took a seat, and said, 'You will, I know, not think me harsh when I say that I do not believe such a way of looking into the Bible is exactly profitable. Trying to find verses that may be prophetic of our worldly condition is not the way to search the Scriptures.'

'Oh, no, that's just what I said to Mary, and I laughed to see how the words were not for us, or the like of us, at all.'

'Pardon me, Mrs. Smith, the Bible is the word of God for all; high and low, rich and poor. It is the book for sickness and health, for sorrow and joy. There is no person it is not meant for, and no kind of circumstances that it does not suit.'

'Ah, yes, but I don't just see how that can be; for a rich lady might be like the virtuous woman in that chapter, but a working man's wife, or a young girl like Mary, who has her living to get, what has all that about buying fields, and clothing a household, to do with us?'

'Very much. The description was given as a lesson to all women, and I think I can show you in a simple and plain way, that this Bible-model or pattern of a good woman, is a portion that should be carefully and gratefully studied in a thoughtful spirit. The forms and customs of the mode of life spoken of have of course altered, and were, moreover, in accordance with eastern usages as to the outer life, but the principles of wisdom and truth remain the same in all ages and countries. A woman can only be good, and do good, by asking the aid of God's Holy Spirit to conform her to the likeness of that character, which the inspired writer has set forth as a bright example to all generations.'

My two hearers looked interested, and I read over to them the 31st chapter of Proverbs, and, beginning at the 10th verse, I made some simple comments. Afterwards, finding that the custom is very common of taking verses from this chapter as birth-day texts, and, somehow, superstitiously supposing they indicate character, whether the person has studied the example of the virtuous woman, and prayed for grace to emulate her virtues or not, I thought it right to

meditate on that portion of the Divine Word, and write down my thoughts on it, that my many unknown friends, among the wives and mothers of our working men, might, like Mrs. Smith and her sister Mary, by God's blessing, come to something of a clear understanding of 'the Bible pattern of a good woman.' So, for the next few chapters I shall endeavour to give a short explanation of this Scripture to those of my countrywomen who have toil for their inheritance, and who earnestly want to do a good woman's part in their home and neighbourhood, and to glorify God their Saviour, in their day and generation.

The book is full of wise counsel, drawn from the storehouse of Scripture, and illustrated out of the abundance of a shrewd and observant mind.

Our Father's Care. A Ballad. By Mrs. Sewell. 35th Edition. 356th Thousand.—*Mother's Last Words. A Ballad.* By Mrs. Sewell. 454th Thousand. London: Jarrold and Sons, 12, Paternoster Row.

WHAT is it in these ballads that has enabled the remarkable figures above quoted to be named on the title-pages? Mrs. Sewell is not a poet; she has very little artistic skill; not a wide vocabulary; no original phrase-stamping power; no images, no comparisons of her own. But she can invent a pathetic tale, is well acquainted with the sorrows and difficulties of the poor, and can tell of them in simple, straightforward, earnest-hearted rhymes. Moreover, she can fill her ballads with a truly Christian spirit; and can at once hold the reader fast, stir up all that is best in him, and make him follow the fortunes of her humble-life heroes and heroines with most heartfelt sympathy. The meanest capacity is adequate to understand her tales, and their genuine character makes them deserving of the attention of the highest and wisest. They promote kindly feeling, and favour the development of Christian sentiment; and, therefore, it is that wherever they go they are received with pleasure; they are talked about, lent, given away, and recommended; and each thousand of copies issued creates a demand for other thousands. They richly deserve all this vast success, and it is creditable to the discrimination of the British public that they have attained it.

The Teacher's Model and the Model Teacher; or, Thoughts on the Educational Aspects of our Lord's Teaching. By Wm. H. Groser, B.Sc. (Lond.), F.G.S., Author of 'Our Work,' 'Illustrative Teaching,' &c. Pp. 95. London: James Clarke and Co., 13, Fleet-street; and Sunday School Union, 56, Old Bailey.

THE volume contains a series of lectures originally delivered to Sunday school teachers, and now offered for the service of all classes of Christian workers. The writer carefully enumerates the various modes of teaching used by our Lord, and draws lessons from these for the assistance of Christian teachers. His leading thought is that 'Our Lord presents to us the example of a model teacher, as well as of a model man.' He first points out the analogies which appear to him to subsist between Christ and the Christian teacher—the analogy of the taught, the analogy of the truth presented, and the analogy of the object to be attained; and next he exhibits various characteristics of the Saviour's teachings; the principle of progressive adaptation, the principle of association, the principle of repetition, the principle of variety, the illustrative method of teaching, the use of proverbs in teaching, the interrogative method, Christ's method of applying truth, the positive character of His teaching, His method of producing conviction and of persuasion, and His example. A section also is devoted to the consideration of 'Our Lord as a trainer.' Without committing ourselves to a coincidence with this thoughtful and able writer in all the turns of his exposition, we gladly express the pleasure with which we have read his little book, and our conviction that it is well adapted to be useful.

The Elements of Rhetoric. A Manual of the Laws of Taste, including the Theory and Practice of Composition. By Samuel Neil, Author of 'The Young Debater,' 'Culture and Self-Culture,' &c. Pp. 244. London: Houlston and Wright, 63, Paternoster Row.

THE author tells us in his preface that he has devoted a portion of a busy life to the preparation of a series of books, fitted, from the care bestowed upon them, to be, as he believes, specially useful to those who are thus endeavour-

ing to improve their minds. The benefits to be derived from an acquaintance with the principles of English composition, and of methodical and attractive discourse, are so numerous and valuable, that any attempt to supply a popular yet simple and philosophical exposition of them seemed likely not only to be useful, but acceptable to those young, eager spirits of our day to whom self-culture is at once a duty and a delight. The volume he has now produced consists of a series of papers which first appeared in 'The British Controversialist, and Magazine of Self-Culture.' Afterwards, in a revised and corrected edition, they were again presented to the public, so that the utility of the work has been twice tested already. The present republication is in handier form, and at a cheaper rate.

After an introduction, showing the nature, necessity, and uses of a Science of Rhetoric, the author gives us in four chapters his view of the Philosophy of Language, including an outline of Grammar; and in six others, he lays before us a treatise on Style. He devotes a chapter to the History and Structure of the English Language; another to the Imaginative Faculty; a third to Poetry; a fourth to the Emotional Nature of Man; two others to Literary Æsthetics; three to Figurative Expression; one to the Ludicrous; two to Method; and two to Eloquence. In piling up his material, and illustrating it with quotations, he exhibits a most patient laboriousness. Ancient and modern literature have been ransacked to supply cases in point; and no pains have been spared to make this a complete and serviceable compendium.

Pope's Essay on Criticism: with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, Illustrative, and Grammatical, &c. Specially prepared for the Use of Students. By Samuel Neil, Author of the 'Art of Reasoning,' the 'Elements of Rhetoric,' &c. Pp. 104. London: Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster Row.

THE title sufficiently explains the design of this republication of Pope's Essay on Criticism, which has been selected by the London University as one of the subjects on which candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts are to be examined in the session of 1867. The

annotative and analytical work is thoroughly done.

The Mysterious Parchment. An American Story. Revised and Edited by J. W. Kirton, Author of 'The Four Pillars of Temperance,' &c. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

IN its original form, this was a rough-hewn piece of workmanship. Mr. Kirton has done his best to trim it into better shape, and make it more fit for an English public. It consists of a number of stories, showing the evil consequences of the liquor-traffic in a small American town; and it takes its name from an attempt to reform the liquor-seller by the thrusting under his door of a mysterious parchment, purporting to be a licence from the devil. This incident, however, only occupies a small part of the volume. Prohibition of the liquor-traffic by law is strongly advocated throughout; and Mr. Kirton has appended a short plea for the Permissive Bill at the end.

The Cliff Hut; or, the Perils of a Fisherman's Family. By the Author of 'Hannah Twist,' Pp. 96. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A FISHERMAN goes out in his boat to assist a vessel in distress. He never returns. His wife is left to fight the battle of life for herself, sustained by a piety which forbids her to despair. Her baby dies. She has still one little son, who does his best to assist her. He goes out to service, and owing to the wicked machinations of the cook, and the thoughtless ill-conduct of the housemaid, is dismissed with the undeserved brand of thief upon his brow. The story tells how his righteousness at last 'came forth as the light,' through the tardy repentance of the housemaid, and how the boy and his mother were enabled to maintain themselves in comfort for the rest of their days. It is told in a plain and simple style, and is illustrated with engravings, and bound in cloth, in the pleasing style of Mr. Partridge's cheap publications.

The Free Church of England Magazine, and Harbinger of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion. No. I. London: Kent and Co., Paternoster Row.

THE recent extension of 'Ritualism' in the Church of England has given occa-

sion to 'The Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion' to bring itself forward as a suitable ark of refuge for those who do not desire to abandon the use of the Liturgy of the Church of England, or to cease to be 'essentially one' with it, and are yet loth to frequent their parish church, for anti-ritualistic reasons. Hence this publication.

Tweedie's Temperance Year Book of Facts and History. Twelfth Season. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE table of contents includes the yearly calendar, a chronicle of the temperance movement, notices of departed temperance worthies, lists of London Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope, with nights of meeting, sundry statistical tables having reference to the liquor-traffic, a list of temperance organisations, and a large variety of other matter interesting and valuable both to the temperance advocate and the general reader.

The Children's Friend. Vol. VI. London: Seeley and Co., Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE twelve monthly parts of this well known magazine make a very pleasant volume for the little people when bound together, as we have them here. Fitted with an attractive cover, and full of engaging 'pictures,' and pleasant and improving tales and other selections, they will make a welcome for themselves in all youthful family circles.

The Infant's Magazine. By the Editor of the 'Children's Friend.' Vol. I. Pp. 192. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A CAPITAL collection of woodcuts for little children, with suitable matter for perusal, in very large and clear type. This magazine is published in monthly parts; the yearly volume before us is bound attractively in boards.

The Scattered Nation. Edited by C. Schwartz, D.D. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

AN interesting monthly magazine, occupying a converted Jewish standpoint.

Modern ritualism is heartily condemned; 'evangelical' Christianity is advocated; and the literal restoration of the Jews to Palestine is contended for.

Ritualism: a Sermon Preached in St. Paul's, Kilburn. By the Rev. George Despard, M.A., incumbent. Published at the request of Members of the Congregation. London: John Haddon and Co., 3, George Yard, Lombard-street, and 3, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street.

AN earnest protest against ritualistic aggressions, by a clergyman of the English Established Church.

The Class and the Desk; a Manual for Teachers, being Notes of Preparation for the Sunday School. London: James Sangster and Co., La Belle Sauvage Yard; W. Kent and Co., 21, Paternoster Row.

HAS reached its ninth monthly part; the twelfth will complete the volume.

The Garden Oracle and Floricultural Year Book. An Almanack for 1867. London: Groombridge and Sons.

THE 'Garden Oracle' is edited by Mr. Shirley Hibberd, F.R.H.S., editor of the 'Gardener's Magazine' and 'Floral World.' It is in its ninth year of publication. Besides the calendar, with astronomical and chronological information, it has tables of weights and measures, especially useful to all who have to do with land, as well as of wages, savings, and interest. It gives instructions for planting orchards, gardens, etc.; for draining subsoils; and for managing hot-houses, pine pits, vineries, and orchard houses; and contains copious lists of old and new fruits, and new plants, ferns, and flowers, besides selections and odds and ends.

Old Jonathan; or, the District and Parish Helper. For the Streets and Lanes of the City, for the Highways and Hedges, to bring in the Poor and the Maimed, and the Halt and the Blind. Monthly. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

Report of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union for 1866. Manchester: Thos. Sowler and Sons, St. Ann's Square.

THIS 'Union' is doing a most useful work. Its affairs are managed by an Executive Committee, including president, fifty-four vice-presidents, treasurer, chairman, honorary secretary, auditors, and twenty other members, meeting twice in each month for the transaction of the general business, besides that which is conducted by four sub-committees. The general council meets quarterly. Existing Bands of Hope are aided, new ones are formed, and the extension of temperance principles is promoted in various ways. The Union's 'primary aim is to found a Band of Hope in connection with each Sabbath school and educational institution within the sphere of its operations. Although claiming to be a thoroughly religious organisation, and heartily co-operating for the legislative suppression of the liquor-traffic, it is neither political nor denominational in its character. It is now one of the largest and most flourishing organisations in the kingdom. It includes 116 Bands of Hope; has more than 100 voluntary speakers on its plan; has a permanent secretary, Mr. Charles Darrah, and a publication agent, Mr. James Trickett; publishes a spirited and largely circulated monthly magazine, 'Onward,' and holds a large variety of general gatherings. The president of the Union is the Rev. William Caine, M.A., of Manchester; the chairman is Mr. E. Barton; and Mr. William Hoyle is the hon. secretary.

The Financial Reformer. A Monthly Periodical, established by the Financial Reform Association, July, 1858,

to Advocate Economical Government, Just and Simple Taxation, and Perfect Freedom of Trade. Printed for the Council of the Financial Reform Association, by Holme and Copley, 3, South John-street, Liverpool.

THIS well-edited publication still pursues its course, advocating the substitution of direct for indirect taxation with both energy and cogency of argumentation. The Financial Reform Association has our hearty sympathy.

John Heppell; or, 'Just One Glass. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

ANOTHER pathetic temperance story, well adapted for doing missionary work. It is nicely illustrated.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine. A Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

The Life-Boat; or, Journal of the National Life-Boat Institution. Issued Quarterly. London: 14, John-street, Adelphi.

The Baptist Magazine. (The profits given to the widows of Baptist Ministers.) Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Shipwrecked Mariner. A Quarterly Maritime Magazine. London: Geo. Morrish, 42, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

The Church. A Penny Magazine. Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Meliora.

DEVONSHIRE.

1. *The History of Devonshire from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.* By the Rev. Thos. Moore. London: 1829.
2. *A Handbook for Travellers in Devonshire and Cornwall.* London: Murray.
3. *Journals of the Bath and West of England Society.* London: Ridgway.
4. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to Inquire into the Sea Fisheries of the United Kingdom.* London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1865.
5. *First Report of the Children's Employment Commission.* London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1863.
6. *Miscellaneous Statistics of the United Kingdom.* London: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1866.
7. *The 'Western Morning News.'* Plymouth.

WITHIN the same county are to be found the garden of England and its desert; sheltered vales, over-arched by a green vault of leaves, and strewn with flower and fern, and a waste, howling wilderness, where the foot of the way-farer sinks through the treacherous peat, or stumbles over the boulders that lie scattered on the hill-side. This same county contains the lowest land in England—land that is said to lie beneath the level of the sea—and some of the highest land, hills that rise two thousand feet above the sea. These sterile granite wastes actually touch the fertile sandstone plains at their feet. A pedestrian may easily, in the course of a single

day, pass from wooded dells, where the trees bend down and kiss the sea, and picturesque villas are fronted by green lawns and brilliant tinted parterres, to a seemingly boundless moorland, shunned by man and forsaken by God. And the physical contrast thus strongly marked, is not more apparent than the social contrast. The second, indeed, is the result of the first. Devonshire—the county of which we speak—contains both Torquay and Dartmoor. The myrtle and the aloe will thrive in the one, scarce anything will grow in the other. So it comes to pass that while the weak and the sickly take refuge in Torquay from the gales and frosts of less sheltered places, even the strong man has good reason to dread being overtaken by a winter storm on Dartmoor. Many a fragile invalid has been enabled to outlive on the slopes of Torbay the season that would have proved fatal elsewhere. Not a few men in full possession of health and strength have perished among the granite tors, and in their epitaph has been written, ‘lost in the snow.’ Nor do the diversities end here. They are to be found in other circumstances of social life. For instance, there is one very startling contrast to be seen in the same district. The watering-places on the south coast of Devonshire are resorted to by two sets of visitors, the invalids already mentioned, who pass the winter there, and the summer tourists out on their holiday. Thus two streams of pilgrims throng into Devonshire at different periods, the health-seekers, who, when the days grow short and the nights grow chill, and the leaves begin to fall fast, may be seen creeping about in the sunniest and most sheltered nooks, clad with many wraps, and with mouth hidden by the respirator; and the pleasure-seekers, who, when the days are longest and brightest, and the heavens are brilliant with the most splendid hues of dawn and sunset, and earth is clad with her most beautiful robe of leaf and grass and flower, rush away from the heated, noisome streets, and are to be seen mounting the cliffs and breasting the waves as though there were no such thing as shortness of breath or cavity in the lungs. Then, again, the contrast is seen in the social condition of classes. Devonshire contains the town which is said to be the wealthiest in proportion to its population of any in England. The same county contains also the most poorly paid labourers in the country. Not far from Torquay, whose Italian villas are inhabited by wealthy commoners and peers, and often by royalty itself, there are cob-built cottages, little better than hovels, whose tenants work for eight or nine shillings a week. We might point, too, to the Ancient Druid circles that crown Dartmoor, whence the gazer can look down upon one of the

greatest triumphs of modern science, the tubular railway bridge across the Tamar; or we might transport the visitor suddenly from beneath the Norman towers of the Cathedral that crowns the most ancient city of Exeter, to the docks and steam yards of the very modern town of Devonport, to show how great a variety there is within the limits of this same county. It is the land alike of the miner and the shipbuilder, of the shepherd and the fisherman. Here the 'moorman' pursues some stray herd across the morasses of the 'great common of Devonshire;' there the 'tributer' follows underground some precious metal lode; here the 'hind' presses the harvest of the orchard into cider; there the 'trawler' reaps the harvest of the sea with his drag net; here the country parson vegetates in some rural rectory far away from any railroad; there that thorough man of the world, the British officer, tells lively stories in the mess-room, or whispers tender nonsense in the ball-room. Clearly a county, this, not to be seen in a railway journey, nor to be described in a paragraph.

The ancient Danmonium included both Devonshire and Cornwall. The name is variously derived. The most probable derivation is that which traces the word back to the British *Danmunith*, which has its equivalent in the Welsh *Deuffneynt*, and signifies valleys. Isca Danmoniorum, the modern Exeter, was one of the most important cities in all England before the Saxon Conquest. After the Britons had been driven out of the rest of the country, they for a long time held their ground in Danmonium. The battle of Bampton, in 614, was a disastrous event for the ancient race. In 681 they were again defeated, and that part of Devonshire which lies east of the Exe was laid waste. Early in the ninth century Egbert succeeded in penetrating Cornwall, and made the district tributary to him. In 814 a great battle was fought at Gafalforda, probably Camelford, in which the Britons were again worsted. For a century from that date the county was constantly ravaged by the Danes. Athelstane constituted the Tamar the boundary of the British province, thus detaching from it the whole of Devonshire. Even in Cornwall Saxon thanes established themselves, so that scarcely any British names appear in the Domesday Book as belonging to landowners. Nevertheless, Cornwall retained its nationality much longer than Devonshire, and within the memory of persons now living the Cornish language was spoken in the neighbourhood of Penzance. The Ancient Britons were Christian when the Saxons were heathen. In fact, there was no communication between the British and Saxon Churches until the beginning of the eighth century, when Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, addressed a letter to 'the most illustrious

Lord who rules the Kingdom of the West, King Geruntius, and to all priests throughout Danmonia.' At that time the differences which had prevailed about the time of keeping Easter were settled, the Britons yielding to the Saxons. Between the Celts of Armorica and Danmonium there was more akin than between the latter and the Saxons. There were constant communications between the south-west of England and the west of France, that is, between Devonshire and Cornwall and Britanny. It is probable that Germanus, who founded the ancient Cornish Bishopric of St. Germans, was a Breton. The stone circles and avenues which abound on Dartmoor are the relics of a period long anterior to this. They are the remains of the Druidical age, and have given rise to much learned writing, and to elaborate disquisitions of too special a character to be further mentioned in this review.

Coming to more recent times, the history of Devonshire is full of interest. Before the Norman Conquest, in 1002, Exeter was reduced to ruins. Perkin Warbeck found many supporters in the two westernmost counties, but Exeter, rebuilt long before this, held out against him and the six thousand men with whom he marched from Bodmin. The Reformation led to a serious rebellion in Devonshire, whereof Hooker, who was then living at Exeter, has left us an account. On Whit Sunday, 1549, the clergy, according to King Edward's commands, read the reformed liturgy, greatly to the disgust of a large number of the people who were attached to the old faith. On the following day—Whit Monday—the inhabitants of Sampford Courtenay forced their rector to read the service to which they had been accustomed. The news of this victory soon spread, and the example of these villagers was followed in other places. The magistrates seem to have sympathised with the people, at all events they took no steps to enforce the law. The Government having been informed of what had taken place, sent some of the local nobles to expostulate; but in vain; the people refused to listen, and began to prepare for the armed conflict which they saw impending. The father of Sir Walter Raleigh was taken prisoner by the rebels, and threatened with death for siding with the Reformers. A proclamation was issued, calling upon the people to lay down their arms, and submit to the law. It produced no effect. The insurgents laid siege to Exeter, and invited the mayor to join them. He and his brother magistrates, though they were Roman Catholics, refused to take part in the revolt. The city was then invested, and the suburbs were captured. The rebel army was, no doubt, thoroughly sincere in its motives. Its sincerity was proved by the prominence which was given to the religious

services. Mass was celebrated in the camp with great solemnity and splendour, and the priests were foremost in encouraging the rebels to deeds of valour. The Exonians were soon reduced to desperate straits. To the sufferings caused by death, discord was added. At length, however, the besiegers were compelled to raise the siege, and those in the city who had been guilty of siding with the enemy were severely punished. The vicar of St. Thomas's was hung from his own church tower, and his body remained there until the reign of Queen Mary. Sir Thomas Pomeroy purchased pardon by surrendering his castle of Berry Pomeroy to the Lord Protector, the Duke of Somerset, by whose descendants it has ever since been held. During the reign of Elizabeth, Exeter furnished a number of ships to do battle against the Spanish Armada, and by way of reward was permitted to assume the motto of *Semper Fidelis*. Elizabeth had good reason to count the men of Devonshire faithful. There was no county of England which supplied her with so many distinguished servants. Hawkins and Frobisher, Raleigh and Gilbert, Carey and Fulford, and the great Sir Francis Drake were all Devonians. It was from Plymouth Hoe that the Spanish fleet was first descried, and it was from Plymouth Sound that the English Admiral sailed to do battle with the haughty Don.

It is not a little remarkable that though Devonshire was strongly opposed to the Reformation in the sixteenth century, it sided with the Parliament during the great rebellion of the seventeenth century. Cornwall, on the other hand, was decidedly Loyalist, and so the fortunes of the King were constantly changing in the far west. Exeter, so often beleaguered before, had to sustain another siege, and after the Earl of Stamford had held out for eight months, he was compelled to surrender to Prince Maurice. The victor, after making a fruitless attempt upon Dartmouth, passed on to Plymouth. He was equally unsuccessful here. When three months had been spent in futile operations, the King himself appeared before the town, September 11th, 1644, and summoned the inhabitants to surrender. Somewhat quaint and very decisive was their reply: 'May it please your Majesty,' they said, 'the town of Plymouth is kept for the service of the King and Parliament, to which purpose it is intended to defend it to the utmost of our power against all violence and hostility which may be urged upon us, the inhabitants of this town having several times, by solemn oath, obliged themselves thereunto, and doubt not of enjoying still that divine protection which thus long hath blest their arms.' Soon afterwards the King withdrew, but left a blockading squadron. In 1646 the royal cause was so dis-

credited by the disaster at Naseby, that the whole of Devon and Cornwall was reduced by the Parliamentarians under Fairfax. The commander of the Plymouth garrison was offered £10,000 if he would betray the place to the Royalists. He scorned the bribe, and Parliament rewarded him with a grant of money from the public treasury. Mount Edgcumbe was the last stronghold which held out for the King, and it was reduced April 21st, 1646. Nine years later there was a Royalist conspiracy, and two of the chief conspirators, Penruddocke and Grove, were beheaded at Exeter Castle. Eighty-six persons suffered death at the same place during the 'bloody assize' which followed Monmouth's revolt, and the mangled remains of the victims were attached to the trees, a ghastly spectacle, inspiring terror in the minds of the survivors. It was in consequence of this fearful penalty which Devonshire had paid for complicity in one rebellion, that the people held back when the Prince of Orange landed in Torbay. So timorous were they, that William was completely disheartened for a time, and seriously contemplated returning to Holland. However, after he had given thanks in Exeter Cathedral for his safe landing, the people began to pluck up heart, and an instrument of association, drawn up by Burnet, was signed in the Cathedral. Devonshire suffered severely from a French raid in 1690, but the county had a proud revenge. It gave birth to John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and vanquisher of the French. Many years afterwards the prisoner of a greater conqueror than Marlborough lay on board a ship in Devonshire waters. On August 6th, 1815, the first Napoleon was on board the *Bellerophon*, in Plymouth Sound, and hundreds of persons, curious to see the man who had been the mortal foe of their country for nearly twenty years, crowded off to the ship in boats, and gazed upon the famous captive.

We pass from the history to the physical geography of Devonshire. It is the third largest county in England, is about 250 miles in circumference, and contains 1,657,180 acres, an extent of territory less than that of Lincolnshire by 118,277 acres. Though third in acreage, it is only seventh in population; Lancaster, Middlesex, Yorkshire, Surrey, Kent, and Stafford all containing a larger number of inhabitants. The great central waste of Dartmoor, and the desolate moorland in the north of the county towards Exmoor, make a large deduction from the habitable districts of Devonshire. The Forest of Dartmoor alone contains between two and three hundred thousand acres. This portion of the county consists geologically of granite, covered either with peat or with a scanty soil. The rock is apparently separated into horizontal

and parallel beds, and these lines are intersected by a double series of vertical joints. Through this network of cracks air and moisture insinuate themselves, and by decomposing the rocks into cubical blocks, originate those fantastic forms which astonish the traveller. In many spots the hardest of rocks assumes the form of clay, and the valuable material Kaolin, or china clay, is found in large quantities within ten miles of Plymouth. Though the granitic rocks present the most striking phenomena, the carbonaceous deposits occupy by far the largest area. The prevailing soil on these rocks is a cold and unproductive clay, and the extensive district between Exeter, Oakhampton, and the north coast is the most sterile and the worst cultivated land in Devonshire. In striking contrast with the barrenness of the carbonaceous series, is the fertility of the new red sandstone. This formation is to be found along the coast of South Devon, from near Dorsetshire to west of Torbay.

Closely connected with the geology is the agriculture of Devonshire. How important this is in forming an adequate estimate of the county, we may gather from the fact that one person in 8·5 persons, or very nearly twelve per cent. of the population, is engaged in this pursuit, whereas in Staffordshire only one in 19, and in Lancashire only one in 36, is so engaged. The agriculture necessarily varies with the soil, and is in all parts of the county regulated in great measure by the climate and the physical configuration. Devonshire, though enjoying a temperature above the mean, is also very humid. The county being full of high hills and deep valleys, there is an extraordinarily large number of rivers and mountain streams. In fact, the number is larger than in any other county of England, and there are no fewer than 330 county bridges. These circumstances to a great extent govern the agriculture, and render Devonshire a county of pastures and root crops, rather than of cereals. A comparatively equable temperature, like that of the south-west of England, where, though the winter mean is considerably above that of the whole country, the summer mean is considerably below it, is not favourable to corn-growing. Wheat and its kindred crops do not care how cold the winter is, provided the summer be fine and dry, and that there be a maximum of sunshine and a minimum of cloud. In Devonshire the conditions are reversed, and the result is remarkably apparent in the recently published statistics of the United Kingdom.

The acreage of Devonshire is thus divided :—

Total of all kinds of crops, bare, fallow, and grass.	Under corn crops.	Under green crops.	Under clover, artificial, and other grasses.	Permanent pasture, exclusive of hill pastures.
919,336	271,254	131,017	121,939	310,872

From these figures it will be seen that the percentage of corn crops to the rest is only 29·50. This is nearly 4 per cent. below the average of the whole of England, 33·2; and falls far short of the percentage of the eastern counties, Norfolk, Essex, and Suffolk, where cereals occupy respectively 44·5, 51·4, and 52·3 per cent. of the acreage. The actual figures as regards the crops in Devonshire are as follows: Wheat, 111,768 acres; barley or bere, 75,312; oats, 82,023; rye, 214; beans, 893; peas, 1,044; potatoes, 14,944; turnips and swedes, 75,757; mangold, 17,509; carrots, 484; cabbage, kohl, rabi, and rape, 13,084; vetches, lucerne, &c., 8,730; hops, 9 (in Kent this crop occupies 36,367 acres); bare, fallow, or uncropped land, 84,245; clover and artificial grasses under rotation, 121,939; permanent pasture, 310,872. The rotation of crops is known as 'the old Devon course,' or turnips, wheat, barley, oats, seeds, two to six or more years. The potato was long the most important root crop after turnips. This bulb was cultivated in Devonshire probably earlier than in any other part of England, having been introduced into his native county by Sir Walter Raleigh, who first imported this article of food. Wheat grows best in the fertile land adjacent to Exeter; the quality is very good, and always commands a high price. It is in this part of the county that the finest land is seen, and it extends throughout the vale of the Exe, which occupies an area of 200 square miles. Very remarkable is it to pass almost suddenly from the rich sandy loam of this district to the barren expanse beyond Hatherleigh. A careful observer will notice that the change takes place simultaneously with that from the new red sandstone to the carboniferous formation. The absence of lime in the land adjoining Dartmoor is a great drawback to cultivation. In the north of Devon the want of this constituent is supplied by the use of calcareous sea sand, but in the centre and southern districts this material is not forthcoming, and lime has to be conveyed, at a considerable cost, over roads which are, perhaps, the worst in England, from the quarries, some of which adjoin the South Devon Railway. The orchards of Devonshire are as famous as the hop gardens of Kent, and for a similar reason. The produce of both is used in the manufacture of alcoholic drinks. Both crops are exceedingly uncertain in their yield. If the hop is liable to be destroyed by blight, the apple is liable to be destroyed by the caterpillar and by frost.

There is one important difference between the two productions. While the produce of Kent is for the most part sent out of the county to London and the banks of the Trent, for conversion into beer, the produce of Devonshire is converted into cider on the spot. Consequently, the adulteration in the latter instance is local. The Kent hop-picker needs know nothing about strychnia, but the Devonshire apple-gatherer necessarily knows a good deal about sulphur. There is a further disadvantage as regards the latter county. The Devonshire labourer not only has to make cider, but also to take it in lieu of wages. To this matter we shall have to revert presently. Here it is sufficient to say that while great pains are taken in the planting of orchards, the beverage which is strained from them is by no means the pure juice of the apple. During the process of manufacture, sulphur fumes and compounds of chalk are resorted to, even for the best cider, such as is sold in London. The cider which the farm labourer has to take is even more noxious. It is obtained nominally from the apple pulp, but not until a first and a second quality have been expressed, and as the residue is very insipid, flavour is given to it by adding sulphuric acid, or, as it is more commonly called, oil of vitriol. It is, therefore, with only very qualified satisfaction that the tourist who is also a philanthropist, can look upon one of the most beautiful sights in nature—a Devonshire orchard in full blossom, or the scarcely less beautiful sight when the mass of pink blossom has given way to the rich glow of the ruddy fruit which bears the branches to the ground. It is without any such mental drawback that he can gaze upon the water meadows. These meadows are formed in the sides of the valleys. A series of shallow trenches are dug in them, and through these trenches a stream of water is conveyed, which, running over at the sides, trickles down the face of the hill, and keeps the grass constantly green through the snows of January and the east winds of March. Very pretty to look at, again, but very unsatisfactory from the utilitarian point of view, are the far-famed Devonshire hedges. They consist of great ramparts of large stones and turf, with bushes on the top. As they are at the base ten feet wide, and as the enclosures of Devonshire are about the smallest in the kingdom, the waste of land caused by them is enormous. It is said that in one parish alone there are hedges enough to reach from the Land's End to Edinburgh. The evil does not end here. The hedges not only occupy an excessive extent of land, but they overshadow a much larger extent; they prevent the crops being exposed to the healthy influence of the sun and the circulation of fresh air, and they harbour innumerable vermin, who feed upon the produce. No

subdivision of the land into fields of rarely more than three acres in extent is a serious impediment to successful agriculture, and is an almost fatal obstacle to the introduction of machinery.

Passing from the fruits of the soil to the live stock, we find that the recently published agricultural statistics scarcely bear out the popular impression that Devonshire is pre-eminently a land of sheep and kine. Dartmoor sheep and 'Devons' are famous all the world over; nevertheless, in numbers, this county must yield to others. The total estimated number of cattle in 1864 was 184,222, which is exceeded by the 205,303, and the 196,751 of manufacturing Lancashire and the West Riding. The proportion of cattle to acres under crops or fallow is 20, which is 4·6 above the average of the whole kingdom, but is considerably less than the neighbouring county of Cornwall, where the number is 30·8, or than Chester, where it is 26·9. It is less also than the numbers in Cumberland, Derby, Kent, Leicester, Middlesex, Somerset, and Westmorland. Nevertheless, there is no doubt as to the quality of Devonshire cattle, whether as yielders of milk or of meat. The Devonshire dairy is as charming a place in its way as the Devonshire orchard, and the first has this advantage over the second, its produce, the clotted cream, is pure, and is altogether wholesome. If only it could be rendered less perishable, it would be not only a favourite article of diet in our large towns, but it would supersede that by no means pleasant medicine for consumptive patients—cod-liver oil. The number of sheep, too, is less than the reputation of Dartmoor mutton would imply. There are in Devonshire about 770,000, or nearly 84 to the acre, a proportion which is exceeded in 11 counties, though it is far above the average of the whole country, which is 68. Both cattle and sheep are turned out loose on Dartmoor during the summer months to graze on the short grass. They are looked after by moormen, who are responsible for their safety, and who are paid a small sum for each head. The chief danger to which the wandering herds and flocks are exposed, consists in the open pits of abandoned mines and quarries into which they sometimes fall.

Passing from the land to the sea—from the granite wastes of Dartmoor to the sandstone cliffs of Torbay—we come across men of another occupation and of other habits than those of the moormen. The Brixham trawlers are famous all England over. They are proverbially venturesome, and one of them a few years ago made a solitary cruise from the North of England through the Straits of Dover to his native port. They are also thrifty and honest as well as industrious, and many is the owner of a smart little craft who began life as a

fisher-boy. The Brixham tradesmen trust such a man. They will help him by supplying him with goods on long credit, feeling pretty certain that they will get their money. In some cases they have a mortgage on the ship. Prudence and providence are fostered by insurance clubs, in which the vessels are insured against damage or loss. The latter calamity rarely occurs, for the trawler, except when he is making his annual trip to the Mouth of the Humber or the Straits of Dover, seldom goes far from shore. But sometimes a terrible calamity occurs, like the great storm of January 10, 1866, when seventy vessels, eight of them Brixham trawlers, went ashore or sank in Torbay; and then public charity is invoked in aid of the insurance funds.

Three years ago the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into our Sea Fisheries paid a visit to Devonshire. At Brixham they collected very interesting information, some of it contributed by men who had been sea-faring for seventy years. It seems that there were, in 1863, 152 trawlers insured in the fishing clubs, and that the estimated value of them was £72,000. They varied from 28 to 38 tons in the measurement, and from £700 to £800 in the cost. Most of them were built at Brixham. Brixham men also built the local pier out of their own pockets. The Commissioners were told that the loss at sea was but one and a half per cent., and that it was a rare thing for the owner of a trawler to become bankrupt. Each boat is manned by five men. They are not paid wages: wages are, indeed, unknown; but they are made partners with the owner of the ship. Their energy, self-reliance, and providence are encouraged, and as soon as the fisherman has saved up £150 he invests the money in a boat. It must be confessed, however, that there is one fault in the Brixham fisherman; he is too partial to small nets. Of old there was a regulation that the meshes of the nets must be of a certain width across, so as to prevent the smaller fish from being caught, and to give them a fair chance of arriving at maturity. But year by year the meshes became smaller, and so did the fish, until one day an order came down from the Board of Trade directing that the nets should be of the statutable dimensions. Great was the consternation of the Brixham fishermen. They saw ruin inevitable; they memorialised, and a change of Government, fortunately for them, occurring about this time, nothing more was heard of the order for some years. But at length the decrease in the supply of fish attracted the notice of our rulers, and a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the matter and to report thereon. The Commission travelled about from Caithness to Cornwall, and visited

important fishing ports of Devonshire. They were told at Plymouth that if a sovereign were dropped into the sea above the fishing grounds it would be recovered, so thoroughly was the ground swept by the nets, and, we may add, so minute were the reticulations. No wonder if, under these circumstances, 'flat' fish, soles, turbot, and the like, had been decreasing in size and numbers. Taking the Brixham trawlers as the type of Devonshire fishing, and trawling originated at Brixham, we find that the nets are from 170 to 200 fathoms in length, and four in depth. One end is made fast, the other is carried in the boat, and as soon as the men see the fish rise they pull and form a circle, and so surround their prey. The net when full is too heavy to drag ashore, and the fish are emptied into the boat and then rowed to land. There they are usually purchased by the agents for the various markets in London, Bath, Bristol, and Birmingham, and the cargo is despatched as quickly as possible by the recently opened railway. These agents are men of property and social position, and, indeed, the aristocracy of Brixham have made their money in the fishery. The value of the catches of fish, of course, varies greatly, not only from day to day, but also from year to year; for, as one of the witnesses before the Commission said, the sea is like the land, it has good and bad harvests. Fifty tons would be a good average day's yield, and a fisherman will earn from £8 to £13 a month. At Plymouth there are, or were in 1863, 64 trawlers, of from 30 to 40 tons each. There the fishing is carried on all the year round, instead of during the summer only, as at most ports. The price of fish has increased prodigiously of late years in Plymouth market. Formerly the fish used to be sent up the country by swift-going carts, now it is sent by tolerably fast trains so as to reach Billingsgate by the dawn of a summer morning. The telegraph, too, has tended to raise the price. A good order sent by wire has before now enabled the Plymouth fishmongers to ask eighteen shillings for a turbot, and so emulate their brethren in New Bond-street. The pilchard fishery begins in Bigbury Bay, but properly belongs to Cornwall. It was fully described in our article upon that county.* The oyster fishery in the neighbourhood of Exmouth has been declining for some time past, but efforts are being made to reinvigorate it. Salmon used to be so cheap, that formerly it was a condition in the articles of apprenticeship to an Exeter shopkeeper, that the apprentice should not be required to eat salmon more than twice a week.

* '*Meliora*,' vol. viii., pp. 255, 256.

The supply of this fish had lamentably declined until the passing of the recent regulations, by which the fish are protected during the breeding season. Under these wise restrictions the Taw and the Torridge, two of the most notable salmon rivers in England, are recovering their old reputation.

There is only one manufacture in Devonshire which can be considered indigenous to the county, lace-making. It is carried on almost wholly by hand, and therefore presents entirely different features from those of the lace manufacture of Nottingham. There are, indeed, two manufactories in Devonshire where the lace is 'finished' and turned out ready for sale. One is at Barnstaple, and the other is the well-known establishment of the late Mr. Heathcoat, of Tiverton, by virtue of which that gentleman himself represented the borough in Parliament, and returned Lord Palmerston as his colleague. But, with the exception of these manufactories, the lace is made by girls in the 'lace schools,' which abound in the neighbourhood of Honiton, over a district of 200 square miles. Children are sent to these schools at a lamentably early age. Five or six years is the usual period for beginning; but, occasionally, even younger children are to be found. It was stated by one of the witnesses before the Royal Commission appointed to Inquire into the Employment of Children, that a child of under five years of age had gone to one of these schools, and was too small and weak to hold the pillow; nevertheless, a year later that child had to work twelve hours a day. Another witness declared that infants of three years old were sent to the lace schools. In these schools lace-making is, of course, the chief education. In all else the instruction is generally very deficient, though at some of the schools the elder girls can read with tolerable fluency. When the girls are apprenticed they rarely get any wages for three years, but have an article of dress given to them at the close of each year. The hours are very long, especially in the spring, when wedding orders come in quickly, and have to be despatched in haste. It is no uncommon thing for lace-makers to begin work at six a.m., and to toil on till two o'clock of the following morning. Even an ordinary day's work is of not less than twelve hours' duration, with the intermission of an hour for dinner and half an hour for tea. The night-work is very trying to the eyes, especially as several girls will sit round one dip candle for economical reasons. Distressing headaches and inflamed eyes are frequent complaints, and consumption is sadly common. A very bad feature of the lace manufacture is the existence of the truck system in its worst shape. orders from the London milliners do not reach the lace-makers

direct, but come through agents, who are chiefly shopkeepers in Honiton. These people keep the trade in their own hands most jealously, and with the two-fold reason of preventing the lace-makers from becoming independent, and of making a handsome profit out of their necessities, they refuse to pay for the lace in money, but insist that the women shall take out the amount due to them in goods. So rigidly is this rule observed, that Honiton tradesmen will actually refuse to supply a lace-maker with what they deem an excessive amount of any particular article, such as tea or sugar, on the ground that she does not want it for her own use, but intends to sell it. To bind the lace-maker more closely, they watch her to see if she goes to another shop than that where she received her order for lace, and if she should do so she is sure to suffer. Nor is this the worst part of the system. The truck system gives rise to the most shameful extortion. Every article is charged to the lace-maker at far above the price charged to other persons. Calico, of which the ordinary price is 7d., would be put down at 9d. or 10d. to a lace-girl; lump sugar and candles would be 8d. instead of 6½d.; bacon is always 1d. to 2d. a lb. dearer than to ordinary customers; boots have been charged 10s. 6d. instead of 5s. Even at these extortionate prices the goods are to be had, as a rule, on only two days of the week, and in certain quantities, so that there may be no chance of the lace-girls bartering with each other. In some cases where girls have made a collar secretly, and sold it for a few shillings on their own account, the shopkeepers, on hearing of the transaction, have refused to give the girls any further employment. Very rarely, and only in cases of great distress, is money paid for work, and when it is paid twopence is deducted out of every shilling. The effects of this tyranny may be readily imagined, and one of the witnesses before the Commission declared that she had seen girls crying because they could not get any money. The system works mischief in another way. The girls being compelled to take out their wages in goods, and being actually prohibited from being prudent and thrifty, dress extravagantly, and are exposed to all the temptations which usually attend that vice. Well did the witness above referred to say, 'I wish that Government could do something to stop this, it is so cruel.' At the same time there ought to be no need of Government interposition, for, to quote the same authority again, 'Any shop that would pay ready money, and sell on fair terms, would make a fortune.'

It would seem that the lace manufacture in the Honiton district is a decaying one. It is impossible to get the prices

which were formerly obtained. Some things, which would a few years ago have fetched a shilling from the agent, now are worth only 3d. A sprig, which has taken four hours' work, will not fetch more than 2d. Working twelve hours a day, 4s. is generally the maximum of wages that can be earned, whereas formerly 8s. would have been earned in a shorter time. The consequence is that the mothers are beginning to see that little benefit is to be derived from sending their children to the lace schools before they are out of their years of infancy, and this objectionable practice is diminishing. Perhaps the sooner the manufacture in its present shape becomes extinct the better. It is scarcely possible to conceive, at least in this country, of a more grievous bondage than that to which the poor girls are subject who work bridal veils for the daughters of Belgravia. Even the London milliner's girl may buy her tea and sugar where she chooses.

Closely akin to this subject is the condition of the agricultural labourers in Devonshire. How badly they are paid Canon Girdlestone has recently made known in the *Times*, and, fortunately, by making it known, has done something to improve their condition, causing them to emigrate to districts where a higher rate prevails. How badly they are housed Mr. Tanner has told in his prize essay on the farming of Devonshire, published in the 'Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society.' But there is another misfortune to which they are exposed, which is an actual wrong that cannot be too severely denounced. The labourers are paid a large proportion of their wages in cider. To this subject attention was directed some seven years ago by Sir Walter Trevelyan, himself a Devonshire landowner. He offered a prize of twenty guineas for the best essay on the cider system, and the paper to which it gave rise was published in the 'Journal of the Bath and West of England Society.' The matter was also brought forward before the British Association, at its meeting of 1864, and was the subject of an animated correspondence in the *Western Morning News*, to which Mr. Kekewich, M.P. for South Devon, was a party. Together with these various essays and letters, a mass of evidence collected from the farmers of the West of England has been published, so that the facts are fully set forth. It appears, according to an analysis by Professor Voelcker, a person would require to drink eight and a half gallons of cider in order to take into his system the same amount of the heat-producing constituents of food as is contained in a pound of wheaten bread; and to obtain the same amount of flesh-forming matter, he would have to drink thirty-two gallons; and whilst cider is thus far too expensive to

supply the labourer with respiratory food, it is, practically speaking, totally unfit to restore the waste of muscle to which the agricultural labourer is peculiarly subject. Bearing in mind the small amount of benefit which is derivable from cider, the labourer manifestly becomes exposed to serious loss when he has to take, as at harvest time, from three gallons a week to an 'unlimited supply.' Taking even the lower figure, the money value of the cider given is not less than 1s. 6d. per week (in Herefordshire it is much more); a heavy amount to pay for 'drink,' when the money wages are only 9s. a week. As a matter of fact, the cider given to the labourers in lieu of money is below the value of ordinary marketable cider, being largely adulterated and 'doctored.' Whether pure or impure the evil remains, that the labourer is expected to be content with so much less money by reason of the drink which is given him. In other words, he has to guzzle down a sixth or seventh part of the wages which he ought to take home unimpaired to his wife and children. Thus he is forced to be improvident, and made to spend upon his drink a proportion of his earnings which no tradesman or professional man would think of spending upon his cellar. The habit thus implanted takes root quickly and grows apace. It is a sad incident in connection with the subject, that whereas the newly-married labourer is often desirous to take home all his earnings to his wife, the old married labourer, the father of a large family, shows no such anxiety. His master has forced him to be selfish against his will, and now he is willingly selfish; he was compelled to take a large portion of his earnings in drink, and he voluntarily spends another, and perhaps larger, portion in the same way. This last circumstance completely cuts the ground from under the feet of those who defend the cider truck, because it induces men to refrain from frequenting the cider shops. So far from having this deterring influence, the system is a direct incentive to tippling. The taste, the habit, are formed, and we all know that with alcoholic drinks the appetite for them comes with feeding upon them.

It is fair to say that a few farmers see the evil of this system, and would gladly abolish it, but unfortunately the labourers, blinded by the implanted thirst for drink, fight against their own interests, and will not work without cider. In vain has it been shown, by actual experiment, that men work much better without it than with it. The appetite overcomes considerations of health and economy, and the attempt to give the labourer his fair wages in money too often meets with violent opposition from those who ought to give it the most zealous support. At the same time it must also be stated that

the farmers are not likely to display much enthusiasm about this reform. Their pecuniary interests are too deeply involved in getting rid of their inferior cider, for which, otherwise, they would have no market. Thus it was that while the reasons for continuing the cider truck given by the farmers in reply to the questions of the authors of the prize essay above mentioned were very numerous, the most cogent was that put forward by one farmer more out-spoken than the rest. He said he approved of the system of paying wages in cider 'because a great deal of cider is made here.' Clearly, while such a reason is in force, the only chance of combating it is to appeal to the law. We see no reason why the Truck Prevention Act, which was passed about five and thirty years ago for mines and manufactories, should not be extended to the farms. The landowners were willing enough to pass the first, they could scarcely oppose the second.

While mining is not the staple industry of Devonshire to the same extent that it is of Cornwall, it still occupies a very important place in the first-mentioned county. In fact, the largest metalliferous mine in the kingdom, and probably the most successful in the world, is in Devonshire. This is the famous Devon Great Consols, which is situated in the important mining district surrounding Tavistock. The history of this mine is most remarkable. As lately as the year 1844 the ground, now covered with works, and machinery, and spoil, was clad with wood and pasture. The only vestige of mining in it was an old choked-up, almost forgotten shaft, which had been dug a century before. The adventurers of that time had not the gift of perseverance. They sank but fourteen fathoms, and then gave up the undertaking. In 1844, certain speculators applied to the Duke of Bedford for a lease of the land adjoining this shaft, some three miles by two miles in extent; and, having obtained it, their first step was to clean out the old shaft, and to continue sinking it. They had gone but three fathoms more when they cut a lode of surpassing richness, which made their fortunes, and raised their mine to the very top of the list. Never since 'Huel Virgin' produced, after five weeks and two days' working, £15,300 worth of ore, a century ago, had such a discovery been made. Only £1 had been paid upon the 1,024 shares into which the mine was divided, and though no other call was made they soon became worth £500, and at last reached the extraordinary figure of £850. Even in the worst days, during the panic of 1847, and when an anonymous letter published damaging reports of the mine, the shares never fell below £150. The average price has been from £500 to £600. So abundant was the ore that

in twenty years about 400,000 tons were raised, valued at a little under two and a half millions sterling. The smallest amount realised in any one year was over £93,000, the highest amount was nearly £160,000. The Duke of Bedford, as 'lord,' received in dues during twenty years £190,000, besides £20,000 paid for the renewal of the lease. Up to 1864, £933 had been paid in dividends upon each share, and by this time these £1 shares have no doubt brought to the lucky owners £1,000 a piece. This prosperity is likely to continue. There are large and productive lodes still untouched. These are the reserves, and they are reckoned at 70,000 tons. The unparalleled success of this mine, while it has brought prosperity to its shareholders, has caused ruin to many other persons. They have been enticed into new ventures, and have found, to their cost, that while the prizes are heavy, they are also few, and that the blanks are something more than blanks—are positive losses.

There are many other productive mines in Devonshire, but none to be compared with the Devon Great Consols. The Tamar Silver-lead Mine is in one respect more remarkable, for it is worked 1,320 feet beneath the bed of the River Tamar. The workings had been carried to a point where it seemed necessary to desist for want of ventilation. Under ordinary circumstances a new shaft would have been sunk, but it was impossible to do this in the present instance, because the river was overhead. The device was then resorted to of sinking a sloping shaft, and of erecting a steam engine 870 feet below the surface. This has answered perfectly.

The mode of working in these various metal mines has been made the subject of a series of elaborate articles in the *Western Morning News*. A few facts taken from the articles on the Devon Great Consols will serve to give an idea of the usual *modus operandi*, wherever the works are on a large scale. There are in this mine 23 miles of underground roads, and there are many shafts, whereof the deepest extends perpendicularly downwards for a quarter of a mile. The value of the machinery, all of which is made on the premises, is £60,000. 1,230 persons are employed in and about the mine, and their monthly wages amount to £3,200. No less a sum than £8,340 a year is paid for timber, and 2,000lbs. of powder and 200 tons of coal are consumed in the same time. Every lode has its proper name. The work is nearly all done by the piece, as described in our article on Cornwall, and the 'settings,' that is the letting of the work, take place monthly. An ordinary miner will earn about £3. 12s. a month. The men who divide the ore after it is dressed get sometimes as much as £4. 10s.

The girls who assist to break the ore get from 4d. to 1s. 3d. a day, according to their age and the nature of their employment. There are schools on the mine, which are well attended. When the ore is raised to the surface it is taken to the 'dressing floors,' and there subjected to the process called 'spalling,' i.e., breaking up with sledges. It is then taken to the 'cobbers,' young women who break the ore up smaller. After this it is 'sized,' thrown through two sieves, the one of one inch and the other of half inch apertures. What remains is taken back to the 'tables,' high benches on which kneel the 'picking girls,' who pick out the refuse quartz, &c. The finer stuff is then 'jigged' in a jigging machine, which is merely a box shaken so that the ore being heavier falls to the bottom. There are three qualities of ore; the best 'prill,' the second best 'dredge,' and the inferior, called 'halvans.' After the two first have been broken up as just described, the ore is carried to the stamping machine, which consists of a series of wooden pestles with iron heads, that are raised by a wheel and fall by their own weight upon the ore below. The halvans are subjected to a process far too elaborate to be described here. Eventually the ore finds its way, by a railway constructed by the company at a cost of £10,000 (but which has long ago repaid the outlay), to Morwellham, an extensive quay on the River Tamar. Here the ore is arranged on floors, being divided into 'parcels,' and subdivided into 'doles,' and is thus prepared for 'sampling.' Once a month the agents of the smelters go to Morwellham, take away samples for assaying, and according to the result of the assay is the amount of their tender. These tenders are written on tickets, and given in at the weekly meetings which are held at Truro, Redruth, Camborne, and Pool, in Cornwall, and are hence called ticketings. The tickets are taken by the agents of the various mines, and the ore is sold to the ticketer who turns out to be the highest bidder. The purchasers are very few, the smelting business being in the hands of some fifteen firms, and the prices tendered rarely vary materially. The president of the ticketings is the representative of the mine which has the largest amount of ore for sale. This is generally the Devon Great Consols. It only remains to be added that the miners are, as a rule, sober and thrifty, and that the girls are as modest as they are healthy. Not only is the school at the Devon Great Consols well attended, but 700 copies of the 'British Workman' and the 'Band of Hope' are taken in at this one mine. Fortunately the price of copper has not declined so severely as the price of tin, and the Devon miners are, therefore, not in the same sore straits as their Cornish brethren, of whom no fewer than 3,000 lately left the county within a few weeks.

The recently published statistics of the United Kingdom contain many facts which throw much light upon the social condition of Devonshire. We find, in the first place, that while the population of South Devon increased 14·3 per cent. in thirty years, that of North Devon decreased 1·2 per cent. during the same period. North Devon is almost entirely agricultural; on the other hand, South Devon contains not only Exeter, the centre of five railways, but the important and populous places of Plymouth, Dartmouth, and Stonehouse. The Three Towns, as they are called, contain a population of over 150,000, exclusive of the large number of soldiers and sailors in the garrison and the ships of war. The public works in these towns, the two great dockyards, the victualling yard, and the fortifications, have attracted a large number of the inhabitants from the surrounding districts. Unfortunately this desirable immigration has been accompanied by one which is quite the reverse. The number of fallen women in these towns is fearfully large. It has been stated that one woman in every twenty therein is a prostitute, and the estimate, incredible as it appears, is we believe not far, if at all, above the truth. Their numbers are equalled by their effrontery. There is, perhaps, no other place in England where these women ply their avocation so openly and shamelessly, and where modest women find it so impossible to venture alone into the streets after sunset. Great exertions have been made to check this monstrous evil. A recent Act, the Contagious Diseases Prevention Act, has given power to the police to apprehend women whom they suppose to be infected, and to send them to the hospital, where they may be detained in a species of imprisonment until recovery. The authorities declare that this Act has met with signal success; but they have never published any statistics to prove their assertion. Philanthropists have not left the evil for legislators to cure. There is, we believe, no part of England where the Homes and Refuges for Fallen Women are so numerous as in South Devonshire. One of them is affiliated to the famous House of Mercy at Clewer; another is carried on by the devoted Anglican Sisterhood, of which Miss Selton is the Superior. All are in urgent need of funds, and through lack of them their hands are often stayed from doing all the good that they might do. We need scarcely say that this excess of prostitution above the average is accompanied by an excess of drunkenness and pauperism. The number of drinkshops in the Three Towns is appallingly large, the poor rates are oppressively heavy. So notorious is the intemperance of the place, that there is no town in the kingdom which has declared itself so strongly in favour of the

Permissive Bill as Plymouth has done. Plymouthians have suffered too much to shrink from the most searching remedy.

There is one vice, not, indeed, peculiar to Devonshire, but especially prevalent there, and which has caused some notoriety of late—electoral corruption. This has attained its climax in the borough of Totnes, where £100,000 have been spent in 28 years upon a constituency of under 400 persons. Totnes is not the only offender. There are other Devonshire boroughs as bad probably, though their iniquities have not been so clearly brought to light. Ashburton, Dartmouth, Barnstaple, have all in turn been subjected to the ordeal of a Parliamentary inquiry. In Honiton the price of a vote is a settled thing, and therefore we hear of none of such negotiations as take place at Totnes. Devonport has lately lost its two members for paying ten shillings a piece to the dockyard-men. Tavistock is comparatively pure, for its representation is in the hands of the Dukes of Bedford, and as they have proved liberal landlords, and have made their borough the model of a country town, there is little disposition to question their political supremacy.

Turning from these dark subjects we find a welcome relief. In the first place Devonshire is a remarkably healthy county. The Newton Abbot district, which includes the watering-places of Torquay and Teignmouth, has the lowest mortality in the kingdom, despite the considerable number of deaths of consumptive patients which take place at Torquay. In Devonshire the last returns gave 24 deaths at and above 95 years of age, and of these, three were above 100. The marriages in Devonshire during 1864 were 4,765, and of the 9,530 persons included in this figure, 951 men and 1,145 women signed the marriage register with marks. 360 of the men and 1,075 of the women married were under age. The births were 13,778, and the deaths 12,612, the excess of births above deaths being 6,166. The illegitimate births were below the average number by 0·5, the average being 6·4; while Cumberland, in this respect the most immoral county in England, the number is no less than 11·8, or exactly double that of Devonshire. Crimes of violence are comparatively few. This will be seen from the following figures:—

1864.	Devon- shire.	Lincoln- shire.	Mid- dlessex, including London.	Stafford- shire.	York- shire.
Crimes against the person	32	390	444	147	229
" " property, with violence.	20	415	377	59	153
" " " without "	305	2,174	2,351	4·7	12·8
Malicious offences against property.....	9	24	15	15	61
Forgery and currency offences	7	61	198	6	—
Other offences	10	40	93	46	—
	392	3,104	3,278		

Thus, while the crimes of violence in Lancashire, Middlesex, Staffordshire, and Yorkshire are respectively one to 3,062, 2,817, 3,735, and 4,892 of the population, in Devonshire the proportion is only one in 11,332. To this it may be added, that during the last two years, that is since the date to which these returns refer, there has been a remarkable decrease in the number of crimes, so much so, as to have elicited congratulations from the judges, and to have excited the liveliest apprehensions among the members of the bar. This comparative immunity from crime is, no doubt, due to the prevalence of education. In this respect Devonshire occupies a high position. Taking the number of persons who signed their names in the marriage register as the test of education, we find that whereas the average for England is 72 per cent., in Devonshire the number is 78 per cent.

With education comes thriftiness, and the number of savings bank depositors is unusually large in Devonshire. At the same time savings banks are not the only tests of providence, and there are other and better forms of investment, especially co-operative societies, as to which Devonshire is far behind the northern counties. Co-operation unfortunately has been checked by the failure of a store at Exeter, through mismanagement.

We have left ourselves small space to speak of the many great public works in Devonshire, of the Devonport and Keyham Dockyards, with their magnificent arrangements, of the Royal William Victualling Yard, which cost £1,500,000, of the Plymouth Breakwater, which was thirty-two years in building, of the famous 'leat,' by which Sir Francis Drake brought the water of Dartmoor into the town of Plymouth, for a distance of nearly twenty miles, of the Dartmoor Railway and Granite works, of the Leemoor China Clay Works, and of the South Devon Railway, which, after having for twenty years struggled against the overwhelming loss incurred by Brunel's costly mistake of the atmospheric experiment, is now at last becoming a fairly profitable undertaking. We have not sought to render this article an abbreviated tourist's guide or a substitute for 'Murray.' We have endeavoured only to set forth some of the social and physical characteristics of a county whose beauty of scenery and mildness of climate fairly entitle it to the name of 'the Italy of England.'

THE REFORMATORY EFFECT OF REMUNERATIVE PRISON LABOUR.

THE reformation of criminals is by no means generally a hopeless task, nor is the effort to accomplish it likely to be productive merely of unimportant benefits. It is not an improbable supposition that a considerable proportion continue in their vicious courses on account of untoward circumstances rather than from inclination. The loss of character, deficient instruction in any honest calling, or the inveteracy of habit, may seem to impede the adoption of any well-regulated method of living, or the introduction to any honest occupation. These difficulties of their situation frequently entitle them to be viewed as objects of pity, rather than of unmitigated condemnation. And, in any case, the arrangements for the management of persons under sentence for offences against the laws of their country, should be such as would give them a chance, on being liberated, of pursuing some creditable occupation.

Thieves and vagrants, it is generally believed, follow their disreputable manner of living from a loose, idle disposition ; but if the privations of their existence, and the difficulties they encounter in procuring a subsistence be taken into consideration, it will be obvious that, of all classes, they suffer the worst hardships, and undergo an extreme degree of labour for inadequate results, in addition to the frequent depression of spirits they must endure from the irregularity and uncertainty of their operations. The poor beggar may sometimes meet with extra benevolences, but usually he has many weary miles to traverse for a mere trifle, and, if he had the option, might earn more at any honest calling. The occupation of a thief is one continual course of peril ; he has to sustain a very great amount of labour and watchfulness to possess himself of other people's property, and when he has obtained it, only by selling much below its value can he turn it to account. Undoubtedly, if a man can obtain a livelihood by any honest calling, he must be a thorough fool to encounter the danger, risk, and fatigue of pilfering and robbery. We have no desire to extenuate the guilt of the criminal ; all we insist on is, that his life must be fraught with such repulsive circumstances, as to render it certain that were a chance of improvement offered, the criminal would, in many instances, become reformed into a useful member of society.

According to the system pursued in the greater part of our gaols, of occupying prisoners in useless or unproductive labour, they obtain no serviceable skill or knowledge ;

being discharged they go forth into the world with scarcely a chance to preserve them from their former vicious practices. When a man who has been in gaol returns to his own neighbourhood, his evil reputation shuts him out from ordinary labour, and unless he be a skilled workman, without a character he would hardly obtain employment among strangers.

Our Christian doctrine teaches us to promote repentance and amendment of life; but the mere precept must be altogether without result, unless accompanied with such instruction and favourable circumstances as may enable the offender to bring well-formed intentions into action. He may be told that in this country, if he have neither character nor skill to procure him employment, he has the workhouse as a place of refuge, whither it would be far better for him to repair than renew his career of criminality. This resource, however, to an able-bodied man, is nothing better than a continuation of imprisonment; and, as a place of confinement, the union-house is held in equal abhorrence with the common prison.

Punishment should always be inflicted with a view to reformation, otherwise it partakes of the character of vindictiveness. Habits of industry tend to promote moral improvement much more than exhortations, however earnest. In those, therefore, who have hitherto led idle, dissolute, and dishonest lives, we should endeavour to promote industry. Our gaols, as great reformatories, should become schools of industry, where persons, especially those who are imprisoned for long periods, should be employed productively, not only so as to defray a portion of the cost of their maintenance, and thereby become less burdensome to the community, but also in order that they may acquire industrious habits, and such skill in some handicraft as may enable them, after their sentences shall have been completed, to procure useful employment.

A system of industry has been conducted in the Bedford Prison for some years past, with such favourable results as have not been exceeded, if equalled, in any other gaol in England, and this has been accomplished without any aid from the county rates. Previously to the appointment of the present Governor (Mr. Roberts), fourteen years ago, the labour performed in the prison was utterly unremunerative; but under his management the discipline and productive occupation of the prisoners have continued regularly to improve. Prisoners in the county of Bedford, on their entrance into gaol possess little or no knowledge as artisans, and have to be taught separately in their cells their various kinds of labour. The good effect of the present system may be inferred from the diminution of the number of committals, and particularly of

re-committals, with an increasing population. The following extracts from the Governor's report to the Michaelmas Court of Quarter Sessions, 1865, will show how beneficially the industrial system has worked economically:—

For the year ending Michaelmas, 1865, the sale of articles manufactured and work done amounted to £1,552. 16s. 11d., being an increase of £152. 1s. 3d. as compared with 1864, and the profits, after paying all expenses, were £530. 7s. 5d. This is exclusive of the value of stock in hand, amounting to £484. 16s. 8d.

Of 564 prisoners (including 70 Government convicts) who have passed through the prison during the year, only 163 were imprisoned for longer periods than three months—the remainder, 401, being sentenced to periods of three months and under, consequently they were not employed at industrial labour; indeed, it is the rule of the prison that no prisoner be so put to work until after he has passed the first three months of his imprisonment, and has shown by his good conduct and respectful obedience to the rules that he is deserving such indulgence, and when so employed a small amount is placed to his credit every week out of his earnings, which he receives on quitting the prison.

In Michaelmas, 1866, the Governor again reported:—

I have the satisfaction of again reporting that the industry of the prisoners has been more profitable this year than at any like period since I first introduced it, whilst the discipline of the prison has been fully maintained. It may also be of interest to know the extent of work done during the year just closed. There have been made—

4,752 Brush mats.....	containing 22,998 feet.
1,769 Wool-bordered mats	„ 5,917 „
415 Sinnott mats	„ 2,198 „
Cocoa matting	„ 7,122 „
Calico woven	„ 360 yards.
Sinnott plaited	„ 40,260 „

In addition to this the whole of the tailoring, shoemaking, and repairs of the establishment, including the officers' uniform, is done within the prison. Sale of manufactured goods and other work done for the year ending—

Michaelmas, 1864	was £1,166 15 8
„ 1865	„ 1,552 16 11
„ 1866	„ 1,675 9 2

The amount of cash paid to County Treasurer as profits for

1864	was £350.
1865	„ £450.
1866	„ £500.

From Michaelmas, 1853, to Michaelmas, 1866, the results of the industrial labour, have been as follows:—for sale of articles manufactured, £12,415. 16s. 3d., yielding a profit of £4,286. 1s. 9d., and this is exclusive of £3,195. 13s. 2d. for work done in and about the prison for which no charge is made to the country.

From Michaelmas, 1848, to Easter, 1853, an attempt was made to carry out industrial employment; it was, however, a failure, and for that period in the experiment a loss was sustained of £336. 7s. 2d.

The average annual number of committals for 1848 to 1852,

inclusive, was 677, and of re-committals 213; but during the five years from 1858 to 1862 inclusive, the industrial system being in full working, the committals have averaged only 503, and the re-committals 158.

These facts tell an important tale; and we may inquire, why should not prisoners generally be made to contribute by their labour to their own maintenance, instead of being wholly burdensome to the community? An inquiry may also be suggested, why prisoners for short as well as for long periods should not be employed usefully? If they were, they would earn something towards their sustenance—would advance somewhat towards improved habits—and would acquire a degree of knowledge and dexterity that might be afterwards serviceable. Giving them a portion of their earnings as a reward for assiduity must act favourably, for it would tend to encourage good conduct, and would supply a fund to enable them, after leaving gaol, to subsist while seeking for employment.

A notion prevailed at one time that prisoners feel the punishment of performing unproductive labour to be more irksome than that connected with productive employment, and on that account unprofitable labour had many advocates, as they believed that the extra repulsiveness of the method of correction would deter many from the perpetration of offences. This was a most extraordinary delusion, for it gave the criminal classes credit for higher sentiments than are possessed by many people even in the more respectable classes of society. It supposed that the criminal would be anxious to produce something to benefit his punishers; that although he had no personal gain from his labour, he was desirous that it might be of some advantage to the community; that of all people he was influenced by the most purely patriotic motives. When a criminal is undergoing the sentence of the law, he may be pleased to acquire skill or knowledge that may be serviceable to himself after the term shall have expired; but he is not likely to have any particular wish that his industry should be beneficial to others.

There can scarcely be a good or judicious measure proposed but it will meet with objectors. It is well that it is so, as opposition leads to investigation, and investigation probably to improvement. It has been objected to productive employment in workhouses and gaols, that it interferes with the occupation of the honest; but this consideration in the present time can have but little influence, when it is well understood that the wealth of a nation depends upon the industry of its inhabitants; and that the more fully the people are occupied

usefully, the more they must increase in prosperity. The persons confined in prisons, if they were at liberty and employed, would so far tend to overstock the labour market, and, however usefully engaged, can do no more when under confinement.

The inconvenience suffered by society from vagrancy is of serious consequence. The laws for its suppression have hitherto been ineffectual in their operation, as is clearly manifested by the number of persons without any settled habitations who are continually wandering about the country, or who infest our populous towns and cities. Their pilfering and irregular habits are fully shown by the number of committals to the provincial gaols of strangers to the locality where they become offenders against the laws. There can be no doubt that people wandering about the country, with no legitimate means of obtaining a living, propagate not only moral but physical contamination, and are media for conveying and spreading infectious diseases. Ought not, then, some stringent regulations to be enforced for the suppression of such a pernicious practice?

Perhaps effectual measures for restraining vagrancy are withheld from a dread of interfering with the liberty of the subject; but, however jealous we may be in the cause of freedom, a class of useless persons ought not to be permitted to lead unrestrained a vagabond life, to the injury and annoyance of the well-regulated members of society. Some severe rule ought to be established for the suppression of vagrancy, but it is useless to pass laws or regulations for the purpose, unless they include some means of providing for the vagrant.

Why might not public institutions be founded to which persons might be committed who were detected in any act of vagrancy? Lame, blind, imbecile, and infirm persons, devoid of friends who will take charge of them, might be treated as their cases seem to require, and the institution would be to them a place of refuge, in which they might be employed usefully, as far as their circumstances would permit. The able-bodied might be trained to habits of industry, and be taught some art by which on being liberated they might obtain a livelihood elsewhere, or be qualified for emigration.

Institutions of this kind would be clearly not self-supporting; they would, on the contrary, be apparently a considerable burden on the nation; yet from the advantages that would accrue from their establishment, they would effect a considerable saving to the public, as all vagrants, by their support in some way from the community, by begging, pilfering, or by some fraudulent

travelling in search of employment might be allowed to pursue their object by being furnished with a certificate from their last employers, or from some trade society; such certificate should be available for a reasonable period only, so that idle and worthless individuals might not make a living by imposing upon the respectable members of their own class.

Into gaols or institutions for vagrants a considerable variety of handicraft employment might be introduced. Each institution might have its separate and distinct kinds of trade or occupation, which could be adopted in conformity with the habits of the neighbourhood where it might be situated. A considerable market for the various productions would be obtained by such establishments supplying each other in an interchange of their several manufactures. A mutual trading might be instituted among them, which, as far as it went, could not be obnoxious to the charge of injuring out-of-door employment.

If we could induce industrial habits among the criminal and vagrant classes, we should no doubt promote therewith a general moral improvement. For the honour of humanity we must believe that the incorrigibly vicious are but few, and that many whom circumstances have rendered injurious to society are reclaimable, if we could only give them the means of proceeding in a decent and respectable course of life. If we wish for the reformation of those who have gone wrong, we must teach them to work, and afford them the means of obtaining honest occupation; and an important step for this laudable purpose will be to make our gaols, workhouses, and vagrant institutions in reality, not merely in pretence, schools of industry.

LIGHT AND HEALTH.

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2. *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S., &c. Second Edition. London: Longmans and Co. 1865.
3. *The Physiology of Common Life.* By George Henry Lewes. Two vols. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1859.

LIGHT and life are complementary mysteries, and fill the earth, and possibly the skies, with their ineffable effulgence. Every step in the science of the one is a step towards an explanation of the science of the other, and neither is, or can be, humanly complete. They have the beauty of some grand Greek statue, which always seems to be becoming something which it is not—a rare chemistry of marble and vitality. It would seem as though we never could surprise either at the moment of creation, or that what we take for creation is but a vast cycle of transference. Life we know we cannot create, but we are often foolish enough to think that we can make light. We do no such thing; we simply unchain the hidden chemistries of the ages. Yet life and light are so ordinary and familiar, that every one thinks he knows what they are until he is asked by another; but they become so marvellous under the piercing gaze of the intellect, that we wonder they can ever have been commonplace. We are spellbound in reverent silence. Life trembles in the leaf, glows in the flower, feels about blindly in the animal, and flashes into intellect and love in the man. Light throbs and wheels in the great sun, ‘plays i’ the pight clouds,’ and breaks itself over the world in multitudinous waves of beauty, colour, and joy. It is our highest scientific embodiment of the great Life of Deity, and stands so closely related to all life as to be one of the surest revealers of the wonders of our own.

But as yet we stumble on the very threshold, and are puzzling ourselves with problems that belong to the innermost. How the sun is fed? is a question of as much interest as, How the sun feeds life? Strange secrets may come out of the solution of the problem, whether we take Mayer’s theory of constant meteoric showers, or Helmholtz’s one of nebulous condensation, or a more satisfactory one than either; but one

could wish for a few more researches on the direct influence of light upon the organic kingdom. In Dr. Winslow's otherwise judicious compilation, several things are put down to the effects of light which might be almost as well put down to the effects of heat; but when the sun's rays are directly meant, of course the detachment of the two is not very easy. In most experiments with plants and animals, heat and light are alike excluded, and one is puzzled to know what would have been the effect had there been heat and darkness, and light and no warmth. By means of his ray-filter, Professor Tyndall has been able to detach the heat-giving from the light-giving rays, and it is surely quite possible to do the same with solar light in experiments upon life. One or two experiments so made would be of more value than hundreds in which it was difficult to say which had been the most active agent, light or heat. Plants, as Boussingault discovered, have certain limits of growth, and require certain quantities of heat to complete that growth; but one would like to know how far luminous, but not heat-giving, rays have to do with its luxuriance where bright colours are not concerned. For instance, barley has a limit of growth of ninety days in Egypt, at Tuqueres it ripens in 168 days beneath an equatorial sun, and at Santa Fé de Bogota it requires 122 days. Now, what effect would these varying temperatures have if the visible and luminous rays of solar light were intercepted, and only the invisible and heat-giving ones brought to bear upon them? If a given amount of heat be essential to the full growth of a plant, spread over a longer or shorter period as the case may be, is it necessary that it should also have a given amount of light, pure and simple? If so, how can this be determined? Under given conditions of heat and moisture, barley would grow in darkness—nay, it germinates best in the latter; but would it reach its full perfection with the same amount of heat without light, and would mere etiolation be the result? The problem may seem a simple one, but very much depends upon its solution. We are every day coming to believe that the laws of human life have very large relations with the laws of vegetable life, and to understand one we must first have mastered the other. Light and colour, we know, are inseparable; but it has yet to be ascertained whether light is as essential to vitality as it is to colour, where heat is at the same time sustained. Plants blanch in darkness, and so do human beings; but if we augment the heat in the case of the latter, we have done something to obviate the difficulty. The sun embrowns the face and enriches the blood; and a Turkish bath does precisely the same where heat alone is the

principal agent. A bath, in fact, will tan and burn us quite as much as long exposure to a summer sun. In the building up and destruction of the human body, heat is the principal agent. The union of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen produces a sort of combustion which only differs in intensity from that of an ordinary fire, and the product of which is carbonic acid and water. Now, in a vegetable, carbonic acid and water, acted upon by the sun, enable it to build itself up, so that, in Professor Tyndall's words, 'the formation of a vegetable is a process of winding-up, while the formation of an animal is a process of running down.' It is obvious that the three forces of the solar beam, light, heat, and actinism, operate differently and not precisely in the same ratio in both animal and vegetable life, and what we desiderate is a more rigorous detachment of each, to avoid confusions which obscure science, and make it difficult to keep a single line of investigation.

The effects of the absence of light and heat upon plants are more generally known than any other portion of the great question of their relation to life. It is right that inductions should, therefore, begin here, especially as all animal life is immediately derived from plants, and mediately from the sun. These organisms, in fact, are the great conservators of solar energy. They arrest the fugitive solar rays, consume their force in chemical action, and are ready to convert that force to other and nobler uses in animals and man. Removed from the chemical action of the solar beam, they languish, lose colour, and degenerate. Warmth appears to sustain vitality, whilst it prevents differentiation. Professor Robinson found a plant growing luxuriantly in a coal-mine, the qualities and form of which seemed quite new to him. He carefully preserved plant and sod, and had them carefully attended to in his garden. The blanched plant died away, but the roots speedily grew, and from subsequent familiar shoots he found it was tansey. Like experiments with lovage and mint produced similar results. The absence of solar light does not affect those chemical changes which produce in plants the phenomena of periodicity. Dr. Balfour found that a plant accustomed to flower in daylight at a certain time continued to do so at the wonted time even in a dark room. De Candolle furnishes us with additional facts. He made a series of experiments upon flowering plants in darkness and in artificial light. He found the law of periodicity to hold good for a considerable time under both conditions, but in artificial light he observed some flowers to open at their usual hour, and others to follow the clock-hours in their opening and closing. The turning of certain plants and flowers towards

the sun is well known, and may be verified any spring or summer day. Jesse's statement respecting a potato left behind in a cellar, with only a small chink in a corner where light could be admitted, is marvellous. The potato lay in the opposite corner to the chink, but it shot out a runner which ran twenty feet along the floor, crept up the wall, and grew through the chink. Growth under such conditions is wonderful, but it is always an exhaustive effort, and leads to a loss of individuation. Such a loss sometimes occurs in a too strong light. Tulips, for instance, have their colours completely changed unless the direct influence of the sun is moderated by a screen. But it is singular to observe that when in ordinary plants the colour of a leaf is fixed by its being half developed, it does not disappear. At its maturity the leaf will be inordinately large, and hence will seem to be of a lighter colour. The action of the sun upon the colouring matter, the chlorophyll, or chromogen, of plants is seen most vividly in the spring, when the leaves deepen in their tints, and actinism is most powerful. When actinism is less powerful, as in autumn, the colour of the leaves is seen to undergo a great change. As Dr. Lindley discovered, decay produces in some plants the very tints which increase of life develops in others. Autumnal tints owe their origin to the loss of carbon which affects the chlorophyll, and very probably to conditions of the atmosphere dependent on radiant heat. The heat as distinct from the light-giving rays are also most active in the autumn, and the deepening colours of fruit and foliage are due to this diffusive pencilling of invisible rays. The physical cause of colour is well explained by Professor Tyndall, but it would lead us out of our way to go into details already pretty generally known. Mr. Hunt's experiments upon the germinating effects of colour are not so familiar, and relate to the problem of the influence of light upon organic structures. Red glasses and fluids stand next to black ones in their power of absorbing heat-rays. Hence, light passed through red media, repels plants, because, if we follow Professor Tyndall, the waves of light of the same colour pass unbroken through them, and, being hottest, decompose, as strong light affects tulips. This is borne out by Mr. Hunt's own experiments, although he had not reached the explanation of them. Tulips under red and ruby glasses shot up in a single lobe, but did not rise above two or three inches above the soil, and died in three or four weeks exhausted. Orange stood highest in power, but neither under glasses of that colour nor of yellow did the plants reach maturity, whilst in blue and green somewhat similar effects were observed. Mr.

Hunt arranges the colours in order as to their vital effect as follow :—1, orange; 2, red; 3, ruby; 4, yellow; 5, blue; 6, green. We shall see the correlation of these facts presently.

The effects of light upon animals carries forward any truths gained by the study of plant-life into human regions. By its absence or presence we can arrest or hasten the metamorphosis of tadpoles, and vary the colour of different insects. Sir Humphrey Davy described the protei of the grotto of the Magdalena, at Adelsburg, in Illyria. These were midway between a reptile and a fish, lived at an immense depth, had transparent bodies, and no eyes. The *axolotus pisciformis*, *syren lacertina*, and the *triton siltatus*, are fish that live at immense sea depth, and have transparent bodies. The protei have no eyes, but only little dots in the position of the eyes, and the same thing is observed in the case of the fish found in the dark caves of the Tyrol and Kentucky. Blindness in animals, and men, too, would thus appear to be produced either by excess of light or by deprivation of it. Prisoners immured in dark dungeons frequently lose their sight, or get intermittent blindness; and moon-blindness, according to Dr. Wells, is not due to mere exposure to the moon's rays, but to a chill produced by the radiation of heat from the eyes under a clear sky, which very probably has the effect of destroying the chemical power of the choroid pigment, in pretty much the same way as we shall see excessive light does. The Esquimaux are sad victims to ophthalmia, cataract, and paralysis of the optic nerve, from the intense light of the Arctic sky and the glitter of the snow. In the neighbourhood of Roche Gaion, on the Seine, in France, where the soil chiefly consists of chalk, a peculiar disease of the eye makes its appearance every spring, returning slightly in the autumn, and affects large numbers of the peasants. They lose their way in the fields in the glare of noonday, recovering their vision as darkness comes on. Italian peasants suffer from the same intermittent blindness. Taking the causes assigned by an author quoted by Dr. Winslow, coupled with other known facts, the explanation of these phenomena is not difficult. He gives, firstly, exposure to stronger light than the eye has been accustomed to; and, secondly, a deficiency of the black pigment which lines the choroid membrane. Actinism, or the chemical power of the sun's rays, as we have seen in plants, is most active in the spring, and least active in the tropics (where such cases of disease are rare), as proved by the prolonged exposure necessary to take a photograph, which can be taken in London in two minutes, and requires nearly fifteen in the tropics. Now, the primary condition for the chemical action

of light, according to Dr. Draper, is the absorption of some of its rays. We shall see the operation of these facts in the case of the eye. The choroid, or second coat of the eye, has upon its inner side a coating of black pigment, upon which the rays of light impinge, after having passed through the transparent retina. This is the real screen, and here the act of vision commences. The rays are partially absorbed by the pigment, its temperature is increased, and an image is thus burnt in upon the retina, and excites the optic nerves.* Mr. Lewes has also found that in invertebrate animals the pigment layer is in front of the retina and not behind it, as in the human eye, proving conclusively, he thinks, that the pigment is first affected and the retina secondarily through it. In the blind crustacea the pigment is altogether absent, and in albinos, whose vision is usually imperfect, it is of a much lighter colour than ordinary. The intermittent blindness referred to must, therefore, be due to a chemical destruction of the pigment by intense light, and a general weakening of the nervous structure of the eye. We are led on from this fact to consider the effect of colours upon the eye and brain. The change of temperature in the choroid pigment is exactly proportionate to the intensity and intrinsic colour of each ray. Now, red rays notably produce the effect of an increase of temperature and a consequent excitement of the brain, as seen in animals, and specially in the insane. This is evidently not due to the velocity with which the waves of red light hit the retina, for red is lowest in the spectrum, and the pitch or velocity of colours rises gradually from red to violet. Professor Tyndall calculates that it takes 39,000 waves of red light to make an inch, and that 474,439,680,000,000 waves of red light enter the eye in a single second; and, incredible as the velocity and minuteness of these impulses seem, they are the lowest in the spectrum. Red and violet mark the extremes of visibility, and below the former and beyond the latter is a large region of incompetency, so far as perception and neurility are concerned. Red rays correspond to bass notes in the musical scale, yet have an exciting power equal to the shrill notes that become so by the increase of the vibrations of the vocal cords. Here, as again in violet, the analogy between the pitch of

* This fact leads to scientific explanation of the persistency of certain images produced in the eye in high states of mental excitement. At the Leeds meeting of the British Association, Professor Stevelly narrated several curious facts relative to this persistency of images in eye and brain which occurred in the experience of himself and friends. His friend Sir J. Macneil told him of a murderer who had been dazzled by the reflection of the sun from a bucket of water a man carried before him, and who was subsequently so tormented with seeing buckets of blood moving before him, that he gave himself up and was executed.

light and sound breaks down. Violet rays have an incredible velocity. An inch of this colour contains 57,500 waves, and the number of waves requisite to produce an impression of violet in the eye, amounts to 699,000,000,000,000 per second, and yet violet is one of the most soothing of all colours. Not in their velocity, then, but in their heat characteristics lies the difference of their power. Red and yellow rays are always most injurious to the eye for this reason, and yet both are remarkable for their deficiency in actinism, as is seen in the familiar facts that in photographs red and yellow objects are always too dark, and that the photographer works in a blue light. Hence are explained several phenomena relating to the general health of mankind. Yellow papered or painted walls absorb the actinic power of light, and eventually become very injurious to persons residing in rooms so finished. A change from paleness and delicacy is, however, almost immediately perceived when the walls are covered with blue material, which evinces the power of reflecting actinic rays in considerable quantities instead of absorbing them. Hence the use of blue spectacles for weak eyes, and the absolute importance of filtering gas-flames through blue-tinted glass globes to those whose occupation leads them to work or write much in a strong light. In each of these cases the colour must be simply a light-blue, as darker shades appear to depress the vital power. Green, violet, and all the neutral tints soothe the nervous system and allay direct mental excitement, and we join in Dr. Winslow's recommendation of such facts to the notice of those who have the care of the insane, or suffer themselves from chronic brain irritability. The effects of darkness on the brain may as well be referred to here. Its soothing influence is well-known, and many persons cannot sleep with a light in their bedroom, because of the nervous excitement it produces. Under ordinary circumstances, even to those who have habituated themselves to it, a very small gaslight is injurious, and renders sleep less refreshing than it might be. Much of the morning lassitude felt by late students, and their unrefreshing sleep, is due to brain excitement produced by the artificial light, in the first place, and by having to sleep in morning light in the second, and may be largely reduced by artificially darkening the bedroom. It may also, perhaps, be assumed that what truth lies in the popular saying respecting the greater value of sleep before midnight, may be thus explained. In some districts the two hours before midnight are called 'the beauty sleep,' from a belief in their cheering and wrinkle-averting power, and this is probably owing to sleeping during periods when light, heat, and actinism

are least powerful. The same thing may be seen in animals, who feed best in the dark, even though they appear to eat least. Turkeys and fowls can be readily fattened in this way, and feeding cattle do best in moderately dark sheds. These facts seem to contradict the importance of light to health, but really do not. Feeding may require a certain measure of health as a motive power, but is yet not highest health. The degeneration of muscular tissues, and the envelopment of certain organs with fatty lobes, is almost as far from pure health as is a general hypertrophy. Mr. Banting may, therefore, add living in strong light as another of his golden rules against obesity.

When we come to the direct effects of light upon man, we are astonished at the purely empirical character of all that is known. Dr. Winslow does not profess to have made any experiments himself, even in the large and semi-mythical field of the influence of sol-lunar light upon the insane and sane mind; but he has by wide research collected some very interesting facts upon this and cognate topics, and these we shall collate with others. Where the air is dry, Professor Tyndall has proved by experiment that light and heat may pass together without the absorption of the latter, because there is nothing to disturb the heat waves, and the air is not sensibly affected. Solar heat will, therefore, burn the skin in the coldest possible air. 'I never, on any occasion,' he says, 'suffered so much from solar heat, as in descending from the "Corridor" to the Grand Plateau of Mont Blanc, on August 13th, 1857; though we were at the time hip deep in snow, the sun blazed against my companion and myself with unendurable power. Immersion in the shadow of the Dôme du Goûté at once changed my feelings; for here the air was at freezing temperature. It was not, however, sensibly colder than the air through which the sunbeams passed; and I suffered, not from the contact of hot air, but from radiant heat, which had reached me through an icy cold medium.' In rooms long closed from the light, damp and mustiness prevail; but these effects are as much to be attributed to a deficiency of heat-rays as of luminous ones, and an elevation of the temperature by artificial means soon disperses both. The unhealthiness of cellars might, therefore, be lessened by heat, yet without light they would still be unfit for habitation. Where heat cannot be obtained in proper quantities, solar influence is indispensable, and the tendency of recent enactments to destroy the old low windows and dark dwellings of the poor will have a very decidedly improving effect. We cannot, however, legitimately ascribe all the symptoms usually attributed to the

want of light, or to polarised light, to those defects solely. Many other causes, as insufficient food, are strongly operative, and county statistics prove a correlation between that insufficiency and the number of actually blind persons within it. Policemen are especially mentioned by Dr. Winslow as suffering from the effects of night labour; but we do not think they show any anæmia, or lack of robustness from it, except in large towns. Besides they are not perpetually upon night-duty, but alternate it with day-duty. Compositors on a daily newspaper are better illustrations, but even then we have strong artificial light, as well as absence of solar light. We once knew a night-watchman of a factory, who had not been in bed a night for fourteen years, who should have exhibited every characteristic of pallor and debility, but he was a healthy, ruddy, brown-faced man, and probably owed his health to his fondness for fishing. There is yet large truth in the Italian proverb, 'Where light is not permitted to enter the physician will have to go.' We know not whether any observations were made upon the influence of light in cholera during last year's epidemic in London; but Sir David Brewster affirms that, when prevalent in great cities, 'it was invariably found that the deaths were more numerous in narrow streets and northern exposures, where the salutary beams of light and actinism had seldom shed their beneficial influence.' Foreign physicians have also noticed that deaths are more frequent in the same disease upon the dark side of a sick ward, and Miss Nightingale refers in her 'Notes on Hospitals' to the importance of good light in such places, the perceptible influence of it and cheerful colours upon convalescing patients, and the difficulties experienced in recovering the sick in wards exposed to a northern light, even when efficiently warmed and ventilated. She also notes that nearly all patients lie with their faces turned to the light, even when it gives them pain to do so. 'Then why *do* you lie on that side?' she has asked. The patient 'does not know; but we do. It is because it is the side towards the window.' Dr. Hammond, in speaking of the importance of light in all cases where there is a deficiency of vital power, thinks he has noticed that wounds heal more quickly when not wholly excluded from the light.

Upon growth and structure light appears to exert a marvellous power. Exposed to actinism in the very act of germinating, few plants or animals are observed to flourish. The foetal life of mammals seem in this to correspond to the darkness and 'abiding alone' in the earth necessary for plant-seeds; but, subsequently, light, heat, and actinism are necessary and powerful. Consignment to a life of darkness

has been generally observed to arrest human growth, and in some instances to retard puberty, or prevent it being ever attained. The low stature of miners in all parts of England, who have taken to pit-life early, is notorious, although no specific observations or statistics are just at this moment conveniently to our hands. Fourcault affirms that this deterioration may be very commonly seen. In the *arrondissement* of Chernay, in Belgium, half the population are miners, and half agriculturists. The latter readily supply their proper quota to the army, but very few of the former can be found who are not either deformed or below the required height. This retardation is to be balanced by the early age at which puberty is reached in hot countries, and at which physical vigour disappears. Long before the European has reached manhood, the Hindoo or the African has attained it, marries, and undertakes the responsibility of a family. Beauty there is as shortlived as it is brilliant. What is the explanation of all these facts? We cannot but think that we have seen in it the simple case of barley, as illustrating the law of plant-life. A given quantity of light, heat, and actinism is necessary to produce that external co-operation with internal chemical forces which determines growth, structure, and perfection. Where these are shut off, neither of the three can proceed harmoniously; where they are spread more evenly over a larger period, as in temperate zones, they are reached less rapidly, and physical strength and beauty flower longest; and where they are intensest, life runs swiftly up its gamut and down again. Solar rays having been found empirically so very necessary to health—whether our explanation be true or not—Dr. Winslow recommends that growing children should have what the ancients termed *solaria*, or solar-air baths, being freely exposed to sunlight with very little clothing upon them. Dr. Wynter, indeed, urges the construction of glass-house nurseries upon the tops of houses, where children could get the air and light from which they are now so much debarred. To children of a scrofulous tendency it would be an invaluable plan. But before we reach this height of scientific perfection, we must more effectually get rid of our smoking chimneys and smoky air. The hospital of St. John at Brussels has a garden *solarium* of this kind upon its roof, very much to the delight and improvement of its convalescents. Humboldt bears his testimony to the beneficial effects of direct solar light upon structure. The Chaymas, he says, ‘both men and women (whose bodies are constantly inured to the effect of light), are very muscular and possess rounded forms.’ He also particularly notes the absence of deformities amongst the Chaymas, Mexicans, and

others who live in a brilliant light, and go nearly, if not entirely, naked. Much of this may, however, be due to constant muscular exercise and freedom from sedentary cares. A very ingenious Frenchman, M. Sanson Alphonse, has endeavoured to ascertain whether a graduating line of stature cannot be drawn through the globe; but his results are very various, and show that other causes co-operate with light in producing variations of height, as the medium elevation above the sea, the nature of diet, occupation, and, possibly, race.

That the skin and the entire mechanism of the body are affected by the sun needs no demonstration. The deposit of black pigment in the skin of the negro, which pales in milder climes, and is not fully manifest in the young, is very familiar. This deposit is, however, sometimes very irregular, and is connected with curious phenomena. It is not only found in the skin, but, according to Dr. Pruner-Bey, is found in patches upon the tongue, the velum, the conjunctivæ, the external angles of the eye, and even the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal.* It also sometimes happens that the pigment is not distributed evenly in the *rete mucosum* of the skin, when we have what are known as 'spotted negroes.' Illness has been known to entirely change this colouring matter to a dingy white, and it is a general rule amongst negroes that the deeper the tint relative to a man's tribe the better his health. Travellers have fancied that the mental capacity was in the ratio of the blackness of the skin; but Dr. Barth, who asserted that the glossy jet-black negroes of the Sudan were most intelligent, is contradicted by Mr. Speke, who found that the light coloured populations of the Mozambique and Lake Nyassa were the bravest, most energetic, and intelligent of the Eastern negroes. Extremes, doubtless, meet. Whether this pigment be racial, or developed by active internal agencies resisting the sun's actinism, and equally capable of producing it in whites residing in the same latitudes for long periods, is still a moot point, although the weight of fact and science is largely in favour of the former. The black tint, however, is not nearly so permanent as the olive and copper, and is lost in disease, temperate zones, or long wood-life, whilst they show themselves as strongly in the young as in adults, and resist climatal changes. Trinocq affirmed that the Red Indians of North America were as white as Europeans where the skin was not exposed, and it is well known that the women of the Eastern seraglios become nearly white by long seclusion and veiling. Actinism is said to be the chief agent in

* 'Memoirs of the Anthropological Society.' Vol. i., p. 21.

embrowning of the skin ; but in our own experience we have found it as readily to follow the exposure to the hot air of a Turkish bath, and to be most easily produced in midsummer and autumn, when actinism is lessening in its power. Probably relative degrees of humidity have a considerable influence in preventing, or favouring, the tanning of the skin. As a rule, hothouse gardeners are not very brown, whilst sailors might frequently pass for foreigners. A dry air would appear to be most favourable to the enrichment of the blood and the deepening of the skin tint. The effect of a tropical sun upon the blood has frequently been noticed by scientific inquirers, and the bright tinge it acquires presents us with a most interesting problem. Dr. Mayer found in this the starting point of his various works upon organic and inorganic force, which led up to his 'Celestial Dynamics,' and the 'Meteoric Theory of the Sun.' He found, or had gathered from secondary sources, that the venous blood of a feverish patient in the tropics was redder than in more northern latitudes, and with this empirical observation he climbed up to his grand dynamics. Everybody knows that the blood is not the simple fluid it was ordinarily thought to be formerly, and that iron is the chief agent in giving it colour through its oxidisation in the lungs, and its power to increase the number of blood corpuscles, of which it is a chief constituent. In chlorosis, produced by developmental changes, as in females, or by confinement and darkness, the blood pines for its iron. The corpuscles diminish by one-fourth, and the proportion of iron in the ashes of the blood is in the same ratio. 'It is quite certain,' says Liebig, 'that if iron be excluded from the food organic life cannot be supported.' Meat, vegetables, and bread contain iron in considerable quantities, and he thinks 'the effect aimed at in religious prescriptions and rules by the exclusion of flesh, and especially of red meat, are to be accounted for by the deficiency of iron.'* For the very opposite reason pugilists and pedestrians eat half-cooked meat. In spite of the iron contained in the food, it is found necessary to administer it artificially in medicines ; but are these two the only ways and forms in which iron reaches the blood ? If so, the lighter meats and vegetables of tropical countries must contain more iron, or an additional supply is obtained from the sun. The latter is most likely. The revelations of spectrum analysis show that iron is a very large element in the constitution of the sun, although it was at first replied to Professor Kirchhoff, that the absorption lines of the solar spectrum, that is the

* 'Familiar Letters on Chemistry,' p. 450. Walton and Maberly. 1859.

dark lines, were produced by the vapour of iron either in the atmosphere of the sun or the earth, but most likely the latter. He said it was incredible that the latter could be the case, or the lines would appreciably alter as the sun approached the horizon. Ceding, however, the fact of iron in the sun as a probability of more than one septillion to one, as put by Tyndall, and that the phenomenon of Fraunhofer's lines arises from the power of an incandescent vapour to absorb precisely those rays which it itself can emit, is the presence of iron vapour in the air to be thereby considered unproved? We think not. The vapour of mercury will act through the skin, and why not the vapour of iron? The bright tinge acquired by the blood under a tropical sun would seem to indicate that iron is taken into the human system by the lungs and the skin. A sun-bath is, therefore, an iron bath, and the brightness of the insects and of the gorgeous flowers of the tropics is only, it would seem, an effect of this great colouring agent. Man is made beautiful by that which makes the earth beautiful. The red river that rushes rich with life through artery and vein is tinged with the same force that dyes the purple of the slates, specks the rich porphyries, flushes the rosy granite of Egypt, and pencils the changing blue of Welsh and Highland hills. The rich colour and cosy warmth of an English town, set in a fringe of green, are due to the same agent which burns in brick and tile. 'All those beautiful violet veiuings and variegations of the marbles of Sicily and Spain, the glowing orange and amber tint of those of Sienna, the deep russet of the Rosso-antico, and the blood-colour of all the precious jaspers that enrich the temples of Italy; and, finally, all the lovely transitions of tint in the pebbles of Scotland and the Rhine, which form, though not the most precious, by far the most interesting portion of our modern jeweller's work;—all these are painted by nature with this one material only, variously portioned and applied—the oxide of iron that stains your Tunbridge springs.'*

We have left ourselves no space to enter into the curious speculations brought together by Dr. Winslow relative to the influence of sol-lunar light in insanity, and upon the periodicity of fevers. The first he considers doubtful; but the second is pretty well established, so far as Indian fevers are concerned, by the evidence and observations of Dr. Balfour and others. We may have occasion to refer to these at some future time. Dr. Winslow's book, we may add, in conclusion, is full of facts, collected from various sources, and presenting nearly every aspect of the main question considered. It is essentially

* 'The Two Paths.' By John Ruskin, M.A. London: 1859.

what it professes to be, a compilation, and the only regret the reader will feel is that the worthy physician has not worked some portion of the wide field himself, especially that having reference to the influence of colours upon the brain in disease, and of sol-lunar influence on the insane. The book will set any intelligent mind at work, and most likely direct more attention to a much-neglected source of public health.

THOMAS SHILLITOE, QUAKER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

THANKS to Mr. Tallack, we now know something about Thomas Shillitoe,* a Quaker, born in London in 1754, a very remarkable man in more respects than one, and entitled for his works' sake to a place of no mean esteem as a pioneer in various fields of philanthropic enterprise.

Thomas Shillitoe's father was librarian of Gray's Inn when his son was born, but resigned that post some twelve years afterwards in order to become landlord of the Three Tuns, at Islington. Three years sufficed to exhaust the new publican's resources, and to compel him to seek a quiet retreat once more in connection with Gray's Inn; and it was well for his son that this was so, for public-house-life is no school of virtue, and a lad could hardly come to any good whilst rambling about the 'village,' as it was then called, till late at nights, carrying out beer to a publican's customers. Happily the public-house scheme failed, and the changes that ensued led to Thomas's promotion from publican's potboy to grocer's apprentice, and to his removal from Islington to Wapping. Scarcely, however, had he been twelve months in the grocery trade ere his master was compelled to abandon his business at Wapping through having fallen into drunkenness. This led to his removal to Portsmouth, whither his apprentice accompanied him; but the situation of the shop, in the lowest part of the town, caused young Shillitoe to be surrounded with scenes of profligacy from which he shrank with horror, so that at length he was compelled to write to his parents, entreating them to release him from such contaminating circumstances, and thus was enabled to return to London as assistant to a sober and devout tradesman, from whose example and influence

* Thomas Shillitoe, the Quaker Missionary and Temperance Pioneer. By William Tallack, author of 'Paul Bedford, the Spitalfields Philanthropist,' &c. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

he received much benefit. It was here that Thomas, who had been brought up in the Established Church, became acquainted with a young man connected with members of the Society of Friends, and in the habit of attending their 'first day' meetings. To these, at his persuasion, Thomas accompanied him, and soon acquired a habit of so doing. His new friend, however, was by no means a true Quaker, for in his society Thomas learned to neglect all except a morning attendance at a place of worship, and to frequent tea-gardens and other places of public resort, where they spent the afternoons, and occasionally the evenings, of the day that ought to be 'most fair, most calm, and bright.' But not much more than a year of this sort of life had passed ere Shillitoe's mind became very uneasy. He had very early been the subject of strong religious impressions, and he now resolutely determined to follow the leadings of his conscience. From that time forward, we are told, his career was an uninterrupted advance in godliness. Never again was he prevailed upon to forsake either the profession or the practice of a decidedly religious life. He had at first attended Quaker meetings merely for the sake of the companionship of his friend, but gradually he formed an attachment for the peculiarities of the Quakers, became a member of their society, and continued such until the end. He had, however, much trouble to pass through on this account, owing to the dislike of Quakerism which his parents entertained, and the opposition they consequently manifested. They grieved over him as having forsaken the road in which they had carefully taught him to go; and it cost him and them much pain whilst he chose the strange path to which, as he thought, his soul's best interests invited him.

In the midst of his troubles on this score, Margaret Bell, a motherly Quaker, became actively 'concerned' on his behalf, and procured for him what she presumed would be a more congenial situation as a clerk in a Quaker banking house in Lombard-street, where his associates, being of similar tenets, might be expected to sympathise with and appreciate his feelings. It was with hopeful expectation that young Shillitoe accepted this situation, and in it he conscientiously strove to perform his duties to his employers' satisfaction; but trouble and disappointment followed him, for he found that his new companions, though members of the Society of Friends, were by no means elevated above the mass of humanity. Amongst them were many who seemed to him 'as much given up to the world and its delusive pleasures as other professors of the Christian name;' and he was

that even his employers saw no harm in issuing lottery-tickets to their customers, in compliance with the gambling spirit which at that time of religious deadness and moral laxity pervaded all ranks of society. He, therefore, deemed it to be his bounden duty to quit an employment that proved to be so religiously distasteful to him; and he anxiously looked round for some means of relieving himself from it. After very serious consideration, he resolved to give up superior worldly advantages in order to obtain freedom to act according to his conscience; and he chose the unromantic occupation of a shoemaker as most likely to enable him to do this. Could anything appear more unaccountably stupid than this to the common sense of ordinary mortals? His relatives, and even his Quaker friends, thought him foolish and deluded. Again and again they remonstrated with him on his absurd preference of the awl, last, and waxed thread to clerkship in a first-rate bank with excellent prospects of advancement. Nor was the change without its abundant immediate humiliations. The respectable appearance he had maintained had now to be relinquished. Quaker though he was, he had up to that time worn a plain sword at his side, after the fashion of the day. He had much more to give up than this; and he had the humble garb of a working shoemaker to assume. To add to the difficulty of the change, the bankers, appreciating his faithfulness as a servant, would not at first entertain his proposal to leave their employment. Margaret Bell, however, advised him to look at the matter simply in its probable bearing on his religious advancement as in the sight of the Lord. From this point of view duty seemed plain. Thomas promptly decided and resigned his clerkship.

At this distance of time, and with only imperfect knowledge of the circumstances, it is not possible to condemn Shillitoe for the step thus taken. But certainly the noblest spectacle of all is that which is seen when the flag of honesty and piety is borne unflinchingly along in that very part of the field in which Providence has placed us. To withdraw to a quieter station, is virtually to admit an inability in the arm of the Lord to sustain us in the thick of the fight. The fact that his employers valued Shillitoe, shows that they would have most probably allowed him to retain their service whilst refusing to sell their lottery-tickets; and who can tell what influence his elevated character might have had at length on his fellow-clerks, had he remained amongst them? Was he not set there, in order to be a preacher of righteousness to them? What business, then, had he to withdraw? We can only ask such questions now; we cannot judge how far Shillitoe

was right or wrong in his method of answering them. Undoubtedly he was actuated by the noblest motives according to the light that he could attain, and for these motives we are bound to honour him.

A shoemaker in Southwark agreed to teach young Shillitoe his handicraft in all its branches, in consideration of a clear half of his small savings. Shillitoe's little surplus of money wasted fast, and his new earnings were very small, not allowing him for the first twelve months more than bread, cheese, and water, and sometimes he had to go without even the cheese, in order to keep clear of debt, which he scrupulously avoided. It was not easy for him at first to sit constantly at his work. He both laboured hard and fared hard. Many of his friends feared his health would suffer, but he soon became reconciled to the change of diet and occupation, and he thought his constitution did also; on this point, however, he was probably much mistaken. Nervous affections, from which he afterwards suffered much, proved that the laws of health must have been violated somewhere; and not unlikely the alteration to a too sedentary occupation was in this respect a mistake. Whatever harm the change may have done to his body, it at first gave much ease and comfort to his mind. He thought he had been guided in this change by an internal direction, and he trusted that if he kept similarly close to his good Guide in all his future course, the result would always show to his friends that he had not been deceived in the steps he had taken.

Become now an accomplished shoemaker, Shillitoe left his instructor in the Borough, and took lodgings in the City, where he soon obtained employment, especially from the 'Friends.' Everything seemed to promise prosperity; but now came a baffling occurrence; his health failed. Sedentary work, scanty food, and town air, were too much for the body. He removed to Tottenham, and this change of air seemed to suit him for a while. Here, business prospering, he settled in 1778, being then twenty-three years of age; and at Tottenham, on the whole, he remained until his death, for nearly sixty years.

Having now the means, he bethought him of the desirability of taking to himself a wife; but not without, in the very outset, having recourse to fervent prayer, in which he entreated some intimation or confirmation from on high. He particularly tells us that he besought the Lord to guide him by His counsel, in taking this very important step; and that he thought he had good ground to believe that a response was granted to him. In Mary Pace, a virtuous woman of honest parents, he found the wife he sought, and in 1778 the young people were united in marriage.

For seven and twenty years the shoe trade was carried on in Tottenham, and at the end of that time Thomas found himself master of property bringing him in an income of about a hundred a year. An ordinary Christian would have gone on patiently plodding, and might in time have become the head of a large establishment, benefitting the neighbourhood by finding honourable employment and maintenance for a large number of families, and doing good to a wide circle of customers by fitting them with boots and shoes honestly made and warranted to give them satisfaction for their money. On such a service, if done for His sake, God would not fail to confer His smile, just as freely as on the labours of an apostle. But Shillitoe, in his humble way, had in him something of the faculty and gift of an apostle, and it would, therefore, have been a mistake for him to have remained in the boot trade. He believed it to be his duty to be content with the little wealth he had acquired, and to retire upon it in order that he might devote himself uninterruptedly to the Lord's service in benefitting his fellow-creatures in some other way than as a tradesman. He had already found himself conscientiously impelled to offer words of religious counsel and exhortation to sundry of his neighbours and acquaintances; had performed several preaching journeys into the home counties; and had become recognised in his sect as a useful and zealous minister of the Gospel. In 1805, at the age of fifty-one, he thus wrote down his own view of the case :—

An apprehension was at times presented to my mind that the time was fast approaching when I must be willing to relinquish a good business which I had been helped to get together, and set myself more at liberty to attend to my religious duties from home, by the language which my Divine Master renewedly proclaimed in the ear of my soul, of 'Gather up thy wares into thine house, for I have need of the residue of thy days;' accompanied by an assurance that although there was, as some would consider, but little meal in the barrel, and little oil in the cruise, of temporal property (not having realised more than a bare hundred pounds a year, and all my five children to settle in the world), if I was but faithful in giving up to this and every future requiring of my great Creator, the meal and oil should not waste. I endeavoured to weigh this requisition of my Divine Master in the best way my feeble capacity was equal to, and well knew that the meal and oil He had thus condescended to give in store, would be amply sufficient for me and my dear wife, should we be permitted to see old age, provided we continued to pursue our economical habits; and that I must leave the provision for my children's settling in life to that same Almighty Power who had so abundantly cared for us; yet the prospect of relinquishing a good business, as my son declined taking it, was at times a close trial of my faith. The requiring, however, pressed upon me with increasing weight, accompanied with a fear that if I did not endeavour, after a cheerful resignation of myself and my all (which a kind Providence had given us for our declining years) to His disposal, even all this would be blasted again, without power on my part, with my utmost caution and care to prevent.

Shillitoe was too shrewd a man to suppose that every solemn impression or internal dictate is to be obeyed, without regard

to its source as testable by its character. Those who insist most on the value of internal direction are accustomed to advise that in cases of ministerial function a conclave of Friends shall try the case before 'liberating' the subject of the impression to perform the duty supposed to have been enjoined. Shillitoe wisely took counsel with some of his religious acquaintances; and these, after fully weighing the matter, advised him to do as the inward voice had commanded.

Henceforward Shillitoe devoted himself to the home and foreign ministerial work. He regarded it as an indication of the Divine good pleasure with the sacrifice he had made, that soon after his retirement from business, a person from whom he had not had the slightest expectation, died leaving him a hundred pounds in her will. About a year after he had, as he supposed, wound up his affairs, it was impressed upon his mind that he ought to complete the process by freeing himself from obligations attendant on some leasehold property held under him by sub-tenants. As this threatened to reduce his income he was loth to comply, and took two years before he made up his mind about it. At length, in 1808, having arranged for a preaching journey in Ireland, he found his mind so unusually clouded, so devoid of comfort, that he was led closely to examine himself as to the cause. It then seemed clear to him that his retention of the leaseholds was the source of his difficulty; and, acting upon this impression, he arranged finally with his landlord and the tenants; and owing to the liberality of the former the terms agreed on were such as to render his income even greater than before.

Up to this time Shillitoe's travels in the ministry had been limited to Lincolnshire, as his greatest distance from home, with the exception of a brief visit he had paid to the Channel Islands, Calais, and Dunkirk. But now his home and foreign missionary labours became almost incessant, and sometimes took him out to great distances from Tottenham. From choice he was usually a pedestrian in these labours. Amongst his memoranda, his biographer finds many, of which the following is a sample:—

After meeting I walked to Castleton, ten miles; had a comfortable meeting with a few Friends there next morning. In the afternoon walked to Whitby, fourteen miles over a dreary moor. After it I walked to Russell Dale, and next day to Helmsley, in the afternoon to Bilsdale. Next day walked about thirty-two miles to Knaresborough, and next day to Rawden. I walked to Lothersdale, about twenty-two miles. The great quantity of rain that has fallen of late has made travelling on foot trying. I hope to be preserved in patience, apprehending it is the line of conduct I must pursue when time will allow of it. Next day walked to Netherdale, about twenty-four miles.

Again: he walked on a Saturday evening from Lancaster

to Wyersdale; on the Sunday afternoon to Ray; on the Monday, twenty-six miles to Hawes; on the Tuesday, twenty-eight to Masham; on Wednesday, twenty-three to Leyburn; on Thursday, eight to Aysgarth, and the same afternoon ten more to Reeth. On Friday he set out with a horse and chaise to return to Hawes, but finding the dales flooded in many places he resumed walking, often coming to points where he had to wade through rushing streams. Having reached Hawes, he dined, and then struck over the fells to Brigflatts, whence on Saturday he walked to Kendal, and reached Lancaster in the evening.

In journeys like these, undertaken entirely that he might fulfil the gratuitous work of an evangelist, Shillitoe sometimes underwent considerable hardships. In these enterprises, as well as at other times, he occasionally ran into an extreme of homeliness in matters of dress. The quondam gentlemanly banker's clerk became so unmindful of his appearance as to be barely respectable. In suit of 'pepper and salt,' with dowlais shirt, often open at the neck, without cravat, and with a chip hat, in hot weather carried in his hand or confided to the top of his umbrella, he sometimes caused much surprise and some amusement in those who met him. Once, Mrs. Shillitoe, fearing lest her husband should injure himself by too long walking, engaged the good offices of a coachman who undertook to stop his vehicle on overtaking Shillitoe, and to beg him to get up and ride. The coachman asked a similar question to that put by the Friar of Orders Gray:—

But how shall I your true-love know
From many another one?

And was told in reply that if he met a man unlike any other man, that would be her husband. Guided by this direction, the driver recognised Mr. Shillitoe, and conveyed to him the request of his wife, with which he obediently complied.

Happily for Shillitoe he had strong muscular tendencies, and when on his journeys he was obliged to intermit preaching, he always liked to fill up intervals with useful manual occupation. Sometimes he even carried with him a labourer's linen smock-frock, to wear whilst lending a hand at farm-houses where he was staying; for he believed it to be his duty to set an example of industry both to people and preachers.

It is narrated that during one of his missionary visits to Yorkshire, some wealthy Friends who knew him only by report, were expecting him to lodge at their house for a short time, but that when he came his appearance led them to suppose him to be some poor rustic Quaker of that district—not suspecting him to be their invited guest. They accordingly had

him entertained in the kitchen by the servants, and he perceiving, and no doubt enjoying the mistake, quietly submitted. Their surprise may be imagined when they discovered in the chief preacher 'at meeting' their unknown kitchen friend.

In point of diet, Shillitoe was as simple as in other respects. For the last fifty years of his life he was a teetotaler, and he was a vegetarian also, except as to the use of milk and eggs. Early in his career he was subject to very severe visitations of nervous depression and anxiety. Sometimes, indeed, he suffered so acutely from hypochondria as to be brought almost to death's door. Once, in 1805, he recorded that his body and mind were such a pit of horrors that he thought he should expire. On some occasions he fancied himself a teapot for weeks together, and was in dread lest people coming close to him should break him! He has been known to run whilst crossing London Bridge, for fear lest it should give way under him. After the occurrence of a very terrible murder which had excited general horror, he kept indoors for a considerable time, lest he should be mistaken for the murderer. Twice he was confined to his bed from the sudden sight of a mouse. For these ailments, which no doubt his sedentary occupation as a shoemaker did much to encourage, he tried many prescriptions. In May, 1833, at the age of 79, he walked from Tottenham to Exeter Hall to address a temperance meeting, and then stated that for twenty years, from the twenty-fourth year of his age, he had, in compliance with medical orders, habitually taken beef-steak and 'good ale' for breakfast, and a liberal supply of wine and ale at dinner and supper; that with all this supposed 'support,' his nerves became weaker and his health worse; that debility and frequent 'horrors' increased upon him; that he was then advised to smoke and to take spirits and water, which he did; but that then, in addition to the previous ailments, he began to be unable to sleep; that laudanum was then prescribed; that he began with ten drops a day, and went on until his nightly dose was one hundred and eighty drops! No wonder that his health did not improve! He added that he became bilious, rheumatic, and gouty; that he frequently had very bad colds and sore throat, and went about day by day 'frightened for fear of being frightened,—a dreadful situation indeed to be living in;' that he consulted a medical friend in Hampshire, who recommended him to abandon alcoholics, but that his stupid London physician ordered him to double his dose of ale, and to drink very old Madeira; that this he, Shillitoe, did, and became weaker and weaker; and that at length he resolved to try complete abstinence from everything intoxicating. He said:—

I made up my mind to seek for help from Almighty God, satisfied as I was that nothing short of His help could make me to endure the conflict I must undergo. Favoured, as I believe I was, with that holy help that would bear me up in making the attempt, I proceeded all at once (for I found tampering with these things would not do), and gave up my laudanum, fermented liquors of every kind whatsoever, and my meat breakfast. My health has gradually improved from that time to the present; so that I am able to say to the praise of Him who enabled me to make the sacrifice of these things, that I am stronger now, in my eightieth year, than I was fifty years ago, when in the habit of taking animal food, wine, strong malt liquor, spirits and water; and my bilious, my rheumatic, and my gouty complaints, I think I may say, are no more. Nor have I, since this change, ever had an attack of that most dreadful of all maladies, hypochondria. I find abstinence to be the best medicine; I do not meddle with fermented liquors even as medicine.

Mr. Shillitoe's missionary labours away from his own neighbourhood were commenced in obedience to what he believed to be a distinct command from above to go into Norfolk. He was then in business, and was made very uneasy by the thought of leaving his shop under the care of a foreman who occasionally gave trouble by getting drunk, and who in his best state had little authority over the other men even in his master's presence. At that time robberies and burglaries were common at Tottenham, and Mr. Shillitoe felt quite afraid to leave his wife and young family under such circumstances. However, one day, whilst pondering these difficulties in his shop cutting out work for the men, there came upon him a clear and impressive conviction that it was his duty to go forth on his Gospel errand, trusting on the protection of the Lord. This instruction, he declared, was communicated in language as intelligible as ever he heard words spoken to his outward ear, and there was a distinct promise with it, as from the Lord, 'I will be more than bolts and bars to thy outward habitation; more than a master to thy servants, for I can restrain their wandering minds; more than a husband to thy wife, and a parent to thy infant children.' On receiving this message Thomas says, 'the knife I was using fell out of my hand, I no longer daring to hesitate after such a confirmation.' In faith and thankfulness he left home, and spent two or three months in fulfilling his mission. On his return home he found his family well, his business affairs in a perfectly satisfactory position, and his foreman industrious and sober, as, indeed, he had been during the whole of the interval, although a few days after Mr. Shillitoe's return he relapsed into drunkenness, and left his situation. 'After such evident demonstrations of the all-sufficiency of the superintending care of the Most High,' he wrote, 'what must I expect will be the sad consequences of unfaithfulness to Divine requirings, should it on a future day mark my footsteps!'

How different an aspect such a child-like listening for guidance must assume to different classes of minds! To

Shillitoe the inward voice appeared to be, as a matter of course, the voice of God. His simple pneumatology admitted no other explanation. Most people would treat it as a foolish fanaticism. They would refer it to the power the mind is known to exercise to surround itself with ideal sights and sounds. This bodiless creation, say they, ecstasy is very cunning in. By others, the voice would be held to be that of some one gone away from this outer world, become either a spirit of health or goblin damned, and availing itself of a submissive mind to exercise upon it an influence for intents of its own, whether wicked, sportive, or charitable. Such a voice they would no more think of obeying, irrespective of the reasonableness of its requirements, than they would think of yielding up their own judgment at the bidding of some unknown, unseen person, whispering to them at night in a churchyard from the other side a tombstone. And such a voice, in any case and on any theory, there would be positive risk in listening to, without carefully submitting its behests to the tribunal of calm, religiously-illuminated reason. 'My brothers,' says the beloved apostle, 'believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God.' It requires either a rare power of self-analysis, or else great singleness and purity of heart, to be able to listen to such inward voices, and to discern wisely whether to obey them. The least touch of self-seeking, the least tinge of vanity or of self-conceit in the subject, might suffice to substitute for the true safe voice some delusive, probably some ridiculous, and certainly some perilous counterfeit. The victim of his own folly would be liable to be sent on some absurd errand, and to get no good result whatever for his pains.

Thomas Shillitoe had some sufficient safeguards in this matter. He had a sincere willingness and readiness to do his Divine Master's will, no matter how painful to his own feelings the requirement might prove; he leaned upon Christ; had a constant habit of humble prayerfulness, believing that in addition to a reverent perusal of Holy Scripture, it was essential to cultivate the practise of fervent supplication to the Father of lights; and then, of course, to obey the light when given; and he did according to his belief. Besides all this, he had a shrewd judgment, and sought the advice of sagacious friends. Time after time there came intimations to him which he obeyed, and which the result proved it had been wise and excellent to fulfil. Unquestionably, the habit of sincerely seeking for guidance from above, must tend powerfully to promote conscientiousness in action. It is this common-sense conscientiousness that has urged so many members of

Friends to strong and courageous exertion, and has given to meek and humble men and women a force of character which has enabled a body of persons, numbering not more than a few tens of thousands, to hold the very foremost place in almost all great philanthropic movements, and to exercise an influence wonderfully in excess of their mere numerical value.

In his ministerial exhortations, Mr. Shillitoe dwelt much on the necessity of a heartfelt prayerful dependence on the Lord. But not this only. He also insisted that faith without works was dead. It is in vain, he said, to call ourselves Christians, unless we strive to obey the laws of our invisible but really living Lord Jesus Christ; a sense of the actuality of whose presence will be increased to us, just as we put forth diligent efforts to act out His precepts. Further, these efforts, in proportion as they are sincerely and frequently made, must lead us to feel our own weakness all the more; thus we are driven back upon prayer, through which again we receive increase of faith, and of ability to do what our Master requires at our hands.

His preaching was in a bold and decided style. He had a loud voice, and often did he make the walls echo with it. 'Persuaded I am,' was a favourite phrase of his; and his emphatic and positive manner commanded attention. He was often accused of 'laying on hard,' especially of so laying on, on the wealthy and indifferent; but to the poor and suffering he was a 'son of consolation.' Much of his ministry was devoted to the poor. Thus, in the autumn of 1812, having been told of the squalid and neglected condition of the Kingswood colliers, near Bristol, he left his comfortable home, and spent several weeks in arduous, persevering visitation from cottage to cottage. There was amongst the Kingswood colliers at that time a numerous band of thieves and house-breakers, who went by the name of 'the gang,' and from whose ranks the gallows of Gloucestershire received a constant supply of subjects for many years. To this gang he directed special attention. He commiserated much the many widows and orphans then in that district, whose husbands and fathers had lost their lives in the pits. And he found that the colliers received respectfully the sympathising counsels he addressed to them, so soon as they knew what his errand really was. Most persevering was the energy with which he looked after these objects of his Christian interest. On one occasion, in passing over a common on his way to some cottages, Mr. Shillitoe espied two of 'the gang' engaged in bird-catching. On seeing the stranger coming after them, they at once made off as if afraid of being captured. Thomas

and a 'Friend' who was with him put on speed to follow them, and overtaking the elder man, who was unable to climb over a high gate so quickly as to escape them, invited him to step into a cottage and listen there to what they had to say to him. Unwilling that the other man, who had been trained to a criminal life by his father, should be absent, Thomas went to a house into which the man had been seen to enter, and wherein it was known he must still be. A woman, on being asked, boldly denied that any man was inside; but on being urged to call him, and seriously warned against the sin of falsehood, she at length called out several times 'Richard, come down stairs.' To this call, which received no response, Mr. Shillitoe added one of his own; adding that if the man did not come down, he (Shillitoe) must go up to him. At length Thomas went boldly upstairs, and found a 'large-boned hale young man,' crouching down by the head of a bed. Had this gangster chosen to assault him, Thomas would have been as an infant in his hands; but believing it to be his duty to force religious advice upon him, the Quaker, made terrible by his conscientious audacity, took the man by the collar, told him he wanted his company down stairs, sent him on before him to the chimney corner, and induced him to be there quietly seated, whilst into his now attentive ears his bold visitor poured his fervent exhortations. On parting, the young man took leave of him in a kind and grateful manner, and there was some ground afforded for hope that real good had been done by this visitation.

Another of his labours of love, in the year 1813, was a series of visits to the widows and orphans of seventeen men who had just been hanged at York for conspiracy and riotous violence against users of machinery in the neighbourhood of Huddersfield. These foolish men, not knowing that the use of machinery always tends to increase employment and raise wages in the long run, had murdered a manufacturer, besides destroying property wholesale, in resisting the extension of machine-work. They were hanged; and in the course of his visits to their sorrowing relatives, Mr. Shillitoe was profoundly touched by the heart-rending tales of grief and desolation which in going from house to house he had to listen to. He found, for instance, that one of the young men had actually been forced out of bed by the gang, and hurried away against his will to the work of crime. His terrified young wife, half-clad, ran a long distance after her husband, imploring him to return; but his infuriated companions drove her back, threatening to blow her brains out if she persisted in her entreaties. The same night he was

arrested, and afterwards was hanged for his unintended crime ; leaving a widow and a helpless infant to be provided for as best they might.

As a characteristic illustration of the zeal and diligence with which Mr. Shillitoe laboured for the good of others, it is recorded that he had been much affected by the obstinacy of a person who, in a distant part of England, persisted in cherishing a spirit of bitterness in connection with some private quarrel. He was then preparing to start for a long continental journey, but he could not comfortably quit England until he had made an effort towards reconciling this person with the parties from whom he held himself estranged. He therefore set forth in quest of the delinquent. Having completed a journey by coach, he walked thirty miles on a cold winter's day, over ground deeply covered with snow ; and then found, to his great disappointment, that the object of his search had a few days previously quitted his residence for a place sixty miles off. Thither our resolute philanthropist followed him, and after three days' additional travel succeeded in obtaining an interview and urging his friendly counsels of peace.

In noble work like this, the years rolled on with Thomas Shillitoe, until in 1821, at the advanced age of sixty-seven, he undertook a series of extensive missionary efforts on the continent of Europe. Before starting, it was requisite to make great sacrifices. He wrote :—

I took leave of my dear wife, now in the seventy-fifth year of her age,—the most trying parting we ever experienced. I left her under the care of one of our daughters, and then proceeded to my cottage at Highbury, near Hitchin, which must either be kept shut up during my long absence or parted with ; but duty pointed to my parting with the cottage and furniture. My cottage to me had possessed many charms. I had laboured and toiled to make it a comfortable abode for our declining years, hoping to have kept it for our residence, until we should be taken to the house appointed for all living. Nature had many strugglings to endure before it made that free-will offering called for ; but, believing it would be the most effectual way to have my mind freed from worldly cares, I yielded. So does the Most High work in us, and for us, as we are willing to devote ourselves to Him ; then He fails not to make the hard things easy, and sweetens the bitter cup of self-denial. The way opened for my getting quit of all in a manner I never looked for ; and, feeling thus loosened from this earthly shackle, I made the necessary preparations for my journey.

'The one great purpose of his mission—to do good—was always in his mind's eye. When pressed to visit palaces and picture galleries, or to turn aside to see natural wonders, he courteously but firmly replied that he must be about his Master's business, for the time was short, his life far advanced, the work abundant, and the labourers in it very few. In this matter we cannot assume to judge for Thomas Shillitoe.

Another man might have gone to these places, and found his evangelistic work furthered by such visits. He might have gained thereby much in expansion of mind, something in freshness of illustration, and not a little in his power of interesting minds of very different character from his own. He might have met with persons there whom he could not otherwise have seen, and have dropped words in season amongst those to whom they would be still more startling and awakening than to the travellers who would ordinarily be met with by the way. But Shillitoe did not look at the matter in this light. He regarded invitations to such places as threatening interruption to his earnest labours, and he conscientiously put them from him. He always kept open a vigilant eye for casual opportunities of dispersing spiritual seed. In the slow canal boats of Holland he distributed tracts, and relinquishing the more comfortable saloon deck for the unpleasant tobacco atmosphere of the close steerage, he sought and made occasions for religious conversation with individuals and groups of the humbler passengers. At meal times he often dropped suggestive religious remarks. He earnestly enjoined the assembling of families for the daily reading of the Scriptures, and recommended an habitual pause of five or ten minutes, before or after the reading, to afford facility for silent or vocal prayer, and for serious reflection. Though profuse in his labours, he gave attention, both at home and abroad, to the economy of religious and moral effort, directing special endeavour where it would be likely to produce the most extensive results. Thus he paid particular regard to ministers, teachers, and all persons engaged especially in influencing other people's minds. He did not neglect the young and uninformed, for with these also he earnestly strove for their good. He was all the more favourably received by strangers on account of the homeliness and outspoken heartiness of his manner, and his unaffected cheerfulness. He afforded a notable example of a person, 'good, without being disagreeable.' When in Holland, he received a letter from a worthy woman of that country, who wrote: 'I am glad that Providence brought you into this country and to our town, and I hope that your way of discoursing with so much freeness and openness will prove that the idea which is common among our Dutch people that all Quakers are stiff people, will be taken away; and that the way in which you speak about religion will prove to them that though you are convinced that, in our speaking and not speaking, we are dependant on the Spirit of God, and must always be looking to His influence, yet this makes n fanatics.'

Thomas Shillitoe is said by his biographer to have been of much humour, though we find no trace of that quality in his published memoranda. His spirits, however, were at times cheerful even to exuberance, and he seemed to take a delight in astonishing and shocking in a good-tempered way the unbending gravity of some of his Quaker compeers. He would sometimes appear amongst a group of them, announcing himself by a slap on the back of some one who, on turning sharply round, would see the smiling face, bright eyes, shaggy eyebrows, strong Roman nose, massive chin, and small figure of good Friend Shillitoe. Plain and homely as was his style, he was a great favourite with the women folk; and was, in his way, exemplarily polite and gallant, especially to the poor and the hardworking. When in Norway, he more than once was provided with two women to run beside his curricule and take care of it and the horses on a very rugged mountain route; the journey was particularly laborious, and the women were agreeably surprised when the good foreigner persisted in taking his turn with them in leading the horses, so as to allow of their riding. In noting this he wrote:—

I believe we suffer ourselves to be plundered of much of that peace which a beneficent Almighty Creator designs for us in this life, through yielding to a selfish disposition of mind, and an unwillingness to take our share with others in the difficulties and inconveniences of life. Oh! may I ever remain willing that my luxuries in life may be given up in order to supply others' wants or comforts, and my comforts at times be given up to supply others' want of necessities, and that even my necessities at times may be given up to relieve the extreme distress of others, is what I crave, from the assurance that such conduct is consistent with the true Christian character.

After passing through Holland, Mr. Shillitoe proceeded to Altona and Hamburg. Here an unpleasant adventure befel our enthusiastic missionary. Having observed with concern that there was very little observance of the day of rest, and that public immorality prevailed, he drew up two earnest addresses to the inhabitants. These he sent to England to be printed, and having received a supply of copies, he proceeded to distribute them in Altona, and engaged three men to assist him there and at Hamburg. Whilst thus employed, he was accosted by a young man of gentlemanly manners and appearance, who asked to be favoured with one of the documents he was issuing. On receiving it, and after some general conversation, the stranger suddenly told Mr. Shillitoe that it was his painful duty to arrest and conduct him to the guardhouse. Here the missionary was taken in charge by a police officer, and locked up till the next day in a cold, comfortless place, on a stone floor all wet and muddy. In vain did he beg permission to write to his friends in the town; he was not even suf-

ferred to send to his lodgings for his great coat. It was true, a soldier who was off duty took pity on the forlorn old traveller, and lent him his overcoat till his hour of duty came, but then it had to be given up again, leaving our friend more chilly than ever. When night arrived, some of his acquaintances, who had missed him, found out where he was, and offered themselves as bail for his re-appearance next day, if he might be permitted to return to his lodgings for the night. This, however, was refused, and the prisoner was locked up in the place, with the prospect of no better bed than the dirty and wet floor. However, ultimately, his friends were allowed to minister to his necessities; they brought him a warm supper, two overcoats, and two chairs to lie on. Thus provided, he passed the night much more comfortably than he had expected. Though his body was imprisoned, his spirit, he felt, was free, and far removed from the molestation of the police-master.

Next morning his good friends supplied him with breakfast, after which he was marched off to the court of the police-master. The case seemed to give that functionary not a little embarrassment. He paced backwards and forwards, muttering to himself, for a considerable time, whilst Shillitoe was kept waiting. At length he announced that in consideration of the respectability of the Quaker's Hamburg friends, he was discharged. Two days afterwards, the principal magistrate of Hamburg, on whom Mr. Shillitoe now waited, told him that he had read his two addresses with much satisfaction, and thanked him for having given them circulation in that city. He assured him of the magistrates' esteem for his character and motives; they were convinced, he said, that nothing but true charity could have induced him to do as he had done, and they invited him to take up his residence at Hamburg. On the same day, Mr. Shillitoe walked back to Altona, where he found that his arrest had drawn much attention to his printed addresses. This satisfied him that his temporary annoyance from the police had been overruled so as to do good. Next day he called on the governor of Altona, who had been absent from the town at the time of his arrest, and received from him a courteous apology for the occurrence. The minister of one of the principal churches there delivered a sermon on the subject of Mr. Shillitoe's addresses, confirmed the truth of their statements, and expressed deep regret that a foreigner should have found occasion to call the inhabitants to so just an account for their impiety. Thus the adventure ended in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

From Hamburg, after some further religious duties, Mr. Shillitoe proceeded to Copenhagen and

Denmark. There he suffered much inconvenience, from his ignorance of any language but English, in the first place, and from the tempestuous wet weather, in the second. At one place, after a fast of many hours, he arrived at a tavern, where he requested some hot milk to mix with some thick chocolate of which he had a bottle in his pocket. So faint was he, however, that he reeled against the table and smashed the bottle, spilling the contents over his dress. The woman of the house stared stupidly at her visitor, but offered no assistance. He managed to remove part of the greasy mess from his garments, but did not succeed in entirely obliterating the stains. A week or two afterwards he was in Copenhagen, and saw the Prime Minister, with whom he arranged for a religious interview with the King. The minister, noticing the greasy condition of his clothes, very naturally inquired whether he meant to appear before His Majesty in that condition. With his usual honest simplicity our hero replied that his summer garments were at Altona, and that he intended to procure winter ones on his arrival in Norway. The Count smiled. Thomas went before the King dressed just as he was, and afterwards he reported that the interview was very interesting and satisfactory to both monarch and visitor. In the same clothes, also, greasy though they were, he had very agreeable interviews with the Queen and Princesses of Denmark. Altogether, his reception at Copenhagen amply compensated him for the 'sore bones and bruised flesh' which his rough journey thither had inflicted upon him.

He now purposed to travel in Sweden and Norway; but the contemplation of such a journey was a very serious matter to him at his age. However, he was sustained in prayerful trust and even in cheerful hope; and he wrote, 'I must be content to live one day at a time, avoiding all unnecessary anxiety about the morrow.' He advertised for a courier acquainted with Norwegian and Swedish travel, to conduct him to Christiania, but the only one that offered was a rogue of a black man, whose character was as dark as his *rete mucosum*. Even Thomas himself pronounced him to be 'as wicked, dark a spirit as I ever before had met with.' At their first interview, his terms were so exorbitant, and his estimate of his own value so high, that he was dismissed, in the hope that some better courier might appear. The season was advancing, and it was necessary to start soon, or not at all. Mr. Shillitoe pondered the matter very seriously; he remembered how he had been cared for when he first left home on a Gospel mission; and relying on his great Protector, he, at length, not without much reluctance, engaged the negro. During the

ten days of travel which ensued, his guide's character as a drunken, swearing, and dishonest fellow, came out very clearly. On the route they had many difficulties to encounter, owing to the deep snow, thick fogs, rugged roads, and intense cold. In Sweden they broke the harness many times in a day, and the loss of linchpins was a frequent trouble. To remedy the latter casualty, the driver would substitute a stick from the hedge, relying on which he would proceed, with no apparent fear of danger, close to the edge of steep precipices and deep waters. Thomas was very glad to reach Christiania, and dismiss his vicious and unhappy conductor, with whom, however, he had got on much better than might have been expected.

In Christiania and other places in Norway, Shillitoe visited ministers, students, and persons of influence. He also turned his attention to the criminals in prison. Being in Christiania during the festivities of New Year's Day, his quiet was much disturbed, even in his lodgings, by the many persons who came to visit at the house. He therefore withdrew himself to a solitary apartment, a procedure which seems to have been viewed with disfavour by a mob of roystering masqueraders, who burst in upon him with a rush, and for a time produced a scene of uproarious jollity which Shillitoe, who understood neither their language nor their customs, could only regard with dumb pity and disgust. On the other hand, the magnificent scenery of Norway,—its stupendous hills, its glorious sea expanses, and the beautiful nooks he found in it, which he likened to the garden of Eden, pleased him much. One place especially struck him as perfect in natural beauty, and yet he found it inhabited by people who had an abominably slothful appearance. With difficulty he got these idle folk together, and preached to them a thoroughly vigorous, plain-spoken, and practical discourse, expressing his sorrow at their indolence and neglect, and enforcing on them the duties of industry and cleanliness, and especially of bringing up their children in active and tidy habits. The people listened attentively. They had gathered in a dense crowd, and Mr. Shillitoe, in making a note of the scene, records that they were obliged to pack very closely together, and that his next neighbour was so frequently rubbing and scratching herself during the meeting, as somewhat to disturb his mind by it with the fear lest he should take too much company away with him. It was amidst scenes like these that he pursued his labours, cheered only by a sense of the smile of his Lord.

From Norway, Mr. Shillitoe went to Prussia and other parts of Germany, where he obtained interviews with many persons in authority, and held various meetings with companies of

individuals like-minded with himself. One such meeting he held at a farmhouse, in a large entrance hall in the centre of the establishment. Around the hall were ranged stalls for the cattle, above which ran a gallery containing the apartments of the family. In the stalls were calves, pigs, a goat, poultry, and a horse and cow. These at first were so noisy that the visitor felt inclined to relinquish the idea of a meeting; but as the company were there, and there being no better place to adjourn to, he determined to go on. All took their seats; soon after which the cow put out her head and gave a loud bellow, and the pigs and geese became very noisy. After this sort of thing had gone on for some time, the animals, perhaps awed by the unusual and protracted stillness of the human company, all at once became quiet, and so continued until the end of the meeting.

Mr. Shillitoe's addresses to the people on the continent were, of course, delivered with the help of interpreters. His ministrations appeared to have much more success than might have been expected. In Switzerland he had a very interesting interview with a pious gentleman who chiefly communicated with him by the language of signs. Finding it necessary to use this medium, the Swiss, by placing his hand first on his own heart, and then on Mr. Shillitoe's, gave him to understand that they felt a communion of spirit, although it could not be otherwise expressed. Then fetching from his library a large volume of copper-plate illustrations of the Gospels, he signified by various gestures at certain scenes there depicted his appreciation of the offices of Christ. Thus, at the plate representing the sending of the devils out of the men into the herd of swine, he succeeded in giving Mr. Shillitoe to understand that Christ still performs a similar miracle in the hearts of sinful men who prayerfully and obediently seek Him. He then brought a map of England, and signified his wish to know whence his visitor had come. Mr. Shillitoe afterwards gave him a document in German, explaining the objects of his mission. This the Swiss gentleman read attentively, after which he paused in solemn silence, and presently kneeling down prayed with much fervour, evidently for a blessing on his visitor and his religious labours. Both wept freely in the depths of their sympathetic emotion; then, taking leave of Mr. Shillitoe, the stranger clasped him long and affectionately in his arms, as if reluctant to part with one whom he felt to be so entirely a brother beloved in the Lord. This hearty and congenial reception our good Quaker says he felt to be like a 'brook by the way, cheering my drooping spirits.' Having visited other places in Switzerland and France, he returned to

England in April, 1823, after an absence of twenty-two months spent in missionary labour.

After remaining at home for a twelvemonth, he set out on another continental journey. His plan was to visit other parts of Germany, Denmark, and Prussia, and then Russia, wintering at St. Petersburg. His labours, as usual, consisted mainly of efforts for promoting Sabbath observance, temperance, the welfare of prisoners, the religious growth of individuals or small groups of earnest Christians, not excluding monarchs, nobles, and magistrates. He stayed six months at St. Petersburg, where he had two very interesting interviews with the Czar Alexander the First, and visited the prisons and other public institutions, besides labouring amongst private persons. At first, his steps were dogged by police spies, as it was rumoured that he had been travelling all over the continent, and everywhere giving away money freely—a circumstance which was thought to smell strongly revolutionary. But eventually he received marks of high honour from the Emperor as well as from some of his grandees. In the following spring, he returned through Prussia and Germany to England, suffering many inconveniences during the journey, from the cold weather, the deep mud of the woods, the broken ice in the rivers, and the unpleasantness of his sleeping quarters. His arduous labours and long travels produced much lassitude and feebleness in the old man; and he was sent to Buxton for a few weeks, for the benefit of his health. Here he one day looked into the bathing-place allotted to poor men, and found it so small, ill-ventilated, and ill-conditioned, that he was glad to hurry out of it. He learned that many of the poor patients caught severe colds from having to remain naked on bare stone seats, and to dress without the use of towels; and, finding on inquiry that the agent of the Duke of Devonshire (who owned the bath) had been in vain appealed to, to amend this state of things, he felt it his duty to lay the matter before the duke in person. To Chatsworth, therefore, Mr. Shillitoe walked, a distance of twelve miles. On reaching the porter's lodge, he was told that he could not see the duke; but, not to be repulsed, he took from his pocket a religious book, and sent with it a note, which led to his admission into the duke's presence. The duke received him very courteously, and offered to pay for the book, but Thomas, of course, refused the money, and at once stated the real or at least the main object of his coming—to plead for the neglected poor at Buxton. He read to the duke a detailed report of the abuses, which he had drawn up, and he received the thanks of the nobleman for the information, he had given.

him. Grateful for the good result of his effort, old Mr. Shillitoe walked cheerily back to Buxton, although the weather was oppressively hot, and his health indifferent; and, soon afterwards, the duke gave orders to effect all needful improvements in the baths for the poor.

Mr. Shillitoe was now seventy-two years of age, and it might have been thought he had done with foreign travel; yet he resolved to set out again, and in 1825 embarked at Liverpool for New York. On the voyage, as usual, he exerted himself in many ways to promote the religious improvement of his fellow-passengers. In his American journeyings the brave old Christian actually spent more than three years; much of the time in visits to the meetings of his fellow-members of the Society of Friends, and amongst the Seneca Indians. At a village in New England, he heard of the miserable condition of a Quaker lady who, though otherwise virtuous and amiable, had taken up the notion that all Christian association was unnecessary or undesirable. He found her immured, with dismal aspect, in a close, hot room, with every crevice stopped up to exclude draughts, though in the height of summer. In this plight she had remained moping for nearly two years. Thomas, convinced that the wretched woman was the victim of a temptation of Satan, boldly told her so in very plain terms. His unceremonious and rousing address effected its object; the delusion was dispelled; the patient was restored to her friends, and became an agreeable and useful member of society.

Besides holding many meetings in the remote settlements of the United States, Mr. Shillitoe visited the prisons, and some of the most influential persons in authority, not forgetting the President. He also paid attention to negroes and slave owners. In Maryland he heard of a wholesale slave merchant, notorious for ferocity and wickedness. Mr. Shillitoe did not enjoy the thought of visiting him, but duty commanded, and he obeyed. Taking a companion with him, he proceeded to the residence of the merchant, not without much alarm on account of the many savage dogs which prowled freely about it. 'There was no way for me,' wrote Shillitoe, 'but to cast my care on Him who had so many times preserved me as from the paw of the bear and the jaws of the devourer.' They arrived safely at the house, and had an interview with the owner, who, although he had recently almost killed a Quaker, throwing him down in the public streets, and violently trampling on him, for being an abolitionist, received Shillitoe with courtesy, and listened with attention to his earnest pleadings of the cause of the captives. The apostolic precept, 'Be not partaker of other men's sins, but reprove them,' appeared to Mr.

Shillitoe to be absolutely binding on him, leaving him no option but to remonstrate with the planters amongst whom he came. After three years of arduous and often peculiarly painful labour in America, our venerable enthusiast returned in safety to England.

In visiting the President of the States, and sundry kings and emperors in Europe, it is not to be supposed that Mr. Shillitoe was moved by any morbid curiosity, or desire to distinguish himself in some high-sounding enterprise. He shrank with fear and much reluctance from such efforts, and only persevered in them because he saw how influential for good or evil the world's rulers are, and how necessary it was to fulfil what he believed to be his Christian duty towards them. His first interview with royalty was in 1793, when, after a long and solemn impression of duty to address King George III., he proceeded to Windsor, and for about twenty minutes earnestly delivered to his sovereign a very eloquent and heart-stirring discourse, which made tears trickle down the King's cheeks. A few minutes before the address, the Quaker felt, he says, 'not only like a vessel emptied of anything it ever contained to communicate of a religious nature to others, but, as it were, washed from the very dregs.' But having kept silence for several minutes, whilst prayerfully looking to the Lord for aid, he commenced with 'Hear, O King!' and immediately all fear left him, and he 'stood like a wall of brass.' Then, having completely discharged the duty, he declared that his relief was comparable to that felt by a porter who has got rid of a heavy burden which has been long crushing him down. His next interview with royalty was with the Prince Regent, at Brighton, in 1813; and again with the same personage, as King George IV., at Windsor. When that monarch was on his death-bed, he is said to have called out 'Oh! that Quaker, that Quaker!' probably under a sense of remorse at his inattention to the faithful warnings which our evangelist had given him. Amongst other royal personages with whom Mr. Shillitoe had religious interviews were the King, Queen, and Princesses of Denmark, the King and the Crown Prince of Prussia, King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and the Czar Alexander I. of Russia.

A chapter of his biography is devoted by Mr. Tallack to our good Quaker's efforts in promotion of temperance. Many years before the question was taken up actively by others, he entered upon an arduous and never-relinquished combat with the master-evil, drunkenness. Experience and observation had practically led him to conclusions which a century later by the bulk of philanthropic and religious efforts

was during his first visit to Ireland, in 1808, that he commenced the work. He paid, during that journey, in company with another friend, ninety-three visits to the whisky-shops in and around the city of Waterford. Crowds of people followed him and his companion from house to house; some cursed, others joked and jibed, but the Friends pursued their course of kindly exhortation and Christian protest. Several score drinking-shops in and around Carrick-on-Suir were next visited, and afterwards others at New Ross. In his second Irish journey, in 1810, Mr. Shillitoe visited the whisky-shops of Clonmel, taking them at the rate of thirty a day. He paid forty similar visits at Kilkenny, and twenty more at Callan. In 1811, during a third journey to Ireland, he performed the disagreeable service of visiting the very many drinking-houses blighting the larger cities. At Cork he paid several hundred such visits, and met with some very violent opposition. Some girls, he wrote, 'set upon us as if they intended to do us a mischief, calling us two devils; saying if it was not for our respectable appearance they would beat our heads flat with a pot.' At another place, a number of rude women followed the Friends into a drinking-house, dancing and screaming for whisky. Some, however, appreciated their zeal, and exclaimed, 'Our priest does not give such proof of his care for our welfare.' One intelligent and civil whisky dealer said to them: 'Go, speak to the Government; for if your mission does not extend beyond this, it is doing but little.' At one place, a big dirty-looking man, after filling his mouth with beer, squirted it into Mr. Shillitoe's face and bosom, telling him to take that for Jesus Christ's sake, and declaring that he would go for a poker,—which he did, but did not return. At Watergrass Hill, Rathcormack, and Furryagh, Shillitoe continued these visits; at Furryagh, he entered sixty drink-shops, receiving, as usual, very various receptions. At one house, dirty water was poured on him; a man threatened him with a large butcher's knife at another. At Limerick, the whisky-shops of which were next visited, he was abused as a false prophet and false teacher. At Clogheen, Cahir, and other places, he continued the same course. At these and other places, this irrepressible Quaker called upon the priests, and actually set before them the very dangerous reliance of the masses of the people on the presumed power of priestly absolution, which encouraged them in drunkenness and other sin. At Dublin, this devoted minister visited six hundred drink-dens, working at the hateful task day after day for more than seven weeks. So filthy, unwholesome, and noisy were many of these places, that several times he had to give over for the day after visiting

half a dozen, as nature was exhausted. On one occasion, however, he got through thirty-five visits in the day. Here is a sample:—In Barrack-street, on going down into a drinking-cellar, he found himself in a large room, where were parties of men and women drinking. Young girls lay on benches, exhausted with the night's revelry, or drunk to insensibility. Others were dancing without shoes, stockings, or caps. A fiddler was performing noisily. The windows were smashed, and even their frames were broken. For some time after Mr. Shillitoe attempted to address the woman in charge of this hole, the dancers continued whirling round him, and the fiddle drowned his voice. At length his earnestness and seriousness commanded attention. The music and dancing ceased, and the revellers listened to what the missionary had to say to them. After he had addressed them for some time, distress and horror began to be portrayed in the faces of the young women who had ceased dancing; and when he departed, some of the company rose from their seats, and thanked him for what he had done for them, hoping that a blessing might attend his labours.

During his foreign journeys, Mr. Shillitoe often devoted time and effort to alleviating the undue hardships, and influencing for good the minds, of the wretched inhabitants of the prison cells. At Rotterdam, in 1821, he, in a series of interviews with successive groups, preached to about seven hundred and fifty prisoners. At Sing Sing Prison, near New York, he addressed more than five hundred men. He did the like at the large prisons at Spandau, near Berlin, though earnestly advised by the officers not to go amongst the prisoners, who were so desperately violent that they would probably take his life. Finding that, out of consideration for his safety, the governor (whose predecessor had been murdered by prisoners) had withdrawn a number of the most ferocious criminals before introducing Mr. Shillitoe to the rest, he returned from Berlin, having procured an order from the Prime Minister to be shown all the prisoners without reserve. He presented himself again at the prison, and for some time the governor stood, at sight of the indomitable evangelist, like a man astounded. He appeared almost petrified, or as if recovering with difficulty from a violent shock, so astonished was he at the courageous persistency of the man. Shillitoe was allowed then to see all the prisoners; they listened to him attentively, and many of them became bathed in tears. He shook hands with every one of them on parting, and collectively they entreated their chaplain to convey a message of thanks to their earnest visitor, many of them averring that his words had

reached to their very hearts, and would, they hoped, produce good fruits. Several years afterwards a Prussian magistrate told Mr. Shillitoe that his visits to Spandau had produced real and lasting good results on the conduct of many of the prisoners.

His varied and persevering labours in promotion of Sabbath observance, in opposition to theatres, and in behalf of cruelly-treated animals, we can only allude to.

After his return from the long American journey in 1829, at the age of nearly seventy-six, he quietly settled down at Tottenham, and there, during the few remaining years of his stay in this world, he occupied himself with such religious and philanthropic labours as his failing strength allowed him to perform. He devoted much time to visiting the poorer inhabitants of Tottenham and its neighbourhood. His homely manners and humble simplicity made him a great favourite amongst them, and gladly they welcomed the brisk footsteps and cheery voice of the active little evangelist. He raised a fund for an extensive addition to the almshouse accommodation of the place, and on this and other benevolent errands he often visited his rich neighbours. It was not his custom to entreat, he rather seemed to demand, in a good-humoured way, the aid his poor clients needed. 'I want such a sum of money,' was his frequent salutation to his wealthy acquaintances; and as it was well known that Thomas would not take 'No' for an answer, he generally obtained his requests without difficulty. Loved and honoured as he was by persons of all denominations, his way was made easy in such matters. 'A better man never lived,' was the verdict of a clergyman of the Church of England on hearing of his death.

His later years were spent thus, surrounded by kind friends, in the society of his faithful and happy wife, and of the loving circle of his children, who had acquired for themselves useful and honourable positions in society. He was able to continue his religious ministry and charitable visits until two or three weeks before his death; and throughout his last brief illness, he enjoyed the blessing of an unclouded mind. His last recorded words were words of prayer: 'Oh holy, blessed Jesus,' he exclaimed, 'be with me in this awful moment. Come, oh come, and receive me to Thyself; and of Thine own free mercy, in Thine own time, admit me into Thy heavenly kingdom.'

ALBERT MILLER'S LEGACY.

‘WHAT is a legacy, mamma?’ said Albert Miller, looking up from the book he was reading, as he sat one evening beside her.

‘Get the dictionary and find out for yourself, Bertie,’ she replied, pleasantly.

The boy rose from his low seat, and bringing the big book of classified words to the table before her, he looked to her for assistance. The volume was as full of mystery to him as a ‘Bradshaw’s Railway Guide’ would be to one who had never heard of a railway.

‘Now, Bertie, see, I am going to look for L’s,’ said his mother, rapidly turning over the leaves. ‘J, K—here it is—L. Now we look on a little way, and come to Legacy; there it is. Read for yourself.’

Bertie read, “Legacy, a bequest; a particular thing, or certain sum of money, given by last will or testament.”

‘So that if a friend of yours, dying, were to leave you a gift of money, or anything else, that would be a legacy, Bertie. But let us hope it may be long before we receive a legacy. We would rather have our dear relatives and friends than any of their possessions, wouldn’t we?’

‘O yes, mamma,’ said the boy earnestly, as he thought just for a moment that there was nothing in the whole world he would rather have instead of his mother or father. He was about to settle down to his reading again, when Mrs. Miller said, ‘I think it is time for you to see about bed.’

‘O mamma, not yet,’ he replied, looking up at the time-piece, which pronounced the time to be half-past eight. ‘Let me wait a little longer to see if papa will come. You will be so dull here alone.’

He went towards the window and pulled aside the blind, half hoping to see his father nearing the house. But all the people about passed by the house, and he returned to his seat, saying, ‘It is such a fine night, mamma, and the stars are all out.’

‘All that you can see in the strip of sky above the houses,’ she replied, with a sad smile. ‘Ah, Penge is the place to see the stars, and all the glory of the sky,—at dear mamma’s home. How lovely it must be there just now in these early spring days and nights—so different from these close streets. Open the window a little, Bertie, it is very mild this evening.’

The boy did so, and then said, ‘I wish you could go to Penge, mamma; it would make you feel so well. And I know you would love to see grandma and grandpa. Is he better?’

'I don't know, dear. I expected to hear to-day. I wish a letter would come, for I feel very uneasy.'

'You may get one by the late post, mamma,' said Albert, thoughtfully. 'Don't trouble about it. Let me read aloud to you; and then, perhaps, you will forget it.'

Mrs. Miller assented to this, and the child directly began. She did not hear a word that he read, to comprehend it; her heart was too full of sad thoughts, and the childish, yet deep, sympathy and consideration of her little son moved her so that tears dropped upon her work, and her musings made her oblivious of all external things. Often during the past two or three years she had wished intensely that Albert were a girl; a prophetic something had told her that the time was coming when she would need the sympathy with which most girls naturally bless their mothers in time of trouble, and which cannot be expected from boys. But as the years passed on, Mrs. Miller found that, though Albert could sometimes be as boisterous and wayward as a young savage—a very 'rip of a boy,' as the nurse phrased it—there was a wealth of latent tenderness in his heart which manifested itself in words and acts of affection, deep and delicate as a girl's, directly he saw it was needed. So, when a great trouble rose upon the horizon of her life, and gradually increased, glooming all her sky, she was gratified and solaced to find that her ten-year-old boy entered into and tried to share her sorrow, with a solicitude and affection as rare as beautiful in children of his sex.

What her trouble was, few in the outer world knew. For as a friend, and a business man, Mr. Miller generally preserved such an exterior as produced a not unfavourable impression upon those with whom he came daily, but not too closely, in contact. Some of the more far-seeing opined that he was in a slippery condition; managed his affairs with too loose a hand; and was a little too fond of pleasure; the sort of pleasure, by the way, which is followed by the keenest pain. He could most truly have uttered the personal pronoun, first person, singular, in reply to the question propounded by Solomon in the twenty-ninth verse of the twenty-third chapter of Proverbs. Yet few besides his family, and the clique whose foolish and unlawful pleasures he mightly shared, suspected how very far he was going astray.

A while since it had been nothing unusual for him to spend an evening at home with his wife. Now, she might look out into the prosy Pimlico street, night after night, fifty times in two or three hours, hoping, but in vain, to greet the well-known form, which it was her joy to see. Cabs trundled past, and footsteps clanged along; but she might listen until heart

and ear grew sick, for the step which used to come so firmly and briskly to the happy home, and which was music to her ear.

Albert had grown into the habit of listening and watching, too ; and very often, having become utterly weary of so doing, he would lie down upon his little bed with a great weight upon his poor young heart, such as a child should never know.

Thus heavy-hearted, he silently obeyed his mother when she said to him, after he had read to her for about half-an-hour, on the evening of which I am writing, 'Now put the book away, Bertie. I am sure you are very tired.'

Having replaced the book on the little side-table, he said, 'Shall you be dull, mamma ?'

'O no, darling,' she replied, cheerfully. 'I shall be very busy with my work. Hasten now, and get those tired eyes closed up for the night. Be careful not to wake Ernest and Eddie.'

He kissed her and bade her good night, then went very demurely out of the room.

As soon as she was alone, Mrs. Miller let the work drop from her hands, and, burying her face in them, gave way to a flood of tears which she had been struggling all the evening to repress. She always strove to conceal her grief from Albert, for fear of its distressing him.

She scarcely knew what particular cause there was for this passionate weeping. She was not thinking more sadly than usual about her husband ; but it seemed as if some approaching trouble were casting its shadow before, and deepening the gloom of her life. To her it was such an hour as we all sometimes experience, when, look which way we will, backward, around us, or forward, all seems dark and cheerless, and life scarcely worth possessing. Such times are always followed by bright sunny seasons, when the heart sings like a morning-bird, and takes for its refrain, 'O my God, I thank Thee that I live.' But while the darkness lasts it is hard to endure. Just now it had settled down upon Mrs. Miller's soul like a thick, starless night, and it was to deepen yet more and more, before the coming of the cheerful dawn which should herald a happier time for her.

Her husband was late, very late, that night ; yet she waited up for him as was her wont. The consequence was she did not get to bed until the second hour of the new day ; and, having cried herself to sleep, you may suppose that on rising at the usual time in the morning her depression of the previous night was deepened, rather than in the least degree removed, after the two or three hours of troubled sleep she had had.

Nevertheless, before her husband and Albert—who was now free of the nursery at meal-times—she assumed as cheerful an air as possible. Mr. Miller was up earlier than usual that morning, as particular business required him to be in the city soon after nine, he said. He looked but half-awake as he seated himself at the breakfast table, and unfolded the morning paper. He glanced down its columns listlessly, stirring his coffee the whole time, in an absent manner. He flouted at all the eatables which his wife invited him to take, and decided at last to have ‘just a biscuit’ with his coffee, in preference to the more substantial fare spread before him.

Having said that, there was a cheerless silence until the postman came and letters were brought in. There were three or four for Mr. Miller, and one for his wife, addressed in a delicate, trembling hand, that was very dear to her.

‘From grandma?’ inquired Albert, eagerly.

‘Yes, dear. I hope there is good news.’

Half-hoping, half-fearing, she unfolded the letter. Before she had read far a sudden flush overspread her face, and then rushed back, leaving her face perfectly pale. Albert was watching her all the time.

His words, ‘What is the matter, mamma?’ caused Mr. Miller to look up inquiringly.

‘My mother is a widow,’ she faltered, tremblingly.

‘When did he go off?’ asked Mr. Miller, looking fixedly at her.

‘Last evening.’

‘And your mother sent no telegram?’

‘No, she feared I should be too much alarmed, and thought I would rather have the news from her, though a little later.’

Mrs. Miller read on to the end; then the tears came in a rush as she looked up and said, ‘Dear mamma! How wonderfully she bears trouble! This note is full of comfort for me, and says but little of her own deep sorrow. Just like her, so self-forgotten, and regardful of others.’

‘What is to be done?’ asked Mr. Miller.

‘I think I had better go down to-day, and take baby, of course; and you could spare time to come on the day of the funeral, couldn’t you?’

‘Perhaps so,’ he replied, shortly.

‘And bring Bertie with you,’ she continued. ‘Meanwhile he will be company for you in the mornings and evenings.’

Having said so much, she leaned her elbow on the table to support her head, and wept silently for some time. Her husband did not offer a single expression of condolence, or

attempt to soothe her bitter grief; and it made her feel more forcibly than ever how very, very far his loose habits had estranged him from her. Once, under such sorrowful circumstances, his bosom would have pillowed her drooping head, and his lips, both with words and silent eloquence, have attempted to comfort her. Now all was changed; and never before had she realised it so keenly, as when she sat there bearing her great grief unsolaced, as if quite alone in the world.

Albert's clear brown eyes twinkled with unwonted tears, and a bit of toast which he took in a brave attempt to go on with his breakfast, was so stoutly resisted by a strange lump in his throat, that he did not venture to attempt the operation of swallowing again. He pushed his plate away, and going up to his mother, slipped his arm around her waist, and leaned his head against her shoulder, saying, 'Don't cry, ma, dear; grandpa's gone to heaven, isn't he?'

'Yes, dear, surely he is. He has long been waiting for the Master.'

'Alice,' said Mr. Miller, in a quiet but impatient tone, 'don't you know I hate cant?'

'Truth cannot be cant, Charles,' she replied, gently.

Albert silently caressed his mother, and no more was spoken until Mr. Miller said, 'There will be a legacy for you, Alice?'

'Yes; but what care I for it?' she said almost bitterly, feeling the sting of such cold, calculating words at such a time.

'You ought to care,' he replied. 'People in our circumstances can't afford to turn up their noses at legacies, I can assure you.'

'Let us talk of that when the sorrow is not quite so fresh, Charles,' she said, wearily.

Mr. Miller jerked his chair towards the fire, and drew on his boots; then he stood up, and leisurely brushed some crumbs of biscuit from his vest. He was a slightly-built man, scarcely above the middle height; and had it not been for the profusion of beard which he wore, his appearance would have been almost boyish.

'So you will go off this morning, I suppose, Alice?' he said.

'I think I had better; don't you?' she replied.

'Yes, certainly, if you like. I dare say your mother will want you.'

'But I feel very anxious about leaving home and my children,' she said. 'I hope you will try to be home the evenings, Charles.'

'One would think, to hear you talk, that I am the most neglectful father in London,' he said. 'Now I must run off; so good-by, and give me a kiss. Take care of yourself; and mind you don't come to grief on the way. "Troubles never come alone," saith the miserable proverb. Good-by.'

What a parting! Mrs. Miller could not help contrasting it with the fond regrets and lingering embraces which characterised the partings of the happy past; and the unbidden tears flowed fast again.

II.

Little Albert's wish of the preceding evening, that his mother should go to Penge, was realised much sooner than he had any idea it would be; for in the afternoon of the day which brought her such sad news, Mrs. Miller arrived at the quiet country home of her mother.

The quiet had been peculiarly charming to her in all her previous visits; now it seemed so intensified by the presence of death as to be quite depressing. The sorrowful faces, the shrouded apartments, and the almost whispered talk of the few sad inmates of the old home, told upon her over-sensitive heart, increasing the weight of this new grief, and adding to that of her old abiding trouble—

Till at length the burden seemed
Greater than her strength could bear.

It was well for her that she found her poor old mother bearing the bitter sorrow of widowhood less bravely than she expected; for she had to undertake the ministry of comforting; and in so doing her own burden was wonderfully lightened, or she became half-unconscious of its weight. She had to speak words of hope and consolation while she pillowed a gentle grey head on her breast, and the utterances fell upon her own heart and soothed it as if they were spoken by another's voice. Such ministry is ever 'twice blessed:' it blossometh him that gives no less than him that takes.

The days passed by just as they pass by in every house where the dead lies shrouded in one of its apartments, waiting for burial. The living moved about as in a troubled dream, from which there was a weak, ineffectual struggling to awake. The balmy days of early spring, with their cheering gleams of sunshine and fragrant incense, were scarcely observed. Yet even in the darkened chamber of the dead the fair season made herself apparent, and tried to whisper resurrection-hopes to the mourners; for her fairest tokens were there—snowdrops, violets, and primroses, cheering with voiceless eloquence the weary hearts, as if the inspiring strain floated

around them : 'Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come.'

On the day of the funeral Mr. Miller and Albert came down. His must be a stony heart, indeed, that is not somewhat melted beside a death-bed or an open grave. Unresistingly though Mr. Miller had long been giving his own heart up to the process of moral ossification, yet he could not still the transitory throbbing that well-nigh moved him to tears, as he officiated as chief mourner at the burial of his wife's father. Transitory, alas ! it was ; for the ruthless tide of worldliness and selfishness soon swept back across his soul, obliterating the impressions made upon it in the morning by the presence of death ; and he returned to town at night in a spirit of hard self-gratulation at the thought of his wife's legacy being a thousand pounds. He was speculating blindly and recklessly ; and having recently taken breathing time to survey his position, he found his affairs almost inextricably entangled. But he was sanguine that this thousand pounds would untie many knots for him ; and he grew so elate during the return to London that, instead of going home, he went in search of kindred spirits to make merry with them, and to get 'shaken out of the dumps,' as he said, after speaking heartlessly and irreverently of the day's affairs. Mrs. Miller and Bertie stayed at Penge for a day or two. The daughter was anxious to give the comfort of her presence to her mother as long as possible ; and the fond old mother wanted to draw as much as she could from her child concerning her troubles. They were a great comfort to each other ; and very soon Mrs. Miller felt so soothed and cheered by her mother's words of hope and trust in the Almighty Father, who orders all things for the best for His children, that she got heart to enter into Bertie's rapture about the beautiful trees and fields and flowers around his grandmother's home. She revelled in the beauty of the green lanes, rejoiced over the budding leaves and flowers, and looked out for stars in the twilight and the dark night with something of the enthusiasm of her happy girlhood. Bertie joyously declared that he was sure his mamma would never be sad or ill if she could always live at Penge.

But that could not be. Mrs. Miller yearned for the prosy rows of brick and mortar at Pimlico far more than for the fragrant hedge-rows of Penge, simply because her household treasures were among the former ; and when the hour for returning home came, she set forth eagerly, and felt that the noise and bustle of London would be sweeter to her ears than the bird-music perpetually ringing about the home of her childhood.

In parting from her mother she said, tearfully, 'I should feel nothing but reluctance in leaving you, mamma, were it not that my children's home is away yonder. As it is, I am in mad haste to get away from this beautiful place. If we could all live together here, London would not have one charm for me!'

The words were only lightly spoken; and the speaker had no expectation that the wish implied in them would ever be realised. But it was to be, and that very soon. For, before the following summer had entirely faded, a crash came in her husband's affairs, realising her worst fears, and rendering herself and family homeless. The ruin was complete; even the household furniture was taken from them, and with her four young children, Mrs. Miller, once a happy, prosperous wife, had to go to her mother's home like a pauper, and ask for shelter and food.

All Mr. Miller's grand schemes for patching up what he had ruthlessly broken down ended in smoke; and he got up one fine morning to find himself *not* famous—only so far as a revelation of wicked wastefulness and ruinous mismanagement could make him so. The suddenness of the crisis (which he might have known was close at hand) produced a shock which brought him to his sober senses, and made him look at things as they really were, and not as they had looked through the blurred and false medium of a drunkard's eyes. He was horrified and overwhelmed in contemplation of the ruin he had wrought, as a somnambulist parent might be on awaking at a river side just in time to see the strong current bearing away the child—*his* child—whom he himself had cast into the dark waters. Everything seemed beyond remedy; and, in the madness of his anguish and despair, he might have committed suicide had it not been for the restraining power of his wife's loving watchfulness and comfort.

The impoverished family went to Penge and sheltered in the widow's home, which welcomed them heartily. After the first shock of grief for the loss of her own home had passed by, Mrs. Miller gradually came to see that all her bitter trials were working together for good. The quiet and healthy situation of the old home at Penge proved an immense benefit, not only to herself, but to her husband and children. The nightly escape from the close atmosphere and turmoil of London gave a tone to Mr. Miller's mental as well as physical health which had long been wanting. As for Albert and the other children, their delights were innumerable, and they indulged in them with a zest such as only city children manifest in the country. The simplest things afforded them pleasure. The flashing of

the Crystal Palace in the morning and evening sun was something which they never wearied of admiring; the rising of the larks to bursts of wildering music, in the morning air; and the solemn cawing of rooks, and the mysterious whizzing of low-flying bats in the hush of evening, were sights and sounds which Albert affirmed he liked far better than the Lord Mayor's show, or a review in Hyde Park.

How the little lad luxuriated in his new country home! He was a complete child now; the heavy care which he had felt for his mother in London, and which had often robbed him of much of his childishness, seemed to be all gone. For his mother had always the comforting companionship of her own mother now, and his father came home regularly every evening as soon as the business of the day was over; and, in Albert's opinion, they were all so healthy, and happy, and comfortable, that there was really nothing whatever to trouble about. So he gave himself up to the pleasures that daily fell to his lot, with a careless *abandon* to which he had long been a stranger. In the autumn there were long excursions to the woods, and an occasional visit to the Crystal Palace, which was a fairy realm to Albert. In the winter there were long happy evenings indoors, with books, toys, music, and merry games, in which the sedate elder folks would sometimes join. There was a snow-world such as the children had never seen before—vast plains of snow, which remained just as white as when it fell, instead of being trampled into black mud; and trees and hedges fairy-like in their delicate decorations, beautiful beyond expression to the eager little town eyes, which never wearied of gazing at and admiring the novel scene.

So the winter passed by. The long storm which had beaten upon Mrs. Miller's spirit, crushing it to the earth, had come to an end; and a great calm succeeded, in the midst of which her spirit slowly raised itself and looked up, confessing 'He doeth all things well.' For the salutary influence which the recent troubles had exercised upon her husband, she thanked God. They had subdued and softened him in no slight degree; yet the change in him was merely such as to satisfy his wife as being the beginning of something better, rather than as being the radical change which he needed to undergo. For although his present dependent state humbled him, and his treatment of his wife was more tender and considerate, and he refrained from his former indulgences, still there were no regrets and contrition expressed for the past, no self-condemnation, nor loathing for a course of life so degrading in itself, and so ruinous in its results as that which he had been pursuing.

But Mrs. Miller hoped for better things.

Towards the spring their prospects began to brighten—in one respect at least. Mr. Miller was beginning to make money again. His wife could not but be thankful; yet this dawn of prosperity did not come to her as a blessing. For its effect upon her husband was such as to cause her alarm; he re-assumed much of his old indifferent bearing towards her, and came home at irregular hours.

The business of Saturdays was always over at noon with him; and hitherto he had made it a rule to be at Penge early in the afternoon to go a stroll with his wife, or otherwise give enjoyment to his family. But now, to the anxiety of the mother and grandmother, two Saturdays had passed by, and their expectations of seeing him at the usual time had been disappointed; he did not return till late in the evening. These and other aberrations inspired Mrs. Miller with a dread which depressed her so much that her sorrow soon communicated itself to her sympathising little son, and awakened all his old anxiety for her. He intuitively felt that they might be afflicted with a repetition of the past, and he longed to do something to avert it. One day, after sitting in a brown study for several minutes, he looked up eagerly and said, 'Mamma, may I go to the city on Saturday, and call for papa? O, I should like to so much.'

'You go to the city alone?' said Mrs. Miller.

'Yes, ma; why not? You know I went one day when grandma wanted to send a particular message. Take a return ticket to London Bridge, you know, ma; and then it isn't far to Cannon-street. I'm nearly twelve now; I'm sure you ought to trust me about anywhere.'

'Mamma will consider about it,' said the grandmother, from her sunshiny corner by the window. 'I think the lad might go, Alice. It would be a nice little weekly trip for him; and no doubt papa would be pleased to have his company home on Saturdays. I'll guarantee to bear the expense, Bertie, if mamma consent to it.'

'Hurrah for grandma!' cried Albert, elate at the success of his proposal. 'I'll pay for trips for *you* when I'm a man, won't I!'

In the evening he said to his father, 'Papa, I'm going to begin travelling to town as you do, but once a week instead of every day.'

'You are a gentleman of means, then, I presume?' said his father, playfully.

'Grandma is going to find the means,' answered Bertie. 'And I'm to go every Saturday, and return with you; so be sure you don't leave your office till I arrive, will you, pa?'

'All right; I'll wait for you. Though I am not sure that it's wise for you to come alone to the city. You must charge him strictly about the dangers of the way—horses, crossings, and so forth, mamma.'

'I shan't hurt, ~~papa~~,^{papa},' said Albert, with boyish confidence; 'Just look at the mites of news-boys dodging in and out amongst cabs and 'busses; they never hurt. I hope I can take care of myself as well as they do.'

'Ah, but they are used to it,' said Mr. Miller. 'However, I dare say you won't hurt; you must keep your eyes wide open, and use your common sense.'

On the following Saturday Albert took his first trip, accomplished it safely, and convoyed his father home at the early hour at which they had been wont to greet him. A smile of satisfaction, of triumph, in fact, shone in the boy's face as he proudly announced their arrival with the words, 'Here we are, mamma! both safe and sound.' This arrangement was carried out for four or five weeks without any interruption. Mrs. Miller's special Saturday fears for her boy soon died away, as everything went so safely, and the plan worked so well. Mr. Miller did not say whether it was agreeable to him or not; he raised no objection to the boy's calling for him, nor ever refused to accompany him home; but on the other evenings of the week he seemed to avenge the Saturday interference by staying out just as he used to do when they lived in London. The last train was the one that generally brought him home now. Saturday, therefore, was the most welcome of the six to Mrs. Miller, for on that day the shades of evening closed around them, an unbroken family circle.

On a fair Saturday morning in April, Mrs. Miller walked to the garden gate to watch Albert's departure for the city. The day was bright and balmy; and the boy was in high spirits, for he had succeeded in making his mother laugh quite girlishly at some of his merry doings, and he loved to see her a little bit gay.

'I'm off!' he cried, as he waved his hat energetically to his grandmother, who was watching him from the window.

'Here, let me put a few of these sweet violets and primroses in your button-hole,' said his mamma, hastily gathering a few beautiful blossoms. 'There, take that bit of country beauty and fragrance into the prosy old city; it may remind somebody or other that there is something besides brick and mortar in the world. Good-by, dear. Be careful.'

Having taken a last fond look at him, she went back to the house.

All went well with him on his way to London Bridge

Station, and thence to Cannon-street. But having arrived at his father's place of business he found his office-door locked; and the old porter, who had charge of the whole colony of offices comprised in the same building, told the eager boy that his father had just left. He had left a message for Albert to the effect that he had business to transact in St. Paul's Churchyard.

'How long has he been gone?' asked Bertie.

'Two minutes, I should think,' was the answer.

With a bound Albert got into the roaring street again. With bright, searching eyes, and cheeks flushed with exercise, he hurried along, peering at every figure he could see ahead, and through the vehicles to the pedestrians on the other side of the road. Among the latter he presently discerned his father, arm-in-arm with a tall man of dissolute appearance. Albert recognised in him a man who once or twice accompanied his father home when they lived at Pimlico, and whose very name was sufficient to fill Mrs. Miller with distress and dread. Keeping his eyes fixed on the two, Albert, as soon as he saw a slight break in the slowly-moving line of omnibuses, leapt into the road. He had cleared the omnibuses, but only to encounter a worse danger: close upon him was a rapidly-moving cab. To jump back would be certain death; to leap forward might save him, but he could not move. He stood as if paralysed, gazing up hopelessly at the horse, whose hot breath was like flame to his face. A rushing of sounds, of which a hoarse and prolonged 'Hoy!' was the most definite, came upon him with stunning effect, and then all was a blank.

The two pedestrians aforesaid turned back as the confused shouts of one or two seemed to completely drown all the roar of traffic. 'Only another case of killed in the streets, I suppose,' said the taller of the two, with nonchalance.

'A beautiful boy! a beautiful boy!' wailed an old orange-woman, who had just got a peep at the mutilated body as it was borne to the pavement.

'A beautiful boy!' echoed Mr. Miller, frantically, his face turning to a deadly white, as his eye fell upon the apparently lifeless form in the tender hold of strong men. 'It's my son!'

'Hospital, sir?' asked one of the men.

'No, bring him in here,' was the hoarse reply, 'and get a stretcher without delay. I will take him home.'

'How far?' asked a gentleman, who had just alighted from his brougham.

'To Penge,' replied Mr. Miller, quietly. A sudden unnatural calm seemed to have taken possession of him; and but for his white face onlookers might have thought him unmoved.

'Penge!' repeated the gentleman, who was a surgeon of high repute. 'I advise you not to think of it with a hospital near at hand. If you will allow me to ascertain the nature and extent of the injuries he has received—'

'If you please,' interrupted Mr. Miller.

They followed the body into the shop. Men accustomed to such sights, and not afflicted with a redundancy of tender feeling, peered in with moistened eyes. The beautiful little lad, with a white face and clustering curls, and a delicate bouquet of hedge-side flowers in his jacket; with a crushed, bleeding limb, which a minute ago was bearing him along full of life and health,—was a spectacle peculiarly pathetic and rare in their experience. Within the shop a rapid examination was going on, and attempts were being made to restore the boy to consciousness. After awhile they were successful: Albert opened his eyes, and gazed around with a mystified, inquiring glance. A slight movement caused him to close them quickly, and utter a sharp cry.

'I tell you he shall go home,' said Mr. Miller, in a decided tone, in answer to something that had just been said.

'Yes, let me go home, please,' pleaded Albert faintly.

'My little lad, I'm afraid the motion of the train will be very injurious to you: the hospital would be the best place for you just now,' said the surgeon, gently.

'No, no,' said Albert, scarcely above a whisper; 'I don't mind my pain, only let me go home.'

Everything that skill and sympathy could suggest was done to make the journey home as easy as possible. At Mr. Miller's urgent request, the surgeon who happened to be on the spot at the time of the accident accompanied them home to give the requisite surgical aid.

The quiet, but intense, excitement that prevailed at the country home upon the arrival of the father and son, can be more easily imagined than described. The mother, with pale face, and tremulous hands that wanted to do everything, yet could do nothing, hovered tearlessly about the room in which the surgeon was performing a cruel operation. Thanks to the influence of chloroform, there were no sharp shrieks of agony as the glittering knife severed the leg from the child's body; and not until all had been accomplished, and the little fellow arranged for a long rest, did he awake to the consciousness that knife and saw had been at their cruel work upon him.

Besides the patent injury to his leg, Albert had sustained internal hurt which could not be so deftly dealt with. That it was severe, the surgeon acknowledged; but he spoke hopefully of his interesting young patient, and gave the mother

the fullest possible comfort. She, however, refused to take it. Certainly, she accepted it passively; but not in a way to build hope upon.

'Our Bertie is no longer ours, Charles,' she said to her husband, when the doctor had left the house. 'I know it, I feel it: God has called him.'

'Nonsense,' said Mr. Miller, lightly, though his heart almost stood still at his wife's words. He had never before been touched to the quick through his children. Loss of property, of character, and repeated losses of money, he had sustained; and though he had felt all these deeply, they had been as nought to the one that now threatened him. The loss of a child, especially Bertie, was something the bare idea of which staggered him as nothing had ever before done.

He forgot everything about himself and his passions and pursuits, as he sat by the child's bed through that Saturday night, and the whole of the calm Sunday. He watched the flickering flame of life in the boy, and tended it with a devotion and tenderness that surpassed all he had ever shown to his wife in his fondest days. She marvelled that he was capable of it,—more so that he showed it now, after the hardening influence of his course of life during the past few years.

'O, to think it was *this* he needed: nothing less than *this*!' moaned the wife, in her tearless agony, as she thought of the father and child: of how the little one was hastening homeward, and drawing the heart of the parent upwards with him. For she knew the boy was going: a subtle prophetic instinct impelled her to prepare to untwine her heartstrings from his and give him up, uncomplainingly. Her hold upon him became nerveless, and she strove betimes to get her poor heart to utter the melancholy minor music that echoes continually around open graves,—'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'

In spite of all that affection and skill could suggest to sustain the child, it was manifest that he was slowly but surely sinking. He knew it, too, and, with a consideration far beyond his years, he strove to set his mother's mind perfectly at rest concerning himself. He told her he was not afraid to die: he was trusting in the Saviour who died for him; and then her future became the chief theme of his talk.

'I cannot think what you will do without me, mamma,' his white lips uttered, while his face expressed concern worthy of an old father about to leave his children unprotected. 'I intended to do so much for you and dear grandma when I grew up; and now you'll be left so much alone.'

Mr. Miller was sitting by the bedside. It was Monday evening, and he had just returned from town. He could not trust himself to make any remark upon Albert's words; but they stung him sharply.

There was silence for a long time, broken only by a low sob from the grandmother, who was also in the room.

'Papa,' said Albert, suddenly, and his sunken eyes brightened as he turned towards his father, and took his hand, 'I've such a happy thought.'

'What is it, dear?'

'I am going to leave you a legacy.'

'You, Bertie! What have you to leave?'

'O something very precious, papa: something that I have loved and prized with all my heart,' he said, in slow, faint, yet eager accents. 'Something that I am sorry, O so sorry to leave, for fear it shouldn't be loved and cared for as much as it would have been by me, if I had lived.'

'What is it, dear?' asked his father again.

'Something,' continued Bertie, dreamily, 'that needs constant attention and tender affection; something that it will make you so happy to love and be good to; something that you must think more about than all your friends in the world, and all your business, papa; something that will always love you in return.'

'Your dog, Carlo? or your bird?' asked his father.

'No,' answered Bertie.

'Yet it is something that wants love and protection—wants you, papa, more than anything else in the world, wants you always. Mamma,' he called suddenly, turning towards her.

'Yes, darling.'

'Please come close to me a minute, and grandma, too.'

They came close to him on the side of the bed opposite to where Mr. Miller was sitting. 'Give me your hand, mamma, and you grandma, dear.' He folded the old wrinkled and the young hand together, and held them in his own; then turning to his papa, he said, '*This* is my legacy, papa: my dear mother and my dear grandma. Will you take good care of them for me? Not like you have been used to do; but love them and care for them always, and not do things to make them sorrow, nor leave them lonely when I am gone? O, papa, I cannot die satisfied unless you promise me that you will always try to make dear mamma happy, and be so good to her that she will never miss me, or wish she had Bertie back again to give her comfort and pleasure. Will you promise, papa?'

'Bertie, I received them from God once as a very precious gift,' said his father, tremulously, 'and you, too, my child; but

I have lightly esteemed the gift, and wholly forgotten the gracious Giver. Now I see it all. He is waking me up to a sense of my obligation to Him, and my duty to those He has given me, by taking one of His gifts from me. Let Him work His will, though it is dreadful to bear. It may be for the best yet; through one loss I may prize more dearly what is left to me. I see Him again giving me my treasures, as if from the gate of death. He might have justly deprived me of all, and left my heart utterly desolate; but He is rich in mercy, and deals not with us according to our sins. By your voice He charges me to live no longer to myself, as I have so insanely and selfishly done for years past; but to live to Him, and for the blessing and comfort of those whom He has caused to look up to me as their head. I do promise you all you wish, Bertie. They shall be dearer than ever henceforth, because I shall regard them in a new light,—as your legacy, as well as God's gifts.'

'O, papa! now I can die happy!' said Bertie, with quiet rapture, as his large eyes filled with tears. 'Mamma, you will be a thousand times happier than as if I had lived. For I couldn't make up for papa, if I did ever so much for you. Now you will all love each other so much, and be so happy together; and you will all love God, too, and come to my Saviour, so that we may all meet again in heaven.'

He said this in a tone of quiet confidence, and then closed his eyes, quite exhausted. It seemed now that he had no more to say or do: concerning both life and death he was perfectly at rest. He fell into a peaceful slumber, which lasted far into the night. His father kept watch beside him. It was a blessed season for him. He held such communion with his own heart and God as he had never known anything of before. His mind was awakened at last to a full consciousness of the guilt of his past life, and his heart was filled with a sorrow that worked repentance not to be repented of. His boy's sleep presently deepened into that one from which there is no awaking; and ere many days the body was laid in the grave, beside the grandfather's.

Could Albert Miller look down into his former earthly home, and see the love and blessedness reigning there, and which there is every reason to believe will continue until death shall change the present course of life there, he would be abundantly satisfied with the way in which his father is fulfilling the earnest charge he expressed with his dying lips respecting a certain legacy.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SHADOWS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

I AM the village photographer. My name is of no consequence, so I will not give it, but you may call me Mr. Paul, if you like. Like the Apostle, I am a man of mean appearance, so that for thirty years I have been what the folks hereabouts call an old bachelor, and all because I am too shabby and too wretched-looking. I am fifty-three years old now, if I am a day, and so may be said to be in the sere and yellow leaf; but then my leaf has always been sere and yellow. I was thinking of this, this very afternoon, when I was among the young beeches in the wood at the top of the breezy hill, touching their soft, downy, tender, green leaves with the tips of my stained fingers, and wondering how it was that they reminded me of a little child I once saw—years and years and years ago—a child with laughing brown eyes, and delicate soft cheeks, with the daintiest feet and hands, the roundest arms, the most inviting rosebud of a mouth, an all but perfect child, a darling, a world's wonder. And as I wondered, my eyes grew suddenly dim, my lips trembled, and my heart ached, and I leaned my head against the smooth-stemmed tree nearest me for full five minutes in a dream of pain, and then I rose up and rebuked myself as an old discontented fool. 'What have you to do with tender beech leaves, with dainty childhood, with laughing eyes, with straight, flexible limbs, you doddered gorse bush of a man, you scraggy thorn, you withered leaf?' It was thus I spoke to myself, for I remembered bitterly what I was—who I was—whence I was. Well, never mind all that. I am the village photographer now, with a right and a calling, not to admire or dream about pretty faces, but to take them,—it is rather a joke to think how many I've taken for others, and not one for myself after all!—with a shabby wooden room up a flight of steps, almost as cranky and ill put together as myself, a room fitted up with chemicals and glasses, camera and stand, dusters, and jugs, and bottles, and with two chairs, a looking-glass, a spindle-shanked table, a footstool, and a couple of screens of my own painting, for my customers. Screen Number 1, representing, or supposed to be representing, a bit of Italy, which I have not

seen, badly enough painted I will own, with a purple mountain emitting a vigorous smoke; a lake, seven trees, three yellow villas, and a marble terrace in the foreground. Screen Number 2, representing our beech wood, which I have seen, better painted by far, with an avenue of trees drest in changeable gold and green, and a spring sky overhead, rather too good a thing for a photographer's screen, I think; but then what else can I do with it? I cannot afford to send it to the Royal Academy, where I dare say it would share the fate of other promising pictures, and not be hung on the line, and I can't afford to give it to the squire, who only has a room fit to accommodate it. He saw it once, but I was too modest to ask him to buy it, and he was much too fidgety about his dress, whether he should be taken with his coat buttoned or open, to look at it twice. Some of the young men and women laugh at my room when they come into it on sunshiny mornings or afternoons to be taken, and nudge one another's elbows as they look round my gallery of art; they call it shabby and dirty, and ask scornfully whether scap has risen. Yes, I have heard them, when I have been busy in my dark closet preparing a glass plate, or putting a negative into its cold water bath, and sometimes a flush of shame has mounted into my cheeks—of shame did I say? Well, it was half shame, half vexation, with a seasoning of sturdy obstinacy that refused to alter my ways of life to please anybody. If my studio were prettier, if the dust in it lay less thickly in the corners, I should not be quite easy in it—it would seem to say what the silky beech leaves said this afternoon. And then, woe to my likenesses. Collodion, cyanide of potassium, distilled water, all would get mingled up in strange confusion in my brain, and thinking of one pair of laughing eyes would spoil many eyes besides, and my character and business to boot.

My beech wood screen I generally put with its face to the wall, lest its green and gold should be too much for me. Since the squire turned away from it to adjust his coat collar, I have been more humble about it, but I sometimes, I should like it to be out and hung in a suitable

a certain coffin shall be put there, with a certain crumbled leaf within it, a mask of a man, with a series of sorrowful wrinkles that look at me every time I peep into the swing glass. Well, well, who knows but it may be so? And she may come, that was a little chill ouse, with delicate soft cheeks, and look at me, I mean at the crumbled leaf, and then at the bee-h wood painting, and she may, perhaps, think to herself, if she doesn't say, 'He had loving thoughts under his harsh face, and he loved the green of young beeches, and me, a little.' I see her moving slow between the coffin and the screen, with large drooping eyes, not laughing now; no, they have not been that for many years, they grew up to womanhood with a shadow of thought over them, something like the shadow that steals across the warm tinted path among the trees in the picture at her shoulder. I see her, graceful, straight-limbed, beautiful still, though only ten years younger than that old pinched face in the coffin—with her silken dress swaying in and out, rustling gently, very gently, by the bier,—she would not insult me now with her riches! But no—it is all a vision, a delusion.

I went to her house the other morning. 'Must bring my camera and plates, and take a view of it.' That was the order. So, obedient, I packed up my tools, and trudged wearily two miles, over a long rounded hill, and through a crumpled valley to the great mansion where she lives. A servant admitted me to the lawn; she herself came out presently to direct me to the point of view. 'Be good enough to stand where you can see the portico between the deodars; I want both bay windows to be seen.' I fixed my tripod where she bade, and tried to forget the humble doorstep where she and I once sat together upon summer evenings, and the little diamond-paned casement beside it, with its scarlet runners flowering over the mullions, that I had sown, and watered, and trimmed for her delight in those happy childish days, as I stared at and focussed the broad portico and the great bay windows. A grand house is hers now, suited to her, just suited to her. What would she, could she, have done in my poor little stone-floored cottage, and dusty, crazy studio? Nothing—but wither away as the brilliant anemone withered that I brought from the equire's garden last week, and put in my cham-

ber window—leaf by leaf dropping down. And bitter as my life has been without her, it would have been a thousand times sadder, a thousand times bitterer, could I have had my early manhood's wish. I know this now, and I can thank God that to her has been meted out the honey, and to me the gentian. It takes away a large share of the bitterness of my cup to remember the sweet of hers, so I have had some consolation in my poverty. Poverty! Hard word! Why should some have so little, so very little, others so much? But why ask? Life is full of enigmas, and my riddle is no harder to crack than are those of other people, I suppose. She said no more to me, but walked slowly away with her bright parasol and her pearl-grey morning dress, and forgot me the next minute, while I went on with my work as steadily as I could, and took the picture. Then I trudged wearily home again, with the fields and hills dark and colourless about me, and a black blot in the sky instead of a bright one where the sun should be, though it was my heart that was dazzled and blinded, not my eyes. What did I do all afternoon? I scarcely remember, though a few negatives in my closet tell me. I must have been taking likenesses. In the evening came Josiah. I was sitting alone by a little fire, with my head in my hands, feeling tired and stupid, when I heard his fingers on the latch, and at that sound, welcome always, I lifted up my head. I've been lonely enough all my life, but ever since Josiah was two feet high, he and I have been friends. He is only twenty-five, and I am fifty-three; but, for all that, we are like brother and brother, and tell each other whatever joys or sorrows we happen to meet with. I've told him all mine, I believe, but one, and that is a large sorrow that weaves itself pretty much into everything, and if he has not guessed it by this time, it is his own fault. But I rather think Josiah has guessed it, though he says nothing about it, for I have seen him at times looking wistfully at me as though he would, and he would not, speak of it; and I have turned my eyes away, and the would has sunk down again, and he has been silent. We have been friends and companions for many years, and at nights, when his work is over, he comes in rather often to read a book with me, or to talk, or to take a walk amongst the hills, if I am not too weary. As I lifted up my head

to greet him, I smiled; I knew it was not a very bright smile, but I thought, at all events there will be sunshine on his face, and that will cheer up mine. 'Well, Jos, lad!' was my first exclamation, and then I was silent, for there was a dim shadow lying over his countenance, like that on a photograph taken on a cloudy day, and I saw at once that something was wrong. Now it is seldom that anything is wrong with Jos—he is generally cheery enough and ready for a joke—and many a time the mere sight of the smile on his pleasant lips has done my heart good when it needed it. He passed me by without answering my salutation, or looking at me, and went to the window, where lay a book that he and I had been reading together lately, and seizing hold of it with quick touch, brought it back, seated himself on his favourite three-legged stool, and began to read aloud in a nervous, determined sort of way, that said as plainly as possible, 'Don't ask me any questions, but let me read myself into quiet.' So I said no more, but sat listening to an account of the formation of Plutonic rocks—our book was 'Lyell's Geology,' that we had borrowed from the village library, for Josiah was fond of books of science; and our hills, with their interesting and wonderful oolitic fossils, had turned our thoughts towards geologic lore, and while he read of the workings of volcanoes, and the heavings and changings undergone by overlying strata from the activity of the inward fires of old mother Earth, I was drawing a comparison between them and the tossings and rumblings of that strange fire in the human heart, that now and then comes to the surface with sudden explosion, and burns and chars all before it. I was in the middle of a simile of this kind, when Josiah put the book down suddenly, and wiping his forehead wearily with one hand, said, 'I can't read to-night, Paul, I can't understand a word of it.'

'What is the matter with thee, lad?' I asked. 'I see thou art unhappy; what is it?' 'Am I grumpous?' was his answer. 'Well, I believe I am. You're about right, old fellow; but you see I can't help it. I've got a trouble on my mind. I've found out how poor I am.' And here he tried to make a bit of a laugh of it, but it would not do. The laugh was like one of my portrait failures, no good at all.

'Poor Jos,' I replied, trying to cheer

him. 'Nay, thou art one of the richest folk I know. Thou hast good health and beauty'—he has a handsome face and figure of his own—'plenty of knowledge, thanks to your industry, plenty of work, and with a lively heart at most times. Why, what more would'st thou have? Wherever thy face comes, comes sunshine, and if that is not riches, I don't know what is. It has brought riches into my cottage many a time.'

He lighted up at it when I said this; then the weary, dejected look returned. 'Thank you, Paul,' he said quietly, 'you're always ready with a kind word, but you don't understand me. I'm rich enough for myself,' he laid an emphasis on myself, and then he paused and looked straight at me, 'but then I can't always be alone, you know. I'm not like you, old fellow, contented to be an old bachelor,' and he smiled faintly, while I shrank from his gaze, all too conscious that contented was not the right word; and he, as if he was aware he had said too much and was sorry for it, paused again before he proceeded, and dropping his eyes looked steadily at the fire. 'No; I'm not so good and patient as you are, and, in fact, Paul, I've been either very wise or very foolish. I don't rightly know which you'll call it. I've let my heart go after a woman, aye, that I have, and now the secret's out.'

He was silent again, waiting for me to speak, but for awhile I could not reply a word, for was not my heart gone after a woman too? Where it ought not to be, where I have said it should not be, and must not be, knowing all the while I should make a liar of myself every moment of my life. A cold sweat broke out upon me, from the fright of the momentary feeling that he had some way laid bare my heart with his own, and I glanced uneasily at him with eyes that I fear would have betrayed my secret to all the world, if they had happened to get photographed just then; but Josiah was looking dreely at the white smouldering logs on the hearth, and I had opportunity to recover myself, so as to be able to say presently, in a voice that surprised me by its firm, self-possessed sound, 'Well, Jos, that's all very natural at thy age. I wish thee good luck, lad; and who is the woman?'

'Ah, there it is,' replied Josiah, 'there it is. I've made up my mind to tell you all about it to-night, that you may

see how silly I've been, for you've always been like a father to me, Paul.'

'A brother, not a father, lad. It is not for such as me to be called a father; a poor, broken-down old bachelor.'

'Yes, a father,' he persisted, 'whether you like it or not. Who was so good to me as you when I was a youngster? Who but you taught me to love knowledge and to think for myself? Who listened to my lad's troubles as you did, and advised me so wisely about them? And where have I spent pleasanter hours than in this old cottage? I love the sight on't more than the grandest houses in Stoneleigh, and you never shut its door against me, or gave me the cold shoulder, or said wrong I did when I was in it. I consider you have been as a father to me, and a father I'll call you till I die.'

He said these last words in a determined voice, as though he would not be contradicted. What could I do but let him have his way? I fear if I had been really a father, I should have proved a very weak one, and my children would have turned a certain commandment upside down, and rendered it into parents obey your children, for want of properly exercised authority on my part. I ought to be thankful, and I hope I am, that such a responsibility has not befallen me.

'And,' he went on, 'as you've known all the scrapes I've fallen into ever since I was a toddling two-year-old, you ought to know this last one. But before I tell you who the woman is, I want you to scold me well for thinking of marrying at all. Chaps like me, with only a pound or so a week, have no business to think of marrying and bringing themselves into trouble, with a wife and a lot of children to keep. I've seen enough of that sort of trouble! Look at my father, with ten children and an ailing wife, and he only a cloth weaver! It's slave, slave, and work, work, from morning till night. And look at my mother too! Never a bit of time has she had for twenty years or more to think of anything but her house and her husband and children; and as to reading, bless you, she's quite forgotten all about it. How can she improve her mind? Father does read the new-paper a bit on a Sunday, and now and then the Bible; but mother, why, we should all stare indeed if we ever saw her with a book or a paper in her hand except to put it away. And

yet she was a better reader than father when she married. I often think, Paul, we men chaps are hardly fair to women; we expect them to be always waiting upon us, and we never make a clear way for them to get at anything that could improve their minds. Once married, they're tied hand and foot; there's no more opportunity for them, if they would like it ever so, to be doing anything but cooking, cleaning, and slaving after us and the children, and somehow we think nothing else is right for them! Well—as I said—I thought I would steer clear of marrying, I didn't want to have a house full of poverty and children as father has had. I was a bit what you call ambitious, Paul.'

'But a pound a week is not bad wages, Jos.'

'No, not for one, as times go, but it's very short commons for a dozen, which was father's number to keep; and, you see, there's no chance of me getting more money than I get now, not if I were to live to be as old as Methusaleh. I don't save much either, as you know, for I reckon I've a right to pay father handsomely for my lodgings now, when I remember all the years he struggled so hard to keep me for nothing,—and then I like to have a few books, and to be dressed decently. Emigration, did you say? I might emigrate to be sure, but I don't hear that any shoemakers are wanted on the other side the world any more than here, and, to tell you the truth, I don't want to leave Old England. So, thinking of all these things, I've said to myself a score of times: "No marriage for me, unless I can find a lass with plenty of money, or an old woman that I can fancy," neither of them at all likely things to get. I was very well contented too, and a little bit proud sometimes that I'd managed to be twenty-five years old, and got neither wife nor sweetheart. "Books shall be my sweethearts," said I. But, you see, Paul, I'm caught at last—fairly caged, and can't help myself; and though the lass is the prettiest and best of lasses, she hasn't a penny, and isn't likely to have. I like her all the better for that, some way, and yet I know I'm right down foolish. What is to be done?'

A momentous question! Should I advise Josiah to marry at once and repent at leisure? as he would be sure to do, for it was true what he had said, he was ambitious, and would not brook being dragged down into the narrow

cell of poverty, with his wife a hopeless drudge beside him. Josiah was one who felt the need of food for the mind as well as for the body, of time to think as well as time to eat, and work, and sleep; and, moreover, though he was far from extravagant, he was blest with no peculiar faculty for saving farthings, and delighted to be generous in money matters. It would grieve him sore to take away the gift from his father which he paid weekly in the shape of extra money for lodgings and board; it would be a great trouble to him not to be able to pay for his youngest brother's schooling. Should I say, then, give the girl up, Jos, and go on in the old way, and live and die like me, a bachelor? I could not, I would not, I dare not say that! Knowing what I did, could I wish another human being, much less my companion, my son, to pass through the heart-weariness, the longing, the despair I had experienced? Because I had, child-like, placed my desires on an impossible cake, and so had gone without my dinner, was he to do the same? And his choice was no impossibility—was I to snatch it from his lips and say, 'It is too dear?' No, no! A hundred noises my heart said to that! Clearing my throat, for it had gone husky in the internal conflict of for and against, I said, 'There is nothing else for it, you must marry. Jos!'

Josiah lifted up his head, looked at me earnestly, and became wonderfully bright about the eyes at once. He grasped my hand. 'Is that your best advice, father?' he asked, his voice trembling a little over the last word.

'Yes,' said I; 'but mind, my lad, who you marry, and when you marry. If you do as I want you, you will not marry till you have a prospect of more than journeyman's wages. A young man of your mind should do more for himself in the world than that.'

'So I feel, so I believe,' he replied. 'But how? I have had many an anxious thought, but I don't see my way clear to anything better than I have now, and that's why I'm come here to-night for you to give me one of your notions; they're like a lantern in a dark lane, and many a time I've been saved from a fall by having one of them with me.'

'My notions, as you call them,' said I, 'are never worth much in the daytime, I must have a sleep before I can get a true one. If you can wait till to-morrow I'll try.'

'I'll wait,' he replied hopefully. 'But you've done me good already. I think I could go on with the volcanoes again, and understand them better this time.' And he finished the night with a long chapter of Lyell.

Josiah's difficulty roused me out of my despondency. When he was gone I walked backwards and forwards in my little chamber, and invoked the aid of my best thoughts, but none came that were worth dwelling upon. What a struggle life is to the poor, thought I as I laid me down upon my pillow, with all the world against them. When they have earned their few shillings or pence, and wish to change them at the shops for necessary food, the shopkeepers too often prey upon them, and get exorbitant profits out of them, and when the man is the poorest the highest prices are exacted from him, because he buys smaller quantities, or pays for the goods by instalments. His very poverty tends to make him poorer. When Josiah's children come, and when he wants more money for them, instead of less, he will pay more to the shopkeeper for his goods, or get worse goods at the same price, because he will be compelled to buy only just what is wanted for the moment, an ounce of tea instead of half a pound, an egg at a time instead of a dozen. When his wife wants a new gown she will have to get a low-priced one, and, therefore, a dearer one, than when her purse had not so many calls upon it. The poor man's candle has to waste at both ends—he who has most need that it should last long, comes to the burnt-out snuff the soonest. Is that right? Is that just? And yet the shopkeeper says he must live, too; and if he has to give credit, or spend more time about selling small articles, and weighing out minute quantities, he must be paid for it,—handsomely too, for he wants to make his fortune in time, he wants to increase his capital like a rolling snowball, till it is large enough to make a man. By the time this last thought came I was ready for sleep; I closed my eyes, and forgot both the poor man and the shopkeeper in the great careless world of dreamland.

The first thing that I saw when I opened my eyes to the morning sunlight was a pamphlet on my dressing-table. A sunbeam was lighting it up in an impressive manner, and the words 'operation stared at me in large letters.

The pamphlet I had laid there a day or two before, and had forgotten it. 'Ah,' said I to myself, 'co-operation is the word, and no doubt co-operation is the notion that I am to give to Josiah. What is to be made of it?' And as I began to think I found myself on the right tack at once. I had nothing to do but go on with it. The world, the poor man, the shopkeeper, and Josiah, all fitted together harmoniously. My notion was fairly gained!

'Well,' said Josiah, with inquiry on both face and lips as he put down his hat at the appointed time on my table, 'what is it to be?'

'You are to be a shopkeeper, Jos,' was my answer.

His face turned cloudily directly. 'How am I to get money for a shop?' he asked, 'besides I don't like the thought. I've come almost to hate the name, thanks to my master, who is always on the screw. They say a slave in adversity makes a tyrant in prosperity. Now, I hope I'm neither the one or the other. If I could have a shop to-morrow, I should feel inclined to throw it up the day after, I'm afraid, not that I'm ever likely to be tried. But you know what times I've talked of the injustice of the shopmasters who get so much more interest for their capital than we do for our brains and hand labour. If you or any other magician could put me in a grand shop filled with the best shoes made, and were to say to me, "This is all yours to make money by," I should be wanting to know what wages had been paid for these grand shoes, so that I might know whether I should make honest money by them, or whether some poor creatures had not been defrauded that I might be made rich. At least, I hope I should. Not that I'm less selfish than others. I've only been taught to think more, and to feel more than some do. And I'm afraid if I were really tempted I should do as so many do, get what I could for myself without caring for others. That's the principle of competition they say—the grand principle of trade. To buy in the cheapest, and sell in the dearest market. But it isn't a just principle, and if marriage made me more selfish in that way, then I ought never to be married. That's my theory.'

Paul had had many theories in his life, but however wild some of them might be, they had none of them been

selfish or ungenerous ones, and I must say I sympathised with him in this one.

'Well,' I replied, 'you talked last night of emigration as a panacea for poverty, what do you say instead to another long word—Co-operation? Suppose I went partner with you in a shop?'

It was amusing to see the puzzled look that came into his face, and the dismay also—apparent enough—at the thought of so poor a partner; but he put a brave appearance on it, and only said, 'You, old fellow? Where are your bags of gold then? You must hide them up the chimney, or perhaps in the cellar. I'd better hunt them up at once.'

'Never mind my bags of gold,' said I. 'They'll come when they're wanted. And if we cannot find gold, silver will do as well. There is plenty of silver lying about in odd corners of the village, if not here; ay, and copper too, that if it were put to a good use would bring wealth and happiness to many families. Not that I mean by wealth a hundred thousand pounds. There was a man in the next county who possessed a million, and yet he died poor, and lived miserably and fretfully, because he thought he was poor. No, it's not a hundred thousand, nor yet a million of money, but it is enough and to spare, and if one man's enough is a hundred pounds, he is wealthy if he possesses a hundred and twenty. You'll be a wealthy man before you die, I hope.'

'I hope so too,' said he, with a laugh; 'but I don't see how it's to be.' And more gravely—'No, no; I'm a poor man, Paul, the son of a poor man; if I do but get enough in this world I must be content without the "to spare." But tell me what you're aiming at, for I can see by your eyes you have something more than a joke to tell me.'

'Come, then,' said I, 'suppose as I say, you and I took a shop together, you could have half of it full of shoes bought with the money bags that you say are up the chimney, and I the other half, fitted up with the bags from the cellar. Wouldn't that be a good idea? I could sell photographs, you shoes, and we would divide the profits, only I shall want something besides for the use of my money. Are you willing to try?'

'Perhaps,' said he, hesitatingly; 'but you have not really any money, Paul?'

'I'm a rich man, I tell you, at this moment. You need not ask how. Will you join me?'

'If I may pay my workpeople a fair price for their shoes.'

'You must not pay more than the usual price, for if you do, we cannot make the shop pay us well enough. There will be two families to support, remember, for if you marry, I may as well do the same, and we both want to be rich in awhile.'

'I see now how it is,' said he, smiling; 'you are building a castle in the air, and you want me to help you, but I don't feel inclined, for the reasons I said before. I should despise myself if I thought I had turned out to be nothing but one of a grinding sort of shop-keepers. Look at some of the poor wretches who make the shoes—look at the poor wretches who can so ill afford to buy them, and yet must be shod. The first would make them for less than they ought, most likely, because we should be tempted to get all we could out of them, and the last would pay more for them than they ought, for the same reason.'

'You have not much faith in our uprightness, Jos.'

'I've more faith in our selfishness, certainly,' he said, with a little grimace.

'Well, then,' said I, 'we won't have anything so mean and narrow. We'll make partners of all the world, if they choose to join us—or rather, will make co-operators of them. Our capital shall not be one man's hundred or thousand pounds, but a hundred or a thousand men's one pound, or less, put together into one mass and for one purpose, like the atoms of gold in a nugget. And all these small capitalists shall have their share of the profits, equally divided according to their investment. We will give our customers also their profits, so that every poor old woman who comes to buy her own shoes shall feel an interest in the welfare of the shop, shall be a co-operator with us in the good work of helping her neighbours and herself at the same time. We will have a small shop to begin with, unless we get a larger capital than I expect—that is to say, a larger number of co-operators. I won't bring my chemicals into it at all, but will stay here, at the dusty old place, and you shall manage the shop on our behalf, that is, if my brother and sister co-operators think as I do.'

'Is such a scheme possible?' he asked.

'Quite. Such a thing has succeeded in other places, why not here? Our village is small, but if we find it too

small we will beat the bushes elsewhere. Depend upon it, Jos, we've got the right notion this time. The question is, can your marrying scheme wait till this is fairly set going?'

'It shall wait,' he said firmly. 'But, Paul, where did you get this idea? I cannot say I rightly understand it yet, but it seems to me a wonderfully pleasant thought to be helping others while you're helping yourself. Co-operation, a working together, that's the meaning of it, I suppose. Why shouldn't it be carried on in all trades as well as shoe-selling?'

'It has been carried on in a great many. Read this pamphlet, lad; I got my idea from its pages, and now you may make what you can of it. It seems to me what it says is not all moonshine.'

And now five years later I can say, it was not all moonshine. We have three co-operative stores in our neighbourhood already, of which Josiah's shoe-shop, thanks to his energy and management, is the largest and most productive. For three years he worked hard to establish it, then he married, and now he has a wife and a child (only second in beauty to the one I remember so well), whose smiles and prosperity have not been bought at the price of one smile less upon the faces of their poorer neighbours. Josiah is hard worked, for dreamers do not succeed in co-operation any more than in competitive businesses, but gain to him means gain to all, and every new customer who comes into the shop becomes only a new object to benefit, so no wonder that he looks well and happy. He is called Co-operative Jos in the village, but he likes his title, and tells some of the young men that to be able to put 'C' at the end of your name, is as honourable in its way as to put the next letter in the alphabet twice over. If any one asks me of our doings, I invite him to my studio, and from its walls tell off the upward histories of many a family at Stoneleigh. I have photographs there that never would have been taken but for co-operation. One thing I cannot help but notice, that for the last three years I have *taken* many more working men's wives and sweethearts, and many less of the publicans.

I began my tale, if tale it may be called, in despondency, talking far too much of myself, and of my foolish fancies and disappointments. I must not close it in the same way. A lonely life

must always be a morbid life, for the mind is like a self-acting camera, if you give it no other pictures to reflect, it will reflect its own likeness in endless repetitions, and at every imaginable and possible focus; producing strange distortions, exaggerations, stupidities, and then takes these for the real self. Was it so with me? I scarcely know. I only know this, that of late the magic of co-operation has drawn me away from my own immediate griefs. Screen

No. 2 no longer brings a sigh, I can look at it without a pang of regret, can enjoy the ripple of its beech-leaves without thinking of the loss that the Royal Academy has endured, and I have no further useless wishes about its presence near my coffin. But I have still a lingering wish that she may see it some day, and spend just one thoughtful moment near it. But for her it had never been painted.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Social Reform in England. By Lucien Davesès de Pontès. Translated by the Widow of the Author. With Appendices by the Translator. Pp. 499. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

This is a translation of the '*Études sur l'Angleterre*,' recently issued from the French press in a second edition, in which the work was considerably enlarged, partly with many pages that had been omitted from want of space in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' where the first two articles originally appeared, and partly with appendices carrying on the history of British crime and pauperism to the present day. 'These appendices,' we are told, 'have been added by the widow of the author, at the desire of several individuals interested in the cause of humanity, who believe that the main objects of M. de Pontès,—the welfare of society, the relief of suffering, and the reformation of the criminal, will be promoted in France by some information on what has been done on the other side of the Channel during the last seven years for the improvement of the condition of the poorer classes, and by the assurance that the introduction of a portion at least of the Irish system, so warmly approved by the author, into the penal discipline of England, has been already attended with the most encouraging results.' In offering to the English public an English edition of the '*Études*,' the translator states further that 'the appendices, however inadequate, are at least the result of careful investigation and personal acquaintance with the subject, aided by the know-

ledge and experience of some of those to whose untiring efforts the improvements she has recorded have been mainly due.' The translation, we may add, is dedicated 'to her own and her departed husband's dear and honoured friend, Matthew Davenport Hill, to whose unwearied exertions in the cause of humanity the improvements of penal discipline in England are in a great degree due.'

The contents of this valuable volume are three essays, with appendices, and fragments of two other essays; on the Moralisation of the Dangerous Classes; on the History of Pauperism in England; on Woman in England; on English Elections; and on the Territorial, Judicial, and Political Divisions of Great Britain.

In part the first of the first essay, the author treats of industrial schools, reformatories, lodging-houses for the poor, and prisons. He alludes here, also, to the evils of intemperance, with which the United Kingdom Alliance undertakes to deal. His reference to the Alliance suffices to show that he did not survey the field of British philanthropy without striving to include all its salient points. After describing the evils of intemperance, he says:—'Struck with these terrible facts, Mr. Hill, the eminent Recorder of Birmingham, in his address to the grand jury, does not hesitate to propose the prohibition of all fermented liquors, without even the exception of beer; but, to obtain this prohibition, he addresses himself, not to the Government, but to the nation itself—the majority of the nation. The learned recorder has come to the con-

clusion that it will be impossible to suppress the abuse so long as the practice itself exists, or, in fact, that in this case the use and abuse are inseparable from each other. Would this prohibition be in accordance with the constitution? Can the public interest authorise the majority of the nation in interfering in the private life of their fellow-subjects to such an extent as to forbid a practice which, to the greater part of mankind, is attended with no evil result whatever? Mr. Hill replies in the affirmative. He maintains that the majority do possess the right of imposing certain limits on the personal liberty of the minority, because, as the Poor Law compels all those who obtain an independent livelihood by their own labour to support those who cannot, or will not, support themselves, the former have decidedly the right to resort to such measures as may tend to diminish the burden imposed upon them. * * *

He acknowledges that to make the action of a prohibitive law, interfering with the daily affairs of private life, work well, or even tolerably, presents enormous difficulties. But he does not regard these difficulties as insuperable; and he urges that, considering the immense importance of the object in view, it is worth while at least to make the attempt. Nor is this language the expression of an individual opinion. Mr. Hill is in this but the interpreter of a widely-spread belief, the propaganda of which has become the object of one of those pacific agitations which in England have so often achieved the ultimate triumph of principles and projects, at first regarded as inadmissible or impracticable. A vast association has been founded within the last two years, under the title of the United Kingdom Alliance, the National Temperance League, with the purpose of effecting this great reform. Presided over by Sir Walter Trevelyan, this society has thirty-three vice-presidents, an executive committee composed of twenty-one members, and a great number of agents in almost every part of the United Kingdom. Among its adherents it includes a portion of the ministers of the various religious communities, and all the members of the old temperance societies. Its principal seat is at Manchester. It publishes a daily journal, with the aim of obtaining a legislative enactment for the total and immediate suppression of all traffic in fermented liquors.

The errors in this statement will have struck all our readers. But it must be remembered that it was published in 1858, at a time when the object of the Alliance and its very name were as yet very little known in this country; when, therefore, for a Frenchman to be aware of its existence was to be in advance of nine-tenths of our own countrymen. During the nine years which have since elapsed, the Alliance has made great progress,—a fact of which the translator shows herself not unaware, by appending a footnote indicating the judgment of her late husband in attaching importance to the operations of the Alliance at that early period, and mentioning, amongst other signs of its progress, the £50,000 fund. In the second part of the first essay the writer treats of penal reform, and gives interesting accounts of Pentonville, Millbank, and the Irish prisons. In an appendix the translator supplies a useful summary of changes subsequently effected, down to May, 1866.

The history of pauperism in England is the theme of the second essay. We find here notices not only of workhouses and refuges, but also of friendly societies, workmen's halls, clubs, colleges, combinations and strikes,—matters which would consider themselves insulted by being linked with pauperism, as that word is usually understood. However, the essay, which begins with the earliest times, is a very interesting one; and is made complete by the excellent continuation appended by the translator. The remaining essays in the volume contribute, with those we have thus briefly noticed, to prove that the lamented author had not only the disposition to confer a great benefit on his own countrymen by laying clearly before them the course taken by the great ameliorative efforts of recent times in Great Britain, but also the ability and the patience requisite to possess himself to a large extent of the facts. To English readers this translation supplies an opportunity of obtaining a sketch of the history of philanthropic enterprise in their own country, which will serve as a very useful remembrance of past errors and successes.

The writer was no narrow-minded man; he was a Frenchman, who loved so well his own country, that he thought it important it should be informed of all that was worthy of imitation amongst foreigners. And the translator of his

work shows herself fully worthy to share in the noble sympathies of her patriotic and philanthropic husband.

The Christian Year Book; containing a Summary of Christian Work, and the Results of Missionary Effort throughout the World. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

THIS volume is the result of an endeavour 'to present in an extended form the statistics of all the principal societies of every denomination throughout the world that are directly engaged in the work of evangelisation. The want of such a handbook has often been felt, for the purpose of showing what agencies are in operation, and the spheres in which they labour. This being a first, and consequently a tentative effort, the editor cannot venture to hope that no omissions or mistakes will be found, but he confidently believes that, as a whole, the statistics given will be found trustworthy.' As sources whence he has drawn his facts and statistics, the editor mentions 'Evangelical Christendom,' The 'Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung,' Zellers 'Kirchliche Statistik,' Zalomans 'Jaerboekje,' Berlepschs 'Schweizerkunde,' and a 'Rapport par M. F. de Rougemont, sur l'Etat Religieux des Peuples de l'Europe Orientale,' read at the Geneva Conferences in 1861; also a multitude of reports of societies, British, European, and American, and the contributions of correspondents.

The work is opened with a general review of the year 1866; and it afterwards proceeds to supply statistics of the various denominations in England and Wales, accounts of the governing bodies and general associations, Home, Foreign, and Colonial Missions, Bible, Tract, and Book Societies, and Societies for Jews, Sailors, Army, Navy, Sunday Schools, Foreign Education, Defence of Protestantism, Chapel Building, and so forth. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales are dealt with in detail under these and other heads; as also are America, Canada, Nova Scotia, and other colonies, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Germany, Austria, Poland, Lithuania and Russian Poland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Turkish Empire, Borneo, Arabia, Siam, Burmah, India, China, Japan, Madagascar, Algeria, West, South, and East Africa, South America, South Seas, &c., &c. Some statistics of the Roman

Catholic Church are given; the number of Jesuits, monks, and nuns throughout the world; the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, &c. We have, besides all this, an obituary for the year; with chapters on Christian Union, Religious Liberty, Evangelisation of London, an appendix, an index of societies, and another of places. All this is supplied in a cloth-bound volume of 358 pages.

Words of Comfort for Parents Bereaved of Little Children. Edited by William Logan, author of the 'Moral Statistics of Glasgow,' &c.; with an Introductory Sketch by the Rev. William Anderson, LL.D., Glasgow. Third edition, enlarged. Pp. 492. London: James Nisbet and Co., Berner's-street.

HAVING lost a beloved child by death, the compiler of this volume placed together letters of comfort received from his friends, and as many extracts from sermons, essays, and the writings of the poets as he could amass, bearing on the decease of children, and intended to contribute to the consolation of the bereaved. In a couple of editions the compilation grew to a goodly volume, and it is still further enlarged in the just published third. There are many readers, we doubt not, who, like ourselves, would willingly spare much of the prose portion of the volume. We know, indeed, that persons exist who have been so unhappily brought up that the proof that little children's angels do always behold the face of the Father who is in heaven, requires to be distinctly and elaborately made, otherwise they would mourn over departed babes with a worse mourning than Rachel's; for she only mourned that her children were not, whereas they would lament the very existence of theirs. To prove little children out of hell seems about as bootless and weariful a work, as to prove light and heat in the sun's beams, or beauty and glory in the rich skies of evening and of dawn. The attempted demonstration is an impertinence hardly to be forgiven.

■ In a preliminary 'historical sketch of the Question of the Salvation of Deceased Infants,' by Dr. Anderson, it is stated that 'when, fifty years ago, Common Sense, warming into life out of its dreadful torpidity, began to vindicate the character of God, the rights of Christ, and the feelings of humanity, it

was with hesitancy and bated breath, and amid suspicions of their soundness in the faith, that a few voices were heard suggesting the *possibility* that all who die in infancy are saved.' But more than twice fifty years ago, it was taught distinctly by a writer of whom Dr. Anderson knows nothing, that all infants, not only those of Christian people, but those also of all heathen nations, go to heaven as a matter of course, and without any reservation. 'Be it known,' he said, 'that every infant, wheresoever he is born,—whether within the Church or out of it, whether of pious parents or of wicked parents, is received by the Lord when he dies, and is educated in heaven.' 'As soon as infants are raised from the dead, which takes place immediately after their decease, they are carried up into heaven, and delivered to the care of angels of the female sex, who in the life of the body loved infants tenderly and at the same time loved God.' 'When infants die, they are still infants in the other life. They possess the same infantile mind, the same innocence in ignorance, and the same tenderness in all things. They are only in rudimental states introductory to the angelic, for infants are not angels, but become angels. Every one, on his decease, is in a similar state of life to that in which he was in the world, an infant in a state of infancy, a boy in a state of boyhood, and a youth, a man, or an old man, in the state of youth, of manhood, or of age; but the state of every one is afterwards changed. The state of infants excels that of all others, because they are in innocence, and evil is not yet rooted in them by actual life, for innocence is of such a nature, that all things of heaven may be implanted in it, because innocence is the receptacle of the truth of faith and of the goodness of love.' Such were the declarations of one whom the world insists on treating as a mystic and a dreamer, whilst in this, as in so many other points, it is gradually adopting the doctrines that he taught.

Of the rest of the volume for which we are indebted to Mr. Logan, we can speak with very great satisfaction. We do not suspect that there is anywhere such a collection of poetic pieces motivated by the death of children, as he gives us here. Even very commonplace versifiers, when they write about children from whom they are parted by death, rise above themselves, and pro-

duce what cannot be read without emotion, sometimes not even without tears. And besides a large number of verses by such writers, we have here some by several of the best English poets of our age. So that, on the whole, the book is one that every reader should be eager to obtain and thankful to possess.

Studies for Sunday Evening. By Lord Kinloch. Pp. 336. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

'WHAT is contained in the following pages,' says the author in his preface, 'is a portion of the thoughts which have been written down by me in connection with my perusal of the Holy Scriptures. In the statement of these thoughts is expressed my reading of God's Testimony, on some topics of general interest. I now venture to present these Scripture studies, in the hope of still further illustrating the entire harmony of Evangelical doctrine with sound practical reason.'

Thirty-four discourses on topics indicated by as many texts of Scripture, are included in this handsomely-printed volume. Amongst the topics are 'The Conversion of Nicodemus,' 'Inconsiderateness,' 'Christ's Presence,' 'A Sermon Stopped,' 'Possessing the Sins of Youth,' 'Saved by Faith,' 'The Purpose of Election,' 'Christian Reserve,' 'The One Mediator,' 'The Necessity of Miracles,' 'Ministering Spirits,' 'The Joy of Forgiveness,' 'The Law of the Sabbath,' 'The Resurrection of the Body.' On the subject last-named, Lord Kinloch has not advanced beyond the dogma, fast growing obsolete, of a material resurrection. Throughout the series of discourses, he thoughtfully and calmly deals with great questions of life and Scripture, from an 'Evangelical' standpoint. That his book has been received not without favour, is shown by its having reached a second edition.

Hints on Worship; What it may, or should, and must be. Thirty-two Questions for the Consideration of Ministers and Leaders of Evangelical Christian Worship. Proposed by Carey Tysoe. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Mr. Tysoe's questions would seem to point to a division of public worship into two parts; one for the miscellaneous congregation, and

the real devoted, deep-hearted Christian members. He seems to think it wrong for the latter class to sing hymns and offer prayers suited to their own states in the presence of persons who could not join in uttering such words with sincerity. At present, the onus of discrimination in this matter is thrown on every person in the congregation: each for himself is required to judge how far he can honestly take the given words upon his tongue, and if he thoughtlessly or intentionally plays the hypocrite, he does so at his own peril. Mr. Tysoe, it seems, would relieve him in many cases from this duty, and would shut him out, we suppose, even as a spectator, from all such acts of worship as he could not sincerely adopt as his own. We should then have an exoteric and an esoteric service, and the only exercises of public worship open to undecided persons would be such mere general and vague expressions of praise and supplication as all persons might be supposed equally able to participate in. But Mr. Tysoe seems to forget that every act of public Christian worship presupposes itself performed by genuine Christian people in some stage of their religious life, whether initial or more advanced; that praise and prayer from the lips of others must of course be devoid of the essence of true Christian worship, and must be, therefore, either a meant hypocrisy or a mistake. But between those who can and those who cannot rightfully join in worship, who is to judge? Who, indeed, can judge, except each heart for itself? What man shall say to another, you have no right to worship? Or shall dare to pronounce impossible the sudden acquiring of such a right, even in the case of the worst? And so the onus of discrimination is left, and, as it seems to us, is rightly left, upon the conscience of each person present, whether and to what extent he will sing the words of hymns, or will join in the speaking of prayers and of responses. And the whole full diapason of Christian experience is sounded, that there may be due expression for all.

Devout Moments Expressed in Verse; a Selection from Time's Treasure.

By Lord Kinlock. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

FIFTY-two poetical pieces on religious topics, in something of the manner of George Herbert.

The Drink we Consume: A Reply to the Fallacies of Dr. Inman. By Henry Munroe. M.D., F.L.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Histology at the Hull and East Riding School of Medicine, &c. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row. Manchester: Alliance Office, 41, John Dalton-street.

THE learned doctor who assails the fallacies of Dr. Inman in this tract, adopts as his motto the truly heathen saying, 'Si vult mundus decipi, decipiatur;' but sets himself in a right Christian opposition to it, by endeavouring in his pamphlet to disabuse the world of the delusions practised upon it by the advocates of alcohol, the doctors' friend. All that Dr. Munroe does in this field deserves the gratitude of the temperance reformer. We desire for this tract a wide circulation.

The Best, Cheapest, and Most Delicious Food, and How to Cook it. Adapted to the Wants of Society consequent on the Present High Price of Butcher's Meat. London: J. Burns, Progressive Library, 1, Wellington Road, Camberwell.

CONTAINS recipes for making bread without fermentation or baking powder; and for constructing really wholesome pie crusts and puddings. Professes to teach also how to preserve fruit with half the cost of the sugar at present used; and to give novel directions for cooking vegetables, and preparing wholesome, substantial, elegant, and economical dietary, with the least possible quantity of animal food. In an appendix are some valuable suggestions as to washing and cleaning, beverages, cordials, medicines, &c.

Ellerslie House; or, Stick to Your Principles. A Book for Boys. By Emma Leslie. Pp. 216. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

IN this story the author has designed to illustrate and enforce the necessity of a firm resistance to wrong-doing, and the exercise of moral courage in abiding by a conscientious discharge of duty, in spite of the opposition of others.

This design she has very well accomplished. No ordinary boy could withhold himself from reading the tale if it were placed in his hands; and he must be an extraordinary boy indeed, who could remain altogether unimpressed by its lessons of honest and manly piety.

Faithful Bessie. By the author of 'Dick and His Donkey.'

Harry Elliott; or, Begin and End with God. By the author of 'Dick and His Donkey.' London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A COUPLE of short stories, forming part of Mr. Partridge's threepenny series. They have a religious cast, and are nicely told.

Ernest Clarke's Fall; or, Lead Us Not Into Temptation. By Nelsie Brook. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

ANOTHER of the earnest, well-told temperance tales of an author long and favourably known to the readers of 'Meliora.' It is especially adapted for the warning of parents who send their children to fetch drink from public-houses.

The Little Captain. A Temperance Tale. By Lynde Palmer. Pp. 128. London: W. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE original issue of this tale was by the American Tract Society, and it is very American in its leading features. It is the story of a husband and father, who was made utterly undeserving of those high titles by what is called the use of intoxicating drinks. It tells of the misery that befel his wife and family, and the premature death that overtook two of his children; it tells also of his restoration, and forms, altogether, an affecting plea for total abstinence from alcoholic beverages.

The Industrial and Reformatory Treatment of Criminals. By Wm. Tallack, Secretary of the Howard Association.

ADVOCATES a greatly increased resort to economic industrial occupation in prisons; the disuse of non-productive punishments; the substitution of lengthened reformatory training in lieu of repeated short sentences on old offenders; a systematic permission to poor persons to pay fines by instalments in the case of petty offences; and a provision for the gradual relaxation, rather than sudden termination, of ordinary imprisonments in the county and borough gaols. It is a reprint from the 'Friend's Examiner.'

About Glass Houses and Stone Throwing. Free Speech by a Free Church Bishop, on Reforming Wisely Within in Order

to Working Well Without. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A TRACT in which the writer recommends a system of united efforts by several 'churches' or religious societies in a district making it their common work to evangelise and instruct all accessible persons in their neighbourhood; in connection with this, and in order to it, a co-working of ministers for and with each other; and in not a few instances an increase of strength in 'churches' by a diminution of their number, and by having in their union a minister more than the number of their churches, to secure greater freshness and variety of instruction, and enable ministers to go about and publish salvation in the region around them.

The Medical Mirror: An Organ of Independent Medical Opinion: A London Monthly Magazine of Reviews, Current Medical Literature, Politics, and News. London: H. K. Lewis, 130, Gower-street.

THE number for June, now before us, contains, with other articles, one by Dr. Munroe, of Hull, on Alcohol Not Food, in reply to statements by Dr. Thudichum, in a paper read before a Sub-Committee of the Society of Arts. Those who have met with Dr. Thudichum's curious attempt to prove that alcohol is food, will be glad to have so complete an answer as Dr. Munroe here supplies.

Penny Poem. By Owen Howell. London: F. Pitman, Paternoster Row.

THE author of these poems writes more correctly but less originally than of old; he has gained in mastery of rhythm and metre, but he has lost in individuality of style. If he can push on still further and prove himself able to be as original as, whilst more correct and polished than, before, if he can escape the bondage into which an improved acquaintance with what others have written has introduced him, he will win for himself a place amongst the true poets; but not otherwise.

Revelation by Look; and other Essays. By the author of 'What my Thoughts Are,' &c. Pp. 114. London: Jarrold and Sons.

HALF-A-DOZEN thoughtful earnest essays by one who has learned much in the school of Christian experience, and who is not accord in all points of view, but there is much to be learned from them.

them. Their titles are *Revelation*, by Look; *A Divided Worship*; *Contentment*; *A Thrilling Life Story*; *A Right Judgment*; and the *Mystery of Pain*. The 'Life Story' is not told, but it is commented on, and is that of the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton.

The Purchase System in the British Army. By Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, K.C.B. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

At a future opportunity we must notice at some length this important pamphlet, recently issued by Sir Charles Trevelyan. It is a republication of a series of five letters which originally appeared in the *Daily News*. Having conducted the military correspondence of the *Treasury*, and superintended the Commissariat for many years, Sir Charles has had peculiar advantages for considering the subject; and in this pamphlet he gives us the results of his long observation and careful reflection. Sir Charles protests most strongly against the existing recruiting system, with its debauching public-house concomitants, and the evidence he adduces is so important, that we shall feel bound to revert to it at the very next opportunity.

The Church of England Temperance Magazine; a Monthly Journal of Intelligence. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 54, Fleet-street; and S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

THE June number contains an admirable portrait of Neal Dow, 'the father of the Maine Law'; and some pages are occupied with a memoir of the same

distinguished philanthropist. 'The Church of England Temperance Magazine' is doing an important work amongst a class of persons difficult to reach by other instrumentalities.

The Sin of Bribery. A Sermon preached in High-street Chapel, Lancaster, December 16th, 1866. By Elvery Dothio, B.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A PLAIN, out-spoken, honest sermon, which must have made the ears of the Lancastrians tingle.

What is Teetotalism? By H. F. H. J. London: Job Caudwell, 335, Strand. A USEFUL two-page tract.

Weekly Communion: A Privilege and Duty. By Charles Morgan, Baptist Minister, Jarrow. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

The Class and the Desk: A Manual for Teachers, being Notes of Preparation for the Sunday School. Part X. London: James Sangster, 10, La Belle Sauvage Yard.

The Scattered Nation. A Monthly Magazine, edited by C. Schwartz, D.D. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Baptist Magazine. Monthly.—London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Laboratory: A Weekly Record of Scientific Research. London: James Firth, 42a, Cannon-street.

Meliora.

LONDON.

1. *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. Edited, with a Translation, by Benjamin Thorpe. London. 1861.
2. *Munimenta Guildhallæ Londiniensis: Liber Albus, Liber Custumarum, et Liber Horn*. Edited by H. T. Riley. 4 vols. London. 1859.
3. *A Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*. By John Stow. 1598. Corrected, &c., by the Rev. J. Strype. In 14 books. London. 1720.
4. *The History of London*. By W. Maitland, F.R.S. London. 1739.
5. *A New Complete Guide to the various Persons who have any Trade or Concern in the City of London and Parts Adjacent*. Sixteenth Edition. London. 1783.
6. *The History and Antiquities of London, &c.* By T. Allen. 4 vols. London. 1829.
7. *London*. Edited by C. Knight. Six books. London. 1841.
8. *Modern London*. By Peter Cunningham. (Murray's Handbook.) 1851.
9. *Curiosities of London*. By John Timbs, F.S.A. London. 1855.
10. *The Post-office London Directory*. 1867.
11. *The Registrar-General's Summary of Weekly Returns of Births, Deaths, and Causes of Death in 1866*. London. 1867.
12. *A Statistical Vindication of the City of London*. By B. Scott, F.R.A.S. (City Chamberlain.) London. 1867.

GREAT cities, like great men, seem predestined to fictitious genealogies. London is no exception to this rule. It cannot be absolutely determined—nor would it matter anything if it could—whether the Trinobantes or some earlier

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tribe were the first to build mud huts and to launch fishing-boats where London Bridge now spans the Thames. If they were, it is certain that they had neither day dreams nor night visions of a city that should hereafter cover their woods and marshes, and bear away the palm of commerce from Tyre, of population from Babylon, of culture from Athens, and of opulence from Rome—all places of which (except, by rumour, of the last) the wood-stained Britons had never heard. But Romance disdained so mean an origin for so mighty a metropolis; and some legend-loving chronicler—be he Tyssilio of St. Asaph, or Geoffrey of Monmouth, or a nameless Breton—animated less by love of London as the capital of Saxon England than by a wish to magnify his ancient British kinsmen, elaborated the story of a New Troy founded by Brutus, grandson of Æneas, and embracing a gorgeous collection of temples, towers, and bulwarks, a thousand years before Cæsar crossed the Straits. It will scarcely be credited that this fiction helped to confirm, if it did not create, the notion of a municipal sovereignty, an *imperium in imperio*, inherent in London—a notion said to have been recognised down to the middle of the last century by the law advisers of the Crown. But this relic of romance, long conserved in legal amber, has now gone the way of John Doe and Richard Roe, although our children's children may witness the symbolic ceremony of closing against a new Sovereign the gates of Temple Bar till the Lord Mayor has officially surrendered the City sword. How startled would have been 'Great Julius' had he been informed on his return to Gaul, after his second invasion of Britain, that, though routing Cassivellaunus south of the Thames (B.C. 54), he had failed to discover a city close at hand, hoarier with years than the Capitol itself. To his visit, however, was indirectly owing the rise of London, which probably occurred when the Emperor Claudius, advancing to the support of his lieutenant, Aulus Plautius, crossed the Thames (A.D. 44), and received the submission of the surrounding tribes. So eligible a situation for trade would not escape observation, even if no British town previously existed. An open market would attract residents from the inland districts and from beyond the sea; and when Queen Boadicea was raising the eastern and midland tribes (A.D. 61), the settlement had become of sufficient importance to induce the Roman general, Paulinus Suetonius, to hasten by forced marches from the Isle of Anglesea to its relief. It is in connection with this expedition that we meet with the first historical allusion to London—in fact, with the first mention of its name—and Tacitus is the narrator. His words are: 'Now,

Suetonius proceeded with surprising resolution through the enemy's midst to London, a place not indeed distinguished by the title of a colony, but greatly noted for the number of its traders and the abundance of its merchandise.* In these pregnant lines London breaks upon our view. It was not a *municipium*, like Verulanium (St. Albans), nor a *colonia*, like Camulodunum (Colchester), but it was so valuable as a commercial settlement, and perhaps as a *dépôt* of military stores, that the Roman commander hazarded a march across the island to save it from the insurgent natives. But its defence was too great a task for his small army of ten thousand men; hence we may conclude that it was unwallled and very inadequately entrenched, and no option was left the settlers than that of accompanying Suetonius in his retreat or of awaiting the infuriated Britons. Like Colchester and St. Albans, it was ravaged by the enemy, but the speedy and decisive triumph of the Roman arms led to its re-occupancy and restoration.† Marcellinus Ammianus, who wrote towards the close of the fourth century, refers to it as 'an old town which a later age has called Augusta.'‡ It is a disputed point whether its stone wall was erected by Constantine the Great or by Theodosius, the Roman general, so celebrated for the works of defence he raised throughout Britain about A.D. 367. Sixty years later the Romans withdrew their garrisons from the island. Numerous fragmentary remains of London as a Roman town have attested the luxury and elegance in which the richer inhabitants could indulge. Surveying it at that period, our eye would have rested on the lake-like river, strongly embanked on the north side, with its fleet of merchantmen, loading and unloading; the market place, where traders of many dialects collected; the palace and prætorium of the Prefect; the principal Christian Church, occupying the site of the present St. Paul's; the 'milliarum' (milestone),

* 'At Suetonius mira constantia medios inter hostes Londinium perrexit, cognomento quidem colonie non insigne, sed copia negotiatorum et commeatuum maxime celebre' (Annales xiv., 33). The term 'commeatuum' has given trouble to the translators, some of whom consider it to signify 'ships conveying cargoes,' others 'provisions in general.' The name 'Londinium' had probably a British lineage. *Llyn-din*, 'lake-town,' and *Lhong-din*, 'ship-town,' are the two most plausible derivations that have been suggested, and either would easily be Latinised into 'Londinium.' The Thames, no doubt, then offered the appearance of a lake, covering the present Lambeth; but the second etymology carries with it, in our opinion, the greater weight.

† This field of victory is traditionally placed at Battle Bridge, at the foot of Pentonville Hill, on the slope of which (now a thickly-populated part of modern London) Suetonius may have pitched his camp. This locality would be well adapted for that general's strategy, as described by Tacitus.

‡ *Lundinium vetus oppidum quod Augustam posteritas appellavit* (Hist. Brit. i. 12).

from which the distances along the great roads of Watling-street and Hermin-street were reckoned; * and the wall of stone, in the form of an irregular bow, measuring two miles and a furlong, having a fort at either end, and barbicans (detached forts) at intervals along the arch. The river, which formed the chord of this bow-wall, is also believed to have been defended by a line of masonry a mile in length. The ground level of the whole town was 20 feet below the present surface. Several cemeteries were laid out beyond the walls—a sanitary example which, with all our boasted civilisation, we have only lately begun to profit by and practise.

The Anglo-Saxon invasions brought the fortunes of London to so low an ebb that for nearly two centuries it was lost to sight; and when the historic light again dawns on 'the city of ships,' the old inhabitants have been expelled, or have merged in the semi-barbarous conquerors who acknowledge the rule of Sebert, king of the East Saxons, nephew and tributary to Ethelbert, king of Kent. Sebert, like his kinsman, had received Christian baptism, and to him is ascribed the building (about A.D. 610) of a church in London dedicated to St. Paul, the East Minster, and another, the West Minster, dedicated to St. Peter, on Thorney Island, where the Abbey now stands. Thomas of Elmham states, however, that the Londoners 'delighted in obeying rather their Pagan priests' (*idolatriæ magis pontificibus servire gaudentes*), so that they refused to receive Mellitus as their bishop.† But for this leaven of idolatry London might have become the archiepiscopal see of England, as Pope Gregory at first desired. Subsequently its Christianity became more definite, and its commerce more extended; and the Venerable Bede alludes to it (783) as a principal place of traffic among the Saxon States. But the Northmen (Danes and Norwegians) had now begun harrying the Saxons as the Saxons had harried the Britons, and the Saxon Chronicle teems with notes of butcherings and burnings wherever the Northmen's ships and armies could force their way. Twice was London sacked by them (839 and 872); but Alfred rebuilt it—'rendered it habitable' (*habitabilem fecit*), says one old writer, with deep retrospective significance; and to the same great king is ascribed its municipal institutions and the growth of its mercantile navy. Its disasters, however, were heavy. A great fever produced a great mortality in 962, and St. Paul's Monastery was burnt,

* This genuine curiosity (or, rather, the remnant of it) is embedded in the wall of St. Swithin's Church, facing Cannon-street, near the South-Eastern Railway Cannon-street Station.

† *Historiæ Monasterii St. Augustini Cantuariensis*, p. 144.

but 'in the same year was again founded.' In 982 occurs the notice—'London was burnt'—a report as concisely suggestive as Cæsar's celebrated despatch. Again, in 994, Olaf, king of Norway, and Svein (Sweyn), king of Denmark, came against it with 94 ships, 'but they there sustained more harm and evil than they ever conceived that any townsmen could do.' The burghers for a time kept out the burglars. But the latter were busier than ever in 1009. 'And they often fought against the town of London, but to God be praise that it yet stands sound, and they there ever found ill.' It was not till Ethelred, then king, deserted the country, and the rest of the land had gone over to Sweyn, that London acknowledged the conqueror. Upon the death of Sweyn, three years after, the citizens shut their gates upon his Danish successor, Cnut (Canute); and when Ethelred died, April 23rd, 1016, 'all the witan that were in London and the townsmen chose Edmund (Ironsides) for king'—a step which proves how rapidly the political influence of London had increased since the time of Sebert. Canute was not disposed to acquiesce in this mark of independence, and sailed up the Thames as high as the present Rotherhithe: there he disembarked his forces, who 'dug a great ditch on the south side, and dragged their ships to the west side of the bridge.' This is the first certain allusion we have to old London Bridge, a wooden edifice which had superseded the more ancient ferry. Canute afterwards 'ditched the town without, so that no one could pass either in or out;' but the citizens 'boldly withstood' all the machinations of the Danes, who, after this repulse, again 'beset the city around, and obstinately fought against it, but God Almighty saved it.' The treaty by which Edmund Ironsides and Canute divided the kingdom put an end to these assaults, and on the death of the former London received Canute as its ruler. A tax was afterwards laid by Canute 'on all the Angle race;' and of the total assessment, £82,500, the proportion charged to London was £10,500—a fair indication, probably, of the comparative wealth of its citizens at that time.* When Edward the Confessor restored the line of Saxon monarchs (1042), London was loudest in the national rejoicings. This goodwill was reciprocated by Edward, who fixed his residence at Westminster, and ordered that the citizens of London should enjoy a weekly 'hustings' (court of justice held under cover), and also that any serf or villain remaining a year in London unclaimed by his lord should ever remain free in that city—a privilege which is said to have given London the title

* For the proportion of the property-tax assessment of London and the United Kingdom, see page 217.

of 'the free chamber of England,' and must have invested it with a peculiar dignity in the eyes of the unenfranchised population. London sided with the King in his quarrel with the haughty Earl Godwin, but none the less did it support the succession of Harold, upon whose defeat and death at Hastings (1066) it both shut its gates against the Conqueror and raised Edgar Ætheling (Edmund Ironsides's grandson) to the throne. After the siege had been conducted for some months, the weakness of Edgar's character became apparent, and, insinuatory overtures having been received from William, the citizens submitted to him—the Saxon Chronicle frankly owns, 'from necessity.' London was henceforward recognised, instead of Winchester, as the metropolis of the land. In the course of the six centuries that had passed since it was deserted by the Roman legions, it had been re-cast, and, indeed, re-born. It was now Saxon to the core. Its churches, streets, and marts had multiplied, though we are not to suppose that all the space within the walls was even loosely occupied. The wall was substantially the same. A straggling western suburb outside Ludgate reached to St. Clement-le-Danes, the church and burial-place of Danish settlers, and an eastern soke (or ward) outside Aldgate bore the name of Portsoken. Farther east were the Essex marshes and forests; immediately north were the great fens (afterwards called Finsbury); away on the north-west and west stretched the woods where the wild boar turned to bay against the hunter. The houses of the burgesses were not destitute of a rude sort of comfort, but they were fragile and inflammable, constructed of wood, with thatched roofs, and without glass windows or chimneys; and there is reason to fear that, in losing the Romans as its masters, the sanitary state of the city had altered for the worse. Across the river was Southwark—the south-work raised by the Danes—giving its name to a village fated to be burnt and rebuilt several times over, and deriving all its importance from its proximity to the timber bridge which spanned the river, considerably eastward of its present situation. The chief officer of the city was the Portgrave (softened into Portreve), who was appointed by the King, but whose authority was tempered by the liberties of the citizens at large.

The fortunes of London during the next 600 years (1066—1666), from the Battle of Hastings to the Great Fire, were memorable for its own sake and the nation's. There is no date to the charter granted by the Conqueror, but, according to an ancient and not improbable tradition, it was due to the good offices of the beloved bishop, William. It ran thus: 'William

king greeteth William bishop, and Godfrey portreve, and all the burgesses within London, French and English, friendly. And I let you know that I will that ye be all worthy of that law which ye were in Edward's day, the king. And I will that each child be his father's heir after his father's day. And I will not suffer that any man offer you any wrong. God you preserve.' Under these terms London remained exempt from baronial jurisdiction, and its citizens were permitted as free-men to transmit to their children the property they had derived from their sires, or of which they had themselves become possessed.* The irregular succession of Henry I. (1100) was favoured by the Londoners, and, in return for their support, a charter was granted allowing them to choose a sheriff (*vicecomes*) from among themselves; also their justiciaries, with this important addition, 'that there shall be no other justiciary over the same men of London' (*ad quod nullus erit justiciarius super ipsos homines Londiniarum*). It further declared that the citizens should be exempt from scot and lot, danegelt, and other taxes; that there should be no free-quartering on their houses, not even by the King's servants; with other concessions so conducive to civic independence that we can understand the value placed upon this royal deed, which served as a model of succeeding charters. The title of mayor, instead of bailiff, which had superseded that of portreve, is believed to have been first conferred by Richard I. upon his favourite, Walter Fitz-Alwyn, who was chief magistrate of the City for twenty-five successive years (1189—1213); and a great step in advance was taken when John by a charter, in his 15th year (1215), empowered the citizens to elect their own sheriffs (not merely one, as before), and the 'barones'—possibly the chief landed proprietors—to elect a mayor from among themselves every year (*elegant sibi majorem de seipsis singulis annis*). This right was at length devolved on the liverymen (*i.e.*, members of guilds), in such a way that they should name two aldermen who had served the office of sheriff, the board of aldermen having the power of electing either of the two so named. It is a rule seldom departed from that the candidate next in seniority to the mayor *de facto* should be selected. The origin of the title of 'Lord Mayor' is referred by Maitland to 1354, as

* The supposed original of this charter is preserved among the archives of the City. It is written not in Norman-French, but in Saxon, on a slip of parchment six inches long and one broad; and the seal, of white wax, has become broken, but the pieces are treasured in a silk bag. May not a companion or original charter have been issued, of which the Saxon fellow or version would be jealously guarded? The Latin and Old English translations differ slightly from the Guildhall MS.

arising out of the royal permission then granted that the City mace might be of gold or silver, no other corporation being allowed to form its mace of more valuable metal than copper.* It is possible that the charter of Edward III. (1328), which assigned Southwark to the City may have encouraged, if it did not suggest, the assumption of this title. The mediæval mayors of London exercised very extensive powers; and even when these powers were overstepped—as in the case of Andrew Aubrey, who put some rioters to death—a king like Edward could be found to condone and applaud this excess of magisterial authority. The sheriffs were regarded as the eyes of the mayor, the recorder as his mouth, and the whole *posse civitatis* as his members to carry out his behests on occasions of exigency and peril.† The office of chamberlain (*camerarius*) seems to have been separated from that of mayor early in the reign of Edward I. The recordership dates from 1298. The aldermen, who represented the various city wards in 1242, were afterwards chosen by the guilds, till the former mode of election was restored in 1384; and in 1395, by the 17 Richard II., c. 11, it was enacted that they should hold office for life during good behaviour. The commonalty, comprising the great body of freemen, were accustomed to hold their *folksmotes* at the east end of St. Paul's, to which they were summoned by the great bell of the cathedral; but in 1202, says Fabian, thirty-five discreet men were chosen as their executive representatives, and in due time those councillors were elected by the wards, under the proviso that not more than eight councillors should belong to one guild. Considerable obscurity rests on the relations anciently existing between the sokes, wards, and guilds. The sokes were districts under the jurisdiction of some prelate, noble, knight, or wealthy burgher; but such jurisdiction must have been subordinate to the general municipal law. The sokes were probably converted into wards, and the rights of the old proprietors bought up. The guilds were trading companies, whose members wore distinctive uniforms or liveries; hence the term 'liverymen' as applied to their members. The

* The theory which connects this title with a grant to the city of the Manor of Finsbury by Richard II. on account of Sir W. Walworth's attack on Wat Tyler, places the adoption too late. Besides, the Manor of Finsbury was not given by Richard II., but leased by the City in 1215 from the chapter of St. Paul's, at a yearly rent of 20s. The falling in of the lease in the December of this year (1867) will add to the revenue of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners (who inherit the rights of the chapter) an income of about £40,000 per annum.

† The 'eyes,' however, were not allowed to take liberties with impunity, and a sheriff was once fined by a mayor for kneeling too close to him in St. Paul's. Those were the days when prerogative of every sort greatly exalted its horn.

guilds first incorporated were the goldsmiths and skinnners (1327), though the goldsmiths are known to have existed in 1180. The Guildhall was built in 1414, as their general place of meeting, but thirty-nine out of eighty-six companies have also halls of their own. There are twelve companies that bear the name of 'great,' but it is an error to suppose that the Lord Mayor must belong to one of these. During the six centuries at which we are now glancing, the municipal freedom of London was sustained with tolerable regularity, and, though partially suspended by several monarchs, the entire municipal system seldom got out of gear. Damages inflicted by royal hands were generally made good by the same, though it was sometimes with 'a great sum' that the City secured restitution and confirmation of its chartered rights.* It is much to be feared that the private rights of the citizens were not always respected by their official guardians. Men of Norman descent long formed the ruling class of the corporation, and the humbler freemen often received scant justice from their superiors in wealth and social rank. One remarkable protest against this oppression was offered by Fitz-Osbert, surnamed 'Longbeard,' a citizen of eminence, who defended the poorer citizens in courts of law, and roused them to combined resistance. The story reads like a leaf from the struggles of the Roman plebs against the patrician order. Fitz-Osbert's memory, like that of the Gracchi, has been aspersed, but the purity of his motives can hardly be denied. He perished, at last, a victim to popular fickleness and official revenge (1196). Among the public demonstrations of a political nature which marked this period of 600 years may be reckoned the rapacious welcome given to Matilda, or Maud, the bride of Henry I., and descendant of the Saxon kings; but this affection was not transferred to her daughter and namesake, whose imperious conduct strengthened the sympathy of the citizens for her rival, Stephen. When John intrigued against his absent brother, Richard, the loyalty of the City conduced to his detection and exile; and after he came to the throne the coalition of the barons was so powerfully espoused by the Londoners that John was compelled to sign Magna Charta, which, in addition to all its other provisions, guaranteed 'the liberties and free customs of all cities, ports, and boroughs.' When this civil war was resumed, London became the head-

* The charters from William I. to Charles II., inclusive, numbered forty-four in all, about fifteen of which were of special importance. The City's incorporated rights were suspended, in whole or part, by Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II. The arbitrary conduct of Charles I. in 1649 was the last of these royal abuses.

quarters of the constitutional movement; and fifty years later its attachment to the same cause was proved by its support of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Loud was its joy when the Battle of Lewes (1264) compelled Henry III. to issue writs for the attendance in the National Parliament of two knights from each shire, and two citizens or burgesses from each city or borough. London was, no doubt, represented in that Parliament (Jan., 1265); but the fatal field of Evesham clouded these prospects of liberty, and brought on the citizens the vengeance of the victor, who did not restore its liberties till a fine of 20,000 marks had been discharged. In the archives of the City is the writ (dated Dec. 29th, 1299,) in which Edward I. salutes the sheriffs, and commands the election of two representatives in the next Parliament, to consult upon the safety of the kingdom. This mandate was obeyed, though the King's chief object was to raise money for his war.* The hostility of London towards Edward II. assisted to effect his deposition. Splendid above all precedent was the reception awarded to the Black Prince after the Battle of Poitiers (1357), when the streets shone with beauty and were odorous with flowers, and when the Lord Mayor entertained at one table the Kings of England, Cyprus, Scotland, and France—the last two monarchs prisoners of war. Some time after this a serious quarrel arose between John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and the citizens, occasioned by some warm expressions of the Duke when he appeared in St. Paul's to support John Wycliffe, the Reformer, who had been cited by the Bishop of London. The words of the Duke were construed into a threat against the Bishop's life, and riots followed, in the course of which the Palace of the Savoy, where John of Gaunt resided, was burnt down. This breach was apparently healed when Richard II. began to reign (1377), but the Londoners were long prejudiced against the doctrines of Wycliffe, which they associated with the high-handed bearing of the Duke. The anti-poll-tax insurrection, headed by Wat Tyler (*i.e.*, Walter the tiler, or bricklayer), Jack Straw, and others, jeopardised the safety not only of the metropolis, but of the State; and to Sir William Walworth, the Mayor, and the young King belong the credit of cutting this gordian knot; the one by his attack on Tyler, and the other by his promptness in offering to supply the place of the fallen leader. Richard, as he grew up, took to himself unworthy favourites,

* Three members were elected to serve in the Parliament of 1305; in 1314, four; in 1327, six, 'but only two to serve'; in 1358, four. From 1377 to the present day four members have always been returned. No other borough constituency has ever sent more than two members.

the league against whom was joined by the City. For a time the King triumphed, and the citizens had to advance him £10,000 before he would be reconciled. The royal progress from Southwark to Westminster which sealed this reconciliation was described in a Latin poem by Richard de Maidstone, who forgot to allude to the price that was paid for it. Another and different spectacle was offered when Henry, Duke of Lancaster, entered the city with the captive monarch, whom he was soon to supersede.* Henry IV. increased his popularity by making the Londoners sole judges of their own magistrates' conduct when impeached, and it is painful to confess that they took no umbrage at the fiery persecution to which the followers of Wycliffe were exposed. A grand reception was awarded Henry V. after Agincourt, and warmly was the boy-king, Henry VI., welcomed in 1431; but serious troubles were ahead. The rebellion of Jack Cade (1450) brought the City to the verge of ruin, and it is impossible to calculate the consequences had the memorable fight on London Bridge between the citizens and Jack Cade's followers gone against the former. In the wars of the Roses London inclined to the Yorkists, but the usurpation of Richard III. was coldly received, and the victor of Bosworth field was enthusiastically hailed. The temper of Henry VII. was cold, and his 'benevolences' burdensome; but both King and citizens united in the defence of the capital against the Cornishmen who threatened to ravage it because of the royal exactions. The doctrines of the Reformation made progress in London during the reign of Edward IV.; but the ill-starred attempt to place Lady Jane Grey upon the throne was not aided by the citizens, on whose support Queen Mary confidently threw herself with signal success. Her Spanish match was not popular; yet the City gates were shut upon Sir Thomas Wyatt, who then beheld the failure of his insurrection. But Mary's melancholy reign prepared the citizens to hail the advent of her successor, who was proclaimed Nov. 17, 1558. She was escorted, two days after, with great pomp, through the streets to the Tower, amidst shouts and rejoicing, which were renewed when she journeyed from the Tower to Westminster to be crowned. Though Elizabeth did not grant any new charter to the City, she respected those that were in force; and when the descent of the Spanish Armada was dreaded, a force of 10,000 men was equipped, officered, and paid by the authorities, the majority of them being detailed as a special guard of the

* See the vivid description in Shakespeare's 'Richard II.,' act 1. scene 2, commencing, 'While all tongues cried, God save thee, Bolingbroke.'

Queen. A fleet of war vessels was also raised for the defence of the Thames. The Earl of Essex, who relied in vain upon the Londoners for help in his infatuated rising, was executed Feb. 25, 1601, and two years later Queen Elizabeth expired. James I. was well received by the City, and among the various acts which increased his popularity was a grant to the corporation of various forfeited lands in Ulster, which are still retained under the name of the Irish Estates. The decorous and devotional character of Charles I. might have commended him to the admiration of the Londoners, but his ill-judged favouritism and attempts to raise money without Parliamentary sanction rendered his policy odious, and so warmly did the City second the House of Commons in its resistance to the King that it literally became a 'city of refuge' to the six members whom Charles unavailingly commanded to be given up. When the misguided King appealed to arms, London quickly answered the summons of the Parliament. A contrary decision might have changed the whole issue of the Civil War, and delayed for centuries the triumph of Constitutional liberty in England. A brigade of 8,000 men was raised for action; money was freely contributed for the public service; and when the King's forces approached the capital a levy of the able-bodied men was made, reinforced by many female volunteers, who worked day and night, by relays, in throwing up entrenchments for miles outside the walls in every defensible position. The assumption of the Protectorate by Cromwell was approved by the great body of the citizens (1654), and London reaped the benefit of that strong government which for four years the country enjoyed, until Oliver's death threw all political affairs into confusion. When Charles II. was recalled—a measure to which the zeal of the civic authorities greatly contributed—the long-exiled prince was welcomed by the metropolis with tokens of unbounded delight. It was not, however, till three years after his return that he confirmed the City's charters, and in three years more, ancient London itself, with its narrow streets and gable houses, had sunk under a sea of fire.

This dreadful calamity (as it was then deemed) was, in reality, the happy ending of a series of disasters that had for six centuries befallen London at intervals, in the form of pestilence and flame. On the night of the 15th of August, 1077, it was burnt 'so extensively as it never was before since it was founded.' In the autumn of 1087 'the greatest and finest part of the whole city' underwent the same fate, including 'St. Paul's Monastery;' and the chronicler adds that 'at the same time almost every chief town in all England was

burnt.' In 1090 a hurricane threw down hundreds of houses, and the Thames overflowed its banks. In 1092 another fire consumed street upon street, and the next year was one of famine. In 1209 all the buildings on London Bridge, and a large proportion of the City, were burnt, and thousands of people were destroyed. The year 1315 was one of frightful scarcity and panic; and in 1348 the Black Death, which half-depopulated Europe, is estimated to have robbed London of 100,000 lives. An earthquake in 1382 produced general consternation. Another pestilence raged in 1406-7, till it had carried off 40,000 victims; and in 1485 the 'Sweating Sickness' swept away some thousands of persons, including two mayors, several aldermen, and one sheriff. Deep drinkers were said to have been those principally attacked, and recoveries were few. The years 1563, 1569, and 1592 were vexed by visitations of the Eastern plague; and the accession of James I. (1603) was marked by a return of this pestilence, as was the accession of Charles I. (1625). In 1636 it re-appeared, though with diminished virulence, till the outbreak of 1665, called by pre-eminence 'the Great Plague,' carried devastation through the capital.* Next year a fire, which began Sept. 2nd, continued to spread for three whole days, laying waste five-sixths of the City, burning up 13,000 houses and nearly all the churches. About ten millions worth of property was utterly destroyed. The only buildings of note that escaped were the Tower, the Temple Church, and Westminster Abbey. What the brand of the Gauls and the torch of Nero successively did for ancient Rome, the Great Fire did at one swoop for ancient London.

The development which London had undergone in these six centuries cannot be minutely traced. The famous description given by Fitz-Stephen, the secretary and biographer of Thomas à Becket, would have been more valuable had it been less rhetorical. We may gather from it, however, that about the year 1180—a century after the Conquest—the walls and fortifications were in a good condition; the population large and generally well-to-do; the public schools three—St. Paul's,

* The preparation of Bills of Mortality for London was begun in 1592, but was afterwards suspended till 1603-4. In that year 37,294 deaths were registered, of which 30,561 were ascribed to the plague. In 1625, total deaths, 51,738; of plague, 35,417. In 1636, total, 23,357; of plague, 10,400. In 1665, total, 97,306; of plague, 68,546. It is certain that these numbers, especially those that relate to 1665, fall below the reality. In 1626 Westminster was included in the bills, and in 1636 the northern and eastern suburbs. In 1629 two editions were published, one giving the deaths, the other also specifying their causes; but this specification, depending on the opinion of the 'searchers'—mostly ignorant women—was of little value.

Holy Trinity, and St. Martin's; the churches and beneficiary institutions plentiful; many branches of industry prosperous; supplies of food abundant, and a row of public cookshops situated near the Thames; Smithfield (*i.e.*, smooth-field) used as a cattle market, and as a horse fair and racing ground; miracle-plays and other amusements greatly in vogue; summer and winter sports cultivated by the younger men; and hunting and hawking eagerly pursued in the surrounding woods and meadows. He does not omit to tell the world that London had given birth 'to illustrious kings,' and to that 'glorious martyr of Christ,' Thomas à Becket. There were but two blots upon this picture: 'The only pests of London are the inordinate tippling of fools and the frequency of fires.'* Fitz-Stephen did not look at things with the eye of a sanitary reformer, or his enumeration of the 'pests' would have exceeded two. The documents embodied in the '*Liber Albus*' (White Book) and '*Liber Custumarum*' (Book of Customs) render it evident that the social conditions were far from conducive to health and comfort down to the accession of Henry IV. The '*Assize*' of the Mayor, Fitz-Alwyn (1189) has been described as the first Building Act on English record, and this was supplemented by another assize in 1212. It is clear, also, from the *Iter* of Edward II. (1321), which sat for twenty-four weeks at the Tower, to the great annoyance of the citizens, that abuses of every sort had been allowed to accumulate. No complete view of London at any one period between 1200 and 1500 can be offered, but under the most favourable aspect it must have presented an assemblage of narrow streets, interspersed with a few open spaces used as public markets. The footpaths were unpaved, or paved with pebbles only. The kennels were in the middle of the streets. The houses were seldom more than two storeys high, and were built mostly of timber, though party-walls were enjoined by law. The ground storey was eight feet high, and the second, with gable projections, often displayed a prefix or penthouse overhanging the path below. When two of these stood on opposite sides of a street, their occupants might hold easy conversation or fling *billets doux* across. The lower and upper storeys had frequently different owners, and the top storey was then reached by an outer stair. Cellars were often attached to the houses. Roof pipes, where they existed,

* '*Solæ pestes Londoniæ sunt immodicæ stultorum potatio et frequens incendiorum.*' One MS. reads '*putatio*,' instead of '*potatio*,' which would convert the sense into 'immoderate foppishness' or 'immoderate profligacy.' The internal evidence seems to us to accompany the external in favour of '*potatio*' (tippling), which is the ordinary reading.

simply carried the water down upon the footpaths or into the streets. Sewers were to come. Chimneys were rare, and to put out fires a supply of water was sometimes kept in front of the houses; but where its extinction by such means was impossible, the next resource was to get the parish crook and tackle for pulling down the fabric bodily. The cleansing of streets was in the charge of 'scavagers,' who had under them a body of 'rakers;' and on the scavagers also devolved the emptying of private cesspools; the destruction of stray dogs, if not 'genteel;' the impounding of all errant pigs, except those marked as belonging to St. Anthony's Hospital; and bringing to justice butchers who threw their offal into the river. The water-supply was drawn from the Thames, and retailed in cart measures of 1½d. or 2d. each (equal to 9d. and 1s. now), or from conduits, the first and principal of which was laid down in 1231 from Tyburn at its source, near the present Marylebone Lane. Maltsters and brewers were forbidden to use conduit water. Inside the City-walls ran, riverwards, the Langbourne (Long-burn) and Wallbrook, and outside was the Oldbourne, which flowed into the broader Fleet—so called not because of its rapid current, but as an affluent of the Thames. Some of the houses had private wells, and the public ones of St. Clement's, Holywell, and Clerkenwell retained their earlier celebrity, but these were all beyond the City walls. The visitor to mediæval London—such as is drawn in Lydgate's ballad of 'London Lickpenny' (or Lackpenny)—would see a great collection of goods in the markets and open shops—glass windows were little known; and he would soon learn that the price of all eatables and potables was fixed by statute: perhaps he would see a baker or brewer pilloried for some offence against the law. Pursuing his inquiries, he would find that the rate of wages to labourers and artisans was stringently regulated, and that unhappy was the wight convicted of taking more than his legal allowance, according to the season of the year. Foreigners were endured rather than esteemed, though the Hanseatic merchants were permitted to form a guild to govern themselves, and the Flemings were favoured by Edward I. The London merchants begrudged the foreigners such trading monopolies as they enjoyed, though monopoly of one sort or another was then the rule in every branch of trade and commerce. The 'company of merchant adventurers,' which took its humble origin in this period (1296), was one of the first examples of co-operation applied to mercantile pursuits. The Jews, perpetually oppressed, and at times massacred by wholesale, were expelled by Edward I., and not re-admitted till Oliver bore rule. During

the daytime the river presented an animated scene, both above and below bridge; but at nightfall the curfew sounded, the gates were closed, the darkness of the streets was unpierced except by the light of the moon or stars, the alderman of each ward (when he did his duty) set his watch for the night, and unless confusion was caused by some burning house or criminal assault, 'the silent highway' was not wrapped in deeper stillness than the City on its banks. It must be admitted, however, that the police service of London was in a state of chronic inefficiency, and the absence of people able to be robbed, rather than the timidity or paucity of robbers, may have conduced to the midnight quietude of the streets. Mob law repeatedly set the authorities at defiance for days. Even the apprentices raised more than one formidable riot, and the riff-raff of Southwark were a constant nuisance. As late as the reign of Elizabeth the Royal Provost-Marshal was called in for some days to preserve the public peace; and in his 'Fortunes of Nigel,' Sir Walter Scott draws no exaggerated picture of the lawlessness which revelled in such 'sanctuaries' of roguery as Alsatia, lying between Fleet-street and the river. The four principal prisons were Newgate, Ludgate, the Tun (Cornhill), and the Compters (for debtors); but the pillory and stocks were in daily employ. Yet London, with all its drawbacks, was the chief municipality in mediæval Christendom, unless Venice be claimed as an exception. Of the many noble names that star its annals two only can be noticed and dismissed—Sir John Philpot, who fitted out a fleet of cruisers and furnished them with a thousand men-at-arms to put down the Scotch rovers who were ravaging the north-eastern coast, and bravely was the work completed; and Richard Whittington, 'thrice Lord Mayor of London,' whom everybody admired except the brewers, and who was addressed by the author of 'The Libel of English Poetry' (1436) as 'That loode starre and chefe chosen floure.*' The regulations of a sanitary and constabulary nature continued very imperfect down to the time of the Great Fire. The setting of the City watch twice a year was a brilliant pageant, and it was when witnessing this in disguise that bluff Harry VIII. got into a quarrel and was locked up as a brawler, but he took the night's incarceration in good humour. May-day was long kept as a common holiday, and the lifting up of the great May-pole (1660) was one of the signs by which the populace expressed

* The legend of Whittington's cat is variously explained. Coal ships were called cats, and Whittington may have been a great coal merchant; but a more probable suggestion regards 'cat' as a corruption of *achat*, a French term for selling at a profit.

its satisfaction at the restoration of the Stuart line. It took thirty-three years to rebuild London Bridge of stone (1076 to 1209), and the honour of this truly great work is due to Peter, the priest of St. Mary Cole Church, who died three years before its completion. The roadway had soon to be repaired at a heavy cost, but the piers continued firm for six centuries and a half, in spite of the double row of houses that rested upon them. The Tower undoubtedly owed its origin to the Conqueror, though it is doubtful whether the White Tower is correctly referred to him as its founder. Old Westminster Abbey of Edward the Confessor was pulled down to make room for a new one commenced by Henry III., to which Henry VII. added the magnificent chapel which bears his name. Rufus's great dining-hall of the Palace of Westminster was reconstructed by Richard II. The latest Old St. Paul's, a cathedral in the Norman style, was exceedingly picturesque and massive: begun in 1087, it was not finished till 1315, and was seldom in perfectly good repair. The Guildhall became, when built in 1414, the seat of the City government; but no suitable resort of the City merchants was provided till Sir Thomas Gresham, another of London's famous citizens, built the Royal Exchange at his own expense in 1570. The suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII. gave a new aspect to some districts of London; but the hospitals of St. Bartholomew and Christ Church, and other benevolent foundations, more than compensated for the monastic buildings, which had seldom much artistic merit. The same, however, could not be said of the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall (now Whitehall Chapel), designed by Inigo Jones as part of a magnificent structure that should occupy the site of the old palace of Cardinal Wolsey. Somerset House, bearing the name of the Duke Protector who built but never occupied it, became the dower of successive queens till it passed, in the eighteenth century, into the hands of Government, in exchange for Buckingham House. The earliest known map of ancient London was published about 1560, and gives an excellent bird's-eye view of the metropolis. Inside the wall the houses were thickly set, but vacant spaces were not uncommon. The wall, commencing near the Tower, was carried to Aldgate, then to Bishopsgate, thence to Cripplegate, where it turned south, then west to Newgate, south again to Ludgate, and west to the foot of the hill, when it followed the east bank of the Fleet to the river side. Outside the wall the houses were few, and generally scattered. Three windmills were the most conspicuous objects on the site of Finsbury; Saffron Hill and Holborn were in the country;

Fleet-street showed a double row of houses, but the north side of the Strand was open to the fields, and on the south side were the walled houses of the nobility, whose gardens stretched down to the Thames. Charing Cross stood in the midst of a hamlet, and the road to Westminster was through gateways surrounded by the half-decaying buildings of Whitehall. Westminster consisted of a few streets clustered round the Abbey. Across the Thames was Lambeth Palace, with not a hundred other dwelling places within two miles. Southwark presented only a heap of houses near London Bridge, and retained an exceedingly tainted reputation, which the Hospital of St. Thomas, then beginning to thrive, had done but little to redeem. In 1580 the Queen issued a proclamation forbidding the erection of any but superior houses outside the walls. The increase of the population led to excessive crowding, which had brought with it flagrant evils, and the City authorities were ordered to meet without delay to remedy these abuses. This sanitary order does not seem to have been carried out, and the plague, to avert which it was issued, soon after made its entry and swallowed up its prey. It was, undoubtedly, most desirable to abolish the prevalent pestiferous overcrowding, but some of the measures proposed—such as drafting off to decaying boroughs the excess of the City population, and putting a prohibition on the erection of suburban dwellings—give us no exalted idea of the political economy of the age. What the population really amounted to can only be conjectured. It was certainly less than 200,000, since in 1631 the Mayor, Sir Robert Dacey, furnished a return of the men, women, and children in the wards and liberties of the City, which gave a total of 130,268 souls. The political excitement and struggles of the Civil Wars contributed to the increase of London, despite the losses sustained by the plague. If 13,000 houses were swept away by the fire, and if 3,000 other houses escaped the flames, the inhabitants, reckoning ten persons to a house, would number 160,000. The statement of Fitz-Stephen, that in the time of King Stephen—five centuries before the Great Fire—London equipped 20,000 horsemen and 60,000 foot-soldiers, is thus seen to be a pure fable, or to refer to some great military levy which might have assembled near London, but was drawn principally from the surrounding counties. Before the rebuilding of the City, which occupied several years, Sir Christopher Wren submitted a plan that would have made London the handsomest of modern cities. This sketched out several long streets from east to west, intersected by grand oval piazzas, and crossed by lines of streets from north

to south. Mr. John Evelyn's plan was not so bold and original, but far preferable to the one actually carried out. The fallacious design of confining the City within the old walls rendered the authorities adverse to those architectural improvements which would also have conferred incalculable advantages on New London. Even Wren seemed to have no distinct presage of the future extension and magnitude of the metropolis. The renovated City was fated to a fresh complication of narrow thoroughfares, though care was taken to exclude an imitation of the wooden, ill-ventilated houses which the plague had made its den, till it was finally driven out by a still more powerful destroyer. The water-supply of London had been enlarged by the increase of conduits, by works which drew water from the Thames and distributed it in pipes, and lastly, by the New River enterprise of Sir Hugh Middleton, who impoverished himself, but enriched the capital beyond all measure. Water and fire had at last united to purify London, and other sanitary reforms were carried out; yet so partially that the deaths annually were in the proportion of 1 to 20 of the population, whereas now, with all our sanitary shortcomings, they are scarcely 1 to 40. The rebuilding of St. Paul's was not commenced till 1674; the first stone was laid June 21, 1675; divine service was first performed in it Dec. 5, 1697; and not till 1710 did it stand complete in that harmonious majesty which has won for it the admiration of succeeding ages. Its length is 500 feet, its breadth 107 feet, its height 360 feet. Viewed from Hampstead or Sydenham, it is seen towering grandly out of the London mist; or the observer, standing upon some eminence twenty miles away, may catch sight of its gilded cross, the solitary signal of the sea of life that surges unceasingly beneath. The *Quo warranto* issued by Charles II., followed by the resignation of the liberties of the City by a majority of the Common Council (1683), engendered a bitter feeling towards the Stuart dynasty, which the tardy restitution offered by James II. did not allay; and joyfully did the citizens assist and welcome the Revolution of 1688, which procured in 1690 an Act (2 William and Mary, c. 8), declaring the conduct of the late sovereign to have been illegal, and never to be repeated. Commercial enterprise received an impetus by the formation of the Bank of England in 1694. The reign of Anne left a blot upon the fame of London in the Sacheverel riots carried on by the baser sort; but the Hanoverian Succession was strongly upheld by the City fathers, and though they joined in defeating Sir Robert Walpole's Excise Bill of 1733, their attachment to the House of Brunswick continued unabated.

the Stuart rebellions of 1715 and 1745. On the last occasion large sums of money were subscribed, and Volunteer companies raised. At the death of George II. (October, 1760)—less than a century after the Great fire—London had undergone many changes for the better. In connection with the General Post-office system a postal service had been formed for London, by which parcels as well as letters were conveyed for 1d. within a limited radius, and for 2d. within ten miles of the centre. The insecurity of the streets, especially at night, had led to the erection of lamp-posts, which made London the best lighted of European cities. A more active constabulary had also been introduced, and bands of rascals, under the name of 'Mohocks' and other aliases, no longer took possession of the streets at nightfall. Westminster Bridge had been opened in 1750, and the foundations of Blackfriars Bridge laid; the old City wall was levelled, and all the gates pulled down except Temple Bar. The Mansion House was built in 1753, and in that year the British Museum was set up in Montagu House, then open in the rear to Highgate. Yet London had extended on every side, and Maitland dwells fondly on the greatness to which, when he wrote his 'History,' it had attained. He gives, from a personal survey, the number of the streets and houses, with other information, which we throw into a note; and, by an ingenious succession of calculations, he arrives at the conclusion that in 1730 the population was 725,903.* During

* Maitland performed the astonishing feat of counting all the streets and houses within the Bills of Mortality. The parishes were 143, the streets 5,099, the houses 95,978, and he estimated the inhabitants at 725,903. He ridiculed the exaggerated computation of Sir William Petty in 1686, but his concern for the populousness of London was so ardent that he tried elaborately to show that no city, ancient or modern, could compare in that respect with the British metropolis. As the result of his reasoning and arithmetic, he satisfied himself that the population of London (725,903) was in the following ratio to the population of other cities: 5 to 1 of Jerusalem, 5 to 3 of Nineveh, 6 to 4 of Babylon, 4 to 3 of Rome, 7 to 6 of Alexandria, 7 to 5 of Pekin, 5 to 3 of Paris, 7 to 2 of Amsterdam. (He gives the full numbers, which we have stated in ratios.) He underrates the population of Babylon and Rome, probably also of Pekin. His enthusiasm even made him anxious to prove that the deaths annually occurring in London were much understated. For example, the Bills of Mortality of 1729, which gave 29,722 deaths, ought, he says, to be corrected by the addition of 3,033—a total of 32,760, though the christenings for that year were but 17,060. He discovered that 50,528 houses were insured for £11,290,521, their real value being, he estimates, £15,000,000; and, applying the same rule to uninsured houses, he values the house property of London at £28,000,000. Taking the rents, high and low, at an average of £26. 2s. 11d., he finds the annual rental to be £2,500,000, which he reduces to £2,000,000. (These estimates, both of real and annual value, were in excess, but Maitland's moderation is as wonderful as his laborious inductiveness.) The parish churches are returned at 108, the parish chapels at 71, the meeting-houses (Dissenting chapels) at 147, the charity schools at 166, the hospitals at 14, the almshouses at 95. The foreign ships entering the port of London in 1728 are stated at 2,052, and the coasting vessels at 6,837, a total of 8,889. Had Maitland foreseen what the London of 1867 would include (see page 217), his exultation would have passed all bounds.

this period the great obstruction to social progress and a good state of the public health was the lavish use of intoxicating liquors, especially ardent spirits, the sale of which had been at first stimulated by pernicious legislation. The large annual excess of deaths over births in London proved that the population was sustained by draughts on the rural districts, and a death-rate of 1 in 22 ($4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.) of those living was evidence that the sanitary improvement of the metropolis had not kept pace with its commercial development.* The long reign of George III. may be said to mark the era when the name of London, ceasing to be popularly confined to the ancient municipality (which took the now familiar appellation of 'the City'), came to designate the whole of that 'province of houses' which has continued spreading, mile after mile, on every side from the primitive centre. The City, however, remained a considerable place of residence until after the close of the last century, and its political influence was never more manifest than during the agitations which had respect to John Wilkes's contest with the Government and the American war. The Lord George Gordon riots of 1780 saw nearly the whole metropolis, except the principal buildings, in the hands of a besotted mob, who were not dispersed until some hundreds of the rioters had lost their lives. The Westminster elections were long famous for the turbulence and keen party struggles they provoked. The suffrage was general, and the state of the Westminster poll was accepted by politicians as an index of the direction and force of the popular breeze. The power of the newspaper press had gradually increased from the accession of George I., and the letters of Junius were illustrations of the sway to which anonymous journalism might aspire. But the Stamp Duty clogged the enterprise of newspaper proprietors, and the best managed prints were limited in size, circulation, and the number of advertisements, to a degree almost incredible to this generation. The communication of London with the provinces was carried on by means of wagons, which occupied days in reaching the principal towns; and when, as in 1783, a coach left for Manchester on three mornings of the week at four a.m., and on three evenings at six p.m., with a diligence once a week at five, a marvellous machinery was believed to have been set in motion for connecting places so distantly situated. Up to nearly the close of the nineteenth century London had retained its superiority to other European capitals

* From 1604 to 1796 the burials registered exceeded the christenings, generally by thousands annually. From 1797 the births began to gain upon the deaths.

in wealth and population, but its discomforts and deficiencies were innumerable. The only police-office up to 1792 outside the City was in Bow-street, but in 1792 six other offices, with stipendiary magistrates, were appointed. Yet crime fearfully abounded, and desperate law-breakers were under no effectual control, though 'Tyburn Tree' was heavily hung with felon-fruit. The deformities of London injuriously affected its trade. London Bridge was cleared of houses in 1757, and the edifice repaired, but the navigation was dangerous from the narrowness of the arches. Street architecture was in a very backward state, and obstructions existed on every side to the mighty volume of traffic which even then poured into the narrow and tortuous thoroughfares. The drainage was superficial, and little calculated to diminish disease; while the system of intramural interments continued, an offence to the very name of sanitary law. In 1801, when the first official census was taken, the population was returned at 806,594, an increase of 139,000, or nearly one-sixth, on the estimate of Maitland for 1728-30. If we comprehend the districts not then included in the Bills of Mortality, as far as Wandsworth on the south-west, and Greenwich on the south-east, the population will be raised to 958,883, of which the resident population of the City furnished 156,859 souls. When William Pitt, in laying the foundation of the West India Docks, pronounced a eulogium on the port of London as the greatest emporium of commerce, the only docks then constructed were the Commercial, or Greenland, on the south side of the river, and the processes of loading and unloading goods on the Middlesex side had to be performed at the old quays, or from the vessels, lying mid-stream, at a cost of time and trouble that became intolerable. The West India Docks were opened in 1802, and formed the first section of that magnificent system of dockage which is still undergoing stupendous enlargement.

To sketch the history and progress of London from 1800 to 1867 would consume an entire number of '*Meliora*.' A few points—and these *currente calamo*—can alone be touched upon. Of public spectacles during the period, the most memorable have been the funeral procession of Nelson, 1803; the shows in honour of the Allied Sovereigns, 1814; the celebration of the victory of Waterloo, 1815; the visit of the young Queen Victoria to the City, 1837; the funeral procession of Wellington, 1852; the illuminations at the close of the Crimean war, 1856; the Industrial Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862; and the entrance of the Princess Alexandra in 1863. Among manifestations of feeling which left their mark on the

history of the nation were the Burdett riots of 1811, the Anti-Corn-Law riots of 1815; the Trade riots of 1816-17; the demonstrations in favour of Queen Caroline, 1820; the Reform agitation, 1831-2; the Anti-Chartist preparations of April, 1848 (when the present Emperor of the French acted as a special constable); and the grand reception awarded to Garibaldi in 1864. The Prince Regent, with all his faults, had an eye for taste, and London owes much to his encouragement of that spirit of architectural reform which has enlarged and rebuilt various public edifices, widened and opened up leading thoroughfares, and brought into fashion the style of building presented by the Pall Mall clubs, new banks, and City offices, and many ranges of private shops. From 1809 gas began to be freely used, and it has concurred with the new police system, introduced in 1829, to render London the safest capital in the world. A better supply of water, drainage improvements, regulation of lodging-houses, closing of churchyards, and other measures have lengthened life and diminished disease. Terrible as were the results of the cholera in 1832, 1849, 1854, and 1866, the havoc it would have made had the insanitary conditions of the seventeenth century continued, cannot be imagined without a shudder.

Concerning the London of to-day, where shall we begin the briefest of descriptions? Its parks and gardens—Hyde, the Green, St. James's, Kensington, Regent's, Primrose Hill, Battersea, Victoria, Greenwich, and Blackheath—not to overlook Kew, Richmond, Bushy, Hampton Court, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham—delight the most fastidious visitors. Its chief public buildings—St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the New Palace of Westminster and Westminster Hall, the Treasury Offices, opposite Whitehall; the Government Offices, in Downing-street (nearly finished); the British Museum, Somerset House, the Guildhall, the Bank of England, the Royal Exchange, the Custom House, and Greenwich Hospital—possess distinctive merits of a high, and in some cases of the highest, order. Its sixteen bridges can show five masterpieces of their class, including New Blackfriars, in course of construction, but without including those used as railways. Most of its central railway stations are vast and costly structures, some of them connected with hotels of stately aspect and spacious accommodation. Iron lines bring it into daily intercourse with the remotest parts of the land, while its thousands of cabs and omnibuses * are now supplemented

* The London General Omnibus Company, which probably has six-sevenths of the omnibus traffic of London in its hands, reported for 1864 its gross receipts as £612,409, and its net income £118,503.

by suburban and subterranean railroads that knit all districts of the metropolis, and will soon utilise that forlorn specimen of Brunel's genius—the tunnel beneath the Thames. The docks cover nearly a thousand acres, and receive yearly thousands of ships, much of whose freightage is deposited in the bonding warehouses, of extraordinary extent. The river below London Bridge is also alive with coasting vessels; and, higher up, fleets of steamers ply for miles from pier to pier. The first essay of sanitary reform turned a new tide of sewage into the Thames, but the main drainage scheme, just about now completed, at a cost of above four millions, removes this 'matter out of place,' far from sight and smell. The formation of large suburban cemeteries is likewise a boon to decency and health. When the Embankment Esplanade and Holborn Valley improvements are completed, and the Palace of Justice (near Lincoln's Inn Fields) ceases to be a magnificent project, London will have cause for peculiar pride and pleasure—both to be increased when a new National Gallery is raised worthy of the British arts, and worthy also of the noblest site in Europe, and of the life-like lions at the base of Nelson's column.

The size of modern London may be differently computed. The London Postal District embraces a radius of about ten miles from the chief office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. The Metropolitan Police District embraces fifteen miles in all directions around Charing Cross (except the City). But, strictly speaking, London is the area of 77,997 statute acres, or nearly 122 square miles, placed under the supervision of the Metropolitan Board of Works. This area is all but co-incident with the 33 metropolitan districts of births, deaths, and marriages, and was found to contain, at the census of April, 1861, a population of 2,803,987 souls, an increase of about two millions since 1801. The official estimate for the middle of 1866 gave the number of inhabitants as 3,037,991, a population little short of that of all Scotland, and nearly equal to the collective population of the twelve next largest cities and boroughs of the United Kingdom. The births in 1866 were 107,992, the deaths 80,129, an excess of births over deaths of 27,863. The annual rate of mortality was 2·647 per cent., or 25 persons in every 1,000 living. Had the rate of mortality remained what it was in 1730, the deaths in 1866 would have been about 140,000—a rate of 4·500 per cent., or 45 persons in every 1,000 living.

From the subjoined table it will be seen that the population of London is very unevenly distributed :—

Districts.	Area in Square Miles.	Population in 1861.	Per cent. of deaths in 1866.
West	16.8	463,388	2.295
North	21.1	618,210	2.531
Central	3.0	378,058	2.675
East.....	9.7	571,158	3.396
South	71.2	773,175	2.410
London	121.8	2,803,989	2.647

The mortality of the East district was much increased in 1866 by the cholera. The per-centage in 1865 was 2.640. The resident population of the City was but 113,387 in 1861, and is now probably much less, although the persons residing in it during the active hours of the day were 383,520, and 679,744 passengers were enumerated as passing into it within 16 hours (5 a.m. to 9 p.m.) The population of the City decays because it is becoming more and more the *focus* of great commercial interests, uniting the whole metropolis, and ramifying throughout the British empire and the globe. The multitude of shops and warehouses, and the endless traffic of London (which sounds at the top of St. Paul's like the murmur of the sea), bewilder the senses of the stranger. Dr. Johnson's remark, that in the line of shops between Charing Cross and Whitechapel there was presented the greatest display of articles of luxury to be found in the world, expresses a fact relatively far greater to-day than when first uttered, much as the wealth of other cities has since augmented. A large proportion of the commercial dealings of the civilised earth pass through London. Its customs receipts amounted in 1865 to £10,942,913, which more than equalled those of all other ports in the United Kingdom, and were four times greater than those of Liverpool, the same of Scotland, and five times those of all Ireland. In that year the vessels arriving in port were 11,690, of which 3,112 were steamers; in 1835 the total number was 4,837. The Custom House staff, all told, is 1,149, of whom 851 are officers on outdoor duty. The entries made and bonds made out in 1865 were 930,910. Two lines of figures will show the proportion of live stock imported into London in 1865, with the total brought into the United Kingdom (including London) :—

	Oxen and Bulls.	Cows.	Calves.	Sheep.	Lambs.	Pigs.
London.....	128,689 ...	3,862 ...	36,704 ...	512,975 ...	13,067 ...	82,193
United Kingdom...	188,326 ...	36,202 ...	55,743 ...	894,524 ...	19,642 ...	132,943

The annual value of property assessed in London, under Schedule D, in 1866 was £15,261,999, of which the City share

was £2,187,791, and the borough of Marylebone £2,737,964. The food and clothing supply of London is drawn from every cultivated region of the globe, and includes an incalculable variety of stores of every kind. Setting down its expenditure on food at 6d. per head daily of its inhabitants, the annual cost of its physical aliment will not be less than twenty-nine millions sterling. To this must be added about ten millions wasted—and much of it worse than wasted—upon intoxicating liquors. Eight water companies supply it with more than a hundred million gallons daily, a large portion of which runs to waste; and ten gas companies furnish it with artificial light, which might be considerably brighter and cheaper than it is.

When the census was taken in 1861, the population of London was 14 per cent. of that of England and Wales, and nearly one-tenth of the United Kingdom. The number of persons living in it of 20 years of age and upwards was 1,617,930, which was 14½ per cent. of the same class in England and Wales. The following figures will show how these adults were engaged in life, with the numerical proportion borne by each section to the adults of the same section in the whole of England and Wales (London inclusive):—Professional, 95,925 (23 per cent.); domestic, 665,168 (16 per cent.); commercial, 135,846 (27 per cent.); agricultural, 25,260 (1½ per cent.); industrial, 584,787 (15½ per cent.); indefinite and non-productive, 110,944 (18 per cent.) The 190 parishes of London, in the fourth week of May, 1866, gave in-door relief to 29,366 (24 per cent. of all England and Wales), and out-door relief to 69,640 (9 per cent. of all England and Wales)—a total of 99,006, just over 3 per cent. of the London population, and 11½ per cent. of the whole number of paupers in the same week in England and Wales. In the year ending Lady-day, 1865, the poor's rates amounted to £976,262, on rateable property valued at £14,730,232.* The hospitals, infirmaries, and dispensaries of London—all of them supported by voluntary contributions—are on a scale unapproached outside its own boundaries; and in the 'Post-office Directory for 1867' 560 societies are enumerated, many of them of large income, and exercising a world-wide influence. These comprise the great scientific and literary associations of the empire, all of which have their headquarters in London. Its publishing trade sends out annually

* In the year ending Easter, 1803, the poor of London receiving in-door relief was 14,756, and out-door 55,145, a total of 69,901, besides 16,304 casuals. The cost was £332,625.

millions of volumes; and its periodical press, under the stimulus of mechanical invention and the abolition of the advertisement, stamp, and paper duties, has become a universal medium of public instruction and education. Its morning newspapers are 17, its evening 10—a majority of them first-class. Its weekly publications, of all kinds, number 240, and about 408 others of a serial character issue from its presses. The circulation of the daily press is a phenomenon of the age. One penny journal (which claims to be the most widely circulated in the world) certainly prints more copies yearly than were sent out from all the newspaper printing offices in the United Kingdom in 1840! Of course, in estimating a paper's political and general influence, other criteria besides the number of copies sold have to be taken into account. The various reductions in the postal charges have affected London more than any other part of the country; and the following statistics, taken from the Postmaster-General's Annual Report for 1864, will best unfold their own wondrous tale of facts:—

	Population in 1864.	Inhabited houses in 1864.	Receptacles for Letters in 1864.	Letters delivered in 1864.	Number of Letters to each Person.
London*	3,351,910	455,779	1,095	170,191,853	51
All England & Wales.	20,915,859	3,893,991	12,127	560,320,761	27
All United Kingdom.	29,569,364	5,268,473	15,630	679,084,822	23

	Book Packets (including charged Newspapers).	Free (Government Stamped) Newspapers.	Amount issued by Money Orders.	Amount paid through Money Orders.	Depositors in P.O. and Old Savings Banks.
London	9,520,706	7,015,190	£3,265,796	£4,844,632	466,577
All England & Wales.	39,811,954	31,415,202	14,807,025	14,613,479	1,741,872
All United Kingdom.	50,027,068	45,518,772	17,317,093	17,544,117	2,007,281

The application of telegraphy to business purposes within the metropolitan district is increasing. The directly moral and religious agencies in operation over London are numerous and powerful; yet it is to be feared that they do not keep pace with the progress of population. Domestic and open-air missions, ragged schools, the midnight movement, theatre services, and temperance societies are actively plied; yet, with so many causes of vice and irreligion in motion, particu-

* By 'London' here is to be understood Postal London—that is to say, all the area within a radius of about ten miles from the chief office, comprising about one-tenth more houses and people than are included in the registration districts, and under the authority of the Board of Works. The year 1864 is the one selected for comparison, since, for some unexplained cause, the figures are not furnished separately in the Postmaster-General's Report for 1865.

larly so gigantic a system of demoralisation as the licensed liquor traffic, the efforts of all philanthropists and evangelists are shackled and thwarted to a deplorable extent. Drinking shops—and not least those which take the name of music halls—corrupt by wholesale, while other institutions perform their salutary task of individual reform with an enfeebled hand. The latest carefully compiled statistics as to Church accommodation have a significance that speaks for itself:*

	Number of Places of Worship.	Number of Sittings.	Proportion of People accommo- dated.	Deficiency of accom- modation necessary for 58 per cent. of Population.
Established Church	553	512,067	} 30·4 {	831,387
Nonconformist Churches.	763	405,828		
Total	1,316	917,895		

It is, nevertheless, true that the means of counteracting much of the vice and misery of the greatest of great cities are within the power of the friends of morality and Christianity, if they will employ them.

The government of London is exercised by various boards. The City has retained its autonomy, and is ruled by its Court of Common Council, consisting of the Lord Mayor, 25 aldermen, and 206 commoners, elected by the wards. The rest of the metropolis is under the administration of 38 local boards, constituted under the Metropolitan Management Act of 1855, and consisting of 2,279 vestrymen. For improvement purposes the whole of these boards, with the City, are represented by deputies, who compose the Metropolitan Board of Works; but some better organisation is loudly called for. Were each borough or general district formed into a municipality for local purposes, and were they to elect a senate for all London, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, much of the misgovernment now complained of would cease. The City returns four members to Parliament, the city of Westminster two, and the six boroughs of Marylebone, Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Lambeth, Southwark, and Greenwich, two each (18 in all), though the aggregate number of electors is upwards of 170,000, about one-eighth of all the electors in the United Kingdom. The new Reform Bill creates two other boroughs, Hackney and Chelsea. Such a disparity between voters and members is only justifiable on a theory that would render all representative government 'a mockery and a snare.'

For police purposes there are two distinct, but when needful

* Extracted from 'Supplement to the *Nonconformist*,' Nov. 15, 1866.

co-operating bodies—the City Police, with a Commissioner and 600 assistants, who are on duty inside the City of London, and the Metropolitan Police, consisting of between 7,000 and 8,000 men, under the command of a Chief Commissioner, whose supervision extends 15 miles around Charing Cross, with the exception of the City. There are eleven courts presided over by stipendiary magistrates (two at each court) ; and besides these ‘police courts,’ as they are called, the City magistrates daily dispose of City cases at the Mansion House and Guildhall.

That London should have been the birthplace of many distinguished persons is not surprising, but few will be prepared to hear that it is specially famous for its children of poetic and artistic fame. Yet, incontrovertibly, so it is ; for it has been the birthplace, among poets, of Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, Milton, Cowley, Pope, Gray, Byron, Browning, with lesser bards of no mean repute ; and, among men of artistic genius, of Inigo Jones, Hogarth, Landseer, Cruikshank, Redgrave, Holman Hunt, Egg, Frost, Leech, Doyle. If the printed Literature of England is proud of its Caxton, Antiquarian lore of its Stow and Camden, Jurisprudence of its Sir Thomas More, Blackstone, and Romilly, Inductive Philosophy of its Bacon, Civilisation of its Penn, Philanthropy of its Howard, Constitutional Government of its Chatham, Physical Science of its Faraday, London likewise may be proud of them, for she claims them all as her sons. Among living persons of distinction who first drew the breath of life in the British capital, we may instance Mr. Ruskin, Bishop Thirlwall, Earl Russell, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Mr. Disraeli, Dr. Winslow, and Dr. Beke ; nor will justice or loyalty be content to pass by the name of good Queen Victoria, whom God preserve !

But the associations of London with the illustrious of past and present times comprehend all who have lived and moved in any of its circles of influence—political and religious, social and commercial, literary and scientific ; and the roll of such great names, if written out, would contain the vast majority of those who have ever aided, by voice and pen, by thought and action, to render England exalted and powerful, the mother of free institutions, and (with all her errors) the beneficent mistress of a sixth of the human race.



POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

1. *Science of Wealth.* By Amasa Walker, Lecturer on Public Economy in Amherst College, U.S. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. 1866.
2. *Plutology; or, the Theory of the Efforts to Satisfy Human Wants.* By William Edward Hearn, LL.D., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Melbourne. London: Macmillan and Co. Melbourne: George Robertson. 1864.
3. *Principles of Political Economy.* By John Stuart Mill. London: Longman and Co.
4. *Political Economy.* By Nassau William Senior, M.A., late Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford. London: Charles Griffin and Co. 1863.

POLITICAL economy is a progressive science. After a long period of neglect an interest in it was suddenly re-awakened in 1776 by the appearance of the 'Wealth of Nations,' by Adam Smith. Since then the study of this science has played an important part in human affairs. Some of its principles have been brought face to face with living society, and worked reformations in opinion and practice. There is much more to be done in the same direction. Free trade has displaced protection in England; in America, political economists of great power of thought and faith in truth are waging war against protection even now. Foremost among these is the Hon. Amasa Walker, ex-Secretary of State for Massachusetts, who has also thought deeply and written well upon economical subjects generally, and especially on currency and banking. Like most eminent Americans of to-day, he is also an advocate of the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Political economy has shown additional reasons for the education of British workmen, and for a care for the health of the children of the labourers of the present, who are to be the labourers of the future. It has also declared the importance of co-operation in industry, a principle of as great power as that of free trade, and one indeed of which free trade forms but one application. Free trade promotes international co-operation, but the principle is of much wider application. The

science is thus doing much for humanity. It has an important bearing upon temperance, not yet so fully and distinctly recognised by all its professors as in the future it must and will be. A consideration of the laws of political economy will show that our material prosperity is in many ways affected by the drinking customs of the age, as promoted by the licensed traffic in intoxicating liquors; and will, we think, supply one great and powerful argument in favour of prohibition. As to the right of the people to prohibit, political economy is silent, since this is a question to be decided by the wider science of political philosophy, of which political economy is only a subordinate branch. But the right to prohibit being admitted or established, all the facts, principles, and sound conclusions arrived at by political economists, when rightly viewed, are clearly and cogently in favour of the prohibition of a traffic which wastes the national resources, checks the accumulation of capital, destroys the integrity of labour, and disorganises the constitution of civilised society.

It is admitted by John Stuart Mill that industry, the very source of human wealth, is crippled by intemperance. And it will be seen that this effect depends not on drunkenness alone, but on habitual drinking. Mill says: 'The moral qualities of the labourers are fully as important to the efficiency and worth of their labour as the intellectual. Independently of the effects of intemperance upon their bodily and mental faculties, and of flighty, unsteady habits upon the energy and continuity of their work (points so easily understood as not to require being insisted upon), it is well worthy of meditation, how much of the aggregate effect of their labour depends on their trustworthiness.' All who are familiar with the conduct of large industrial enterprises are aware of the immense difficulty arising from the unreliability of workmen who fill important positions. We ourselves have more than once seen industrial processes impeded by the drunkenness of an engineer or a foreman, and it is notorious that even the comparatively sober men have to be watched when drink is to be sold in the neighbourhood of the workshop, and when once the habit of drinking has been formed. The drink question again is mixed up with the difficult problems involved in the theory of population. Malthus clearly proved that wages depend on the proportion between the savings devoted to the employment of labour, and the number of labourers. Wages are high when this capital bears a large proportion to the number of workmen. It is plain that saving is checked by drinking habits, and hence the 'wages fund' is decreased. On the other hand, population is injuriously affected by drink. The

worthless part of the population is increased. The restraint of prudence is removed, as in the case of the Irish peasantry from other causes, and population multiplies out of proportion to subsistence. There are more idle and dissolute people to feed, but the produce is less which has to be divided amongst the whole. Then, by our unavoidable Poor-law system, the honest sober man has to break off a piece of his crust for the improvident drunkard, the drunkard's neglected wife, and the drunkard's 'ragged weans.'

Senior remarks that 'all that degrades the character or diminishes the productive power of a people, tends to diminish the proportion of subsistence to population, and *vice versâ*. And consequently, that a population increasing more rapidly than the means of subsistence, is, generally speaking, a symptom of misgovernment, indicating deeper-seated evils, of which it is only one of the results.' This effect he attributes, again, to all the causes 'which both diminish the productiveness of labour, and tend to produce that brutal state of improvidence in which the power of increase, unchecked by prudence, is always struggling to pass the limits of subsistence, and is kept down only by vice and misery.' Intemperance pre-eminently does all this, to the peculiar injury of the wage-receiving class. We commend this fact very urgently to the friends of the working man, and to working men themselves, especially to those householders who are so soon to exercise the suffrage for the first time.

These will serve as some slight preliminary indications of how industry is affected by the prevalent drinking; we shall, however, presently show a much closer connection between drink and poverty, both individual and national. Meanwhile, let us consider the immense expenditure of this country upon intoxicating liquors; which represents a deplorable amount of misjudgment of the functions of labour and capital, in a community where poverty abounds, apart even from the evil effects of the liquors upon the bodies and minds of the people.

With regard to the direction of industry, Amasa Walker clearly states the two alternatives:—

If labour expends itself on objects that do not stimulate to further efforts or serve as instruments to further production, but rather debase the energies and corrupt the faculties, it is evident that reproduction will be lessened and debased, and the whole course of industry will be downward.

If, on the contrary, labour expends itself on objects that present fresh and urgent desires, and excite to renewed activities, it is evident that the course of production is upward, and the people will rise economically, with a rapidity and force such as signalised the career, in the fourteenth century, of Florence; in the seventeenth, of Holland; in the eighteenth, of England; in the nineteenth, of the United States.

The distinction is fundamental. Shall the tendency of

industry be 'upward' or 'downward?' Viewed superficially, this is merely a question of the direction manufacture and commerce shall take—whether for the production of beer and cigars or bread and furniture. But a deeper thought shows it to be a question of whether men shall toil early and late during the whole of their lives to produce commodities which add nothing to the future happiness of mankind—which do not serve to support life, whilst future exertions are awaiting their reward—which do not become capital, the seed of future wealth. But, even were this all, we might regret the manufacture of sweetmeats as much as the manufacture of intoxicating liquor, since they, with thousands of unnecessary luxuries, add little if anything to the future productive power of labour. But, unfortunately, this is not all. To prove that intoxicating liquor is unnecessary, and does not aid production, is to supply a strong argument against the great annual destruction of the nation's possible food by the processes of fermentation and distillation; an argument against the waste of an immense amount of labour, and misuse of a vast aggregate of land and the benign productive powers of nature; to which must be added the alarming fact, that this enormous unprofitable outlay is, to a large extent, made by those who are pitifully poor. People who cannot pay their rent, and who have no tailors' bills (since they dispense with everything worthy the name of clothing), are found in the beer-shop and gin palace indulging in this useless 'luxury.' A nation like the British cannot afford this enormous loss, were it merely and solely a loss of the wages of industry after they have got into the pockets of the labouring population. Overcrowding is a gigantic evil that is distressing good men in Britain, and justly so, for its injurious effects can never be fully estimated. The evil is partly seen by all, but the remainder which is not seen is of incalculable amount, and perpetuates itself from generation to generation, spreading laterally all the way. But overcrowding is only necessary because the labouring population are self-impoveryished. It needs scarcely be found at all otherwise. As it is, it is impossible to get rid of it; it cannot be stamped out. Thus, leaving out of consideration at present the moral effects of drink, we have abundant reason for maintaining that, as a nation, we cannot afford the present outlay for strong drink.

No one now claims for intoxicating drinks any useful part in our system of industry; no one even claims that they are innocuous as at present consumed. But let us allow, for a moment, that they are merely useless; by what consideration, then, are we warranted as a nation in spending our wages, when

they are earned, upon drink? Every kind heart in the land wishes that the little children of British homes had all shoes and stockings on their feet, and comfortable clothing on their backs, with toys and books into the bargain. But the material wants of the little children of this country are not everywhere provided for. It is not beneath the readers of 'Meliora' to consider why these things be. Political economy can surely tell us what is going wrong. It can surely point out the causes of the evil, and thus prepare the way for a remedy.

Political economy, as developed by recent writers, as Hearn, Walker, and Banfield, is based upon human wants as the fundamental fact of the science. Man has wants, therefore he works; he wins wages by work; and he employs his wages that he may work again, and so on in ever-widening circles. Desire impels him to effort, whilst the product of past exertions and sacrifices gives him a fund to maintain and assist him during further labour. This fund is called capital. By wants in political economy, we do not mean what a man's nature needs, but what, for any or no reason whatever, he desires. Hence the beerseller is quite right when he maintains that he meets a want of the public. It is at the same time true that he promotes the want. But political economy shows that great differences arise from the direction which the labourer's desires take. It is not all the same to a working man whether his money goes to the baker or to the beershop; it is not all the same to the nation. In the one case, the future wealth of the world is augmented; in the other, labour and wealth are destroyed. But supposing that a man has enough of the necessities of life, and of material comforts, may he not indulge in beer or wine without violating the laws of production or any other economical law? Let us see. A working man's wages may be devoted to three purposes. First: To productive expenditure, as for food, clothing, shelter, and all the commodities which meet real requirements of his nature. In this class of expenses we may even include many things which are unnecessary, if they only contribute to cheerfulness and contentment, thus indirectly aiding industry. Secondly: Wages may be spent on articles which do not, either directly or indirectly, promote production. It cannot be said that a man must never indulge in such expenditure. Perhaps much human happiness is derived from the exercise of this power of consuming unproductively. It would be absurd to contend that a man, when he consumes, should always be guided by the sole consideration of the effect of his consumption on future production. It is even a spur to present exertion to have a prospect of possessing in the future a power over material

wealth which may be exercised in any manner one chooses. What we maintain here is, that the wage-receiving class in England cannot afford the immense outlay on drink, supposing it to be a luxury; and but for an abnormal appetite and cruel temptation, the people would be too sensible to continue it. This will not be denied, in the presence of so much pauperism and overcrowding. If working men spend what they can spare in drink, then let them cease to complain of their want of capital. For the third way of employing wages opens out the important question of capital. It is a truism that capital is the result of saving; it cannot come into existence in any other way. Here, then, comes the most important question—How can savings be increased? That it is possible for working men to save and become capitalists has been proved by experiment, especially in Lancashire, amongst the co-operators. But the great impediment is that men prefer to spend their surplus earnings (and even more) in the public-house on that fatal enemy of labour and capital—strong drink. This suggests how the national wealth-producing power may be increased, and answers the query, just proposed, as to whether a workman ought ever to spend money on drink. The subject will meet us again.

But we have hitherto left out the most important element in the problem. Drinking is not harmless. It not only fails to feed and clothe the labourer, to give him strength and health, and to assist industry in its upward climbing; it not only wastes the power which is at the disposal of humanity, but it is an active and potent agent for mischief. The money spent by our labouring classes in strong drink keeps land engaged in producing barley, which does not go to form the bone and muscle of our peasantry and artisans; it diverts the great powers of nature, which are the original stock upon which man's industry employs itself, from channels of blessing to mankind into channels of uselessness and misery; and it mingles feelings of regret with our gratitude when we behold with Tennyson—

Long fields of barley and of rye,
Which clothe the wold and meet the sky.

We must regard it as a serious calamity that, before the natural wants of the poorer classes are by any means provided for, they supplant these legitimate wants by an infatuated demand for alcoholics. The demand tends to cause a supply to be forthcoming; and the supply reacts on and enhances the demand. This is especially the case with brain-affecting liquors. Hence an abnormal development of an unprofitable

consumption and traffic, to say the least. The question we are now adverting to has been attempted to be covered up by the statement that, as there is a demand for strong drink on the part of the people, and as in obedience to the laws of political economy, a supply is forthcoming, therefore the thing is all square, and there is no violation of politico-economical law. But we may be able to show that this demand ought never to have had any existence at all; that it is founded entirely upon a misconception of the real interests of the nation, or rather that it arises from an acquired appetite which has not stayed to consult political economy at all. Let us imagine a parallel case, in which familiarity has not bred contempt, as it is to be feared it has with some political economists in the question of drink. Let us suppose that such a demand were suddenly to spring up among British workmen for opium as exists in China. This would speedily cause vast quantities to be poured into our markets. Must we simply call that another beautiful example of the economic law of supply and demand? If opium is a useless drug, and the poor buy it instead of daily bread and raiment, surely we cannot regard this as sanctioned by political economy. Such is the position in which alcoholic liquor is placed even by its friends—it is useless to a working man, yet he sacrifices necessities for it—a procedure for which there is no sanction from the principles of political economy.


All human wealth is derived from three sources, and three sources alone—natural agents, capital, and labour, with various combinations of these productive powers. The labour of man is his instrument by which he creates wealth. Though we speak of creating, yet, in truth, man can only change the form of things already in existence. As Bacon admirably says: ‘Man can act upon nature only by moving things towards or from each other. Nature, working inwardly, accomplishes the rest.’ Man, then, works upon materials already furnished to his hand; but he finds it necessary to have some previously accumulated wealth to maintain him and to assist his exertions: he wants capital in the form of food and tools. But this capital must be produced by labour. It is thus seen that labour is the fundamental source of wealth, as far as man is concerned. It can easily be shown that drinking, as it exists wherever intoxicants are used, is inimical to industry, and hence at war with all material prosperity. If this can be done it must at once be owned that the question is of vital importance. Because this can be shown, we consider the question to be the most important question before the nation.

Upon what does the efficiency of labour depend? *Cæteris*

paribus, it depends—1. On the physical power of the labourers; 2. On their habitual energy; 3. On their reliability; 4. On their intelligence; 5. On the assistance of capital.

At the outset we are met by the fact that all the drinking habits of the past must be working out their effect in the constitutions of present labourers by hereditary descent. The children and grandchildren of drinkers are less healthy in consequence, and a very large proportion of our workmen are sons or grandsons of the 'soakers' of the past. We cannot measure the enfeeblement due to this cause, but we can speak certainly as to its existence and magnitude. That the present drinking habits of workpeople impair their physical power no one denies: this is a physiological fact. But effort will sometimes make up for deficiency of strength; and, since alcoholic liquors are credited with refreshing and stimulating powers, surely the energy of the workman will be promoted? On this point, in our handbooks of political science we find clear testimony as to the fact, which is based upon no intricate reasoning, but upon broad experience. Hearn is a witness on the effect of drink upon the energy of labour, and, consequently, upon its productiveness:—

Material checks, both to the energy of labour and to the habit of that energy, are also found in the personal habits of the labourer, and in the nature of his employment. There is hardly any description of personal excess that is not inconsistent with steady work; but by far the most important, both in its frequency and in its effects, is intemperance. It is needless to describe the effects of this terrible vice upon health and longevity, or its indirect influence, through its well-known tendency to produce crime, upon the direction of labour. These results are too apparent, and have been too often the subject of comment, to require in these pages any lengthened notice. But the injurious effects of intemperance are also felt both in checking the actual energy of labour and in preventing the formation of those habits of perseverance which are even of greater importance than energy itself. Nor do these consequences of intemperance more need illustration than the others to which I have referred. The aching head and the trembling hand refuse to yield energetic labour. The capricious refusal to work, the quarrelsome and insubordinate disposition, the disinclination of exhausted nature to exertion, and the uncertain recurrence of these feelings, gradually give rise to a degree of irregularity which is but another name for the absence of habitual energy. Whatever may be the abilities of the labourer, if there be no security that these abilities will be exercised when they are required, a great part of their utility is lost; and this unsettled and unsteady disposition must constantly react upon the mode of life.

In fact, all political economists regard the energy of a labouring population as of immense importance, as bearing upon the prosperity of the nation. Much of the difference in the prosperity of various nations depends on the skill and knowledge of the people; but even the amount of skill and knowledge which a people acquire depends on the habitual energy of their application, and whether workmen be clever or dull, the energy with which they work is of vast importance. 

point we may again quote Hearn. In his 'Plutology' he says :

But however great may be the natural powers of the labourer, or however consummate his skill, or however bright his general intelligence, the industrial importance of these qualities manifestly depends upon the mode in which they are exercised. It is not the mere existence of natural or acquired powers, but their actual employment, that determines their utility. The principal regulator, therefore, of the efficiency of labour is the habitual energy with which the labourer pursues his work. It is not enough that a man should on an emergency be capable of making great exertions. Such fitful efforts are generally followed by a corresponding reaction, and, at best, fall far short of the effects of steady and constant work. It has often been observed that savages are capable at times of great exertion and great endurance ; yet their intermittent efforts do not even bear comparison with the steady and continuous industry of civilised men. In every occupation we daily see the success which attends patient perseverance, and the comparative failure of even great natural powers when irregularly exerted. The clever workman who wastes half the week in idleness or dissipation, but who in the remaining half can earn what is sufficient for his support, is gradually left behind by his less quick but more persevering competitor. Similar results are familiar in professional life.

In a nation like our own, where an immense temple of commerce and wealth has been built upon the foundation of industry, it is not a light question, 'How can energy be promoted?' or 'What stands in the way of greater energy?' Sobriety is an essential condition of continued and continuous energy. Without it we cannot have long lives of hard endeavour. The motives which induce men to work affect their energy and zeal. Future comfort is the reward which the sober man foresees ; whilst the future of those whose 'pleasures' are associated with the taproom is too sad to contemplate. Wants are the cause of efforts, and guide their direction ; efforts should result in satisfactions. The 'unsteady' workman wants what he ought not to want ; thus nature is outraged at the outset. His efforts are without energy, and his 'satisfactions' are very unsatisfactory, even to himself. In this way every condition of effective industry is removed. The 'scale of wants' is turned upside down, labour loses its nerve and vigour, and the fruits of the harvest are poisonous to the reaper.

It is a startling fact that some, even clever workmen, only work in order to gratify their appetite for drink. Instead of having a thousand different wants, one springing up when another is satisfied, and the whole forming an ascending ladder, they are slaves of this one unnatural desire—the lust for alcoholic excitement. They do not want books and mechanics' institutes, though it is granted that they much need them. All they work for is to remove the pain of an abnormal appetite, which, as it is indulged, grows into an insatiable craving. Future happiness is a grand incentive to industry. But the drunkard really knows nothing of this anticipation, except so far as the removing of his thirst has become to him the ghost

of a pleasure which he must needs pursue. On the conditions under which an industrial spirit is promoted, Hearn says:—

The principal cause of energy is found in connection with the motives which induce men to work. On this point there are two fundamental conditions of energetic labour. The first is, that the labour should be productive: the second is, that the labourer should be sure of receiving the results of his toil. There is no more potent stimulus to exertion than success; and no more certain cause of relaxation than failure. We daily see how men who have attained to eminence in their several walks of life, when fresh demands are made upon their powers, rise to the occasion, and perform with credit an amount of work which formerly they would themselves have thought impossible. On the other hand, men show an almost instinctive abhorrence to merely fruitless labour. In the old mythology, no more terrible punishment could be devised for guilt of the deepest dye than an eternity of useless toil.

Certainly there is nothing more like grinding the air than the labour of the drunkard, and great is the friction thereof. There is nothing more opposed to the spirit of industry than tippling. Higher wages only bring additional means for the injury of the drinker; and hence we can imagine toppers, in sober moments, wishing that their spending power were less.

The reliability of workmen is impaired by their drinking habits; hence a large amount of expense in watching and checking, which might be saved to the wealth of the country. The intelligence and morality of the working classes, and of the commercial classes too, suffer much from the depraving habit of drinking. This is a great loss to the nation, in a material sense. The crime of the country alone, springing in a large measure from drinking habits (at least, so say all the judges), is an immense tax upon industry, an incubus upon the shoulders of labour in its struggle against wants. Let us notice also the influence of the drinking customs upon capital, which is the great co-operator with labour in the blessed work of production. Labour and capital are now meeting in deplorable and unnatural antagonism. Not only at Sheffield, but in every town, and even in rural districts, opinions are prevalent that the gain of the one class is the loss of the other. Bitter feelings are in the hearts of the labourers against employers. The employers are in arms against the workmen. The great problem is how to reconcile the two. Naturally capital is the friend of labour; it nourishes labour, puts tools into its hands, and shelters it from many evils. Labour, again, is the source and the necessary ally of capital. But labour and capital have, of course, some interests which are separate, and even contrary. Capital goes into the market to buy up labour at the cheapest possible price; it is the interest of labour to command a high price, and the amount the labourers get depends upon their numbers. This dependent connection between employed and employer tends to sink the dignity of manhood in the labourers,

who form the bulk of the nation. The only remedy for this real evil is that the workmen shall themselves become owners of capital. This will bridge over the gap between the contending classes. When capital has the advantage, its extra gains will be distributed over the whole body, labourers and employers alike, since all will be more or less capitalists.

Co-operation and partnerships of industry may amend the social anomalies we have mentioned ; but there is a preparatory step—sobriety. Temperance men are the leaders in co-operation ; those who spend their surplus earnings to gratify the drink-appetite cannot, will not follow. It is just the money which is spent in drink that ought to form the nucleus of the working man's capital. At the very least, the working classes might have saved for this purpose during the past year £50,000,000 which have been wasted in the purchase of narcotic drinks. 'Civilisation is the economy of power,' says Liebig. The next step in the civilisation of Britain seems to be to check the enormous waste we have been condemning, and to turn it into savings, co-operation, and productiveness. The whole nation will thus come up a grand step towards a higher civilisation ; and 'strikes,' 'overcrowding,' and 'pauperism' will be well-nigh unknown.

As to the right and duty of prohibition of the liquor traffic, as a fruitful source of drunkenness and wrong-doing, political economy cannot, we have admitted, alone decide. The opinion of Amasa Walker on this point, as a political economist, is, however, interesting, as showing in what direction his investigations have led him :—

But all these (viz., reasons against sumptuary laws) furnish no conclusion against the regulation of public morals and manners in things that affect the happiness and safety of the community. It is no longer legislation to supplement the wisdom of the individual or to instruct industry. It becomes the defence of the general good. It is not a breach of personal rights, but the safeguard of public liberty. If there is any habit or practice which brings disease, and suffering, and disorder, which abridges the power of labour and the span of life, which inflicts misery upon the innocent and unoffending, which entails expense upon the whole community for the charge of pauperism and the punishment of crime, there can be no doubt of the right and duty of the people to protect themselves, through the power of their Government, by the most severe and efficient laws which can be devised.

Something must be done in this matter, and it must be done quickly, if it is to be done efficiently. Professor W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., of the London University, has shown reasons for supposing that the greatest height of our industrial prosperity as a nation has been already reached, or will soon be attained. Our pre-eminence in manufacturing depends, in a great measure, upon our coal supply ; and the question has been brought under Parliamentary notice, through Professor

Jevons's work on 'Coal,' as to how long the supply will last. We were glad to see that the learned professor, in a recent communication to the daily press, drew the right inference from the results of his investigations. He urged that now is the time, when fortune is in our favour, to get rid of intemperance and ignorance—the great impediments to progress and the great hasteners of decay. We echo the sentiment. But whether a nation be progressive in aggregate wealth, or stationary, or declining, the impoverishing effects of drinking customs are equally certain and destructive. They clog progress, originate decay, and accelerate the downward course of communities. The teaching of political economy, then, is entirely on the side of temperance as an essential element in material greatness. One might be tempted to try to strike a balance between the good and the evil flowing from the liquor traffic, only that the figures would be all on one side. Above a million acres of land wasted in growing barley for beer (whilst England has not sufficient land to feed its own population); this might be put down as the first item. Millions of capital not only uselessly, but injuriously employed. The expense of detecting and punishing crime.* Thousands of labourers continuously engaged in the production of that which doth not enrich, but makes us poor indeed. To this must be added—if the imagination can grasp it, or if figures can express it—all the physical and moral deterioration of the labouring classes; not forgetting the shattered health and the wasted time which spring from this source of evil. Having thus attempted to measure the loss of power which humanity suffers from the liquor system as a whole, then let us look around for the *per contra*. We cannot find any economical benefit flowing from the liquor traffic. It is in scales like these that the liquor traffic will be ultimately weighed by public opinion; and who can doubt that it will be found wanting?

But if the drinking customs prejudicially affect the national wealth in every conceivable way, it ought to be found that when the drink is removed there is great prosperity. And so it is. In 'Meliora' for April, 1867, we gave a description of the model manufacturing town of Bessbrook, near Newry, county Armagh, Ireland. There sobriety, co-operation, education, and morality are displayed and developed in a manner which must be peculiarly gratifying to those who are pondering the social difficulties of the day, and seeking a remedy

* At the recent Summer Assizes at Liverpool, after a very heavy calendar of violent crimes had been gone through, the Grand Jury, in their presentment, remarked on the causative effect of the drink. The Judge (Chief Justice) in reply, said that nine-tenths of these cases were caused by drink.

for them. The founder of the town and chief proprietor, Mr. Richardson, allows no public-house on the spot, nor on any of his lands surrounding it; and, as a corollary to this, he allows no police in the place. The Irish constabulary, armed *cap-à-pie*, occupy every town in Ireland, and have barracks for half a dozen men each along every roadside; but there are none in Bessbrook. Mr. Richardson alleges that so long as he keeps out the public-house he can do without police; but that so soon as the taproom is introduced the constabulary will be required. There is no drunkenness in Bessbrook; no quarrelling, though the inhabitants are all Irish; no theft, no crime, no infanticide; in short, the operatives are models of sobriety and good order. Of course, it is not meant to be said that they have not their faults and failings, like mankind everywhere; but the town is wholly free from the sad scenes which are to be met with publicly every night in much smaller populations. And the population of Bessbrook is composed entirely of operatives, while that of many other towns is mixed, comprising the wealthy and the poor. The operatives themselves have not two opinions on the question of the absence or presence of the public-house. They are agreed that if licensed houses were opened in Bessbrook, the reading room, the library, the schools, the co-operative societies, would all be deserted, by only too many, for the allurements of the dram-shop, and that another establishment, hitherto unknown in Bessbrook, the pawn office, would soon be required; and not only so, but the police barrack, the handcuffs, and the dark cells would come into fashion, too, and homes now happy would soon be rendered miserable. All this Mr. Richardson had seen in too many other towns, and he decided to keep the licensed public-houses out of Bessbrook. The results have decidedly confirmed him in his resolution, and would convince the most sceptical of the wisdom of the course he has adopted, if the town were visited by them. What our consideration of economical laws would lead us to expect, in the train of prohibition of the liquor traffic, is found by experience actually to have been realised in Bessbrook and similar places. It is for intelligence and patriotism to apply the remedy for many of our social disorders, now that it has been discovered and proved.

PUBLIC FREE LIBRARIES.

TO students and lovers of books, the word library possesses a charm which scarcely any other can claim; and there are few associations so pleasant as those excited by it. To them it means a place where one may withdraw from the hurry and bustle of everyday life, from the cares of commerce and the strife of politics, and hold communion with the saints and heroes of the past; a place where the good and true men of bygone ages, being dead, yet speak, and reprove the vanity and littleness of our lives, where they may excite us to noble deeds, may cheer and console us in defeat, may teach us magnanimity in victory. There we may trace the history of nations now no more; and in their follies and vices, in their virtues, in their grand heroic deeds, we may see that 'increasing purpose' which 'runs through all the ages,' and learn how the 'thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.' There we may listen to 'the fairy tales of science,' or to the voices of the poets singing their undying songs. There grand old Homer or sombre Dante may detain us; or we may pause to listen to that blind bard who, with 'no middle flight,' vaulted o'er the battlements of heaven, and did

. assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

But our subject is not merely libraries, but free libraries open to all comers; and the multiplication of these is, we think, one of the noblest signs of the age in which we live. Greater, grander, and nobler in their aim, and in their ultimate results, are these new-born institutions, where the portals are thrown wide open, and everyone, of high or low degree, may enter in and satisfy that hunger and thirst after knowledge which is proper to the human soul.

Every man should have a library. The works of the grandest masters of literature may now be procured at prices that place them within the reach almost of the very poorest, and we may all put Parnassian singing birds into our chambers to cheer us with the sweetness of their songs. And when we have got our little library we may look proudly at Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Bunyan, as they stand in our bookcase in company with other noble spirits, and one or two of whom the world knows nothing, but whose worth we have often tested. These may cheer and enlighten us, may inspire us with higher aims and aspirations, may make us, if we use them rightly, far wiser and better than we should otherwise have been.

And yet how small a fragment of the great temple of literature is contained in our bookcase. Compare the number of books it holds with some of the immense collections of continental Europe—the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris, with its 899,000 volumes, for instance: ‘Un écrivain orientale a dit qu’il était plus facile d’épuiser l’océan et d’en compter les graines de sable, que de compter les livres qui existent.’* Here, then, we may see clearly and distinctly the use of public libraries. Every man should own books—books to enlarge his views, and to aid him in the particular pursuit in which he may engage; but no man can by any possibility become possessed of anything but an infinitesimal fraction of the legacy left to the present by the learning and genius of the past. This, then, is the function of the public library—to store up with sedulous care the wisdom of our forefathers, and to preserve those fleeting memorials of history and manners which would quickly perish were it not for this fostering care. Nothing should be too high or too low for the care of such an institution. It should accumulate those works which require a fortune to produce, and which would otherwise remain locked up in the cabinets of the curious, totally inaccessible to the general class of students; it should also preserve the pamphlets and loose papers dealing with the questions of the day, and having, perhaps, individually little value, but which, collected, often throw very vivid light on the events of particular epochs, and afford most valuable materials for the historian, and not unfrequently important suggestions for the social reformer. ‘Un sage bibliothécaire doit non seulement munir la bibliothèque dont il à la direction, de ces gros ouvrages que tout le monde n’est pas en état d’acquérir. Mais il doit rassembler avec soin le petits livres, et les pièces volantes, qui sont de quelque usage, a fin de les garantir de la destruction, et de les conserver à la postérité. On les cherche souvent en vain dans les bibliothèques particuliers, après leur dispersion, qui les rend presque tout à fait invisibles et introuvables.’†

This necessity for public repertories where the records of the past and speculations and discoveries of the present might be conserved was early felt.

The date when the first library was organised is difficult to fix; various degrees of credence have been given to the few passages which are to be found on this subject in classic authors. We have no space to enter into detail on the matter. Following the usual authorities, we may say that Osymandias

* Deessart's ‘Notice Historique des Bibliothèques,’ viii.

† Clement, t. iv., p. 419.

was the first founder of a library in Egypt. The first public library is said to have been founded by Pisistratus, some five centuries before the birth of Christ. Certainly the most celebrated library of antiquity was that of Alexandria, of whose magnificence and extent the most wonderful narratives have come down to us. The number of volumes in this collection have been variously stated, the figures ranging from 100,000 to 700,000. The Roman people were not unaware of the advantages to be derived from public libraries; they appear to have had several; the first is said to have been founded by Asinus Pollio.*

When Europe was overrun by the barbarians, learning took refuge in the cloister, and we owe the preservation of many ancient books to monkish care, and the destruction of others to monkish narrowness of mind. With the wider diffusion of knowledge the monastic libraries lost their value, and became supplemented, and at last superseded, by the establishment of town libraries. Of these there are some on the continent which are of considerable antiquity.

In 1848 a circular was issued to various foreign libraries, with the object of gaining information as to their public accessibility. At nearly all the principal libraries admission was either entirely or virtually free. At that date there was only one public library in England freely open to all comers—the Chetham Library at Manchester.

In 1849 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, and they examined a variety of witnesses as to the working of the continental library system, and the want of a similar one in our own country. Their report concludes with these pregnant words:—

Your committee feel convinced that the people of a country like our own, abounding in capital, in energy, and in an honest desire not only to initiate but to imitate whatever is good and useful, will not linger behind the people of other countries in the acquisition of such valuable institutions as freely accessible libraries. Our present inferior position is unworthy of the power, the liberality, and the literature of the country. Your committee believe that on such a subject as this inquiry alone will stimulate improvement. It will be a source of sincere satisfaction to your committee if the result of their labours shall be to call out, to foster, and to encourage among their countrymen that love of literature and reverence for knowledge of which during the course of their inquiries they have had the gratification to trace the spontaneous development.†

This committee had been appointed on the motion of Mr. Ewart; and in 1850 that gentleman successfully carried through Parliament an Act providing that two-thirds of the

* Edwards's 'Memoirs of Libraries,' i., 1—78.

† 'Report, &c., of Committee on Public Libraries,' 1849.

ratepayers of a borough, &c., shall have power to authorise the levying of a rate for the purpose of providing a library. A singular feature of the Act was that it did not authorise the expenditure of a single farthing in the purchase of books. This grave oversight was remedied by the amended Act of 1855; and by a still later alteration two parishes or places may combine and jointly establish a library. The important service which Mr. Ewart has rendered to literature, and the extent to which he has aided the diffusion of knowledge, by rendering such institutions possible, can hardly be over-estimated. There are now over thirty places where libraries have been established under the Act, and several other places have taken the preliminary steps for carrying it into effect.

Before proceeding to detail the results of Mr. Ewart's Act, it may be proper to observe that Bristol, Norwich, and Leicester had at one time possessed town libraries, which had all become alienated: two at least of these have since been reclaimed, and are now managed under the provisions of the Libraries Act of 1855. At Bristol, in 1613, Mr. Robert Redwood 'gave his lodge to be converted into a library or place to put books in for the furtherance of learning.' Some few years after, Tobie Matthew, Archbishop of York, left some valuable books in various departments of literature free of access 'to the merchants and shopkeepers.' The collection was subsequently enriched by the bequest of John Heylin, Esq., in 1766, of the library and MSS. of the well-known Dr. Heylin. The use of the library was in 1773 granted to the originators of a subscription library, who proceeded to resolve that no keeper of an inn or coffee-house should become a member of their body, or have access to those books which the pious Archbishop of York had left for the benefit of the merchants and shopkeepers. The library was restored to its original purpose in 1856, when it contained about 2,000 volumes. This number, thanks to the energy and perseverance of Mr. George Pryce, the present librarian, has now increased to 8,000 volumes, besides a special collection of 800 books, and about the same number of tracts and pamphlets, relating to the local literature of Bristol.*

In 1653 was founded in Manchester the Chetham Library, which owes its existence to the piety and public spirit of Humphrey Chetham, of whom Fuller has given a noble account in his 'Worthies of England.' This institution can claim to be the first library in Europe freely accessible to all classes of the community, without distinction of rank.

The city of Manchester was the first to adopt Mr. Ewart's

* 'Appeal on Behalf of the City Library,' i., 740. Bristol: Edwards.

Act, and, chiefly owing to the zeal and influence of Sir John Potter, no less than £12,823 was collected by public subscription for a free library. At the polling booth, 4,002 citizens voted for the adoption of the Act, and forty against it. On the second of September, 1852, the library was opened to the public, in the presence of some of the most distinguished men of the day. It is not an every-day occasion that can bring together such men as Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, Sir Bulwer Lytton, R. M. Milnes, Charles Knight, Sir James Stephens, and the Earl of Shaftesbury; and Manchester has cause to be proud of the purpose which drew together such noble company. The library now contains 77,444 volumes, of which 38,426 are in the reference department, and the rest are distributed in five branch lending libraries in various parts of the city. The newest of these—the Chorlton and Ardwick branch—was inaugurated with great *éclat* during the sojourn of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science in Manchester, in October last. The reference library can claim to be one of the best selected and most valuable of the libraries of a similar size. In works relating to British history, and more particularly its political and commercial history, it is extremely well supplied, having absorbed the best part of the collections of Magens, Lord Bexley, Drummond Hay, Lord Langdale, and Francis Place. It contains, of course, many literary rarities and curiosities, as, for example, ‘A Portion of the Old Testament and of the Apocrypha, translated from the Latin Vulgate into Dutch.’ 1477. Fol. Black letter.—‘Life and Death of Hector.’ By John Lidgate. Lond.: 1614. Fol.—‘The Golden Legend.’ First edition. Printed by William Caxton. 1483.—‘Hakluytus Posthumus; or, Purchas his Pilgrims, containing a History of the World.’ By Samuel Purchas. 5 vols. Lond.: 1625-26. Fol.—‘Mr. William Shakespeare’s Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies.’ Second edition. Lond.: 1632. This copy of the famous second folio formerly belonged to J. P. Kemble. But we need not extend this list, though it might be possible to swell it to a considerable length if the printed catalogue, prepared by Dr. Crestadoro, the present chief librarian, were carefully examined. The books we have alluded to will serve to show that those who have had the management of the library have not been guided by any principles of false economy in their selection of books. The institution contains some finely illustrated works: for instance, the ‘*Flora Londinensis*,’ Sylvestre’s ‘*Paleographie Universelle*,’ Kingsborough’s ‘*Mexican Antiquities*,’ ‘*Les Arts au Moyen Age*,’ by Du Sommerard, and

many more. The institution is made use of by all classes of the community, as may be seen from a table printed in the twelfth report, which contains a list of the occupations of the readers in the reference library. From this we learn that editors and egg dealers, clergymen and carpenters, bankers and barbers, alike avail themselves of the privileges which it affords. The total issues from all the departments of this library amounted, in 1855-66, to the number of four hundred and thirty-two thousand five hundred volumes.*

The example offered by Manchester was soon followed by Liverpool, and in 1852 a special Act was obtained ; but it was not until 1857 that the library attained its present proportions. In 1853 the late Sir William Brown offered £6,000 towards the cost of a new building, but afterwards, with still greater munificence, expressed his wish to erect, entirely at his own expense, 'a Free Public Library and Museum worthy of the town, where the inhabitants, be their position in life what it may, can resort for intellectual improvement.' The new building was inaugurated in 1857, in the presence of a distinguished company, amongst whom was the venerable Lord Brougham. Let us hope that this munificent example will have many imitators, and that more of our merchant princes will follow in the footsteps of Humphrey Chetham and William Brown.

The Liverpool Free Library is particularly rich in topography, fine arts, and in illustrated works generally. It has also many magnificent books relating to natural history, including the works of Catlin, Bonaparte, and Audubon. As in most of these institutions, the greatest strength lies in the modern part of the collection, which has been collected with great judgment and skill. In the older literature, of course, the *lacunæ* are very considerable. From the fourteenth report we learn that the library contained 80,422 volumes ; of these 43,261 were in the reference library, and the remainder were divided between the two lending departments. The issues from the lending libraries amounted to 401,374, and those from the reference library reached the enormous figures of 472,102. These figures will serve to show that the race of book-lovers in Liverpool has certainly not diminished since William Roscoe wrote those sad yet hopeful words on being forced by adverse circumstances to part with the noble library which he had gathered together :—

* The report for 1866-7 is not yet issued, but we learn from official information that in the ten months ending June, 1867, the issues were 489,320, being 56,820 volumes more than were issued in the entire year preceding.

As one who destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again, erewhile,
 To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart;
 Thus loved associates! chiefs of elder art!
 Teachers of wisdom! who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
 I now resign you—nor with fainting heart.
 For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore;
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

What would not Roscoe, when entering upon the battle of life, have given for such aid as the young student may receive at these institutions?

The Salford Library (which was the precursor of the Manchester Free Library, having been established in 1849, under the provisions of the Museums Act, 1845) is in the midst of Peel Park, one of the most popular of the public pleasure grounds in the cotton district. It is attached to a museum, which, under the able management of Mr. John Plant, F.R.G.S., has become an important collection. The library contains many valuable works; its chief strength, however, lies in standard modern literature. The latest report issued does not give any information as to the number of volumes on the shelves. In 1864-5 the reference library contained 17,748 volumes; the lending library, 9,230; the patent library, 1,830. The estimated value of these books amounted to £6,686. 11s. 6d. The following details will show the classification adopted, and the number of volumes issued in each class during the past year. In the reference department: Theology, 1,129; jurisprudence, 745; history, 6,589; science, 17,776; general literature, 21,777; novels, 12,007; total, 60,023. In the lending department: Theology, 850; history, 3,714; science, 1,670; general literature, 4,735; novels, 40,738; total, 51,707. By far the larger proportion of these appear to be works of pure literature, poetry, essays, and literary miscellanies of a general nature.

The Bolton Library contains 21,677 volumes, and includes a subscription library, whose books, after a certain period, become available for the use of the public. In 1864 the total number of volumes issued was 90,677. In their report, the committee print a very suggestive table, from which it appears that in the reference department there were issued: To artisans and labourers, 13,566 volumes; to warehousemen, 448; to cotton mill operatives, 7,000; to assistants in shops, 236; to operative bleachers, 302; to pupil-teachers and

boys at school, 4,410; to shopkeepers and other tradesmen, 560; to clergymen and others of superior position, 411; unascertained, 7,843; total, 39,090. In the year following the number of issues was somewhat less, 34,755 being the total number of issues in the reference department.

Birmingham, which in 1852 refused to adopt the Act, has now a reference library and four lending libraries, to which a fifth will shortly be added. The reference library was opened on the 26th of October, 1866, when Mr. George Dawson, M.A., delivered an address. The committee explain that in the formation of the reference library they have been guided by the principles—

I. That the library should, as far as practicable, represent every phase of human thought, and every variety of opinion.

II. That books of permanent value and of standard interest should form the principal portion of the library, and that modern and popular books should be added from time to time as they are published.

III. That it should contain those rare and costly works which are generally out of the reach of individual students and collectors, and which are not usually found in provincial or private libraries.

These principles, we think, ought to govern the formation of all city libraries which can afford to act up to them. The Birmingham committee, aided by their librarian, Mr. J. D. Mullins, appear to have carried them out fully. A library which on its opening day could boast of Walton's 'Polyglot,' the Benedictine editions of the Fathers, Kingsborough's 'Mexican Antiquities,' the magnificent 'Description de l'Egypte,' published by order of the first Napoleon, and a long array of choice and standard books, already extending to 18,225 volumes, is one of which a great city may justly be proud. The reference library had only been open fifty-four days when the report was published which we have just quoted; during that period 11,468 volumes had been issued to the public. The lending libraries are stocked with 13,857 volumes.

In the places to which we have so far called attention, the experiment has been tried on a somewhat large scale, and having thus attracted attention, some of the favourable results are pretty well known, although, perhaps, few are aware of the greatness to which these results have attained. It is gratifying to find that not only are the great cities of the empire quickly awakening to a sense of the benefits to be derived from this accessibility of literature, but also places which cannot hope to rival their wealthier neighbours in the value and extent of their collections. One of the smaller libraries is at Cardiff, and from the latest report we have condensed some interesting particulars. The library contains

3,049 volumes; and the total number of books issued during the year was 14,436, of which 4,448 are said to belong to light literature, 666 to miscellaneous literature, 347 to history and biography, and 252 to poetry and the drama. The classes using the library are shown to be:—Professional men and gentlemen, 154; merchants, brokers, and tradesmen, 191; clerks, shopmen, apprentices, &c., 436; working men, 226; females, 271; policemen, soldiers, &c., 34; total, 1,312. With respect to the books most in demand, we learn that ‘Midshipman Easy’ was issued eighty-eight times; that Tennyson’s ‘Enoch Arden,’ a poem which requires at least a certain amount of culture to appreciate, was as popular as the ‘Dog Fiend;’ that ‘Vanity Fair’ was requested by more borrowers than ‘Gil Blas;’ that ‘Westward Ho!’ and ‘Oliver Twist’ were equally popular; that Milton was issued fourteen times, and Tennyson’s ‘Miscellaneous Poems’ twenty-six, and that Fawcett’s ‘Political Economy’ found twenty-three readers, whilst Mr. Mill’s book on the same subject only secured fourteen.

In the accompanying table we give information respecting some of the free libraries of the three kingdoms:—

	REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.		LENDING DEPARTMENT.	
	VOLS.	ISSUES.	VOLS.	ISSUES.
Birkenhead ...1861	743	6080	6474	41023
*Birmingham...1866	18225	11468	25133	218872
Blackburn.....1866	5252	5802†	5571	28464
Bolton1864	...	39090	...	51587
Bristol1867	about 9000 in reference and lending departments.			
Cambridge 1855-56	3377	4089	8446	36350
Cardiff.....1865-66	3049	14436
Dundalk1867	about 2568	...
†Liverpool1866	43261	472102	37161	401374
§Manchester 1865-66	38426	133066	39138	299434
Norwich1858	3354	some of which are allowed to circulate.		
Oxford1866	...	4707	...	6290
Salford1866	17748	60023	9230	51707
Sheffield1865	2721	9385	20583	128864

* Four lending departments. † In fifty-four days. ‡ Two lending departments. § Five lending departments.

Having given some account, however brief and imperfect, of these institutions, we may now make some general remarks on some of the topics suggested by a perusal of their various reports. These documents present their statistics in such varied forms, that it is simply impossible to make any comparisons with anything like fairness or accuracy. This, of course, arises from conflicting methods of classifying books. There can be no doubt that a scientific method of arranging the books in logical sequence must give a more accurate

accessibility, and so increase their usefulness. This is a valuable adjunct when there is a full and accurate catalogue; but when a library is devoid of catalogue, and the books are arranged in a heterogeneous manner, it becomes a matter of wonder how any one manages to profit by it and turn its hidden riches to account. Many will be disposed to think that few difficulties stand in the way of arranging books in useful and scientific order; but there are few subjects on which bibliographers are more divided; and, since Conrad Gesner's, there have been many attempts to classify the sum of human knowledge. The scheme of Lord Bacon is the most remarkable of them all for its comprehensiveness and simplicity, but 'it is more suitable for ideas than books,' as Mr. Edwards has justly observed. Mr. Edwards, who has paid much attention to this subject, and investigated it in a thorough manner, appears to think that the plan which best unites the requisite amount of scientific precision with entire practicability is that which arranges all the domains of human learning in six grand divisions:—I., Theology; II., Philosophy (Mental); III., History (Civil and Ecclesiastical), Biography, Voyages, Travels, and Topography; IV., Politics, Law, and Commerce; V., Science and Arts; VI., Literature and Polygraphy (Poetry, Novels, Essays, Encyclopædias, &c.) This system has been successfully adopted in some of the free libraries, although others use in its stead various systems, which have the one merit of being more elaborate—some, in fact, being so complicated that it would not only be difficult to say in what class a book ought to be placed, but almost as hard to decide in which class it ought not.

Intimately connected with the welfare of these institutions is the question of catalogues. The disputes as to the best method of making catalogues have been so bitter and prolonged that it is somewhat dangerous ground to enter upon. Those who wish to see the relative merits and demerits of alphabetical and classed catalogues displayed at full length may consult the 'Report, &c., of the Commissioners on the British Museum, 1849-50.' The chief objection against classed catalogues is the impossibility of obtaining a permanent scientific classification. All schemes for that purpose are in their very nature artificial, and must sooner or later break down. Another equally fatal objection is that many books are of such a dubious or complex nature that it is difficult to decide in what section they are to be looked for. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' has not much in common with 'Tom Jones,' and yet, if we look to form, they both belong to the class of prose fiction. To the same class, for the same reason, belong

such philosophical speculations as 'Utopia,' 'Oceana,' and 'Gaudentio di Lucca.' Again, 'The Pricke of Conscience,' by Robert Rolle, belongs to poetry, if we take that class to include all metrical compositions, but the subjects of which it treats are theological. So with our metrical chronicles: shall we consider them as historical or poetical? Such difficulties, of course, do not exist in alphabetical catalogues. Readers may naturally be classified in two divisions—those who wish to see the works of some particular author, those who want all the books on some given subject. If the library be a small one, the catalogue of which can be sold at a cheap rate, and with a prospect of soon exhausting the edition, the wants of the public will be best secured by printing in one alphabet the titles of the books, arranged first under the authors' names, and second under the names of all the subjects of which they treat, and also, in the case of works of fiction and literary miscellanies, under the first word of their title, of course excluding articles and prepositions. But if the library be one of considerable magnitude, and constantly receiving additions, it is evident that a succession of supplements would soon produce a multiplicity of alphabets almost appalling. The only solution of this difficulty we have seen is contained in a remarkable pamphlet published anonymously in 1856, but now known to be from the pen of Dr. Crestadoro, the present librarian of the Manchester Free Libraries.* The plan proposed in this *brochure* is to divide the catalogue into two distinct portions; the object of the first part being to give a full and accurate description of each book contained in the library, it being quite immaterial what order this part is arranged in, so long as each separate work is distinguished by a progressive number. The second part is called the finding catalogue, and consists of short entries of the book, under the name of the author, under the title of the book, and under the names of all the subjects it may treat of. When the accessions to the library have become sufficiently numerous to require a supplemental catalogue, the index or finding catalogue to the first volume is incorporated with the index to the second volume. It is obvious that this simple process, repeated as often as occasion may require, will effectually prevent the necessity of the first inventorial catalogue ever being reprinted. We are surprised that this system, so simple and so consonant with the spirit of the age, has not been more generally adopted.

* 'The Art of Making Catalogues of Libraries; or, a Method to Obtain a Printed Catalogue of the British Museum Library.' By a Reader Therein. London. 1856.

But we must now draw our remarks to a close. We have shown that these new-born institutions are making rapid progress; that they have already become important agents in that general diffusion of knowledge which is a characteristic of the time; that their usefulness is not (as has sometimes been imagined) confined to any one class, but is shared alike by all sections of the community. Finally, we trust that we have shown sufficient of their beneficial results to induce the reader to hope that they may increase and multiply until no town shall be without a library from which may flow a stream of literature fertilising all the land. Let us hope that ere long there will be no student, no book-lover, no man, rich or poor, unable to gain access to a library where Theology may instruct him, and History spread out the records of the wondrous past, and Science show the power and wisdom of the great All-Father, and Art unfold her dazzling beauties; where the poet's song may cheer the sorrowing heart, and where all may receive help from the wisest and best of the literary sons of men.

MUSIC HALLS AND THEIR EFFECTS.

OWING to the recent litigation between the proprietors of the music halls and theatres, and to the Parliamentary inquiry into the matter which took place last year, public attention has been much directed to this question. It will, therefore, be the purpose of this paper to glance at the most salient points of the inquiry, and to supplement it by facts which have come under the notice of the writer.

The whole of the controversy on this question may be briefly summed up in one sentence: Whether or not public entertainments of a dramatic character should be permitted in any building in the auditorium of which intoxicating drinks are sold and consumed?

The Select Committees of the House of Commons of 1832, 1853, and 1854, recommended that theatrical representations should be separated from drinking and its accompaniments. The recommendation of the last-mentioned committee is so positive on this point that it will be better to quote it here:—

Your committee are fully impressed with the importance of, as far as possible, dissociating places of public entertainment from the sale of intoxicating drinks. Dramatic and musical performances have a tendency, under strict censorship, to raise the character of the people, and there is evidence of a growing taste for such

entertainments amongst the working classes, and which it appears to your committee may be made to serve as a powerful counter-attraction to the public-house.

In contradistinction to this opinion the committee of last year have reported that—

It is not desirable to continue the existing restrictions, which prevent music halls from giving theatrical entertainments.

No arguments are adduced in favour of this proposal, nor are reasons of any kind given for its adoption by the committee. Their motives for doing so must, therefore, be supposed to be derived from the evidence given before them.

The assumption upon which the report is based seems to be this :—That music halls tend to enlighten and elevate the masses, and to draw them from evil courses, and that they should therefore be encouraged.

The answers of the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby to Mr. Locke (Nos. 109, 110, 111), with regard to the Cambridge Music Hall, will serve to illustrate this view :—

If the artisan had not been there with his wife, would he not in all probability have been sitting in a public-house, or *might* he not, at all events?—To my mind, he *was* sitting in a public-house.

But his wife was with him?—Yes.

Is it not a beneficial thing that a man and his wife should amuse themselves together; the wife going along with him, at all events, restrains him from committing any excess?—Certainly.

The audience we are previously told consisted principally of artisans. Is this always or generally the case? In answer to a previous question (101), Mr. Ponsonby says :—

I went the other day to the Alhambra, as I thought I might be asked the question, and certainly the society was not of the best description.

Questions 179 and 180, addressed to the same gentleman, run thus :—

Should you say that at the Alhambra there were any respectable tradesmen present with their wives and daughters?—I cannot say that I saw any.

The women who were there were principally, in your opinion, women of the town?—They appeared to be exercising their calling most openly.

Question 1120, addressed to Sir Richard Mayne, bears on the same point :—

What was the character of the reports that you have had, if any, with regard to the larger establishments?—I think generally that allegations have been made that there was disorder and indecorum, and, upon inquiry, I have found that it is only that a large number of women who were known to be prostitutes, and some people who had been drinking, have been seen, but no open or overt acts of indecorum have been noticed.

Mr. Locke, who seems to have taken the leading part in the committee, gives no evidence of any kind of public decorum.

his comment upon Sir Richard Mayne's answer to question 1071 :—

Sir R. Mayne: I have been struck, too, in those houses where foreign sailors and foreign women are found, by noticing that their conduct is much better than that of our own women, and more decorous externally, both with regard to dress and manner.—Mr. Locke: They are more accustomed to be allowed to amuse themselves, perhaps, than in this straitlaced country.

Notwithstanding Mr. Locke's dictum as to this being a 'straitlaced country,' it must be said in the interests of truth that, in this instance, the statement does not seem to be borne out by the facts. Here, at any rate, is a portion of the circular of the French Government to the different préfets, which shows that our regulations are far more latitudinarian than those in force in France :—

Si le décret du 6 Janvier supprime les anciens privilèges dans l'intérêt de l'art et de l'industrie, il ne supprime aucune des garanties qui protégeaient la société, l'ordre et la morale; il les confirme au contraire, et c'est dans ce but que l'art. 3 consacre la législation relative à la censure théâtrale, conformément au décret du 30 Novembre, 1852. . . . Vous pourrez, quand vous le jugerez convenable, autoriser les propriétaires des cafés à faire exécuter dans leurs établissements toute espèce de musique instrumentale, et chanter toute sorte de morceaux de musique, même de l'ordre le plus élevé, sans toutefois porter atteinte au droit des auteurs sur les ouvrages du répertoire moderne. Ces exécutions instrumentales et vocales devront toujours, comme par le passé, avoir lieu sans aucun costume ni travestissement, sans décors et sans mélange de prose, de danses et de pantomimes.

Now, we are told by the director of the Alhambra, in answer to question 1457, that 'the working classes, the lower class of people, are in the balcony quite alone.' Sir Thomas Henry's evidence is, however, in direct conflict with this statement. He says that women of the town go up into the gallery, and that he saw about fifty or sixty there. Based on this evidence the question suggests itself: Can it be for the advantage of the wife of the artisan to be associated with such neighbours? If, as we are told, in answer to questions 99 and 568, and in other parts of the report, 'the principal object in a music hall is the sale of spirits,' in what way can the restraining influence of the wife be brought to bear, since she voluntarily associates herself with those of her own sex who know no restraint, in a building where the sale of spirits is the first inducement? The report does not vouchsafe to tell us in what way her good influence shows itself in the husband.

Let us now see the effect of music halls on the rising generation. Mr. Henry Pownall, chairman of the Middlesex Sessions, in answer to question 517, says :—

I have had letters sent to me by individuals who blame us very much for granting those licences, and they say that their daughters and sons have been ruined there.

(603) Have you ever inquired into the truth of any of these stories?—Yes.
Have you found them to be true?—Yes.

The evidence of Sir William Bodkin, Assistant Judge for Middlesex, is of even greater importance on this point.

(1834) Mr. Locke: Why should not one man who has not so much money as another man have an opportunity of seeing a ballet if he likes?—Mr. Bodkin: I do not know; I give no opinion about that; I only know that cases frequently come before me of a crime that is now very much on the increase—I mean the crime of embezzlement, robbing employers; and I find that the young men are very much induced to get into these difficulties through attending cheap places of this kind.

The answer to question 1923 is of a similar purport, with the addition that in the case of men of more mature age the cause of ruin is betting.

But does betting exist in music halls?

In answer to question 3139, Mr. B. Webster says:—

The police do not report what takes place at the Oxford, because that is now the musical Tattersall's of London.

But, Mr. Webster being a theatrical manager, his opinion may be prejudiced; let us, therefore, see what is said on the point in the *Daily Telegraph* of August 20th, 1866:—

Many gentlemen closely identified with racing have gone off to their shooting boxes. That fact will account in some measure for the tameness that rules at the present moment in the emporiums of betting, from Albert Gate and the clubs down to the 'Musical Tattersall's.'

Judge Bodkin emphatically condemns betting in places like these:—

(2028) The cases are innumerable of men being ruined by going to low betting-houses, and betting first their own money, and then their employers' money.

But even the learned judge does not seem to be fully aware of the monstrous evils which find shelter under the name of betting at the music hall. In the case of *Little v. Price*, reported in the *Times* of the 29th June last, the following evidence was given. The action was for £75—the plaintiff being described as a betting man, and the defendant as a clerk in a bank:—

In cross-examination the plaintiff admitted that he lived by betting. He said he was in the habit of meeting with other betting men at the Oxford Music Hall, in Hyde Park, Farringdon-street, and at the top of the Haymarket, but had never been ordered off by the police. He denied that he had pressed the defendant to engage in betting transactions, and that he had refused to do so. He admitted that at an interview which he had had with the defendant and his wife after the money was lost, they had both asserted that the defendant had never authorised him to bet for him. He said he had never threatened to expose the defendant, or threatened him with the loss of his situation; but he admitted writing a letter in which he said that if the money were not paid the whole matter would be laid before his mother and stepfather, 'and the devil knows who, and the consequences are nothing to me, not so to you.' He also admitted that several statements in that letter were untrue. At the end of the plaintiff's evidence the jury interposed, and said they were prepared to find a verdict for the defendant. The case, how-

ever, proceeded, and at the close of the plaintiff's case the jury at once found a verdict for the defendant. Serjeant Parry, on the defendant's behalf, said that, had it been necessary to call him, he could have denied that he had ever been at a race in his life, or that there was any truth in the plaintiff's story.

After telling several untruths, the plaintiff himself admits that he endeavoured to extort money by threatening the defendant with the loss of his situation and other menaces, and the jury have decided by their verdict that the action was without foundation; in fact, that a man was threatened with the worst consequences if he did not pay money which he did not owe.

How much longer will the police consider it necessary to wait before they 'order off' these social vampires?

The *Sporting Life* of the 10th August last says: 'We cannot further refrain from expressing our regret at the decline of honour observable in racing transactions, not only for the simple sake of the turf, but for the credit and reputation of English gentlemen.' Matters must certainly be in a very bad state when one of the organs of the turf is thus obliged to lecture its supporters.

The unblushing villany now very generally practised under the name of betting finds a fitting ally in the brutality which characterises some of its supporters, and against which more than one journal has lately had to raise its voice. The latest specimen derives its root from the music hall, and the ruffian who was concerned in it supplemented it by boasting of his work, and of his ability to pay any fine levied on him. The case is thus stated in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 15th August last:—

Frederick Landor, bar-keeper at the London Pavilion Music Hall, was charged with assaulting Mr. Joseph Rosenthal, jeweller. Complainant stated that he had had a dispute with the defendant respecting a bet. On the previous evening the defendant came up to him and said, 'Are you going to settle that bet?' He told the defendant that he had not received the money, and the defendant then spat in his face, called him 'A — Jew,' and kicked him. After tripping him up the defendant kicked him while he was lying on the ground, some of the kicks being on the mouth, and others about the head.—Mr. Tyrwhit, having heard witnesses who confirmed the complainant's statement remarked that it was quite clear to him that the defendant had committed a most brutal assault, and he would be sent to prison for twenty-one days, with hard labour.—Eventually his worship altered his decision, and imposed a fine of £5.

Hitherto we have only had evidence before us of the effect of music halls upon artisans and their wives, shopboys, and people in similar circumstances. We are, however, given to understand in the report that gentlemen are in the habit of frequenting them, or one of them at least. It will now, therefore, be proper for us to see what attractions there are for this class. The director of the Alhambra says, in answer to question 1484,—

The same gentleman who goes to the theatre comes in at ten o'clock to smoke his cigar at the Alhambra.

(1485) They come to see the late performance?—Yes.

(1486) It amuses a man while he is smoking his cigar?—Yes.

Now, we are told that the entertainments at music halls should be of a very varied character (7440)—tumbling, singing, ballet dancing, and the like. For the gentlemen while smoking their cigars there is, however, another form of amusement at the Alhambra at least, which does not come under any of these categories. Let the report speak for itself:—

(1654) Sir Arthur Buller: About that canteen which you have at the Alhambra: I understand that you made that expressly for the use of the persons employed at the theatre?—Mr. Strange: Yes.

(1655) For the use of the women as well as the men?—Yes.

(1541) Now, about this canteen: is the canteen open during the entire evening? Yes.

(1542) And gentlemen who have your permission go there?—Yes.

(1688) I suppose that gentlemen who visit the canteen treat those girls (the ballet girls)?—Very likely.

(1569) Do they (the ballet girls) come to the canteen in costume?—Sometimes they do; I may say always, in fact.

(1703) Do you exercise any vigilance over the character of the females who keep the bars?—No, we cannot do that.

A publication styled 'London by Night,' which has recently appeared, and which seems to aim at giving pictures of 'fast' life, thus speaks of the 'canteen':—

A friend engaged as a *danseuse* at the Alhambra was taken ill; and, knowing that Sybil had once been engaged at Rural Lane, asked her to go as a substitute, and after some consideration she was accepted by the ballet-master.

This initiated her into the 'canteen;' the veil of its eleusinian mysteries was raised. The sylphs—how like sylphs when dressed, or rather encased, in their own attire!—solaced themselves with a little refreshment in the canteen; and they wanted it, for a ballet girl's work is hard, and champagne is not a bad stimulant.

Had Sybil been anything but what she was, she would have been a little surprised, and her modesty shocked, to see the sylphs sitting upon the knees of gentlemen having the privilege of the *entrée*, and drinking wine with the grace of fairies, but rather more copiously.

Let us now see Judge Bodkin's opinion of this kind of amusement:—

(1974) Mr. Lusk: Do you not think it would be better to improve the entertainments given at the music halls?—Mr. Bodkin: It depends on what is called improvement. They would be improved by withdrawing that which (it is of no use concealing it) must tend to inflame the passions of young men, where women play in the ballet and afterwards join the men.

(1856) Is there anything which you would wish to add to your evidence?—I think that, in consequence of what I have heard since I have been sitting in this room with regard to the canteen, and the visits paid by men, and the introduction of some of the ballet dancers into that room, I ought to add to my recollection a case which came before me once from the neighbourhood of Covent Garden: it was a place which had a music and dancing licence, and poses *plastiques*, and had ballets of women there in a demi-nude state.

with the men who went there, and at last it became so horribly disgusting that the police interfered, and it was put down.

Mr. Henry Pownall, in answer to question 508, seems to find other objectionable features of this character in music halls :—

Mr. Locke: But though now, at the music halls, there are some females of that character, is there anything improper going on—is the people's conduct improper in any way?—I should think not in the main body of the place.

(509) But you say there are secret rooms at the side, where you have never entered, and where you have been told there is something improper going on?—Yes.

Question 1191, bearing on the same point, is addressed to Sir Richard Mayne :—

With regard to the structure of the houses, supposing it were found to be the fact that there were arrangements made for private rooms, or rooms of some other character for facilitating immoralities, would it be the duty of the police to make themselves acquainted with these circumstances, and make a report to you?—No, I think not, unless it was very gross. The police have no direct authority whatever with regard to brothels; the public are quite mistaken upon that subject; the police have no authority whatever with regard to brothels, and those private rooms may be considered of that class.

Now, the director of the Alhambra (1886) says 'that he does not think that there can be anything improper in these private rooms or boxes' at his music hall, and he further informs the committee, through the medium of Mr. Stanley (2778), that his object in instituting the 'canteen,' was simply 'to prove that there was no harm in it.'

To what lengths this novel test for morality may eventually be carried, it is, of course, impossible to say; but it is apparently already bearing fruit in a manner as extensive as its most earnest promoters could wish. Here at least is an advertisement on the point, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 6th April last :—

BALL.—A Fancy Dress Ball, the great feature of the London season, on Friday, 12th April, at St. Martin's Hall. This splendid ball-room will be entirely decorated and illuminated, in honour of the great national boat race, the Oxford and Cambridge. The colours of each will be represented by 300 ladies, specially invited for this festival. The ball will be under the management of Mr. John Baum. The band, consisting of 100 performers, will be under the able direction of M. Rivière. Supper at one a.m. Dancing until five a.m.

In other words, three hundred professional dancers in special costumes were to receive free admission to this hall in order to serve as an attraction and an inducement for men to visit it. Unless we mistake very much, the names which appear so prominently in this advertisement are to be met with equally prominently in the programme of the Alhambra Music Hall, as managers of departments there.

Let us now hear what the evidence in the report says with regard to country music halls :—

Mr. Goschen : You do not seem to approve of the way in which the music halls are carried on at some of the small towns ?—Mr. W. T. Simpson : Unless they are carried on in the same fashion as they are in London ; if you were to see them you would say so. Take Dudley, where there are 60,000 inhabitants ; go into one of the great places there, which are all like glass ; you cannot hear a word ; there is the music, and there is a collier and his wife fighting, and a child crying, and that they call a concert room. It is all in front of the bar.

Having now brought out the principal features of the Parliamentary report, we will give the results of a visit to some of these halls—the Metropolitan, in the Edgware Road ; the Oxford, in Oxford-street ; the Alhambra, in Leicester Square ; and the Pavilion, in the Haymarket.

In all of these places the number of women who are termed ‘unfortunate’ largely predominated over any other. Could any one have a doubt upon this point, it would only be necessary for him to see the number of showily-dressed women who go to them alone, and the manner in which they meet with associates.

The director of the Alhambra has set down persons of this class present in his hall at from three to four per cent. This per centage is unfortunately very far below the mark, for a personal inspection revealed in one part of the building 54 women to 282 men, and in another the proportion was 36 to 86. These taken together give a result of twenty-four per cent.

With regard to the evil effects of music halls on servants and young girls, one medical man has furnished a list of six who have gone astray through their visits to one of these halls only ; and the *Daily Telegraph* of the 17th June last supplies a lamentable case of a little girl of thirteen whose ruin had been mainly brought about by visiting these places.

Betting, too, seems to be carried on most openly, for a visit to the Oxford showed some seventy or eighty men engaged in the practice, in a bar partitioned off from the main body of the hall. And as for the gentlemen who go to the Alhambra at ten o'clock for the late performance, it seemed that about that time the audience—at least, that portion of it in front of the stage—began to dwindle away ; in fact, that the most brilliant part of the performance, namely, the gorgeous ballet at the end, was the worst attended.

Very little attention seemed to be given at these halls to the performances ; about two-thirds of the audience appeared engrossed in sipping their liquor, or in talking to women. The effect of a magnificent old chorus, The ... of the

Men of Harlech,' at the Alhambra, was to cause nearly the whole of the audience who were not seated to turn their backs upon the stage.

Notwithstanding the denial of the director, the practice of admitting women without payment, and without ticket of any kind, seems not unknown there—an instance of it at least came under observation during a personal visit. In another case, tickets for another hall were shown to the writer, which professed to admit the bearer free, that is to say, the admission was to be returned in drink.

At each of these places what is colloquially termed a 'roaring trade' was driven in malt liquors and spirits; and during a short stay at the Metropolitan, the writer was accosted no fewer than nine times by two waiters, and urged to 'give orders.' In fact, Mr. Stanley, late of the Oxford, states in his paper, 'without the profit on refreshments it would be impossible for the music halls to be kept open, and the proprietors frequently expend more than their receipts for admission in the cost of the entertainments which they produce.'

If the expenses of the music halls exceed the receipts for admission, incentives must, therefore, be thrown out to the public to spend money in drink—to indulge, in fact, in what has been branded by numerous Committees of the House of Commons, 'who bear unvarying testimony both to the general intemperance of criminals, and the increase and diminution of crime in direct ratio with the increased or diminished consumption of intoxicating drinks.'

But the evils of the forced drinking system do not seem to be confined only to the audiences at music halls, but are equally to be met with among the performers. Several letters from music hall performers have appeared in the *Era*, from time to time, more particularly on the 24th and 31st March, and the 7th April last, complaining that they are constantly compelled to 'treat' the music hall officials with liquor. An extract from one of these letters will serve to show their general tenor. The writer commences by stating that 'he is a professional of several years' experience in most of the leading provincial music halls.' The system is, it seems, technically termed 'prossing,' and is thus alluded to :—

Whatever may have been its origin, there is no question but the 'prossing' system is now a recognised and expected custom. 'E. N.' declares that it is only the lower class of music halls where this extortion is carried on systematically. My experience teaches me the reverse. If by the 'lower' he means the smaller ones, where only two or three are in the orchestra, the matter would be but trifling, and scarcely worthy of remark; but it is the large or 'upper' halls to which I refer, where the members of the orchestra are much more numerous, and

I myself have oftentimes been obliged, after coming a long and expensive journey for a twelve or eighteen nights' engagement, to deny myself many comforts (before drawing my first week's salary) in order to satisfy the 'friendly' cravings of these beery vampires.

The proprietors of the music halls candidly avow that they must induce people to drink in order to make their establishments pay. They appeal to the committee to grant them fresh facilities for attracting the public to drink, and the committee forthwith endorse their application.

If the interests of morality had for a moment been considered, would this have been done? Would it not, for instance, have been better to have recommended that these places should be converted into theatres, conditionally on their excluding the sale of intoxicating drinks from the auditorium, and on their suppressing the objectionable features of which the evidence in the report speaks so strongly?

One would think, from reading the recommendations of the committee, that there must be some cogent reason in the background why music halls, as they are at present constituted, should be encouraged. For instance, that the inhabitants in their neighbourhood were very anxious that they should be established for their moral and intellectual recreation and improvement. If so, why does not the report furnish evidence of it? That which has come under our notice bears a very different aspect. According to the *Standard* of March 25th, 1858, when the licence for the Alhambra was first applied for, Mr. Sleight appeared to oppose the application, and said:—'Not only are the parties for whom I appear opposed to the licence sought for being granted, but the same is backed by the names of the vicar, the churchwardens, and thirty respectable inhabitants of the square (Leicester Square), they, according to my instructions, believing it would be made a plague spot of this metropolis.

But to return to the drinking question.

In a theatre we find that the audience will not take any refreshment during the performance, and in the intervals less than ten per cent. of those present seem to feel the necessity of taking any. We are, therefore, left to suppose that the audiences at music halls are differently constituted in every respect; that, in fact, it is necessary for their well-being and morality that they should be perpetually drinking.

This new moral code, in fact, teaches us that it is more beneficial for a man to take his wife and family to a music hall in order that they may all drink together, than that he should, as under the old system, pursue his vicious courses alone.

Did some such conclusion as this suggest itself to the

committee when they omitted to analyse and tabulate the evidence—a matter which has always been attended to in previous cases of a similar nature? If not, why are we not told upon what portions of the evidence the committee found their recommendations, and how is it that not one word of reprobation is uttered with regard to the terrible abuses disclosed by the witnesses?

As no steps have yet been taken in Parliament to give effect to this ill-considered report, let us hope, in the interests of morality and public decorum, that those who have so nobly distinguished themselves hitherto in promoting the well-being and welfare of their fellow-creatures will press upon Parliament the necessity for purging and purifying the evils here so briefly and feebly described, instead of silently allowing immorality, in its many guises, to clamour for fresh privileges.

A WILD NIGHT AT SEA.

IT was late one stormy Sunday evening early in January, 18—, that a woman, about twenty-six years of age, sat on a low chair before the fire, rocking herself to and fro in an agony of grief. As a clock outside the parlour door struck eleven, and a gust of wind swept round the house, with a weird, moaning sound, she shivered and crouched closer to the warmth. Looking at her earnest face, on which the fire-light played lovingly, you were struck rather by its variety and beauty of expression than by regularity of feature or fineness of outline. The dark eyes, the flexible mouth, the soft brown disarranged hair, the anxious brow, the pale lips, all now exhibited some agony of mind which their owner was suffering, and instantly made you sympathise with her in her sorrow. Few, however, would have been in haste to intrude upon that lovely girl, in whom strength of character was evidently united to the sweetness that played round the lips and in the eyes occasionally, when hope gained a temporary victory over despair.

The tinkling of a bell from an upper room in the house disturbed her. She arose immediately, and walked to the apartment whence the sound had proceeded—not quickly, but with the measured steps of weariness. As she opened the door a gentle voice said kindly: ‘Agnes, my dear, are you not coming to bed to-night?’ There was no light in the room,

but she advanced to her mother's bedside, and, taking the hand that was extended to her, kissed it passionately without answering.

'Sit down, Agnes,' said the voice again; 'my dear child, you are looking forward to meet sorrow; is it wise?'

'It is such a night, mother,' Agnes answered, in a hollow voice; 'Joe's ship must be near land, and if it is, what danger! Besides,' she added, slowly, 'I have an awful presentiment that I cannot shake off, of some dire disaster to the Hamilton.'

The mother said a few words of comfort, and then there was silence for many minutes in the dark room, save for the sougning of the wind as it died away over the sea in the distance, or the loud, angry clamour of its advancing force, when the house shook and the windows rattled with its violence.

'Don't stay awake for me, mother,' said Agnes; 'but I can't come to bed and sleep when Joe may be ——.' She could not finish the sentence for the choking sensation in her throat.

'Very well, my poor darling,' replied the mother, tenderly; 'then you must keep up the fire, and take down a shawl to put round you; and if you can rest a little, lie down in the easy chair. Good night, Agnes.'

They kissed each other fondly, and long after the light step was heard descending the stairs did the fond mother stay awake, in earnest prayer for her child. After an hour or two sleep overcame her, and then the troubled girl alone kept vigil for her lover.

She made up a good fire, wrapped a plaid shawl around her, and took her seat on a low ottoman, in almost the same attitude as before. A terrible blast of wind, and the moan of distant waves beating on the sands, made her get up and look out from behind the curtains into the night. It was dark. One or two stars alone were visible as the fast-driving clouds swept across the heavens. Sleet was fast falling, and far away, when she had accustomed her eyes to the dimness, she could discern a revolving glimmer from the lighthouse on the cliff, and a white line of foam crawling along the shore. This was not the place to which her lover's ship would be tending. A vague dread of the rock-bound coast of Cornwall haunted her thoughts—an unknown, cruel coast that so often made shipwreck of the fated vessels that were driven ashore, or whose captains were not well acquainted with its every danger. She turned from the window and sat down again, gazing intently

into the fire. Upon this young woman had descended a 'night of weeping' such as only earnest souls can know, or, knowing, can bear without a human presence. It was necessary to her to be alone, now that the billows swept over her soul. She groaned aloud sometimes, at others she wept, and bitterly did the remembrance of every unkindness she had shown her lover rise up in judgment against her. She took up a locket which she wore upon her bosom suspended by a short gold chain. The whole had been his last present to her before he sailed. She opened it, and gazed long and lingeringly on the bold, handsome features of the sailor; then turned her eyes again towards the fire. The bright, ruddy coals formed themselves, as they had done a hundred times before, into sweet home pictures, dissolving views, first, of their meeting again after that long, wearisome voyage; then of dear, quiet gatherings in the home that she had thought should be theirs by and bye, peopled as fancy or hope dictated, with the mother's chair beside the hearth, and sportive children in the foreground, and ever the same manly figure of her captain as the centrepiece. And from these pictures she awoke again and again, with a start and a sigh, to glance round the empty room, to see written over every picture and on every wall a sentence which haunted her—'Never again in life!' 'Never again in life!' No more meetings, then, on this side of the dark river of death, no more clasping of hands, no more interchange of loving thoughts and words.

And the ghosts of those unkindnesses, how they besieged her! Once she had thrown herself back with an air of almost repugnance when he had wished to kiss her, and he had expressed his surprise and annoyance. Her excuse then to herself now scarcely seemed to console her; he had been drinking, and was slightly intoxicated. It was the only time she had ever seen him so, and she had been disgusted, as a pure woman naturally would be, at the discovery of this vice in one she so fondly loved. She had thought that she refused to kiss him, in that haughty manner, to point out to him his error; but looking at the little quarrel now, Agnes only blamed herself; the peril of her lover on this stormy night, the danger to which he was constantly exposed, made her full of pity and excuse even for his gravest faults. In the other instances she recalled, she had, indeed, been to blame, and they gave her still more pain. Then she would linger dreamily and deliciously over the happy hours they had spent together, their pleasant walks, their social evenings. So, in these alternations of lamentation and recollections of the sunny memories of her life, the night wore slowly away. Every now and then

she repaired to the window. Out of doors there was little change, save that snow had taken the place of the sleet, and it drifted and was whirled about on the raging wind. Towards morning she laid herself upon the hearthrug, with her head on a sofa-cushion, and fell asleep, worn out with grief and watching; but it was only to awake, after a few minutes, with a low scream, for she had dreamed of falling into a well and was drowning. So she shook herself, stirred the fire, rose, and walked about the room.

Captain Joseph Campbell, her lover, had been brought up close to the sea. He was the son of a Scotch fisherman, and had obtained a far better education than is common amongst his class in England. At fourteen years of age he went to sea, bound apprentice to the captain of a Newfoundland trader, and he had raised himself to be boatswain, and then mate, and at length, before he was thirty years of age, captain of the fine ship *Hamilton*, with a crew of eighteen able-bodied seamen. The voyage from which he was daily expected had been to the West Indies, for a cargo of rum and sugar; and, from the long continuance of boisterous weather, there was ample ground for anxiety in the heart of Agnes May, if he had not yet landed.

Agnes and Captain Campbell had been engaged just after he became mate of the *Hamilton*; and, after his first voyage as captain, their wedding was to take place, for which, during the months of his absence, Agnes and her mother had been busily preparing.

‘Man the lifeboat! Man the lifeboat!’ The loud cry was passed from one to another of a little group of hardy fishermen, who stood watching the fate of a fine ship that was fast drifting that wild night on to the rocky shores of their dangerous coast. Already the boat was on the beach, prepared for sea, and with the ready gallantry and heroism of brave men, her crew stood forward from their companions at the first summons of their captain. This was not the first time they had risked their strength and life itself to save their fellow-man; and could that glorious boat have told her tale, she might have recounted adventures almost unparalleled for instances of self-devotion and noble hardihood.

It was no easy thing, now, to push off from shore in the wildly foaming and dashing billows: whilst the extreme cold, the blinding snow, the furious, raging wind, the dark rocks rising like black phantoms of despair on almost every hand, rendered steering a critical operation, and were enough to

deter even true-hearted men from thus adventuring themselves. Rockets already had been fired from the beach, but, by some strange perversity or ignorance, though they had reached the imperilled ship, the lines had not been made use of, and the only chance of saving the crew lay in the exertions of the lifeboat!

‘Pull away, my hearties,’ said the captain, by name Trewin, a fine young man of good position and cheery temper, who steered the little boat. ‘If we can only reach her before she sinks or goes to pieces, there’ll be many hearts to bless ye—wives and sweethearts, and little children.’ The captain’s voice was raised to a shout, but it only just reached the ears of his crew over that terrific storm.

‘Sure ’nuff, capen, we’ve got a will, never ye fear, one and all, ye know, and Cornish lads are the boys to work;’ and a kindly laugh went round till, as they got further into the water, the snow dashed against their faces so that they could hardly see, and talking was rendered impossible.

‘Get under her bow, captain, dear, out of the wind,’ shouted the coxswain; ‘that’s our only chance of saving the dear critters alive,’ he added, in the drawling tone of voice, half plaintive, half droll, which is peculiar to the inhabitants of Cornwall. With great difficulty—for again and again their boat was driven from the side of the vessel by the rough waves and yet rougher wind—they placed her alongside, and shouted to the captain of the ship, which they now discovered was called the *Hamilton*, to accept the means of safety now within his reach. ‘And doay be quick, my dear,’ shouted the coxswain, the oldest man of the lifeboat’s crew, ‘for we can’t bide here long.’

But now they beheld a sight that made the blood curdle in their veins: the captain, a young man, stood on the deck, and, with excited gestures and pistol in hand, threatened to shoot the first sailor who dared to leave the vessel’s side.

‘My dear sir,’ urged the captain of the lifeboat, ‘for God’s sake let the men come, and come yourself, or we shall be too late to help you. There is not a minute to be lost; your vessel has already struck; your honour in leaving her is as safe as ours in fetching you. Come along, men, at once.’

The captain of the *Hamilton* scowled at Captain Trewin as he spoke; but a few of the sailors skulked past the infatuated man, and dropped into the boat, whilst he still stood swearing and gesticulating as before, and repeating his commands.

‘Not a moment to be lost; come, come!’ shouted the crew of the lifeboat again and again; but, though now fifteen of his men were safely in the boat, he furiously forbade the mate to

leave him ; and a sick sailor was below of whom the Cornish men had no knowledge.

'We can't get here again, captain ; come now,' shouted once again the captain of the lifeboat, at a loss to understand the position of affairs. At that instant the ship gave a lurch, and only by a hurried movement and an instant pull was the *Mary Trevenna* prevented from being capsized herself, and perhaps seriously injured in that boiling sea. As it was, an oar was wrenched out of the hand of one of the oarsmen, and no time must be lost in getting to the shore. So, though unwillingly, they turned her from the *Hamilton*. The boat was very heavy now with her cargo of fifteen precious human souls, and many a watcher on the cliffs and beach feared as she sunk into the trough of some mighty wave, and exulted as she rode again safely on the crested billows. The captain of the *Mary Trevenna* could not wait till they landed before he asked the sailors the reason of the strange, mad conduct of their hand-some young captain.

'Our cargo is rum, unfortunately,' replied one of the men, 'and since Captain Campbell has been in trouble about his ship, he has been drinking incessant.'

'And the mate ?' demanded Captain Trewin.

'He doesn't drink, he's a teetotaler, sir ; but he's mighty fond of our captain, and he said to us, says he, "You go, boys, it's right you should, but I'll stick to Captain Campbell."'

'Are you all out ?'

'All but one, besides those two. There's a sick man down below.'

'We can't go back ; their last hope is gone with us,' said Captain Trewin, sadly. 'I'm sorry, indeed ; but we've done all we could, and stayed as long as we dared.'

'There's no blame to any man, save Captain Campbell,' said another sailor ; 'and he's got the drink in him, so that he doesn't know what he's about.'

'No, he was a first-rate fellow, and as jolly a tar as ever took to salt water ; brought up to it all his born days, and with a kindly word for all his crew, till he opened the rum casks from *Jamaiky*. I'd sooner have gone without my grog than this should happen, and cast the barrels overboard.'

'The best thing you could have done, Jack,' said Captain Trewin, who was himself, as so many Cornish men are, hearty in the teetotal cause. The boat grounded on the sand, and the sailors having lightly skipped ashore, were heartily and kindly welcomed by the whole population of the little village on the coast.

Next day the lookers-out on that wild shore, turning

place where the Hamilton had drifted, could see nothing ; the ship had sunk ! All that day there came floating in to the land the cargo of that ill-fated vessel—kegs of rum and barrels of sugar—and the Cornish folk, strong in their teetotalism, forbore to taste the poisonous beverage, which had already destroyed, directly and indirectly, three lives on board the Hamilton, of which it had been the freight.

And in the afternoon, tossing on the still stormy waves, drifting nearer and nearer, came a human form, one of the three ; and, as they pulled it in, the rescued crew recognised their captain, a handsome man, lately strong and in the full glory of his manhood, with a locket on his breast enclosing a curl of woman's hair and the likeness of a fair sweet face, bespeaking a true and tender heart—a face that you have already seen in its agony in the little parlour far away ; and in the pocket of his waistcoat was a long love-letter, in clear, firm writing, signed ' Ever your true love, Agnes May.'

' I knew it would come, mother—I felt it that night ; and oh, I could bear it if it wasn't that they might have been saved.'

This was the wail which again and again resounded from a broken heart. The shame of his intoxication, the thought that he had, through drink, sacrificed his own precious life and that of Andrew Johnson, his mate, the good-hearted Scotch friend of his boyhood, were additions to the bitterness of a grief that, for one who, like Agnes May, could know no other love in life, was the shrouding of all joy, the ending of all mirth.

A telegram had summoned Captain Campbell's father to Cornwall, and Agnes had accompanied him. The wife of the mate, Maggie Johnson, had been unable to leave her sick child ; so the two bodies had been brought home to be buried together in a churchyard by the sea, though not on the wild Cornish coast. Agnes had felt a mournful satisfaction in thus being able to take a last sad look on her beloved dead ; but the face wore an expression of anxiety and trouble which dismayed her. It seemed as if, too late, he had awakened to the folly and sin he had committed, and for which he could never atone.

' My poor Joe,' she exclaimed, throwing her arms round his lifeless form, which lay upon a bed in the upstairs room of a fisherman's cottage ; ' my poor Joe, and if it had not been for the drink you might still have been with me—saved, saved.'

And when they returned, and with much manifestation of sympathy and a most affecting burial service, the bodies of the

two young sailors had been laid in their graves, Agnes could not obtain peace. A black shadow of disgrace was at her side, marring all the recollections in which she indulged concerning her lover, darkening his memory with the gloom of sin. She struggled bravely against despair, as it was in her nature to do. For her mother's sake she would keep well and try to be composed, but it would not do. Her health broke down, her reason gave way, and a moping melancholy rules the life of the young Captain's destined bride, poor Agnes May.

Still she lives on, calling forth in her mother a devotion and tenderness which it is beautiful to behold. But, oh, as we consider these wasted, and sacrificed, and shadowed lives, are not our hearts stirred within us to speed the good time when the rum fiend, and gin fiend, and all their hellish brood, shall be exorcised from our fair world, never again to make hearts desolate and homes empty—never again to cause such a tragedy as was enacted on that wild night at sea?

SOCIAL SCIENCE SELECTIONS.

OUR RECRUITING SYSTEM.

HAVING conducted the military correspondence of the Treasury, and superintended the Commissariat for many years, I was supposed to have peculiar advantages for dealing with the subject. The arguments and proposals which I laid before the Commission were afterwards maintained by me in discussion with a War Office Committee, and they have lately been carefully revised, with the aid of nearly ten years' further experience.

The points to which public attention is at present chiefly directed are, the failure of the recruiting system, and the formation of an army of reserve. I have resumed the subject at an earlier stage. If, by an alteration of the principle upon which the army is constituted, the service can be made popular, and attractive to all classes of the community, the recruiting difficulty will disappear, and it will only remain to determine the conditions under which trained men shall be transferred from the regular army to the army of reserve.

The real position of the question cannot be understood unless we open our eyes to the true character of the recruiting system. The recruiting of the army is conducted entirely in public-houses, to which the recruits are inveigled by 'bringers,' who are crimps of the worst description, touting about in all the lowest haunts of the town. The recruits are habitually plied with drink, and they are generally under the influence of liquor when they are enlisted. They are also deceived by false expectations as to the amount of their remuneration, and are induced to make false representations as to their age, unmarried state, &c. The recruiters are paid by head-money, and they have therefore a personal interest in these objectionable practices. As soon as the recruits receive the bounty-money, their comrades get round them, and it is drunk away; so that the man not only gets drunk himself, but makes the men of his company drunk too, unless he keeps the money to enable him to desert, with

a view of getting another bounty elsewhere. The recruiting sergeants, being lodged in the lowest houses in a town, where they meet only with the worst characters, become depraved; and even good non-commissioned officers, after having been employed on the recruiting service, frequently return to their regiments dissipated in habits and appearance, and greatly in debt. Commanding officers refrain from sending their best men on recruiting parties, in order that they may not be corrupted. What, therefore, must be the effect upon raw recruits who have just entered upon a new line of life, and come under the influence of more experienced associates?

The most disheartening thing of all is, that we appear to be revolving in a vicious circle, for the proposals submitted to Parliament in the recent supplementary estimate would only make bad worse. The Commission report that 'bounty-money is usually spent in riot and dissipation, and any increase in that direction would only tend to demoralise the army, and to encourage desertion;' yet it is proposed largely to increase the bounty-money. The head-money paid to recruiters is the immediate stimulus to the tippling and swindling of the recruiting system; yet the head-money is to be raised from 15s. to 20s. for each recruit enlisted for a specified regiment, and to 25s. for each recruit enlisted for general service. The chronic cause of misunderstanding and complaint is the discrepancy between the nominal and real amount of the soldier's pay; and yet it is proposed to add the 2d. a day to the nominal pay, instead of deducting it from the stoppages. The soldier is not even to be encouraged to profitable industry, by giving him his fatigue-jacket and forage-cap free, as recommended by the Commission. Until the stoppages are reduced and equalised, so that the soldier may, under all circumstances of his service, receive the same net rate of pay, to be diminished only by his own misconduct or mismanagement, we shall not be able to prepare, in a presentable form, the long-desired official statement of the advantages of his position, so as to save the youth of the country from the misrepresentations of recruiters, and to put the soldier's engagement on the footing of an honest, well-understood contract. We are not just to ourselves in omitting to do this, for the advantages

enjoyed by our soldiers, in comparison with labourers and artisans, are, in some respects, very great; and the further improvements in the terms of service which I have ventured to recommend would make the army a really desirable profession for rational men.

Of course, it is extremely difficult to keep together an army which has been got together by such an utterly immoral system of recruiting. In 1858, 29 per cent. of the army at home had their names inserted in the 'Hue and Cry' as deserters, or 20,360 men out of 70,000. Of these, 18,211, or 33 per cent. to strength, were from the line. In order to prevent the army from disbanding, flogging was re-enacted in the Mutiny Act of 1859, with a special application to desertion; and the punishment still known as 'branding' was directed to be inflicted with increased particularity. The returns of the Inspector-General of Military Prisons, and the Appendix to the Report of the Recruiting Commission, tell their own story. These severities have diminished desertion, but they have also checked recruiting. The Commission recommended that the scale of payment for the purchase of discharges should 'be considerably raised,'—or, in other words, that it should be made more difficult to leave the army. This would both check recruiting and increase desertion. Besides losing the services of the deserters, and of the soldiers employed in apprehending and guarding them, every trained soldier who deserts and is not recovered costs the country at least £100; and the cost of recovering and punishing deserters amounts to a large additional sum. The vote for the administration of martial law for 1867-8 is £87,370, being an increase of £3,000 over the preceding year.

Why, in this case only, do we steel our hearts against the commonest humanity, and shut our eyes to the most obvious dictates of morality? We pick out of the streets persons for whom we are not specially responsible, to reclaim them in reformatories and penitentiaries; and ourselves, through our paid agents, corrupt our young soldiers, who have the most affecting claims upon us for protection and help. Even our army reformers, who have done so much for the soldier after he is enlisted, avert their eyes from the flagrant scandals of the recruiting system. Whence this gross inconsistency, this strange anachronism?

If the truth be not told, there can be no amendment; and the truth is that, according to the existing constitution of the army, the existing recruiting system is necessary for our national safety. There are but two sets of motives by which mankind are influenced. One appeals to their animal nature and their fears; the other, to their human nature and their hopes. By giving to soldiers who enter through the ranks a share of the military, and nearly the whole of the administrative promotion, we could make the army an object of desire to the whole of our population, including that largest and best portion of it which has been practically excluded for more than two hundred years. The only bitter thing which the mildest of men—the late Sir Robert Inglis—ever said in Parliament was during the short reign of the railway king:—‘I can admire an aristocracy of talent; I can respect an aristocracy of rank; but an aristocracy of wealth is not to be endured.’ The army is the last place where this principle should be in the ascendant. How much longer will it be permitted to obstruct every kind of improvement in that branch of the public service upon which the preservation of all our interests depends?

Our recruiting system, and the penal system by which it is supported, effectually exclude from our army all but the lowest stratum of the lowest class. Even respectable working men refrain from enlisting. The recruits are the waifs and strays of society. The Commission has remarked upon their ‘extreme youth.’ They are to a great extent boys who have got into trouble, and been kidnapped by the recruiters. Another large class are men of broken character, who make a trade of deserting and get-

ting fresh bounties. My proposal is that existing arrangements should be so modified as to make the army a desirable profession for that portion of our population which occupies the large space between this class and that which fills the commissioned ranks. It is a great mistake to limit our conception of the middle class to farmers and shopkeepers. Owing to the spread of education and the increase of industrial undertakings of many different kinds, the middle class has become immensely important merely in point of number; while in point of character, if it were fully represented in the army, it would leaven our military service to a degree which would amount to a complete transformation. Even our safety as a nation may be involved in the satisfactory settlement of this question. There is mischief in the air, and clouds are gathering in several quarters. On one point there can be no doubt. The worst feature of the insurrection in Ireland is, that while the leaders in 1848 were a few conceited gentlemen, who were connected with the mass of the population by a very imperfect sympathy, on this occasion the insurgents are led by a considerable number of middle-class men. The Irish have a decided genius for the military profession; and if, when better times come, they are freely admitted to advantageous terms of service in a reformed army, we shall find a new security in the element which is now most adverse to us. The constabulary, who have behaved with such exemplary fidelity and gallantry, are as thoroughly Irish as the insurgent leaders; but they are engaged in our service, and are therefore on our side.—*The Purchase System of the British Army.* By Sir Charles E. Trevelyan, K.C.B.

THE MONTHLY NURSE.

We will take a fair specimen of her class. She is a woman about fifty, comely in figure, neat in her dress, which generally consists of a print or merino gown (according to the season), white apron, muslin neckerchief, lace cap, which with its white ribbons has done duty, no doubt, at a christening in the last, or last but one family. There is always something very characteristic about the figure of a monthly nurse. A peculiar

breadth of back, from her shoulders down, as though she disdained the control of stays. There is a protective look about her arms and lap, which suggests the idea of comfort for the infant in such quarters. And when I speak of her bright twinkling eye, a peculiar blandness of her general expression, and a calmness in all her movements, I think you have a very fair picture of a monthly nurse before you. The nursing gown

rally carries a good deal of authority with her, she makes an impression as to her importance upon every member of the family. She inspires confidence in 'her lady,' of whom, and 'her baby,' when it arrives, she speaks very boastfully. Everybody and everything must give way to and do homage to these two deities of the household, for the time-being. All the domestics are at her command, when required; housemaids are sent flying, footmen are despatched on messages at a minute's notice, if need be. This freedom exercised by the monthly nurse, in ordering the servants, often leads to a little jealousy and ill-feeling on their part, and the good woman has a difficult task sometimes, to steer her way, and keep an even course, avoiding to clash unpleasantly with the servants, and at the same time to see duty done to her especial charges. Happy the person who has this tact; much discomfort may be saved by a sensible demeanour on her part.

I would here recommend, in order to save much disappointment, and much unnecessary intercourse between the servants of the lower-house and the bedroom, that all drinks and food, such as gruel, sago, and what is required for the invalid, be prepared by the monthly nurse; she will willingly do it, if it be agreed upon beforehand. Cooks in general have not the best method of preparing food for sick rooms; and it is essential that it *should* be done in the most wholesome, nice manner, with a view to nourishment, and to tempt a delicate appetite. In winter there is no difficulty about a fire, and in summer it could be arranged for one to be lighted during a portion of the day in a dressing-room, or any adjacent room accessible to the nurse. For, besides preparing the food, there is another important matter which ought to be left to no other than herself—airing clothes; and, as this cannot be done under the eye of the nurse in summer without the contrivance suggested, a trustworthy, conscientious nurse will be pleased if opportunities are allowed her for seeing to such things as come immediately under her proper care.

Nurse L— was engaged to attend me with my first baby, and was duly installed in the house fully a week before the event took place: this gave me an opportunity of judging of her. She answered very much to the description of monthly nurses in general: she had

that bland, quiet, undisturbed look and manner which few of them are deficient in—they study it no doubt; their self-possession inspires confidence, and has its advantages; they never appear hurried or in a fright; no matter what happens or is likely to happen, there is the same calm look and *blank* expression when they choose, so that it is impossible to read in their face any intelligence of what is passing—even at the most critical period, although the doctor and nurse always thoroughly but silently understand each other: this is right,—during trying scenes it is well to keep the patient calm and free from fears. I had the utmost confidence (to begin with) in this nurse, as most young mothers have, especially with their first child. See was an oracle of wisdom: all she recommended was done, in fact she had the whole control of the infant. The opinions of grandmamas and aunts fail before the supposed superior judgment of the old nurse.

Nurse L— was one of the old-fashioned sort, who thought it highly important to administer a liberal amount of 'physic,' according to the approved ancient custom prevalent in the days of great grandmothers. Doctors seldom interfere with these matters; and so the poor babe was dosed plentifully at intervals, amidst a fearful deal of struggling, choking, and screaming; but I was told it was 'all for its good:' and so in very ignorance and trustfulness I allowed it to continue.

The morning and evening ablutions, with the torments of dressing and undressing, were a sad scene—a daily recurring trial from beginning to end for me and the poor babe: I begged, and begged in vain, that the nurse would desist for awhile, that the child might take breath and not scream itself into convulsions; but I was not heeded. 'It must be done,' was always the answer, 'and the sooner it is got over the better.' Then to quiet my fears and reassure me, she would say, 'Why, ma'am, it does the little dears good to cry—it stretches their lungs;' and, 'babies always cry,—it wouldn't be natural if they didn't, would it, my darling?' and would then go off into a long rigmarole of a talk to the baby, in the true old nurse style (as if it could understand), partly to avoid any further remonstrance on my part: and so the dressing was finished and the poor little creature, instead of being refreshed, was weakened and

wearied by its efforts, and went involuntarily into a slumber from very exhaustion. I always thought this a horrible state of things that an infant should be subjected to such a system of daily torture; but I was necessarily passive, because I could not then control things nor command a remedy: but in later years, when I *had* gained courage to undertake this business myself, I was the more convinced that it is unnatural for an infant to scream through what ought to be a pleasant process, if managed with the smallest degree of judgment and care.

I now recollect some circumstances attending the administering of medicine to the infant, which I looked upon at the time as mere accident; but I discovered afterwards that this woman could not read! She passed her deficiency off with great address,—always putting on her spectacles and seeming to try and decipher the direction on the bottles, then giving it up, saying she was ‘so near-sighted;’ and she would ask any one who happened to be present to read the label for her: this answered till a fresh bottle arrived, and the same ceremony was again gone through. But one day two bottles stood side by side—alike colourless; one was a mixture, the other an eye lotion; and the entrance of some one to the room of quick observation was the happy means of staying the nurse’s hand about to administer a dose of the latter to the infant internally. Another mistake she really accomplished, which caused great suffering for a time, but happily resulted in nothing serious: she applied dill-seed water to the infant’s eyes instead of rose-water, both being in the same sort of bottle; and, though labelled distinctly, to one who could not read and would not ask they were alike. She made the venture, and erred. I thought little of these things at the time beyond the temporary annoyance at the infant’s suffering through carelessness, as I considered it: but now I view it in a more serious light: it is unprincipled in the highest degree for people to pretend to what they are not equal to; and not having the honesty to avow their deficiency, adds to the fault in every way: they are emboldened by their success—or rather their escapes from committing any harm—forgetting that it is to God’s

providence alone we owe such protection, and not to the ignorant recklessness of those who risk our life and health. We have, indeed, wonderful instances of God’s goodness in protecting us: but let us not dare too much;—ninety-nine times we may escape, and the hundredth we are lost. Let us then take every precaution to guard against dangers that surround us on every side, and, trusting in His care, we need not be afraid.

Let us carry out this precaution, by endeavouring to secure conscientious and intelligent people about us: this plan, if adopted generally, would also have the good effect of setting ignorant, ill-informed people to work in gaining information to fit them for the duties of the capacity they aspire to; so that the demand for intelligent and *knowledgeable* servants, etc., would tend very much to increase the supply of such.

But to return to the narrative. The first baby had a tolerably good constitution, and struggled through much mismanagement, the extent of which I was not aware of till this woman nursed me with my second child; it was not so robust as the first, and could not contend with the dosing, &c. At length an indiscretion on the part of the nurse caused it to be ‘struck with the cold,’ as she expressed it herself; she took it out of doors at a month old in January, *because* (as she reasoned) the first child went out at that age in June. Convulsive fits ensued, and it is a marvel that the little creature survived, considering too that the warm baths given to *restore* it to consciousness and to revive it from the fits, were at much too high a temperature. At length I discovered that this woman was a *drunkard* (it is of no use attempting to soften the term for such a heinous offence in one of her profession), and more, that she used to give the poor babe some narcotic to cause it to *sleep*, and it was administered in such quantities that the poor little sufferer could arouse from the effects of the torpor only by means of a convulsive effort. I then took entire charge of the dear babe, and slowly, oh! how slowly did it rally, and at length recover from the sad effects of such mal-treatment.—*A Few Friendly Words to Young Mothers.*

THE NURSERY GIRL.

Let her be neat in her dress, without over preciseness; orderly in her habits, without over particularity; for these extremes would interfere with her duties, and with the freedom and comfort of the children. But if you are happy enough to secure a really conscientious nurse, she will, without prompting, study to carry out all her plans in order to promote the health and happiness of her charges.

I need not say that *'patience'* is a virtue much eulogised generally, but especially commendable and needful in a nurse. But herein they are too apt to fail, particularly at night. If an unfortunate little being happens to be restless and wakeful, it is a trying time for child and nurse. Much misery is spared children if they are good sleepers. Few mothers guess what their little ones often go through during the gloomy hours of night. I would have them look to this. I remember the first idea I had of such a thing was from a friend of mine, the mother of three children, who had the utmost confidence in her nurse, and I believe she could rank with the best of them in many respects. The whole family were on a visit, at Christmas-time, in the house of a relative; the room assigned to the little visitors and their nurse, for their sleeping apartment, was near that of the lady of the house. After a day or two she spoke to the mother concerning the treatment her children received at the hands of the nurse at night. Scolding, threatening, and often it was not confined to words, but went to an extent that no nurse ought *dare* to attempt. The mother was astonished, she could not believe, though her friend assured her she was not mistaken. The mother spoke of the kindness of the nurse's manner, the fondness of the children for her, which no doubt deceives many. But those who are thus deceived do not enter sufficiently into the feelings of these little creatures. They are naturally light-hearted, forgetting all but the present. Affectionate, returning the endearing caresses of the nurse, who knows so well how and when to bestow them. But she is entirely a different creature to them at night. They see a figure at their cot or crib, in the dim light of the nursery lamp, they feel a hand with that prophetic pat, which tells of other treatment close upon them;

they hear a deep voice so different from the endearing tones of their 'Nursery' in the day. They are breathless, in awe and fear they lie, not daring perhaps to cry; but if perchance their terror finds vent in pitiful accents, they soon learn to repent of such a course. Thus many a night is passed, and the pale face and heavy eyes would tell a tale, if parents knew how to interpret; but daylight disperses the actual trouble, their play-fellows and their play soon restore their spirits, ever buoyant, and thus they are happy till night returns, the dread of which, when bed-time comes, may account for the dislike on the part of many children to retire.

This, I am assured, is one of the great sins and stumbling-blocks in nurses; so that, of late years, I have asked upon engaging one, and I advise my readers to do the same, 'Can you bear your rest disturbed if need be?' Their quickness will point out to them the meaning of this question; and if they think you are on the alert for such things, it may in some measure check the frequency of such perpetrations as I have alluded to.

It is natural for children, when in health, to sleep, but there are also some natural causes for disturbance and restlessness at times, such as teething, the effects of warm weather, and so on. But I think want of judgment on the part of many nurses aggravates the evil, and the forcible means used (or the neglect of means to soothe) instead of inducing sleep, will be more likely to have the reverse effect. It may be that the child requires a drink, or some simple want attended to, that could be despatched in a few minutes, and would tend to its comfort and repose, but rather than give themselves the small trouble of rising to fulfil the little office for their charge, they *foolishly* as well as cruelly allow the child to remain restless for hours in discomfort.

It is remarkable the antipathy many ignorant nurses have to water as a drink; they persist in saying that it is bad for the children: and I have known this prejudice carried to such an extent by a nurse who would give the children *milk* and water at their dinner! stating it would take off the *rawness* of the water. Nothing is more wholesome than good pure water, in moderation; this opinion was strengthened by a six weeks' sojourn at Malvern, and a perusal

of an admirable little work on the water cure, by Dr. Wilson of that place. I was not a patient, nor do I recommend the system entirely, though I believe it has been very beneficial in a great many cases; but the work referred to I can recommend to the perusal of my readers on account of the very sensible remarks it contains as to the efficacy of water drinking, and avoiding drugs in general. He says that a spoonful of water may be fearlessly given to an infant in the month; the little creatures often cry from the discomfort of a dry tongue, and parched mouth. Ignorant nurses and mothers who think that an infant is always hungry when it cries, will load and over-load its stomach with an undue quantity of food, when the simple ready remedy is always at hand (under the circumstances stated) a teaspoonful of water.

Never allow an infant to be forced to sleep crying. Some nurses are much put out if a child is 'up of an evening;' but better let it keep awake for half-an-hour longer, and so get naturally tired and go to sleep peacefully, than jolt and jog it to sleep sobbing: its sleep will surely be snatching, and it will tease its impatient nurse the more by frequent wakings. I have often discovered that a cap or some piece of finery has very much interfered with a nurse's patience when a child requires nursing after its usual bedtime. A proper nurse will feel that her duty is to study the comfort of her charge, whether sleeping or waking; and she should manage her own matters so as not to let them interfere with the responsible duties of her calling, which she can never lay aside. A considerate mistress will give such opportunities, and she will have the more pleasure in doing so, and feel the more called upon to grant the nurse all reasonable relaxation, when she finds they are not unduly taken to the neglect of her duty. But to return:

Far from admitting the generally received opinion that 'crying is natural,' it is, to any extent, very *unnatural*. When there is no apparent reason, such as a known hurt, hunger, etc., depend upon it there is a cause which ought to be discovered as soon as possible.

People accustomed to children (that is, observing people) soon learn to distinguish the different sort of cry which indicates an infant's wants; and, although I do not think they should, in general, be left to make their wants

known by such means, it is a provision of nature, and it is a voice and an appeal, which none less than a barbarian would disregard: for instance, they have a hungry cry, a sleepy cry, and a cry of pain; the two first may be easily satisfied, but the third requires judgment to discover the precise nature of the pain. Thus, infants, after feeding, are often oppressed with wind, which, in such tender little beings, if not got rid of, causes a considerable amount of suffering; it may frequently be dispersed by placing the child in a sitting-up posture on the knee, the chest resting on the palm of one hand, and the back gently rubbed and soothed by the other, but all hard pats and thumps must be avoided; indeed, an infant, till twelve months old, at least, should receive the gentlest treatment in handling. This remark is made on account of many inexperienced young women thinking, that having helped to bring up some young brothers and sisters 'at home' gives them sufficient experience in the management of children, to take a nurse's place; and because, in a poor family, an infant often falls into the hands of the eldest girl, from the month, it is thought she is equal to take a 'lady's baby' from the monthly nurse, with the notion that all the risk of doing harm ends with the duties of the old nurse, and this accounts for the rough usage many a poor infant suffers at the hands of its *courageous* young nurse. Caution is a good substitute for experience, and, with care and attention, experience would come; but it is often seen, that ignorant people have the most courage, because they don't know what they risk. Again we have digressed, but to resume the remarks upon feeding an infant. You may often notice a babe, after a few gulps, refuse its food. An ignorant nurse will think it is not hungry, lay the boat or bottle aside, and begin *jolting* it to sleep. The cause of the child's disinclination to the food was, no doubt, an accumulation of wind at its chest, which prevented its swallowing, but the perverse nurse has decided that it is to go to sleep, and so the poor infant is jogged and jolted, and the crying increases with the pain, so that screaming convulsions have been induced through no other cause than such ignorance as described. The proper treatment, under such simple circumstances, would be to adopt the plan, as before recommended, *viz.*, gently rubbing the back, which

would, most probably, have the desired effect, and the infant would finish its meal in comfort; for, by the other course (if worse did not happen), the

child would go to sleep hungry, and awake exhausted and fretful, instead of refreshed.—*A Few Friendly Words to Young Mothers.*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

Look at the immense development of the population of London. You have there at this time about three millions of persons, but we are adding to that population every year upwards of 45,000 persons, and in a few years it will be 50,000, and in a few more we shall be adding 55,000 or 60,000 persons a year; so that, in addition to a vast, active, wonderful population, you have 45,000 people pouring into that city and settling there every year. What is to be done with this vast population? It is one thing for London to draw to itself this population, and it is another thing to solve the problem, how are they to be governed, educated, clothed, fed, civilised, and brought under the influence of all manner of great principles and feelings, to be led to Christ, who is King of kings and Lord of lords. My knowledge leads me to say this problem becomes more appalling and difficult than ever. You will say, Why? Were you to furnish the population of London at this moment with as many churches and chapels as they need, you would have to build 2,000 to-day, and then you would not have church, chapel, or school accommodation for the 45,000 who will pour into London this year. Now, you say, if you have that vast population, and if you have so many pouring in, what is being done to meet their educational and spiritual wants? Have you churches and schools for them? Have you bands of hope, temperance societies, Bible women, missionaries, Sunday school teachers, for them? Have you all the appliances of civilisation and Christian labour for that mighty population? Alas, I am sorry to say we have not. We have plenty of public-houses, gin-shops, gambling hells for them, but we have not what we ought to have—temperance halls, bands of hope, missionaries, Bible women, and voluntary Christian labourers everywhere. The Government, or rather the magistrates, give us any number of public-houses, but when we ask them to keep the public-houses in proper order, that is a favour they are not

willing to bestow. Then the rich, the refined, the educated, and the religious are leaving the centre of London (the poorer parts of London), and going, through the medium of railways and steamers, to the beautiful suburbs, to live in the midst of green fields, and under the shade of charming trees, where they can breathe the perfume of flowers, where there is no profligacy, drunkenness, or crime. They are leaving the poor and the working class to fester together in filth, ignorance, misery, and crime; and that state of things gets worse and worse every year. One clergyman says, a few years ago he could get any amount of money from his parishioners for schools and charities, but now he can scarcely get a farthing, because his rich people are fifteen or twenty miles away, and the poor are left together in a mass. But, you will say, you have missionaries. How many? Four hundred, and Satan has a missionary society in 10,000 publicans. You ought to have 10,000 missionaries for God; and as for Satan, who is the opponent of missions, the sooner you break up his missionary society the better.

I now and then explore a part of London not worse than other parts. I go into a street containing 88 houses, and 1,200 people; there are 19 children in some of the houses, and some day we shall have the twentieth. I found my way into a dark, filthy, underground cellar. I can assure ministers that it is a good thing for their health to go into cellars, and it is a capital thing for their health and morals to talk with the poor people who live there. And they would preach capital sermons if they did that once a week. I do it myself, and if I prescribe medicine for my brother ministers it is because I know its efficacy. In that cellar I found a man whose ignorance was deplorable. I invited him to supper. You say, do you ask such men to supper, a man who sits upon a hamper because he has not a chair? If you give me one reason why I should not, I will give you twenty

reasons why I should. What are ministers' houses for, but for the poor, the needy, the lame, the halt, and the blind? He came to supper. After supper my wife retired, and we were left alone, and we had a little talk. 'Well, John, how do you get a living?' 'In the garden [Covent Garden]. I sell herbs, I does.' 'Where do you get them?' 'I gets 'em about Farningham, sir, I does, I walks twenty miles for 'em, I does.' 'What do you do with them?' 'I brings 'em home, sells 'em in the garden. I many times starts off at two or three in the morning to get herbs, and I havn't got a copper to bless myself with.' 'And when you come home without a penny and it rains and blows, what then?' 'Sir, I many times sits down under the hedge, I does, and cries to myself, I does.' And so should we if we had that to do. You should weep with those that weep, as well as rejoice with those that rejoice. So I talked a little more to him, and said, 'John, who was Lord Nelson?' 'Who's that ar' chap, sir?' 'Can you tell me any of the ten commandments?' 'What be they ar' things, sir?' 'Do you mean to say you never heard of a man called Moses?' 'Oh yes, sir, he's the great tailor.' I am not going to tell you what he said about Christ, because I never associate laughter with my blessed Saviour's name. But I found he knew as little about Christ as he did about Moses.

One day I talked with a man who had lost his wife. I said, 'I hope your wife died in peace.' 'Yesh, she died in peace, she did, she only asked for a pork sausage.' This was the only notion this man had of dying in peace.

In a house I found a man making soldier's garments. After some conversation he said, 'Did those things we read of in the Bible happen in this or some other world?' I did not answer him immediately, but asked him where he had been. 'In Arabia.' I turned to that part of St. Paul's writings where he speaks of Arabia. When I had done reading, he said, 'He knew more of the Bible than he ever did in his life.'

I am rather fond of thieves; I love to shake an honest man by the hand, but I have a particular fancy for a thief. If a lad should have become a thief, you really ought to give him a chance to do better, and if a girl becomes so, you ought to give her two chances. If a man fall among thieves, or become one, and

we find him there, we ought to throw off our dignity of character, bend down and try to lift him up. If a man or woman seeks my sympathy it is given, and, if necessary, rather more. Practical sympathy is the best. Passing over a street one day I saw six lads, whom I knew to be thieves; they all followed me. Turning round, I said to one, 'William, what is it you want?' 'I want to speak to you, sir.' 'Well?' 'We are all alike, sir.' 'Yes, I see you are.' He said, 'You see, sir, we heard that you were sending lads to Canada, don't y'see? We aint got no chance here; the bobbies are always down upon us. We should like to do right, and we thought, sir, if you would send us to Canada we would try to do better there.' I thought that a fair statement, and made up my mind they should have a chance. They were vagabonds, but it was my business to destroy that, and make them Christians if I could. All went to Canada. A few years passed away, and going along the same street I saw a respectable looking gentleman, quite as respectable looking as you have in Portsea. He took off his hat to me, and I to him. 'Don't you know me?' 'No, I don't, but I am glad to see you.' 'I'm William —.' 'Bless you, my boy, how are you? How have you been doing?' 'Very well.' 'What brought you back?' He blushed, and tears brightened his eyes as he said, 'I had a letter from England to say my sister was leading a bad life. My stepmother turned me to the door, and I became a thief; she turned my sister to the door, and she walked the Haymarket, and I could not bear to think my sister was living such a life; so when I got the letter I went to my master in Montreal, and said, "I am going to England to see my sister." He said, "You shall have your situation when you come back." So I came over to try and rescue my sister.' Was it not worth sending him to Canada, to get that state of mind? He said, 'I landed at Liverpool two days ago, and last night I began to look for my sister. I found her going up the Haymarket. I said to her, "You will leave this life, won't you?" She threw up her head, and said, "I won't." Then I walked after her, and talked about our mother, that's dead and in heaven. She burst into tears, and said, "William, I will go with you anywhere." I have not the memory of a good

more, William?' 'She's with my uncle. I want to take her to Canada in a steamer; I won't take her in a sailing vessel; and so I want you to take care of this purse, containing £11.' 'But, William, that won't take you; you want me to get the rest?' 'Yes, sir.' So I got the rest of the money, and a fortnight afterwards William and his sister bade me farewell. William said, as he went off, 'I won't get married; my little sister shall be my housekeeper.' That is the only sort of bachelorhood which I tolerate in this world.

I am sorry to say that my experience of the worst drunkards I have met with in London testifies that they are persons who formerly moved in respectable, refined, and even religious society, but who through strong drink have so degraded themselves that you now find them in the slums of St. Giles's, Westminster, and Whitechapel, without decent attire, reputation, or friends, and many times without a home. The worst drunkards are not the children of the poor, born in Somers Town, Whitechapel, or St. Giles's. Judge for yourselves.

My bell was rung one Sunday morning at seven o'clock. I went down into the lobby, and found there a man. I looked at him, not because I did not know him, but because I did. He had a battered hat upon his head, beaten with London weather, and that is very rough. He had an old gray paletot fastened under his chin, poor and filthy under garments, no stockings, his shoes were full of holes, and I could see his feet through almost every part of them. He shivered with the wet and cold. 'Ah,' he said, 'I remember, not many years ago, riding my horse in Tottenham Court Road, followed by my servant upon his horse, and last Saturday I sold old magazines in that road to get myself a bed.' Who was he? The deputy-coroner for one of our largest counties, a splendid young fellow, who led to the altar a young lady who brought him £6,000. A wretched drunkard now, who two or three years ago was promised by his brother £1,000 if he would keep the pledge for a year. He kept it for eight months, and then broke it. If there is any man here who begins to feel a love of drink creeping upon him, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Here is another case. I was out very

late one night, as I often am, to my great discomfort, and a poor woman came up to me, and said, 'Mr. McCree, I think, sir, if you go along that street there you will find something to do.' I thought it was a fight, because I am sometimes sent to pacify the Irish Fenians. I came to a door with a lot of people around it. They parted in their kind way, and I saw upon a doorstep a little boy asleep in one corner, and a little girl in another. I woke them up, and said to the girl, 'My dear, where is your mother?' 'Mother's in prison, sir.' 'How came she to get there, dear?' 'Please, sir, she got drunk, and she was locked up.' 'How came you here?' 'Please, sir, when the landlady found my mother locked up she turned us into the streets.' 'Come along with me,' I said, and I took them by the hand and led them to our refuge, and there in a short time they had all the comforts they needed. In a few days the mother came out of prison, and, having gained access to the refuge, she demanded her children. We said, 'You had better leave them; we will feed, clothe, and educate them, and you may come once a month and see them.' 'No, sir, I cannot do that,' said she, speaking in a lady-like manner—for she really had been such—I want that girl to assist me in my needlework.' 'No, mother,' said the girl, 'all you want me to do is to get up at six o'clock to get you gin to drink in bed.' 'I never did that before,' she said, and took them away. At six o'clock in the evening the children came and knocked at our door. The mother was locked up a second time. When she came out again she came and demanded her children, and because we would not give them up, she tried to smash our windows, so we let them go, and she took that girl, fourteen years old, into a house which I decline to characterise before this audience. Who was she? A wretched woman born in St. Giles's? She was the wife of a physician from the West-end of London. So if anybody says to me, O, teetotalism is a capital thing for the navy, thief, fallen woman, Irish hodman, and a dissenting parson or two, I say it is an excellent thing for the most highly educated and accomplished lady in this town. It is a good thing for the most devoted Sunday school teacher in these towns, and if the clergymen and dissenting ministers in this borough signed the pledge and

kept it (for that is another thing), teetotalism would confer a greater honour upon them than they would confer upon it. That is a specimen of my mildness. A man who has been a teetotaler for twenty-five years, does now and then feel that there are some men standing aside who ought to bear the banner of total abstinence.

I rejoice in the progress and usefulness of Bible women in London. If there is any man who ought to rejoice, I am that man, inasmuch as I was made the means of leading the first Bible woman in London to Christ. Those of you who have read the 'Missing Link' are familiar with her. I will give her history in brief. Many years ago a drunken soldier drank himself into a fever and died in the workhouse. He left two little girls who slept in lodging-houses when they had the money to pay for them, and under gravestones, in shutter boxes, and hampers, when they had none. I could lay my hand upon a boy who slept in an unfinished sewer last winter. They met a German, a man of some position in his own country, who was a profligate, who gave them an occasional penny and piece of bread, and taught them that there was no God in heaven, and no truth in the Bible. So they grew up into life in that terrible state. Many years passed away. One died and the other was left alone. A few more years passed away and a gentleman fell in love with her. He was a gentleman although he had only one eye, no coat, and a very shaky temper. He proposed and was accepted. They got married. When they got married, he married her in his shirt sleeves, and she had neither bonnet nor shawl—it was a fashionable wedding. They went on their wedding tour—down a street, up a court, into a second floor back. Married life brought trouble with it; everything did not run smooth, especially when this poor husband could not sell his memorandums, sponges, and pencils in the streets. His wife seldom went out, for she was very retired in her habits. One Sunday she did go out; it came on to rain, and the rain drove her into a passage. As she stood there she heard a voice, and walking up the passage she pushed open a door and found herself in the House of God for the first time. She was then forty-four years of age. I had just finished my sermon and sat down. Then I rose and said, 'Next Tuesday

I shall open here a lending library, where you may have interesting books, and if you like to come at seven o'clock, I shall be glad to lend you any book out of the library.' She went away, and said to herself, 'Ah, I shall go back to that gentleman, and ask him to lend me "Uncle Tom's Cabin."' If you provide lending libraries for the poor, take care you get interesting books for them; 'Pilgrim's Progress,' if you like, and fifty more of the same class; but take care you add other books for working men, their wives, and children. I have no patience when I look over the catalogues of books provided for the poor. Don't you read 'Pickwick,' 'John Halifax,' many an interesting story, many a charming biography, or fascinating book of travel yourselves? Provide such books for the poor (who ought to have such books). Many years ago a lady taught me a lesson. I was weak enough to ask my lady friends if they would give me some books for this library. Blessings on them, they did, only the books were of no use when they came. One sent me a parcel of books. I opened it with great care, and took up the first book; it was a fusty copy of 'Simpson's Mathematics.' Next, 'Magazine of Magazines, 1796,' a great, big, fat book. Next, 'Every Man his own Farrier.' Next, 'How to Improve the Breed of Horses.' I confess I had a tender feeling for that lady, but after that I lost it. I could not swallow 'Every Man his own Farrier.' If you send books to missionaries and Bible women choose choice books: remember they are books you give to God, and you ought to give Him the best, and not the worst.

On Tuesday night up came this woman to apply for a book. 'What book would you like?' She was trying to form her mouth to ask for 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' when God interposed, and she said, 'Well, sir, I—I—I should like a Bible.' 'I have not a Bible in the library, but you shall have one.' I got her a Bible, and that book converted her soul. My friend became the first Bible woman in St. Giles's.

I have great faith in open-air preaching. I think it requires the choicest men of the Christian Church. I think any man who becomes an open-air preacher, through whatever agency, should be a man of wisdom, of pleasant temperament, a man of shrewd large knowledge, profound theology.

of heart, of impressive speech, with a great fund of anecdote, story, illustration, and poetry at command; one who has a thorough knowledge of and sympathy with the poor, who is well versed in ancient and modern scepticism, who understands his Bible; a man of prayer, who knows how to keep his temper when opposed, who has the zeal of an apostle, who is full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. I believe the gospel, when preached in the open-air and in connection with prayer and faith, is sure to be the power of God unto salvation, as in the days of Pentecost. I believe in Christ Jesus as a living Saviour. I believe the Holy Ghost is given in answer to prayer, as in days of old. If a man will baptise his sermons with tears, and go forth in the name of God, he shall not have to return and say, 'Who hath believed our report?' But he shall see souls converted to God round about him, and years afterwards shall gather golden sheaves to the everlasting garner. I honour the man—I love the man—who preaches the gospel in the open air. So much by way of explaining my position. Suffer me to say that you have not much open-air preaching of that kind, and that a large number of brethren who preach in the open air are not always the men who ought to do it. I think clergymen and Nonconformist ministers ought to undertake a part of this great work. I think Christian merchants, and tradesmen, and working men of superior intelligence and elocutionary power, and great piety, should do their part in this glorious work. I think the best men a Christian Church has who may happen to possess qualifications for this work should go and do it, because you may preach the gospel to your hundreds and thousands in your churches and chapels, but you often preach that everlasting gospel to those who have heard it hundreds and thousands of times, whereas the masses beyond your church and chapel are without God and hope in the world, and you ought to go and seek the lost sheep, and gather them into the fold. Therefore I honour my dear friend Mr. Spurgeon when he goes to preach in the open air, and I give great honour to the Bishop of London because he perched upon an omnibus for the same purpose; and I give equal honour to any brave working man who will give up a week night or part of Sunday to

preach the gospel to his fellow-workers. Many do it who ought to go and fall asleep in bed. I do wish they were all married men, and their wives could keep them at home. I am serious in this matter. I have studied it for twenty-five years, but it is only within the last year or two I have trusted myself to speak about it in public; I have never done so without having testimony to the truth of what I say. Many of these open-air preachers are mere boys, but there is not one boy in ten thousand who ought to preach the gospel thus. You may have them if you think proper, but not one in ten thousand is qualified to do it. I have seen them again and again in London, and have been a boy-preacher myself, having preached my first sermon when I was sixteen; therefore I have no prejudice against them. Although a lad working for his living, I never preached a sermon I had not thoroughly studied. I was often up till two o'clock in the morning studying. I saved my money to purchase the best books in our language, to educate myself for this great work. By the time I was eighteen I was devoted to preaching the gospel, and walked over two counties, seldom sleeping two nights in the same bed. Let the boy-preacher study his sermon before he preaches it, and don't let him call this preaching: 'Come to Jesus; this is the time to come to Jesus; now, then, come to Jesus; now's the time to come to Jesus; if you come, He will save you just now.' Then, turning to another boy, he says, 'It is your turn now.' That is not the kind of preaching that will conciliate the artisans of London. These boys ought to be got into a Bible class, and prepared for their work.

It is not every man of older age who ought to preach the gospel. I have several photographs of open-air preachers. Here is one: A thin, tall man, six feet high, dressed in black—rusty black; I should think his black cloth suit formerly belonged to a clergyman, then to a waiter, after that to a cheap undertaker's man, and then he got hold of it. He wears a white choker, very yellow in its hue; he never seems to cut or pare his finger nails; he keeps a greasy Bible in his hand, great spectacles over his nose—a Roman nose; and there he stands, with his elbows fastened to his side, to preach, and when Sir Oracle opens his mouth,

let no dog bark. If a man laugh he loses his temper, and looks over his spectacles in such a frightful fashion. Now, don't you think such a man will rather repel men than draw them to Christ?

Another photograph: He is a young man, especially in the brain. He seems to think he combines in himself the characteristics of Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Punshon, Mr. J. B. Gough, and himself—himself being the noblest of them all. He stands upon a chair on a Sunday morning. He begins in the 'My name is Norval' style. He says, 'This way—now, listen, listen to me,' and stamps his foot. 'I am going to say to you—now, hear; what I was going to say is this —.' But then he does not say it. And then, in a voice of thunder, this gesticulation goes on, until a poor drunken carpenter, who has been leisurely smoking his pipe, looks at him. Jack can stand a great deal, but he cannot stand this. The youth proceeds: 'Now, then, I tell you —;' and Jack chimes in, 'How's your poor feet?' 'I was going to say —.' Jack: 'You were not going to say, "How's your poor feet?"' And so Jack perseveres, and by asking that question he puts down 'Norval.' If that young man had known how to preach the gospel he would have been modest, and he would have been quiet and solemn, and he would have remembered the saying of one greater than himself: 'We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord.' When poor Jack said, 'How's your poor feet?' he would have stopped; though to a right man Jack would not have said it. The right man would have said, 'How are you this morning? My poor feet are quite well, thank you; how is your poor head this morning? how is your poor pocket? how are your poor shoes, and your poor wife, and your poor kids? Jack, come along and shake hands; I know you when you are sober; shake hands; sit down there.' Now everybody would be ready to listen.

Another sketch: I preach at Seven Dials every Sunday morning at ten—to thieves, soldiers, unfortunate women, navvies, passers-by, blacksmiths, tailors,

Irish tailors lots of them—to little boys and girls; and they are just as orderly as you are. When I had gone away on one occasion, there came up Seven Dials a good man, who happens to have leetle legs, which knock together as he walks; he has a werry large hat, on a werry small head; a pair of spectacles on his leetle nose; a very big choker, which comes under his ears; a ghee-ingham umbrella under his leetle arm, and he carries a Bible in his leetle hand. He comes up Seven Dials to preach to one of the shrewdest congregations in the world. Some thieves saw him, and they thought to have a bit of fun, and do some business on their own account. One said, 'You going to preach this morning?' And the leetle man said, 'Yea.' 'I hold your hat?' And the leetle man gave him his hat. Another said, 'I hold your umbrella?' And the leetle man gave him his ghee-ingham umbrella. 'You pray before you preach?' Mr. M'Cree always does. 'Y-e-s,' said the little man. 'Rough lot 'bout here, sir; I'll stand behind you and take care of you.' So the little man prayed, but when he opened his eyes his hat was gone, umbrella (the ghee-ingham) was gone, and the man who stood behind him had picked his pocket; and the little Jeremiah was quite woe-begone. That was his farewell sermon. Don't you think his wife had better have locked him up? I dare say I should see some of this stamp in this delightful neighbourhood. And I should find men of whom the world is not worthy. You have got the right men—only would to God they were all right men.

Go forth, then, and labour for God. Labour earnestly, lovingly, diligently, everywhere and in everything, and at all things, by prayer and supplication. Go forth and labour for God, by preaching the gospel in the open air, by teaching in the Sunday school, by writing letters, by forming bands of hope, by signing the temperance pledge, by great gifts of liberality, and especially by a consecration of thine own heart and life to God.—*Speech by the Rev. G. W. M'Cree.*

THE MASSES IN 1832.

WHAT were the amusements of the masses, thus overworked, ill-fed, ill-housed,—left for the most part uneducated? Large numbers of working people attended fairs and wakes, at the latter of which jumping in sacks, climbing greased poles, grinning through horsecollars for tobacco, hunting pigs with soaped tails, were the choicest diversions. An almost general unchastity—the proofs of which are as abundant as they would be painful to adduce—prevailed amongst the women employed in factories, and generally throughout the lowest ranks of the working population. But drink was the mainspring of enjoyment. When Saturday evening came, indulgences began which continued till Sunday evening. Fiddles were to be heard on all sides, and limp-looking men and pale-faced women thronged the public-houses, and reeled and jigged till they were turned, drunk and riotous, into the streets, at most unseasonable hours. On the Sunday morning the public-houses were again thronged, that the thirst following the indulgence of the night might be quenched. When church hour approached, however, the churchwardens, with long staves tipped with silver, sallied forth, and, when possible, seized all the drunken and unkempt upon whom they could lay their hands, and these, being carefully lodged in a pew provided for them, were left there to enjoy the sermon, whilst their captors usually adjourned to some tavern near at hand, for the purpose of rewarding themselves with a glass or two for the important services they had rendered to morality and religion. In fact, sullen, silent work alternated with noisy, drunken riot; and Easter and Whitsuntide debauches, with an occasional outbreak during some favourite ‘wakes,’ rounded the whole life of the factory worker.

The ordinary artisan of the workshop was, indeed, a far different man. He was not tied down to the routine of a huge mechanical system, so expensive, whether at rest or in motion, that to be profitable it needed the regular aid of human labour. His freedom of intercourse with his fellow-workman was almost unrestricted. He had time for study, when inclined; and if he preferred the public-house to the workshop—which he too often did—it was a

matter of choice, and he was open to correction when any sufficient influence could be brought to bear upon him. Besides, he was not put to work at so early an age, and, as a rule, had received more education, and experienced more fully the benefit of home influence. Still, the workshop of those days was by no means the most desirable school for a youth to commence the active duties of life in. In the highest paid trades, work was not to be had on a Monday from the artisan; many men only began their week on the Thursday. The practice of ‘footings’ was universal, the amount of which was invariably spent in drink.* Still, there were many good influences to be found in such workshops. There were grave men, who employed their leisure hours in reading or study—entomologists, florists, botanists, students in chemistry and astronomy. Men there were—politicians, dabblers in theology—who, when work was not actively on foot, kept the conversation amongst their fellows from sinking into inanity or vice, or who discouraged such practical joking as was mischievous or painful. But these men were exceptional, and sometimes, notwithstanding their studies, they were as fond of a glass as their most graceless neighbours.† Individual character was very strongly marked amongst these men. Some of them in their trades’ meetings, when speaking on subjects familiar to them by experience, were eloquent, logical, and powerful orators; some quiet and business-like and clever in negotiation; others, again, were as ingeniously unprincipled as if they had been born to rule empires, full of quips

* In the trade to which the writer belonged, the new comer was expected to pay 5s. down, to which the old hands added 1s. each, and the whole party adjourned at once to the public-house.

† Old Tom B— was an enthusiastic entomologist. Early in the morning, and at all other spare hours, his life was passed in the fields, or wherever else he could pursue to advantage his scientific inquiries. Every now and then, however, he would go ‘on the spree,’ but, whether drunk or sober, he was always bright and cheerful. One morning he came to his work after an absence of three or four days, and, when questioned as to the cause of his absence, replied that he had been attending his own funeral, and making merry over his departure from the world. The truth was, he had gone to the officers of his burial club, and compounded his future claims for a certain amount of cash down, which he had spent in making himself jolly.

and quillets—men 'that would circumvent God'* for the gain or the glory of a triumph.

It was with the soberest and most thoughtful of these men, as we shall show hereafter, that the agitation for the Short Time Bill began. They saw and felt, much sooner than the factory workers themselves, what a curse the factory system as it then existed was. Certainly they saw the necessity of attacking it with a view to its correction before the factory operatives thought of

* J. B., or 'Jemmy,' as he was familiarly called, was an instance. He was a little man, with a huge black curly head, great blazing black eyes, and truly atlantean shoulders, but such very short legs that, when seated, he looked a great brawny fellow, but little more than a dwarf when on his feet. There were two sets of victims Jemmy was always preying on—recruiting sergeants and landladies. He never finished a drinking bout without enlisting two or three times, to the great disgust of the men on the recruiting service, who at last came to know him and avoid him. Landladies, however, were a perennial source of profit and amusement to him. He shifted his quarters continually, never paying a shilling when he could avoid it, and thus, as he named it, 'opening the eyes' of his landladies. Hence these forlorn females were constantly inquiring at the workshop for him. Jemmy worked on the first floor at a back window, and when the presence of one of these visitants was telegraphed to him, a looped rope always being in readiness, he slipped it over his shoulders, and his nearest shopmate dropped him out of the window on to the roof of a tiled shed, belonging to a dyer who occupied the adjoining premises. One day, one of these unfortunate persons rushed into the workshop so suddenly that Jemmy had to use the utmost speed to get out of the window. 'I know he is in,' cried the enraged woman, rushing upstairs; but before any reply could be given, a horrible howl arose from outside the window. The men rushed at once and looked out, but Jemmy had disappeared through the roof of the shed. He was immediately pulled in,—and pulled out of a deep vat full of a strong indigo dye. As he fronted his adversary, bluer than Gainsborough's blue boy—face, hair, and hands being of the same colour as his clothes—for a moment he seemed confused; but in another moment he had assumed a look of the most profound sorrow and humiliation. 'I have sinned,' he cried, 'and I am punished; my conduct has been abominably wicked. As sure as I am an altered man, Mrs. Smith, I'll pay you.' Mrs. Smith, who was a pious woman, after a few more assurances, disappeared; and, as soon as the door had closed behind her, Jemmy gave his shopmates the most solemn assurances that he never would pay her a rap until he was an altered man, and until she had made good to him the value of the clothes she had caused him to spoil. 'She is a credulous creature,' he remarked solemnly, 'and I take no credit to myself for opening her eye.' Men like this were too often the heroes of the workshop.

moving in the matter. And it was not until the agitation had gone on for some time that those who were most directly interested in it could be brought to take much interest in the question. A friend of the writer's told him, at the time of the occurrence, of having gone to some village about three miles from Manchester to speak at a short-time meeting; he found himself, as he approached the spot where the meeting was to be held, in the midst of a crowd of factory operatives, moving eagerly in the direction in which he was going. Feeling gratified and elated, he spoke to one of those next to him—'We shall have a good meeting, I think.'—'A what?'—'A good meeting in favour of the Short Time Bill.'—'Nay,' shouted the man, 'it's nobbut a dog-fee.'

Moreover, as invention after invention brought new trades into the factory system, as the war of competition raged fiercer and fiercer, the members of these outlying trades were becoming always fewer and weaker in the midst of the swelling mass of factory workers; and if the strenuous efforts of many of them tended to pull that mass up, its weight was in turn always tending to drag them down. Means of common action there were but few, and, as before stated, almost all outside of the law. There were thus some building societies, but few and bad; a number of co-operative shops, but not successful except in a very few cases (one great success at Ripponden, in Yorkshire); the true principle of co-operative consumption, that of the division of profits on purchases, not having yet been discovered. The great friendly societies, on account of their branches, secret passwords, etc., were positively illegal, and only connived at on account of their harmlessness. Political discontent was widespread, and discontent in those days was always very near to rebellion. The writer [Mr. Lloyd Jones] (who has since had the honour of serving, more or less irregularly, in Her Majesty's Lanarkshire Volunteers) must confess to having had his sharpened pike by him in 1832, ready for a march on London if the Reform Bill had not passed; and he was but one of thousands of Manchester working men who were alike prepared for the dread hazard of civil war.—*Progress of the Working Classes, 1832-1867.* By J. M. Ludlow and Lloyd Jones.

WEEKLY TENEMENT LETTING.

Two years ago I first had an opportunity of obtaining entire control over some house property in London, which I could let in weekly tenements to the poor. I was convinced that no elaborate contrivances, however necessary, would avail to make the houses of the poor what it was desirable that they should be, even in a sanitary point of view, but that personal care, supervision, and teaching were required. On the other hand, I was equally sure that the working classes would not readily listen to anyone going among them with this object, but who possessed no clearly defined right to offer advice, nor any power to enforce obedience to directions. A landlady's authority is a well recognised one, and I thought that any lady who would enter upon her duties, and who could love and care for her tenants, might be instrumental in working many valuable reforms, and would at once bring herself into contact with the hard-working and self-reliant among working people. I knew, too, that it would be a great advantage to anyone desiring to help them to learn their wants and characters incidentally, while entering into other relations with them than that of a giver, and should money help be wanting, it was far better rendered by one who was continually requiring from them a strict fulfilment of their own duties. My conviction was, however, that what was wanted was not material help in any form, but a quiet, just, firm, sympathetic rule; that they needed encouragement to hold fast to their best convictions, and sympathy about carrying out their best plans, as well as some direct teaching.

On mentioning this plan to Mr. Ruskin, he entered warmly into it, and at once furnished me with the whole of the money required, taking all the risk upon himself. He much desired, however, that the scheme should pay, in order, as he wrote to me, that he might prove and practise one of the first principles of his political economy—that proper use of money would give proper interest.

Being then empowered to do so, I bought three houses, containing six rooms each. The property is leasehold, with an unexpired term of 56 years; this was purchased for £750. The ground-rent is £12 a year. The houses were in the hands of a builder, who had

let them to quarterly tenants, who again sub-let them to weekly lodgers, each making, of course, their own profit, and governing with a rule that was certainly anything but beneficent. Eighteen families inhabited the eighteen rooms; the largest of these families consisted of eight persons, living, eating, cooking, sleeping, and washing their clothes in one room. The small washhouse in the yard was not allowed to be used except by those who paid the higher rents—the first-floor lodgers. The houses were well built, but frightfully dirty; the blackened paper hung in long strips from the staircase walls, the place was swarming with vermin, the drains were partially stopped, the water supply out of order. We got rid of the quarterly tenants, and let direct to the weekly ones. These had been paying for single rooms rents varying from 2s. 3d. to 4s. We offered them two rooms for rents varying from 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. We had the houses thoroughly cleaned; arranged that the washhouses should be used in turn by all tenants; repaired what was out of order, but added no additional conveniences; these we intended the people should wait and work for, and obtain gradually as they proved that they could take care of them. Their careless destructiveness was great at first, but this has now been checked to some extent. After a few months had passed I called the women together, and pointed out to them how wrong and foolish the thoughtless waste was, what trouble, expense, and pain it gave me, and I appealed to them all to help me to take care of the houses. I also said to them that I set aside a certain sum for repairs each year, that they were entirely and heartily welcome to have the whole of it spent on the houses, but that it would have to be spent in one of two ways, either in repairing things needlessly broken, and unstopping drains down which they had thrown house flannels, cabbages, lids of saucepans, &c., or in adding to their comforts, placing little safes for their food, papering their walls, fixing better grates, or in any way making the house more comfortable for them. I should have liked them to meet and vote the surplus money for things generally wanted, but I knew that any small private advantage they might derive from their care would be more evident

to them, so I appointed that each tenant should decide in turn what was to be done with the quarter's surplus in each house. Affectionate concern about my own annoyance influenced them first. I think that they had little expectation of any result to themselves. They have extremely little power of looking forward; but they were more careful. At the end of the quarter I furnished each house with a statement of the sum spent in repairs; in two houses a surplus remained; one woman chose to have her room papered, another to have a mat for the passage, a broom for the yard, and a new latch for the front door. The woman in the house where there was no surplus was rather aghast, and said apologetically she was sure she was as careful as she could be; the next quarter, however, there was a surplus in each house, and the increased forethought and care among the inhabitants are very marked.

At first it was considered quite an unnecessary extravagance to take two rooms. In no case did I expel tenants occupying one room only, but when I let to in-coming tenants with a large family, I insisted on their taking two, and gradually the plan has commended itself to them. One woman said to me in amazement, a little after she had taken two rooms, 'My husband says, Miss, it is so nice to come into another room to his breakfast of a morning; he seems quite to take to it.' So little had they been accustomed to use more space, that actually one woman proposed living with her husband and six children habitually in one room, and keeping the second for Sunday evenings, but soon adopted the advice to use both in common.

My hopes of advantages resulting from the substitution of a just and equal rule for that formerly exercised, have been more than realised. The landlords and landladies of such houses belong often to a very low class, they tolerate and share in the vices of their tenants, and periods of weak indulgence alternate with fits of passionate violence; too often they show an entire want of truth. For example, the landlady of one of these houses in a fit of petty revenge tore off the door of the copper, so that it was utterly useless to her tenants. And again, when one of her lodgers had sent for the dustman to clear the dust-bin, which had been for months unemptied, although he intended to bear the expense himself, she gave

him notice to quit his room, considering it a reproach to her own management. This woman and the landlord of the third house were habitually drunk. The tenants naturally longed to be freed from the dominion of such people. They have not been disappointed in the main, though the advantages have not been at all of the kind that they imagined. At first they had large hope from a lady's buying the houses. They thought that their rents might remain unpaid, that they would have great and frequent gifts. They found instead, a far stricter fulfilment of their engagements required, a sterner enforcement of them made, but they quickly learned to delight in the sense of a just rule over them. One woman said, when I refused her request that I would make some repairs: 'Well, never mind, Miss, we know you've said what you mean, there are them as say they'll do it to-morrow just to put us off; we'd rather have it said downright out.' I find also that they learn to yield quickly to directions which they know are not the result of passion or caprice, but are based on a fixed purpose and principle, and are therefore not to be altered by any complaint of theirs, and this gives a great feeling of quiet to their lives. I often think how awful it is that common honesty, truth, and self-control should be so rare among those holding enormous power over these people, that the existence of such qualities should appear marvellous, and deserving of so much gratitude. One day a painter I had employed had been drinking. I was much grieved. A woman in the house said to me, 'I'm sure it's very ungrateful of him, after all you've done for him.' I replied, 'Oh, it's not ungrateful; I have done nothing for him but give him work, which he has always done well hitherto. He owes me no gratitude—only I'm so grieved because I know the man's family, and he has been trying so hard to raise and help them, and for two years has not drunk at all, and it is sad and hopeless for him to have begun again, but I have not helped him.' The woman answered gravely, 'Well, Miss, I don't know what a working man wants more than just work, and a fair price for it, and a little feeling for them as belongs to him.' The words rang long in my ears with sad reproach, that these requirements should ever be unfulfilled.

Nothing has touched me more than the large house of these people, which

sunken, beaten down as it has been, it seems to rise with a quite marvellous elasticity with the slightest impetus, as if it were the one spark of Divine fire from which their better life was to spring. Their immediate and entire trust is also very wonderful. The spiritual growth under such a rule as I describe varies infinitely with power, character, and circumstances; the more supervision, social gatherings, and educational work that can be arranged, the more may be done, of course. I do not pause to speak of the particular ways in which we have planned these, but pass on to state the pecuniary result.

The plan has now been in operation a year and a half, and its success commercially has been entirely satisfactory. After paying ground rent, taxes, repairs, insurance, setting aside a redemption fund for the repayment of capital, allowing ten per cent. for the collection of rent (should a professional collector hereafter be employed); in short, after meeting every expense, these houses pay, and have paid, five per cent. interest on the capital invested. They have done so, even though we have employed £78 in building a large room in which we can hold our work class, and can meet our tenants from time to time for various purposes of work and play. The percentage realised might have been far higher; the sums actually paid by the poor in rent are sufficient not only to pay the capitalist, but to support a middle-man out of the difference of what the poor pay him and what he pays the capitalist. Thus, in the present instance the weekly tenants were, before our purchase, paying yearly £33 more than they are now doing—a sum which would have enabled us to secure nine instead of, as at present, five per cent. Mr. Ruskin wished that we should devote the profits which the middle-man used to swallow up to lowering the rents, so that we now let two rooms for little more than the rent of one; for, while he believes that it is all important that the scheme should answer in a money point of view, and that it ought to be possible for a workman to pay for his own home, and that the value of this small effort would be lost if it was in any way a charity, yet he holds that after a fair percentage has been paid to the capitalist, the profits ought to belong to the people. The result of the work has so far satisfied Mr. Ruskin that he has lately purchased

additional property for the same purpose. On it we have this summer made eighteen rooms available for letting to the poor which had not been occupied by them before, and the results of this latter experiment promise to be as satisfactory as the previous one.

I ought to point out to anyone who may think of undertaking such work the extreme importance of informing themselves of the laws and customs respecting such tenancies, and the exact measures to be taken if rent is unpaid, else large losses and expenses might be quickly incurred, and experience in management dearly bought. They must also consider honestly with themselves, whether they have really counted the cost of enforcing such measures as shall keep up a stern sense of duty and energetic industry among their tenants, and secure themselves from loss by bad debts. It would be wrong not to mention that the pain is a very deep and sharp one, only to be borne by a very clear conviction that such a righteous rule is a great blessing to the poor, and that an indulgent or variable one is a curse to them. Ladies undertaking such work must at once and entirely brave the appearance of cruelty and meanness, bearing it as a necessary pain. It must be literally nothing to them if they are called, as I was called last winter, 'Harder than the frost itself.' But far more than this indifference to appearance of harshness must be gained; an unalterable determination to refuse money help in cases of real poverty is needed, and on all occasions a resolution to supplement the people's efforts rather than substitute their own. Once make this clear to the people and it braces them wonderfully, but on this kind of government depends the whole success of the scheme; and, I would repeat, the pain of refusing to wait for rent is often great; much knowledge of character is required and quick invention and perception to deal with each person wisely. With much care and forethought on my own part, I have found it always possible for tenants with a moderate amount of sobriety and energy to pay regularly. The fluctuations of work in London are their main difficulty. Just to equalise these a little in my own small circle, I habitually reserve any work I require done which I can delay without serious inconvenience, that it may be ready to give them in time of want. Small arrangements of this kind make all the

difference to the poor. With such they often manage to keep out of debt into which they would otherwise have sunk, and from which the more abundant work of another season would probably not have cleared them. 'Show me you are energetic men and women,' I say to them by my deeds, 'and you shall not want a strong friend to help and advise you.' Most of them take heart and

swim on very bravely through the storms, and the few who will not struggle to the hand that would so gladly help them, and sink out of sight overwhelmed in the waves, sometimes remember and return after long wandering.—*Transactions of the Social Science Association, 1866. An Account of a Few Houses Let to the London Poor. By Octavia Hill.*

THOMAS CARLYLE AND BRUTE FORCE.

MR. Carlyle has for many years back acted as the apostle of brute force. He has employed all the weight of authority which he acquired by such compositions as 'Sartor Resartus' and 'Past and Present' in defence of the absolute subjection of everybody and everything to the strong hand. He has laboured with all his resources to convert the civilised world to the belief that the exercise of power furnishes its own justification, that the sole duty of weakness is to submit, that the only true civilisers and elevators of mankind are the sword and the whip, and that anybody who maintains that the helpless have rights is a knave or a fool. Nobody can have watched the course of opinion in England and America during the last ten years without seeing that he has been instrumental in converting large numbers of influential men into what we cannot help calling enemies of the human race. He furnished the pro-slavery school of philosophers at the South with most of the ammunition with which they for years bombarded 'free society'—with the arguments by which they sought to show that slavery is the divinely-ordained condition of the labourer. Nor were his disciples confined to the South. They swarm at this moment in the choicest circles of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston.

In England his influence has been still more marked and malefic. He helped not only to extinguish the generous enthusiasm for human rights which crowned the labours of Clarkson and Wilberforce with rejoicing, but to supply the new commercial school, which holds that the chief end of men is to furnish profits for capital, with a philosophical disguise for their unscrupulous greed. The results of his work were fully revealed when the war broke out

here. We say deliberately that, for the almost devilish outburst of sympathy with the Confederacy which was witnessed in the middle and upper classes of England during the first years of the war—sympathy which no crimes or atrocities and no avowals of iniquitous intentions seemed sufficient to check—Mr. Carlyle more than any one man is responsible. The success of the North silenced and cowed that party as far as this country is concerned. But it did not loosen a single article in their creed. How well grounded they are in their prophet's doctrines was shown after the disturbances in Jamaica. When Governor Eyre came home red-handed from slaughter and outrage which a Roman pro-consul would have blushed to own, which shocked and amazed all that is most Christian and most intelligent in English society, Thomas Carlyle's voice was one of the first to welcome, console, and justify him. Hardly a man sat down at the shameful feast given him at Southampton who would not and did not defend him in Mr. Carlyle's language.

We honestly confess that, right or wrong, we believe it would have been better for the world and for himself if Mr. Carlyle never had written a line, than that he should write as he is writing now. We flatter ourselves that, as there was much noble thinking done before he was born, there would have been enough noble thinking to carry humanity on to its goal if Mr. Carlyle had never appeared. Providence has not left the race dependent on any one teacher; and Providence could hardly have furnished a better illustration of the danger of pinning our faith on any teacher, however wise or illustrious, than by permitting Thomas Carlyle to become in his old age the apostle of

violence, the despiser and reviler of those whom God has left dependent for their happiness and security on the justice and humanity of their more richly gifted fellows. When Socrates and Plato made their appearance at Athens, they found the Greek mind firmly wedded to the belief that injustice was an evil only to the victims of injustice, that to the workers of injustice it was no evil at all. The first and noblest triumph of the new philosophy, that which brought it nearest to Christianity, was the uprooting of this error. After twenty-five hundred years, however, we find the doctrine revived and amplified in England, and are actually called upon in America to reverence the man who has resuscitated it and is glorifying it. Mr. Carlyle holds that both the tyrant and his victim are the better for tyranny.

We do not know what the fate of democracy will be here or elsewhere. If it does not succeed in supplying better government than the world has got from Mr. Carlyle's heroes during the last 1,500 years, we sincerely hope it may perish utterly. We care very little for forms of government. The end of all government is the perfection of the individual man, and it is because we see in democracy, with all its shortcomings and corruptions, a far better promise of human development than the Charleses, Napoleons, Fredericks, Rob Roys, or Eyres have ever held out, that we are willing to labour and wait for its success. In the meantime we have the consolation of knowing that the world can hardly be worse governed in the future than it has been in the past.—*New York Nation*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Social and Political Dependence of Women. Pp. 75. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1867.

THAT women and men are alike, except as to training; that sex does not vindicate itself in every fibre of the organism of the mind, and therefore of the body; that, in short, the distinction of sex is superficial and temporary, and not profound and indestructible, forms no part whatever of our creed. But that one sex is on the whole inferior to the other is equally foreign to our belief. And that, now that politics are going to be more and more social, political life would be sweetened, clarified, and in every way improved by the equal admission of woman to the franchise with man, is a proposition to which we give our hearty assent. On this ground, and not because we deem wise all that is urged in, nor because we admire the tone and spirit of every part of, this powerful plea for woman's political rights, we write down our general approval of it, and express our desire for its wide circulation. The writer says:—

'We have tried to establish—

'First, that the only ground which could plausibly be urged for an assumption of exclusive power by man would be the benefit of woman herself.

'Secondly, that this proposition, if

established, is not sufficient justification without her free and full consent.

'Thirdly, that the three grounds on which her political dependence could alone be defended—her past and present condition, her inferiority of intellect in a degree greater than that between the worst and the best of the present electors, and her similar inferiority in morality—are completely opposed to facts.

'Fourthly, that the universal law of self-interest, which has had such an extraordinary illustration in the history of English legislation, renders her enfranchisement an absolute necessity whenever justice and expediency have their legitimate influence.

'And, fifthly, that the equality of woman is required by the principles of the constitution.'

'The maternity argument touches the question, what is the proper sphere of woman? which is not the inquiry before us. We have only to consider whether man has a right to assume, directly by seizing all political power, and indirectly by getting under his control all the social laws, the function of determining that sphere. The maternity argument, as applied to the possession of the franchise, means that the duties of a mother preclude her from forming an intelligent opinion and giving an intelligent vote.

But, obviously, this argument applies, if it applies at all, no less to the lawyer, the merchant, the clergyman, the mechanic. Besides, no such questions are asked in admitting any other class to the franchise, and it is most unfair to subject woman's claims to these extra gratuitous tests.

'But can it mean that the periods of confinement would sometimes interfere with the exercise of her vote? This consideration, indeed, may be a reason for giving her *two* votes, but surely a something which tends to diminish a power which should be possessed in its entirety, is no reason for withholding it altogether. The objection, too, is completely met by introducing voting papers. And it is instructive to notice that the exception taken to voting papers is founded on the fear of fraud and corruption; that is to say, fear of the very low moral condition of those who exercise arbitrary power over more than half of the species.

'Another objection, a very constant objection, to the enfranchisement of woman is that she does not and cannot understand politics. This opens a large question. But here, too, the first and obvious remark is that it is monstrous to require of woman what we do not require of other classes before enfranchising them. The only reply we have seen worthy of notice is that the same test could not be applied to woman as to man, because in the case of men the present test, though not a direct political test, affords an assumption verified by fact, that about 70 per cent. of the enfranchised possess political knowledge; while in the case of women it would not ensure more than about 10 per cent. All this is equivalent to saying that political knowledge must be a *sine quâ non* of enfranchisement. But the political knowledge of the great bulk of the people of this country is the result, not the cause, of enfranchisement. If, then, women know nothing about a subject which they have both the capacity and industry to understand, but concerning which they have not the power practically to apply those qualities; while others who have no advantage over them, except in having that power, are acquainted with it; and if this knowledge is found to increase when that power is bestowed, the conclusion is, that so long as women have no vote, so long will women have no political knowledge, but that, give them votes, and

they will acquire knowledge. The phrase, too, has a very convenient generality. When applied to 69 out of the 70 per cent., it merely means that they sometimes read the daily newspapers, take a hasty glance at the articles and the parliamentary debates, and that their opinions have no deeper foundation than a popular or an unpopular newspaper. This kind of knowledge demands neither ability nor industry, and the truth is, that to be able to look after the interests of your own class—a subject on which few people are ignorant—or to choose fit representatives, does not require more than a limited capacity or very limited political knowledge. The motive, however, for acquiring knowledge, political status, man has, but woman has not.

'Moreover, our opponents' argument would introduce a totally new doctrine into our electoral system. This would be no argument with us, but it may be with those who oppose female suffrage because it would effect a social revolution. The only personal test which any statesman advocates are honesty and general intelligence. If these are present, he assumes that the rest will come in due season. Even the educational franchise does not demand political knowledge as a test of fitness, though, of course, the argument in that case rests on totally different grounds.

'But it is not surprising that writers, who, without a single reason, begin by assuming one of the points in dispute, though not the point on which we are now at issue, and assert that politics are not woman's "sphere," very frequently add that woman does not and cannot understand politics. This objection we should leave to fall of itself, if it did not suggest other issues. One is that the study of politics has nothing in common with any other study. This is tacitly assumed when it is said that woman's "instinct" is against the possession and exercise of the franchise. Within certain limits, it is true that special faculties, or rather a special development of certain faculties, are necessary to extraordinary success in some one subject; but to get a moderate knowledge of any subject does not require a peculiar turn of mind. Identical mental processes may be, nay, to a certain extent, must be employed on all subjects, political cookery; and it is a glaring *principium in pectus* to say that women would be the slightest bit deficient in sufficiency.

an intelligent vote. Besides, the objection all along assumes that political knowledge is very generally distributed among men, than which nothing can be more untrue. The theorems which are the very alphabet of every one who has anything like a sound knowledge of the science of politics—even such a knowledge as a good lawyer or a good doctor has of his profession—are daily outraged by the paid writers who profess to instruct the present voters. The large majority of the articles in the daily and weekly newspapers, clearly prove one thing, that they are written by men whose opinions on the philosophy of politics, or any abstruse problem in the whole range of political economy—trades' unions, strikes, population, pauperism, &c.—are utterly worthless. But the bulk of the people—the men to whom, too often, the newspaper is the only teacher—know even less than the majority of public writers, though their knowledge may not really be less reliable.

'Be this as it may, however, we repeat that it is most unjust to say that woman must understand politics before getting the franchise, because this test is not applied to man. As a man's faculties and time are limited, he devotes his attention to the things which concern him. The men best informed in politics are those engaged in political life; the next, the middle classes who hold the chief power; the next, the enfranchised lower classes; and the last the unenfranchised classes. Political knowledge seems to vary with political power, and assuming that the unenfranchised—those whom we now contemplate enfranchising—are, as a class, superior in political knowledge to women, it is because, first, every man is able to get a vote by slightly improving his position, and, secondly, because he is not surrounded by persons who constantly tell him that politics are above his comprehension. It is this constant reiteration of woman's unfitness for politics which is the most effective of the many specious devices by which man persuades woman of her inferiority.'

Report to the Board of Trade on Banks, Banking, and Life Assurance. From 'Bentley's Registry of Bank and Life Assurance Accounts.' Established 1815. Pp. 154. London: Joseph Bentley, 13, Paternoster Row, E.C.
It is a pleasure to open Mr. Bentley's

books, as it is to open William Cobbett's, and for very much the same reasons. The writer is master of a style of unusual vigour, well jointed and strongly sinewed, moving straight on to its goal with a steady purpose that nothing can divert, yet not hurrying so fast as to neglect anything that requires noticing by the way. He knows what he has to do ere he starts, and the road that will lead to his destination; and he always has a destination, which is much more than can be said of many writers. Like Cobbett, too, he has a self-reliance that never fails, and sometimes almost rises to the sublime—a strong, all-prevalent conviction that knowledge and wisdom are with him, and that, alas, they are not too abundant in other quarters. And having thus clearly had laid on him the function of giving forth what others lack, he does so with a benevolent fervour, yet all the while well aware how kind it is of him to do it, and by no means void of righteous self-applause in the performance. Such men, when they get hold of sound information that others are wilfully or fatuously shutting their eyes to, are invaluable; they alternately hold up the truth like a banner, shake it like a torch, and brandish it like a tomahawk. If you see it and follow it, happy are you; if you do not, so much the worse, and your scalp must take the consequences. It is well for Mr. Bentley that he has this power; otherwise he must have been crushed long since by those whom he has vexed by his goads or maddened by his exposures. Mr. Bentley's object in presenting the report now before us to the Board of Trade is, firstly, to taunt and stimulate that institution into supplying periodically authentic information about the financial position of our monetary institutions; secondly, to provide, as far as possible, and at his own expense, the information with regard to banks which the Board fails to accumulate and diffuse; thirdly, to suggest sundry methods by which, as he thinks, bankers may render banking absolutely safe and unprecedentedly profitable; and fourthly, to enable his readers to judge of the comparative reliability of the various life insurance offices. And if any of our readers care to know what Mr. Bentley thinks about them, and what figures and facts connected with them his book and registry can supply, they will find a capital opportunity afforded them in the volume

just issued. Mr. Bentley's suggestion for the formation, by some or all the good banks, of a mutual gold reserve, managed as the clearing house is managed, accompanied with the issue of one-pound and higher notes, called gold cheques, bears witness to his ingenuity; and the tables he gives, showing the positions of various banks and life offices, prove him to possess an energy in the acquisition of knowledge which no difficulties that are not impossibilities can paralyse. We are glad to add that Mr. Bentley is sound on a question that has always been especially interesting to 'Meliora.' Alluding to the money wasted by Lord Palmerston in useless fortifications, he says: 'Mere feeling, founded in ignorance, has caused the spending of this money; just as the people of our country waste £75,000,000 in intoxicating drinks yearly. No person who uses these intoxicants freely can assure his life, and it is proved by an office that assures those who take a little and those who take none at all, that the latter class of persons live, on an average, about five years longer than those persons do who take a little. For a long series of years the profits have been so much greater, from life being longer, that £18 per cent. more money is paid as bonus, in addition to the sum assured, to the families of all members who had been total abstainers from intoxicating beverages than the society can afford to pay the families of those who took, while living, an occasional glass. If this £75,000,000 a year, the before-named £267,228,000 (the sum spent since 1854 by our rulers over and above the outlay which would have been made had there been no increase in taxation since that year), and the one or two hundred millions sterling lost by each of our panics had been properly invested through our banks, see what a different people and country Her Majesty would have been ruling over than is the case now. The life of her subjects would be many years longer than it is, and their health far better. We should have been much more of a model nation than we are for our long-continued efforts and the efforts of others to teach people how to become "well off." If we cannot, however, recall the past, we may improve on the future; and this Report is prepared to aid every one who desires to become well off, to make sure of attaining this blessing—not only by preventing loss and waste in future,

but by so employing their own means, credit, commercial influence, and sagacity as to steadily increase their wealth, and that of the country in which Providence has cast their lot.'

The New Creation: A View of the Divine Predictions of New Heavens and a New Earth, as having a Progressive Fulfilment in the Christian Dispensation, and a Complete Accomplishment in the Period of the Millennium. By John Mills, minister of the Gospel. Author of 'Sacred Symbolology,' and 'Thoughts on the Apocalypse.' Pp. 344. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE writer has spent much time, labour, and ingenuity in endeavouring to prove that the creation of the new heavens and the new earth, predicted by the prophets, commenced with Christianity, and meant, in fact, neither more nor less than the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world, which will be completed when He shall have subdued all things unto Himself. Besides one of 'Preliminary Observations,' and another of 'Concluding Observations,' Mr. Mills's work contains eight chapters. The first of these is very oddly said, in the list of contents, to be 'On some of the Injurious Effects of the Premillennial Advent of the Lord Jesus, and that of a Renovated Earth as the Eternal Abode of the Righteous.' It is, of course, the injurious effects, not of the advent and renovation, that it treats of, but of a certain theory or doctrine. In subsequent chapters he discourses of the nature and character of the new creation, of the new heavens, and the new earth; of the analogy between the Works of the Creator in the formation of the earth, and the operations of Divine Providence and Grace on the human family, as represented in prophecy by the creation of a new earth; on the indications of prophecy relating to events preceding the period when the reign of the Redeemer will become pre-eminent on the earth; on the advance and completion of the new creation, or the condition of the church and the world in the time of the millennium; and on the harmony of prophecy, and its accordance with the whole tenor of Divine Revelation. The author's endeavour to trace out analogies between geological facts and the new creation of prophecy, does not appear to us to

have been rewarded with signal success. Whilst he fails to show himself in possession of the real key to the last book of the New Testament, here and there we note thin flashes of true light amidst intervening breadths of quasi-expository darkness.

Preparing for Home: A Series of Expository Discourses on the Fifth Chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. By Jonathan Watson. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Two editions of this work having been sold, a third is now issued 'with the earnest prayers of the author for a still larger blessing from on high to accompany its circulation at home and abroad.' 'How many persons,' he remarks in his preface, 'there are needs not be told, who are eager to cherish the hope of heaven after death, who little consider the nature of the preparation demanded for admission there, or whether they themselves are "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light."' To this large class of individuals it is hoped that 'Preparing for Home' may be found a not unimportant aid to their inquiries on this the most interesting of all subjects. The table of contents includes the following subjects:—The Dissolution; The Exit; Preparation for Home and Earnests of it; Preferring to Go Home rather than Remain; Ambitious of Christ's Approbation either Way; the Judgment Seat of Christ; The Terror of the Lord; The Transcendent Importance of the Gospel; The Burden of the Gospel; Personal Interest Essential to Happiness and Safety; Redemption, its Origin, Working Out, and Application, is of God; The Expostulation.

On the Practice of Employing Certain Substitutes for the Genuine Ingredients in some Articles of Daily Food: Considered as it affects the Health of the Community. A paper read before the Brighton Literary and Scientific Institution. Contributed by a Lady. With a Short Account of the Proceedings. London: H. K. Lewis, 15, Gower-street North.

A PROTEST against the use of baking powder as a substitute for eggs, butter, or yeast. The writer says:—

'If economy could be shown to result from the employment of the baking

powder, it would of course be one argument in its favour, but upon that point its advocates are mistaken, for that which is cheap to the pocket often proves dear as regards the health, and thus, ultimately, there is no economy at all. This is especially true with respect to the use of the baking powder by the poor; the fact is, that for them, it has no value whatever. It has been seen that the constituents of the powder are destitute of all nutritive properties, and the idea is perfectly delusive that eggs and butter can be adequately represented in food by a compound which does not contain a single element necessary for nutrition.

'And when I come to speak of the economical aspect of the powder in the households of the rich, I approach once more a delicate subject, because it is necessary to touch ground upon which I may be told that I am encroaching; I will, therefore, only say that, from the results of my own experience and observation, I have not found that the use of the baking powder at all diminishes the consumption of those articles for which it is ostensibly a substitute—at least, amongst the items charged, butter and eggs figure very largely. But ladies are not supposed to examine tradesmen's books and bills, much less to make calculations and draw conclusions concerning them!

'Bad as the prevalence of the system which we have been considering may be with reference to bread, a still greater wrong is done when these powders are introduced into our kitchens and made to do duty—as I have shown—in the place of butter and eggs in our daily food. The employment of cheap and inferior substitutes for the genuine article should be discountenanced on hygienic as well as on other social grounds; it is fraught with much evil in cookery, still more than in trade. It stands as a temptation in the way of domestic servants; generally speaking, we are little suspicious of the existence of such a temptation in our households, and, perhaps, less inclined to deal with it when our eyes are opened to the fact. But I trust I shall succeed in awakening a spirit of inquiry on the subject, and also in arousing a determination on the part of heads of households to acquire all the knowledge of domestic chemistry necessary—and the knowledge is very simple—for the detection of these practices.'

The Bible and Working People. By Alexander Wallace, D.D., Glasgow. Seventh thousand. Pp. 304. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co.

A SERIES of fifteen lectures on the Bible, delivered originally in Bradford, and first published in 1852. The titles of the lectures run thus:—False Impressions; The World in Darkness; The Day Spring from on High; Old Testament, Origin and Completion; New Testament, Antiquity and Genuineness; The Divine Oracle its Own Witness; Miscellaneous Characteristics; The Bible and the Love of Nature; Design and Destiny of the Bible; Divine Adaptation; The Bible Adapted to all Men; Social Influence of the Bible; The Bible and Social Economics; Objections; Conclusion. The object of the course was to cultivate a better understanding between the friends of Christianity and the working classes, and to remove from the minds of the latter objections, where these exist, to the rightful claims of the Bible. The lectures seem to have already done good service in these directions, and will no doubt continue to do so, for Mr. Wallace wields an able pen, and deals with his subject, according to his light, in a candid, earnest, and impressive manner.

The Scattered Nation. Edited by C. Schwartz, D.D. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THE editor says:—‘Let me briefly state what our God has done for us. In October, 1864, I arrived in London, a foreigner and stranger, but animated by an earnest desire to do for my Jewish brethren, converted and unconverted, all that God would enable me to do. I had been a Jewish missionary for the last twenty-two years, in Germany, Turkey, and Holland; but I knew perfectly well that no place was so suitable for this work as London, the metropolis of the world. Daily intercourse with Jews, and prayerful consideration of their wants, convinced me that three things were highly desirable for the promotion of Christ’s kingdom amongst Israel:—

‘1. A home for young and educated Jews who had learned no trade, but were either engaged in business or in studies, and who had lost everything in consequence of their confession of Christ.

‘2. A periodical wherein the cause of Israel could be pleaded, and the Israelitish view and exposition of Scrip-

tures be given, along with answers to the continual attacks on the truths of the Gospel by Jewish writers, more especially by the *Jewish Chronicle*.

‘3. A union amongst Hebrew Christians, which was to be a witness to Jews and Christians, and a centre for all Hebrews who had been cast out by their own nation, and yet were not ashamed of the hope of Israel.

‘The Hebrew-Christian Alliance, blessed be God, is a fact, and though as yet a tender plant, it grows and begins to yield fruit to God’s honour.

‘The magazine exists, and by God’s goodness has found favour in the eyes of many of His children. It is no small undertaking to start a monthly in London; and even my best friends shook their heads when I laid before them my intention. They thought it very desirable, but — . Well, the Lord has helped us; our periodical exists, and if our present friends continue faithful, as I fully believe they will, and bestir themselves to gain new subscribers, the “Scattered Nation” will not only be regularly continued, but will occupy its place amongst those publications which give no uncertain sound, and testify of the truth against every kind of error by unfurling the banner of the King of Israel and the Head of the Church.

‘The home began like a mustard seed, and has grown wonderfully within a short time.’

Essays and Discourses on Popular and Standard Themes. By T. W. Tozer, minister of the First Congregational Church, Dudley. Pp. 374. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A DOZEN plain, practical discourses on popular excuses for the neglect of religion and religious ordinances; on ‘buts,’ on religious and social dissensions, their cause and cure; on young men from home, their dangers and duties; on mutual confidence the want of our churches; on domestic life, its duties, pains, and pleasures; on Christian assurance; on the sad soul’s Comforter; on the human conscience; on the new birth; on repentance; and on man’s assimilation to the Divine image. The writer belongs to the ‘Evangelical’ school of theology, of which his writings bear all the tokens. His tone is earnest, but calm, and governed by good sense. In the first two essays he deals with the

obstacles to the working man's attendance on public worship.

Hints for Whom They May Concern. No. 2. *Capital Punishment.* Dedicated to the Church. London: F. Bowyer Kitto, 5, Bishopsgate Without.

WE opened this pamphlet in the hope of finding in it some useful advocacy of the abolition of capital punishment. The author's real object, however, proves to be to expound and illustrate his peculiar theology. He shows much ability in clothing in very telling language such crude notions as he has yet attained to of the matters of which he treats; but a mind that can see no legitimate object in punishment beyond the reformation of the offender, a judgment that can admit no proper and useful deterrent operation in punitive administration, is really not capable of dealing with this great question.

The Man of Sorrows, and His Relationships. A Contribution to Religious Thought. Pp. 137. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WE find nothing original in this contribution, and much with which we heartily disagree. When a contributor to religious thought persuades himself to write about 'the Divine Beings,' we throw down his book in despair.

The Gospel Magazine and Protestant Beacon. Edited by the Rev. D. A. Doudney, D.D., incumbent of St. Luke's, Bedminster, Bristol. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 119 Aldersgate-street.

THE number for June advocated the Sunday closing of public-houses, and contained a letter indignantly denouncing the disgraceful tumult got up by the opponents of a Guildhall meeting at Bristol.

Onward. The Organ of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand. Manchester: Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, Barlow's Court, 43, Market-street.

HAS recently been improved, and is a cheap and valuable publication.

An Address to a Pastor. Delivered at his Ordination. By R. Ingham. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

The Christian as a Citizen, the Part He should Take, and the Principles which should guide Him in relation to Politics and Social Life. By the Rev. W. H. Bonner, of London, one of the vice-presidents of the National Reform League. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

A Few Friendly Words to Young Mothers. By One of the Maternity. With some Remarks upon Monthly Nurses, and Nurses in General. London: Wertheim and Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

Old Jonathan; or, The District and Parish Helper. Published Monthly. Illustrated. London: W. H. Collingridge, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street.

The Baptist Magazine. Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Church. Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

The Appeal. A Magazine for the People. Monthly. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

Meliora.

OUR PERIODICAL PRESS.

1. *Areopagitica, a Speech on the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England.* By John Milton. London. November, 1644.
2. *Mitchell's Newspaper Directory for 1867.*
3. *The 'Edinburgh Review' and the 'Quarterly Review.'* October, 1864.
4. *The 'Athenæum,' the 'Saturday Review,' 'Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper,' 'Punch,' 'The Tomahawk.'* November 30th, 1867.
5. *'Blackwood's Magazine,' the 'Contemporary Review,' 'St. Paul's.'* December, 1867.
6. *The 'Times,' the 'Daily Telegraph,' the 'Globe.'* December 2nd, 1867.
7. *'The London Post Office Directory for 1868.'*

WHEN reflecting upon the history of printing by moveable types—an art apparently so simple and of almost unrivalled value—two things are apt to strike us with surprise; first, that the invention should have been so long delayed; and second, that, when made, it should have been so slowly and imperfectly applied. Our astonishment upon the latter point, however, diminishes when we consider the circumstances of the age in which the fathers of typography lived and laboured. Copyists and scribes naturally opposed an innovating art which threatened their existence; and there is but one answer to the inquiry—how should a popular literature

have flourished generations before any vestige of a popular demand? On the one side was a small widely-separated band of scholars anxious to possess themselves of the treasures of classical genius then for the first time placed within their reach; and on the other side was a heterogeneous multitude of the illiterate, nobles and princes included, able neither to write nor read, and seeing little occasion for troubling themselves to learn to do either. Intercommunication, too, was difficult between kingdoms, provinces, and even adjacent towns; and the populace were everywhere satisfied to gain their knowledge of current events, and to drink of the streams of instruction, through the itinerant agency of the pilgrim, the pack-merchant, the soldier, and the preaching friar. The masses were taught through the ear, not the eye, except when they gazed upon the symbolic service of the Church, or when, with perhaps greater admiration, they watched the rude miracle-plays performed for their spiritual good. With the Reformation, the printing press came into more vigorous and polemic play; its importance as an engine of agitation and propagandism could not be overlooked; and this, also, was the period when editions of many a *magnum opus* were struck off with a mechanical skill and exquisite finish hardly surpassable at the present day. Soon, however, the censorship was set up to curb the so-called wildness and licentiousness of the press, and this alone would have proved a great impediment to the spread of a periodical literature, had all other social influences been favourable to its growth. Such a literature first sprung up, as might have been anticipated, to gratify the universal thirst for news; and though we must regard as forgeries the British Museum copies of an 'English Mercurie,' claiming to have been issued 'by authoritie,' to inform Queen Elizabeth's lieges concerning the Spanish Armada and its fate; it is, nevertheless, the fact that 'News-letters,' 'Mercuries,' &c., swarmed in the early Stuart times, and had the merit, if it be one, of narrating contemporary events in a style of political partisanship best adapted to please the friends of the inditers. The first weekly periodical was brought out (1622) by Nathaniel Butler, under the title of the *Newses of the Present Week*; but we have to pass on to the Restoration of Charles II. before we meet with a weekly sheet, *Kingdom's Intelligencer* (1662), which inserted advertisements and supplied notes of business in Parliament and the courts of law. L'Estrange followed with his paper, the *Intelligencer*, in 1663, which committed 'the happy dispatch' in favour of the *Oxford Gazette* (re-named the *London Gazette* after the removal of the Court to London). This

official journal dates from February 4, 1665, and has remained for two centuries and more the medium of all Government proclamations and intelligence. L'Estrange, who was the official licenser in 1680, tried to establish a monopoly for his *Observer*, by procuring a royal order prohibiting the issue of all unlicensed new books and pamphlets; but the 'Glorious Revolution' was at hand, and gave a triumphant echo to the noble 'speech' of Milton, years after the eloquent pleader had seemed to be defeated and had fallen asleep. In 1709 the first English daily newspaper was published under the name of the *Daily Courant*; and in the April of that year appeared the *Tatler*, the earliest though not the most celebrated model of the periodical literary essay, treating in a lively and witty strain of things both new and old. These tiny periodicals, of the size of a four-paged tract, were generally short-lived, but as one succumbed to misfortune another rose to sparkle, and in its turn to fade. A stamp duty of a halfpenny imposed by 10 Anne, cap. 19, was intended to suppress the issue of pamphlets galling to the Queen; but the fairest flowers of the light current literature suffered as much from that 'nipping frost' as the veriest weeds. Daniel De Foe stands out as the originator of the modern Magazine or Review, and this without derogation to the honour of Edward Cave, who started the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1731. In Edinburgh the *Mercurius Caledonius* appeared on the last day of December, 1660, with a glowing account of the reception of the King's commissioner; and once a week for three months this periodical of eight small pages (a copy of which, the first number, lies before us) continued to give a budget of carefully-sifted political intelligence to the Northern kingdom. The *Caledonian Mercury* was issued April 28, 1720, as the first weekly Scottish newspaper, and after many changes recently expired. As early as 1700, a small daily sheet under the name of *Pue's Occurrences* was issued in Dublin; and the *Belfast News Letter* commenced, in 1737, a weekly career which it still continues. In 1704 the *Boston News Letter* began to appear weekly, the first newspaper published on the American continent.

Periodical literature of all kinds made but little progress during the first half of the eighteenth century, and it was not till the last quarter of that century that the newspapers acquired an influence and appearance at all corresponding with that which they now possess. The great French war stimulated the activity of rival proprietors, and in the race for priority of news the *Times*, under the elder Mr. Walter's direction, not only distanced the other journals, but not unfrequently carried off the palm from the Government

couriers and despatch boats. The monthly magazines of this period were edited with no despicable ability; but it was not until the *Edinburgh Review* made its *début* in 1803 that critical journalism arrested an attention and wielded an authority never before conceded to it. But sixty years have brought with them developments that would have seemed little short of supernatural to the most sanguine and active journalists of that day. By calling to its aid the power of steam—a mightier genie than figures in the *Arabian Nights'* Entertainments,—the *Times* in 1814 gained a new advantage over its newspaper competitors; but as recently as 1840 its printing machine was thought a prodigy of skill because constructed to throw off 2,500 impressions in one hour, the daily circulation of the 'leading journal' then being about 12,000. Weekly journalism had made great strides, yet all such papers published in London did not possess in 1838 a united circulation of a quarter of a million, more than a fifth of which was enjoyed by a single newspaper, the *Weekly Dispatch*. Mr. Charles Knight and the Messrs. Chambers had entered upon their crusade against popular ignorance, and had brought a healthy general periodical literature to the door of the artisan and labourer; while for other classes the *Athenæum* and *Literary Gazette*, *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, provided a great variety of intellectual fare. But difficulties and drawbacks existed to a more liberal investment of capital in journalism considered as a commercial enterprise. The newspapers were fettered by a stamp duty which had been raised to fourpence (with a discount of twenty per cent.), and a great relief was afforded when this was lowered, in 1837, to a penny, with a discount of one-fourth to Ireland; but this favour was limited to a certain superficies, while a duty of a halfpenny was imposed on every copy of a supplement. The advertisement duty had been reduced to one shilling and sixpence, but this was sufficiently high to discourage a general resort to that channel of publicity. The duty on paper was a tax that operated adversely on every species of periodical. It is to the removal of all these clogs—joined with the spread of education, increased postal facilities, and the adventurous spirit displayed by some friends of the people in risking their cash on cheap supplies of wholesome literary viands, in order to provoke a popular appetite—that we must refer that enormous expansion of periodical literature which is as characteristic of these times, as are the freedom and rapidity of commercial intercourse, and the gigantic development of our industrial resources.

The Periodical Literature of the United Kingdom can be

treated but cursorily within the space at our disposal, and any classification that can be adopted will involve cross-divisions of some sort. No arrangement, perhaps, will be, on the whole, so free from confusion as that which conforms to the order of periodical succession.

I. The Daily press consists entirely of newspapers, the most widely circulated of which are, of course, published in London. Of these the *Times* continues to exert, as it has done for many years, the greatest political influence, and to present in all its executive arrangements a superb example of what a daily newspaper should be. The principal proprietor is Mr. John Walter, to whose father's exertions the position of the paper is principally due. Its pre-eminence as an organ of intelligence was established sixty years ago; while the *Morning Chronicle* was regarded as an equal if not superior authority in the realm of politics. Under the editorship of Captain Sterling, however, the *Times* seized the marshal's bâton of political journalism, and, in spite of several remarkable mischances, still retains it. The versatility shown by its conductors—or as muscular politicians style it, its timeserving and want of consistent principle—conduces to this result, though it would be a grave mistake to suppose that it is popular guidance in the broadest sense to which the *Times* is ready to defer. Its cue is chiefly taken from the public opinion of select circles believed to reflect pretty accurately the sentiments of the influential classes, and to indicate the course to which events are, more or less, rapidly tending. The support given by the *Times* to Sir Robert Peel, when Prime Minister for a short time in 1834, was acknowledged by that statesman after his resignation, in a letter first made public in Carlyle's *Life of Mr. John Sterling*, the captain's son. It has been said of the *Times* that 'every one abuses it and every one reads it,' a statement much more applicable to the past than to the present; for though that journal had never so many readers as now, and its influence on every question it espouses or opposes is very great, its relative power, both political and social, is less than it was thirty or twenty years ago, and is decreasing. The *Times* can no longer write a Ministry up or down, nor can it exert a decisive effect on any question of public interest. The rise and progress of the cheap daily press has lowered the prestige of the newspaper Jupiter, though his thunder is as loud and he is sometimes as fiery as of yore. The number of persons who never see the *Times* and who do see other papers is constantly increasing, and these are the persons who are acquiring more direct influence in public affairs. The incur-

of the *Times* was always one of its proudest boasts, and contributed to extend its power. It might be fickle as the weather, but it was amazingly clever, and never could be bribed. People knew it was too rich to be bought, and that it was independent of clique dictation. Several valuable services to the commercial community have been rendered by the *Times* in the exposure of gigantic swindles; and it is to its credit that during the railway *furor* of 1846 it did not allow its pecuniary gains from advertisements to weaken its denunciations of the mania which then possessed the nation, and, for a period, carried all before it. Less disinterested was the opposition of the *Times* to the reduction of the paper duties, though the secret motive was a fear, not of a reduced circulation, but of diminished political importance. Utterly inexcusable have been the attacks of that journal on certain public men to whom it has taken a dislike; notably in the case of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright; and more than perhaps any other newspaper (though the vice is endemic in the press), the *Times* has made it a rule to refuse those who have felt aggrieved by its articles the opportunity of using its columns as a vehicle of reply. One main source of the princely revenue of the *Times* is its advertisement receipts, but these are lessened and not increased, as is commonly believed, when there is a necessity for publishing a double number—(it rarely appears now without a half number of four pages extra)—for as the price of the whole paper is fixed at threepence, the cost of a double number largely reduces the profits arising from the advertisement income. It was this consideration which induced Mr. Delane, the present editor, to inform a committee of the House of Commons that the proprietors did not care to have the daily circulation rise above a certain point, since when it did so the extra expense of double numbers entailed a loss, and not a profit, on the double issue. The staff of the *Times*, including correspondents and reporters, is carefully selected and liberally paid, and every inducement is held out to persons capable of furnishing valuable information to take the *Times* into their confidence. The *Daily News*, started by Mr. Charles Dickens in 1846, but not long retained in his hands, is very judiciously edited, and is distinguished for the sagacity of its commercial criticisms, and for its willingness to hear both sides of a question. The *Morning Post*, once the chief daily organ of Conservatism and fashionable news, has taken of late years a Liberal hue, but is a copious reporter of *on dits* and occurrences having relation to 'high life.' The *Morning Advertiser* is the organ of the licensed victuallers, but on subjects distinct from the brewery and tap it generally takes

a Liberal view of things. Its public-house connection, however, compels it to report sporting transactions at considerable length, and with a special unction, in distressing contrast with the zeal for philanthropic objects and religious orthodoxy displayed in its other pages. The *Morning Herald* completes the list of the morning London papers that charge more than a penny; and the *Morning Herald*, in all but the editorials and advertisements, is nearly a *fac simile* of the *Standard*, one of the most widely circulated of the penny papers. The key note of penny journalism was struck by the *Daily Telegraph* in 1855. At first it consisted of four pages only—half the size of the other morning papers. It was rumoured that great sums were sunk by the first proprietors of this newspaper venture, and at one time its position was doubtless very critical; but having fallen into the hands of a rich Jew bent on making it succeed, it has succeeded to an extent that the projectors could hardly have divined. Its circulation last year was 170,000 copies daily, and is probably now in advance of that number. Its income from advertisements is also very large, and second only to the *Times*' receipts. The special features of the *Daily Telegraph* have been from the first its leading articles and its correspondence, and though the leaders have never been famous for exact thought or refined taste, they have been written with a vigour, breadth, liberality, independence, and it must be added pretentiousness and show of learning, well adapted to impress the average English mind. The *Morning Star* has laboured from the first under the disadvantage of a supposed political identification with a particular Radical school of politics, with Mr. Bright as its Coryphæus; else, in its admirable assortment of news, its variety of general information, its sympathy with social movements, and its advocacy of political principles that are becoming landmarks in our Constitutional history, it may claim to be popular in the widest sense that word will bear. Its circulation is less than that of either the *Telegraph* or *Standard*, owing, possibly, to the inferior money weight thrown into it, though some accession of this kind was received when the attempt to establish a daily paper under the name of the *Dial* terminated in a proprietary union with the *Morning Star*. The *Standard*, which had appeared for years as an evening Conservative paper, little known outside the clubs and rich Tory coteries, made its way into the newspaper world by its transformation into a daily paper, and about a change of its political profession. It was not at first very promising, but it has succeeded in increasing its circulation of the *Standard* in the week.

Its advertising columns are well patronised, and the breadth of the page being a little in excess of the other journals, it is advertised as 'the largest newspaper in the world,' which would become a more accurate designation by substituting the words 'in the British Isles.' Much of the material used in the *Standard* is also employed, as before observed, in the *Morning Herald*, an arrangement that may have permitted the proprietors to expend more money in the broadside advertising that has raised its circulation to so high a pitch. Its politics may recommend it to Conservative tradesmen, but its great sale is very largely owing to its size, its copious reports, and in a measure to the instructive articles, editorial and other, it frequently offers on subjects of national concern. The *Clerkenwell News* is a halfpenny morning newspaper, consisting of four pages, one-half or more filled with advertisements inserted at a low price, and the other half occupied with parochial intelligence and correspondence. The daily evening press is represented in London by the *Globe*, a Whig organ lately sold and converted into a Conservative journal; the *Sun* (Liberal); the *Express*, an evening four-paged edition of the *Daily News*; the *Evening Star*; *Evening Standard*; the *Glowworm*, a little sheet supported by theatre and music hall goers; and two or three commercial and shipping papers that are rarely seen a couple of miles from the Docks. These are all, with the exception—and it is a notable exception—of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which was started to supply the well-to-do portion of the reading public with an evening journal that should present a condensation of the news reported in the morning papers, with the latest intelligence,—and should also be distinguished by original compositions on topics of political, social, and religious interest. These objects have been worked out with unquestionable ability, though with occasional fluctuations from hard Conservatism to lax ultra-Liberalism that have puzzled steady-going thinkers. The external peculiarities of the *Pall Mall Gazette* are smaller size of the page, a twopenny price, and the use of an antique type and toned paper.

The expenses of a first-class morning paper (high or low priced), are exceedingly heavy, and as its means of support must be derived from advertisements and profits of sale (after all discounts), it is not wonderful that now and then a paper like the *Morning Chronicle*—in its palmy days under Mr. Perry, the formidable rival of the *Times*—should sink under defective management; and that so few successful attempts should be made to add to the existing number. The *Iron Times* was one of several ventures that have come to nought,

and not long since the collapse of the *Day*, a journal set up for the advocacy of moderate Liberalism under the capable editorship of Mr. James Hutton, allowed the punsters to offer their mock condolences upon a day that had been so rapidly exchanged for night. The French residents of the metropolis are furnished with a choice of several small daily newspapers, printed in their own language, but of no special merit whatever.

The principal towns of the United Kingdom—Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Hull, Sheffield, Newcastle, Bristol, and Plymouth—have daily newspapers of their own, selling usually for a penny, and circulating far beyond the limits of the towns in which they are published. Their number collectively is about thirty, they are conducted with most creditable ability, and are singularly free from the vulgarity and other evils which it was prophesied would attend the multiplication of a cheap daily press.

II. The weekly and inter-weekly periodicals of the United Kingdom represent an amount of commercial activity even surpassing that employed upon the daily press. Our remarks, which must be exceedingly contracted, may best have regard to this branch of periodical literature viewed as—1, public and political; 2, religious; 3, scientific and literary; 4, commercial; 5, miscellaneous.

First.—Under 'public and political' we may rank all general newspapers so-called, embracing all the leading weekly London journals of this class—the twenty and more local London papers which cultivate a district circulation and discussion of parochial subjects—and the eight hundred newspapers which appear weekly or oftener in the boroughs and other county towns, of every colour in party politics, or wearing the neutral tint. Some of the London newspapers intended for the million, give an immense quantity of letter-press for a single penny. Chief of these are the *Weekly Times*, the *News of the World*, and *Lloyd's Weekly News*, the last of which, edited by Blanchard Jerrold, can boast a weekly sale of half a million copies. The *Dispatch*, which, under the high-price and impressed stamp system was *princeps* of the weekly press, has refused to yield to the cry for cheapness, and sells for five-pence. The *Spectator*, the *Examiner*, *Saturday Review*, *London Review*, *Imperial Review*, and the *Weekly Chronicle* are the principal journals appearing weekly that claim to discuss public questions from a scholarly and philosophical standpoint, criticism on art and literature being hardly secondary in the space it occupies and the admirable writing it frequently elicits. On some subjects, demanding special attention

unbiased consideration, very great injustice is often committed by contributors to these first-class journals, and not least in reference to the group of questions associated with the Temperance Reform. Such questions looked at through the stomach instead of the brain, even by scholars and critics, are apt to assume a very unnatural appearance and a very distorted relation to 'the whole duty of man.' *Echoes from the Clubs* and the *Owl* are gossiping papers designed for circulation in the Clubs and West-end society; the latter appearing and disappearing with the Parliamentary session, and having a reputation for access to official sources of political information. The *Illustrated* weekly press is a branch of hebdomadal journalism calling for special mention. The *Illustrated London News* was commenced in 1842, and soon became a public favourite. It keeps to its first price, sixpence; and its sale is probably not far short of a hundred thousand copies weekly. The *Queen* is an illustrated weekly, adapted for ladies, whose suffrages are also claimed by the *Lady's Own Newspaper*. The *Pictorial Times* and the *Pen and Pencil* succumbed to an exhausted exchequer; as also, after a longer career, did the *Illustrated News of the World*. The *Illustrated Times* has stood its ground as a twopenny pictorial paper, and deserves its happier lot. Two or three other illustrated prints selling at a penny are better got up than their patrons have a right to expect for the price. The *Chromo-Lithograph* is an attempt, worthy of success, to bring the refining influence of art into the houses and under the admiring gaze of the British people.

Secondly.—The religious journals that appear weekly or inter-weekly are less numerous, but, as they all give an epitome of general intelligence, and possess literary features of at least average excellence, their collective circulation is very large. The High Church has its *Guardian*, *Church News*, *Churchman*, and other exponents; and the Low Church its *Record*; while the Broad Church is at present fain to be satisfied with the patronage of the more secular journals, especially the weekly *Spectator* and the daily *Pall Mall Gazette*. Wesleyan Methodism has its *Watchman* and *Methodist Recorder*; and the other branches of Methodism are well represented by the *Methodist Times* (formerly the *Wesleyan Times*). The Congregational polity is championed by the *Nonconformist*, the *English Independent*, the *Independent*, and the *Freeman*—the first three more directly connected with Pædobaptist, and the last with Baptist Nonconformists. In the *Christian World*, with 100,000 purchasers, and the *Christian Times*, which supplies a finely-executed portrait weekly, all evangelical Christians of the

Established and Dissenting Churches have periodicals they can enjoy in common. Presbyterianism receives justice in Mr. Peter Bayne's *Weekly Review*. Unitarianism has its *Inquirer*; and Roman Catholicism claims its *Weekly Register*, its *Tablet*, and *Westminster Gazette*. The Greek Church is without an organ either in the Greek or English language; but the *Jewish Chronicle* enables the seed of Abraham to communicate their thoughts in the speech of their adoption.

Thirdly.—Among scientific weekly journals may be named the *Builder*, the *Building News*, the *Engineer*, and the *Mechanics' Magazine*, representing architecture and the fine arts, generally. Photography has its *Journal*, and music its *Standard* and its *World*. The *Lancet*, *Medical Times and Gazette*, and *British Medical Journal*, chiefly represent the noble art of healing, to which the old Greeks raised temples and statues, but whose claims to be considered a science, in the strictest sense, eminent members of the profession have themselves denied. Literature, besides the attention bestowed upon it by other journals, is potentially represented by the *Athenæum* (established nearly forty years ago by Mr. J. Silk Buckingham); nor must a kind word be omitted for *Notes and Queries*, whose short, squat pages are often rich with the freighted *curiosæ* of many learned minds. The *Literary Gazette*, whose venerable parent, Mr. Jerdan, has survived it, outlived its early prosperity, nor could a change of name into the *Parthenon* save it from the Fates. The *Reader* failed not long ago after about a year's struggle against adverse fortune. English jurisprudence is expounded in the *Jurist*, the *Law Times*, and the *Justice of the Peace*. Popular literature, more or less healthy or unhealthy, is not scantily supplied by the weekly press. The *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, and the *Quiver*—unless these belong to the class of religious rather than of literary periodicals—afford excellent and entertaining reading. No light eulogy is earned by publications so ably conducted as *All the Year Round*, *Once a Week*, *Chambers's Journal*—an old friend with a shortened name but recruited spirits—and *Cassell's Magazine*. Qualified praise only can be awarded to the *Family Herald*, the *London Journal*, *Bow Bells*, and similar periodicals; and nothing but detestation is deserved by weekly issues of pestilential rubbish mostly consisting of serial numbers of tales of 'love and horror'—there is no doubt about the horror—debauching the minds that come into contact with them. The *Illustrated Police News* is a current version of the Newgate Calendar, with vile wood-cuts to match. A species of weekly literature not unsuited for

our youth, if taken in moderate quantities, is furnished by the *Boys of England* and other pictorial papers. When we utter the name of *Punch* we are carried back to 1841, and survey a small and then obscure band of *litterateurs* striving to start a journal of fun and satire. Their efforts would have been fruitless but for their publisher's liberal help; yet in a few years more who had not heard the names of Mark Lemon, Laman Blanchard, Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Hood, Makepeace Thackeray, with their artistic associates, Richard Doyle and John Leech? The cartoons and other engravings weekly adorning the pages of *Punch* sensibly contributed to its early success. Rivalry was not long absent, but comic competition had tragic endings for all *Punch's* rivals till *Fun* appeared. *Judy* has now given a jocose version of the chivalrous saying *Place aux dames*; and later still the *Toma-hawk* has flashed into a notoriety that bids fair to be sustained by the powerful drawing of its leading pictures (sometimes coloured) and the incisive keenness of its impartial invective. *Banter* and *Togy* are minor actors on the comic stage.

Fourthly.—Newspapers treating particularly of commerce, banking, &c., are abundant. The *Economist*, which discusses strictly political questions with great ability, is at the head of this class, whose different sections are represented by journals that treat specifically of banking, insurance, and trade. The mining interest has its *Journal*; railways their organs of intelligence and review. The grocers, bakers, drapers, licensed victuallers, and other traders have journals of their own; the farmers their *Mark Lane Express*; the gardeners their *Chronicle*; and in the *Beehive*, which is a benefit and trades' union paper, the *Commonwealth*, and the *Co-operator*—the organ of the co-operative store movement—we have an illustration of the manner in which the press is enlisted in the service of all that affects the material progress of the nation.

Fifthly.—Among miscellaneous weekly journalism we may notice those that have an interest for the professions, as the *Navy and Army Gazette*, the *Navy and Military Gazette*, the *United Service Gazette*, the *Civil Service Gazette*, the *Solicitors' Journal*; those that have a definite moral purpose, as in the case of such as are devoted to the advocacy of temperance, the *Alliance News*, the *Weekly Record*, the *Scottish League Journal*; those that treat of rural sports, as the *Field and Land and Water*; those that circulate news interesting to racing and betting men and the theatrical world, as the *Era*, *Bell's Life*, and the *Sporting Life*. *Public Opinion* is a kind of mirror of other newspaper opinion on topics of interest,

with cuttings and correspondence, forming an interesting whole. *Religious Public Opinion* is an imitation and adaptation of the same plan, but executed with inferior skill. Not less than half a dozen newspapers are published weekly specially destined for colonial circulation. In all, about two hundred periodicals are published weekly in London only, and multiplying that number fourfold for the rest of the country, we arrive at some conception of what is comprehended by the British weekly press.

III. The monthly press may be distinguished according to the object to which its members are respectively devoted—literature, science, sociology, or religion.

First.—Literature has numerically the strongest detachment, though there are few literary periodicals that do not discuss, and often with great beauty and force, questions of science and the great moral Kosmos. The *Gentleman's Magazine* is the revered father of the monthlies, and has been of late renewing its youth with a vigour that augurs for it a patriarchal existence like that of the men before the flood. *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Fraser's Magazine*, the *Dublin University*, *Colburn's New Monthly*, and *Bentley's Miscellany*, are samples of the magazine as it was under the half-crown regime. *Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1859, and the *Cornhill Magazine*, January, 1860, introduced the shilling era, the *Cornhill* bringing the pencil to its aid, and when the circulation of the latter magazine was reported to have touched 100,000, it was not possible that competition should stay its hand. Yet it was scarcely to have been expected that in seven years there should have been added to the list of shilling monthlies no fewer than twelve, as follow:—*Temple Bar*, *St. James's Magazine*, *London Society*, *Good Words*, the *Month*, the *Argosy*, *Belgravia*, the *People's*, the *London*, *Tinsley's*, the *Broadway*, *St. Paul's*—all in existence to-day, some in a flourishing state, and all of them paying their way. Tales of fiction form a prominent feature in all these monthlies, and in some cases neither quantity nor quality is to be recommended. On the whole, however, the writing is good, the evidences of culture well defined, and the information communicated attractive in style, and useful and trustworthy in kind. Some charming poetry is at times to be met with in both the older and younger monthlies; but as a rule the verse is inferior to the prose. The *Monthly Review* (which retains its title while extending its intervals of publication), and the *Contemporary Review*, are monthly magazines that differ only from the quarterlies in the periods of issue. They contain scholarly and philosophical papers, and occasional poems of a high

order—the *Contemporary* habitually dealing with theological topics in a candid anti-Neologian spirit. The *Museum* discusses the question of education.

Secondly.—Scientific subjects are discussed, and the latest discoveries illustrated, in the *Intellectual Observer*. The *Pharmaceutical Journal* is the organ of the Pharmaceutical Society. Different branches of science have their several representatives; and in the *Art Journal* the most refined taste may seek and find exquisite enjoyment from the engravings and critical compositions. Music, the science of sweet sounds, has had its *Gem*, *Bouquet*, and other organs; and is now supplied with two illustrated magazines, *Hanover Square* and *Bond Street*.

Thirdly.—Magazines treating of social conditions and problems are conspicuous by their fewness. Dr. Lankester and Dr. Richardson have both failed to establish journals of this sort. The *Society of Arts' Journal* is weekly and very small; and *Meliora*, setting prudery aside, must be singled out as the only quarterly periodical engaged in doing justice to a range of questions that embrace all organised philanthropy and a good round half of modern statesmanship. So engaged, we may claim for her, without self-flattery, a position of peculiar honour, and ask for her, on this account, the countenance of all who wish justice and charity, truth and love, the intellect and the heart, to be mated in the task of human redemption from the social ills that so fearfully prevail. The temperance monthly periodicals take up with much intelligence and energy one great social question; and other social movements possess their several organs,—for example, the *Ragged School Union Magazine* and the *Missing Link Magazine*,—that chiefly circulate among their adherents and promoters.* We see with pleasure that a revised reprint of *Cassell's Popular Educator* is now appearing in weekly numbers and monthly parts, satisfied, as we are, that a national dissemination of such an admirable course of instruction must powerfully assist in the elevation of the middle and working classes, and thence bring every branch of sociology into more productive operation. The *Liberator* and *Herald of Peace* are the organs of associations whose motives are appreciated by candid opponents.

Fourthly.—Monthly periodicals of a specifically religious

* The temperance monthly press includes the *British Temperance Advocate*, the *Staunch Teetotaler*, the *Church of England Temperance Magazine*, the *Western Temperance Herald*, the *Social Reformer*, the *Irish Temperance League Journal*, the *British Workman*, the *Band of Hope Review*, the *Adviser*—the two last named for children—and other publications of local repute.

caste are more numerous than even the denominations and modes of belief that seek utterance through the press. To name a Christian society is to name at least one monthly magazine that aims at the dissemination of its own church news and the defence of its special principles. Additional to these are some of the weekly papers already named whose monthly parts widely circulate as magazines. The Tract Society also publishes a *Monthly Volume* imbued with religious teaching. The *Eclectic Review*, the *Prophetic Journal*, and the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, possess distinctive traits fascinating to various minds. The *Contemporary Review* and *Good Words*, which has an enormous sale, may be again referred to. And beyond these are a squadron of periodicals not denominational or of great literary merit, discussing religious subjects with fervour, and charged with religious appeals. The *Humilist* and *Pulpit Analyst* furnish to ministers of religion able specimens of pulpit oratory, with sketches and suggestions by which the most successful preachers may not disdain to profit. At least a score of excellent little magazines for children are likewise issued monthly; and in the *British Workman* and *Old Jonathan*—particularly the former—the pencil is employed to attract the eye of the masses to truths that might otherwise pass unobserved.

IV. The quarterly press is more extensive than many suspect whose reading is confined to the old brimstone-covered *Edinburgh* or the light-buff cased *Quarterly*; and in reference to each of these Reviews it may be said that the charge so hastily made of diminished power, taking the average merit and not exceptional cases, is wholly groundless.* These giants of the periodical press no longer continue to reign alone, or share their sovereignty with the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (long since extinct) and the *Westminster Review*; but have to submit to the vigorous rivalry of the *British Quarterly* and the *North British Review*. The *National Review* could not stand its ground, though it changed from a quarterly to a half-yearly issue. The *Dublin Review* is a Roman Catholic quarterly. The *Journal of Sacred Literature* is Protestant, and, like the *British Quarterly* and the *North British*, of Evangelical principles. The *Theological Review* reflects a different phase of religious thought. Among the quarterlies that do not make the acquaintance of the general public are the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*,

* One article in a six shilling quarterly will now, at times, give it an extraordinary sale. The *Quarterly Review* for October is in its sixth edition, owing, it is said, to the article it contains upon the Talmud, though possibly the article on 'The Conservative Surrender' has also to do with the unexampled demand.

the *Review of Jurisprudence*, the *Numismatic Chronicle*, the *Mathematical Journal*, the *Journal of Science*, the *Journal of Mental Science*, the *Journal of Microscopic Science*, the *Dublin Journal of Science*, the *Dublin Medical Journal*. Scarcely differing from some of these, except in their annual or semi-annual appearance, are the Transactions and Reports of the various learned Associations whose name is legion, but whose agency is by no means identical with that of the spirit who announced himself under that noun of multitude.

Were we inclined to carry this inquiry into the literature which makes an annual *début*, we could not exclude such admirable summaries as the *British Almanac* and Timbs' *Year Book of Facts*. Almanac literature has a history and character of its own, to which we may at another time more particularly advert. The old superfinely-bound *Keepsake*, &c., have had their day; but 'Christmas Numbers' and elegant editions intended for presents at the carnival of Christendom are increasing upon us. Nor would our glance at Periodical Literature be complete were we to omit those serial reprints which have issued from the publishing houses of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin; Routledge; Warne; and Beeton; the Railway handbooks and guides of Bradshaw; and the Parliamentary and Government literature which, in the shape of Returns and Blue books—not, by any means, as a rule, the sandy wastes they have been represented—are made public by official order.

At this point, even, we must not consider our circuit of observation completed; for we have restricted ourselves to Periodical literature of home growth; while it is notorious that some of the best publications of America—newspapers, magazines, and reviews—are published in London, in some cases simultaneously with the American issues, from advanced sheets forwarded by ocean steamers, and are widely circulated not only among citizens of the Great Republic, but also among loyal subjects of the British Crown. To a much lesser extent continental periodicals—French, German, and Italian—are found on the tables of our clubs, our reading-rooms, and our parlours. Of all this mass of current literature, how small is the amount that can come under the eye of the most studious and rapid reader! How much of it is literally flowing on to an obscurity whence it will never emerge! How saddening to think, some would say, that comparatively little of it deserves to be embalmed; and still more saddening to reflect that of this little a few fragments only will be preserved for future use. In such a reflection there is, after all, but partial truth; for the impressions made by this literature are innumerable,

and these often survive the formal memory of what has been read. With a mixture of what is vain, foolish, and immoral, the bulk of our periodical literature is such as we may approve and admire. The liberty of the press is not generally abused, and the infrequency of libel trials is a testimony to the virtue, or at least prudential vigilance, which waits upon this complex manifestation of mechanical and intellectual force. The platform and pulpit will never be superseded by the press, and neither will the press be divested of that wondrous power, far above any that king or sorcerer has claimed, over the opinions, the emotions, the consciences, and the habits of mankind. The periodical press surrounds and saturates our social life for good or evil, and we can no more avoid its influence than we can forbear to be affected by the air we breathe, or by the sun that bathes our world in its golden fire. That this literature should be truthful, honest, pure, and charged with a Christian spirit, is of inexpressible importance; for in no other way can the sublime vision of Milton in his *Areopagitica* be realised—‘Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance.’ The twin ends of all printing must be information and reformation; the lightest literature should be indirectly conducive to these ends, or it is worthless or pernicious. The scene which Milton describes as presented in his day is characteristic of our own—‘Behold now this vast city [*i.e.*, State]; a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection. The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleagured truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, nursing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so pure to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?’ It would be too much to assert that all, or nearly all, the conductors of our periodical press are consciously and conscientiously striving to produce this grand ideal. But good workmanship of all kinds and in

all quarters is bringing us nearer to this ideal; and there is not 'an approaching reformation,' be it what it may, whose advent has not been approximately hastened by the ceaseless operation of our free press in the diffusion of knowledge, the stimulation of mental activity, and the development of a generous zeal for the advancement of the common good.

SOUND AND SENSE.

1. *Sound. A Course of Eight Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.* By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Longman. 1867.
2. *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S. London: Longman. 1865.
3. *Ganot's Physics: Experimental and Applied.* Translated by E. Atkinson, Ph.D., F.C.S. London: Longman. 1867.
4. *Lectures on the Science of Language.* By Max Müller, M.A. Second series. London: Longman. 1864.

THE atmosphere has a delicate sensibility. It receives and communicates, but never creates. It is full of subtle circulations, invisible poems, and grand architectures. It rises, and falls, and flows under the sweet ministrations of sun and moon, with a trembling love and a consenting power. It wraps the earth with chemistries that match the magic of love that bathes the universe. The autumn leaf sings out through its tender elegy, as it dies downward to the earth, and the shiver of tiny moss-spears and the undulations of fern leaves are all as surely written out in airy rhythms as are the mad dances of the sea, the hurtlings of the avalanche, or the crashes of the storm. Without it there would be no life, no language, no melody. As the air attenuates, so do all sounds become fainter and fainter, until there may be a limit where, if our earthly human organisms could exist, we could no longer hear a sound or a syllable, and all things would be bathed with silence as with a sun that cast no shadow.

Wonderful as the air may be as a vast orchestra, possible and actual, a human being is still more wonderful. He is variously equipped to meet its marvellous conditions. In his

five senses are exerted separate methods of analysis and dissection, and where one fails the other steps in to take its place. He is thus the interpreter of the powers of the air. The retina of the eye is hit by wave after wave, and the undulations announce themselves to his brain as light and colour. Motion, translated through the invisible particles of the air, collects itself in his auditory apparatus, and becomes sound. Minute, invisible gases and particles impinge upon his olfactory nerve, and are known as odours, and the molecular motions of solid and other bodies, imprinting themselves upon the air, are recognisable as heat. Taste alone seems, yet only seems, outside the pale of the other senses in not being the result of direct motion of any kind; but it is only because we cannot, so to speak, approach its analysis from the outside, there being simply the wave-motion made in the mouth, promoting direct contact with branching nerves and glands. Taste cannot, however, be fairly considered as exceptional, any more than can mere touch. As Professor Tyndall himself observes, 'it is the motion excited by sugar in the nerves of taste which, transmitted to the brain, produces the sensation of sweetness, while bitterness is the result of the motion produced by aloes.' All sense is, therefore, a sort of motion, though all motion is not sound. The motion may be a translation, or a creation, it matters little. Were our ears keener we might listen to the noise of the undulations that we call light, and if our eyes were more exalted in power, we might see the rhythmic waves that compose a musical note, as we might watch some sweet odour diffusing itself in the air. Our senses, however, are not interchangeable in their action, though it is now quite possible, by the aid of the electric lamp, to make a musical vibration visible to the eye, and by other means, as Trevelyan's Rocker, to make audible the atomic oscillations of heated bodies.

When, however, we have done so much, we have not explained the mystery of sensation, but simply driven it further back. All nerve-structure resolves itself into cell and fibre, and yet why similar constituents should hear, or see, or feel, or smell, or taste, even when all are affected by a similar motion of their particles, accordingly as they are situate in different parts of the body, is as much a mystery as ever. The physical explanation is easy, but the chemical one is not quite so simple. Even analogy does not help us much. Ozone and oxygen are intimately related, nay, are held to be the same thing in different states, but in power of radiating heat the former exceeds the latter a hundred thousand times, just as the nerve-force that constitutes hearing is like in character to that which makes sight actual, whilst eleven octaves are possible to the

ear, and very little over one to the eye. In view of this power in the arrangement of simple atoms, Professor Tyndall asks, respecting water, whether its molecule, from which its vast radiant power is derived, may not be 'a molecule of molecules, the chemical formula stamping only a single member of the group? '* We know not what may yet be possible to microscopic research, but it may hereafter be found that the laws which regulate the propagation of sound-waves and gaseous particles correspond to the structural principle of different nerves. For instance, sound spreads itself equally in all directions where there is no resistance from objects, currents, or varying densities; odours and gaseous particles fly in straight lines, and ether-particles, excited by radiant heat, move in transverse undulations, as may be seen in the shimmer of the air from a housetop or a tree in the full blaze of a summer's day. It may be a fancy now, though it may become fact hereafter, that the position the cells hold to each other in the grey substance of the brain and spinal cord, and the composite arrangement of the layers of the white, or fibrinous matter, really occasion the different character of one sense from another. In the action of all, what we know of the physics and chemistry of sound may help us. The nerves themselves do not move, any more than the air-particles do, *en masse*, under the vibrations that form sound. Each molecule simply makes a slight excursion to and fro, though the pulse, or the sensation, is rapidly translated through all. In both, heat plays an important part; thus, a sound-wave consists of two states, a compression and a relaxation, or, in scientific words, a condensation and a rarefaction, the distance between two condensations constituting a sonorous wave, heat being developed in the squeezing together of the air particles in the swell of the wave. So, chemically speaking, is heat developed by, and necessary to, all human sensation. If the brain be frozen, as Dr. Richardson has shown, either in sections or as a whole, its power to will and feel is gone or modified, though life goes on the same externally, and light may strike upon the eye, and sound pulse in the ear. With the application of warmth, intelligence and sensation return, sometimes sensation preceding motion, and sometimes motion sensation.† Thought and sensation are thus attended by a sort of oxidation produced by composite causes, of which heat is the resultant force, heat being, as every one now knows, molecular motion. Thus, as Professor Bain aptly observes, 'there is, although

* 'Fortnightly Review,' Vol. IV., p. 4, Note 1.

† 'Physics of the Brain,' 'Popular Science Review,' No. 25, Oct., 1867.

we may not have the power to fix it, a *sensational equivalent* of heat, of food, of exercise, of sound, of light; there is a definite change of feeling, an accession of pleasure or pain, corresponding to a rise of temperature in the air of 10 degs., 20 degs., or 30 degs., and so with regard to every other agent operating upon the human sensibility; there is in each set of circumstances a *sensational equivalent* of alcohol, of odours, of music, of spectacle.* This translation of force into the material conditions of sense from without and within, may be called either heat or motion, since it is both, but it no more exhausts the nature of thought and volition than dissection is a re-creation. Will itself is not motion, though so far as we can reach its beginning, chemically, it is so, and issues in it, any more than hearing is the half of its process that terminates when the helix is passed and Corti's organ is reached. We may have perfected air analysis by a better understanding of *sensational* and *intellectual conductivity*, if we may use an electrical term, but we are still baffled by the creation and registry of power. It is no doubt inspiring to have got thus far, but we have only penetrated one wall of being to find the citadel of the soul still within, and within, yet flashing out through all. The mistake is in assuming, on the one hand, that when we have mastered the law of a process we have grasped everything from its inception to its outcome, or in decrying as materialists those who persist in endeavouring to penetrate through the veil of sense, and refuse to be satisfied with the mere use and handling of such counters as sensation, volition, or instinct.

There are many other analogies between sound and sense that will come out as we proceed. A sonorous wave, as we have already stated, consists of two parts, a condensation and a rarefaction. It cannot, therefore, be heard in *vacuo*, and is variously affected by the temperature and density of the air, or the structure of any medium through which it may reach us. As a rule, the intensity of a sound depends on the density of the air in which it is generated, and not upon the character of the air in which it is heard, though enfeeblement necessarily takes place if a sound passes from a light body to a heavy one. Thus, a cannon fired on Mont Blanc would be heard with the same intensity by a person standing on the bridge at Chamouni and another on the top of the Aiguille Verte, though in one case it would pass upward through rarefied air, and in the other downward through den-

* 'On the Correlation of Force in its Bearing on Mind.' Macmillan, September, 1867.

The transference of sound from air through glass is, perhaps, the best illustration we can get of its enfeeblement, though it may also be noticed where the atmosphere is not homogeneous. Humboldt thus explains the fact that the noise of the falls of the Orinoco was heard much more plainly in a certain position of the Antures by night than by day. During the day the radiant heat from the bare rocks between the observer and the falls presented a constant change of density to the passage of the sound. Peals of thunder are not able to crash upon us as they would, and very fortunately, too, from the same mixed character of the air. 'From the same cause battles have raged and been lost, within a short distance of the reserves of a defeated army, while they were waiting for the sound of artillery to call them to the scene of action.' The influence of temperature and density upon velocity is very considerable; and Laplace's correction of Newton's formula is very interesting to the student, but it needs only to be stated here verbally, in conjunction with Mariotte's law. A change of density in the air does not affect the velocity of sound unless there be a change of temperature. We frequently hear a curious illustration of this. A daily time-gun sounds to us on a fine day as though it were fired a long way off; but when the air is moist and very warm it seems to burst immediately outside the window. No doubt the particles of water in the air have raised its power of conduction, along with a sensible increase of warmth, for in a cold fog the sound is heard in the ordinary manner. Elasticity and density neutralise each other where the temperature is the same, as the illustration of the gun fired upon Mont Blanc seems to show; but for every rise in temperature of a degree centigrade the velocity of sound is augmented two feet, its ordinary velocity being 1,090 feet a second in air of the temperature 0° C. Comparative velocities are very interesting. The lowest is in carbonic acid at 858 feet per second, and the highest in hydrogen at 4,164. In metals, iron is most singular. Velocity, instead of diminishing as, with the exception of silver, it does in most metals, by increase of temperature, rises sensibly in iron until a point is passed beyond 100° , when it begins to fall again. M. Biot found that in sounds transmitted through the water pipes of Paris, two sounds reached the ear in succession; the first from the iron and the second from the air. Molecular structure affects transmission very sensibly. Homogeneous bodies transmit it equally in all directions; but different structures, as in trees or crystals, act very curiously. Wood, as Savart has shown, has three unequal axes of calorific, and hence of sonorous conduction—along the fibre—across the

rings—and along the rings. The velocity of sound is highest along the fibre, though subject to certain variations. The medical use to which a knowledge of the exquisite conductive power of wood has been applied, is seen in the stethoscope used in examinations of the heart-sounds, and of the air-sounds in the lungs. Those who have heard music conveyed from one room to another by a deal rod will not be surprised at this, and perhaps hesitate to pronounce, with Liebig, that the story of a celebrated Vienna violin-maker selecting wood for his violins in the forest by striking them with a hammer is, after all, 'a fable.'*

The bearing of all these facts upon special aptitudes connected with special senses seems very obvious. The same sound may take place outside two or three observers and yet affect them differently, partly by inherited nerve-quality, and partly by cultivated nerve-power. Organs and nerves are similarly constructed, but the difference in result is due to what we may call an internal correspondence between atmospheric temperatures, and gaseous and structural differences in outside visible and invisible things. Quickness, in sensibility and thought, is evidently not so much a matter of mere habit, as habit *plus* structure. There are nervous, as there are phlegmatic natures, and the difference is real, and not solely rhetorical. The difference is twofold—it is in transmission to the brain and transmission from the brain, both of which differ in velocity in ordinary as well as in extraordinary beings. Sound travels 1,090 feet per second; light 192,000 miles per second. The brain receives sensations, according to Helmholtz and Du Bois Raymond, at the rate of 93 feet a second; though M. Ule differs from Professor Tyndall in putting the calculation at 180 feet, or one-fifth of the velocity of sound.† In receiving and answering to a sensation by motor action, the brain, according to M. Ule, occupies exactly two-tenths of a second. But in inborn mental action proper, the rapidity must be evidently greater. The author of the 'Vestiges' puts it down as the same as that of light, or 192,000 miles in a second; 'a rate far beyond what is necessary to make the design and execution of any of our ordinary muscular movements apparently identical in point of time, which they are.'‡

Another point in the general question should not be overlooked, because it is much more important, and is, much more easily demonstrable; namely, brain action.

* 'Letters on Chemistry,' p. 330. London, 1830.

† Winslow's *Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord*.

‡ Page 342.

affecting the conversion of sensations into their ultimate states, and their marvellous isolation even when simultaneously produced. We are not going to rashly affirm that the brain has different poles of sensibility, for that would be to assume a certain regular diversity or uniformity of structure which is wholly wanting. We are apt to associate unity with the brain to such a degree, that we can hardly conceive it to be a series of organs of like but variously disposed elements; but this is really the most astonishing fact that strikes an intelligent observer when he first sees a brain carefully dissected. He beholds a collection of distinct, yet shadowily united parts, the functions of which are at best but cleverly guessed at, yet all of which are physically rounded off in the skull, and summarised in action as will, thought, emotion, and sense. These breaks and diversities are exactly what we require to complete our analogy, if it deserves no better name. With uniform continuity of parts, such as we see in the lungs and liver, there could be no breaks in the circuits of sensation, and the result would be interchangeability and confusion—sight passing into sound, and sound into sight—one set of sensations rudely jostling against another, and all making haste to superimpose themselves on the entire nervous system. As it is, there is a sort of echo, or diffusive sensation, arising from the action of the whole nervous system in any one act of sensibility, and upon its intensity depends the relative elasticity or resistance of the whole, or of parts. A shock of electricity is agreeable, and promotes the warmth of special parts to which it may be medically applied, whilst a severe shock causes death. The nerve filaments of the skin are exquisitely sensitive to warmth, but the nerve trunks show no such sensibility at all; and yet a severe surface burn will throw the whole nervous system into disorder, and cause death by effusion on the brain. In every sense this limit of pleasure, or elasticity, may pass into pain and distress, either by excess of stimulus, or by the production of conflicting nerve-currents, increasing energy yet vitiating will, and destroying the healthy balances of life. There is, therefore, really a limit to pleasure as to pain, the first becoming pain if prolonged, and the second reaching what Wordsworth calls the ‘agony that cannot be remembered.’ What polarities there may be in the larger nervous masses, we know not, but axes of structure are no doubt wonderfully helped by a power each nervous molecule has, in common with each air particle, of taking up different vibrations without confusing them, or of simply producing in sense what is styled in music *resultant tones*, when there is apparent opposition in character, or by reason of

numbers. Without what we may call this all-directive power in the nerves, however, we could not have various impressions through the same sense at one and the same time. We could not hear several sounds simultaneously, or witness various colours and tints in one act of vision, or be conscious of multiform sensations in the matter of touch. Neither could we single out, and compare, or unite distinct sensations in any one intellectual act, as in the excitements of spectacle, or music. Here, again, we see the effect of nerve-habit, whether constitutional, or the result of cultivation. The sensations common in idiotcy, or whenever the nervous system is habitually below par, are wondrously simple and distinct, as they are in animals with simple nervous systems. Sensation becomes a monotone, and the power of receiving various impressions in one act of perception, sensuous or intellectual, is impaired. On the contrary, a disciplined mind, strung to action by innate forces, can surrender itself to mixed sensations, or select and discriminate at will. Higher evidence of mental power than this analysis of sense leading out of a synthesis of sensation to a synthesis of pure ideas, we cannot, probably, very well have. All sensation is, so to speak, a series within a series, but this beautiful selection determines the existence of second, third, and fourth series at pleasure. Reverie is dream-thought, or an irregular series of associations, as bodily nausea is of physical sensations; but real thought and real pleasure are synthetical harmonies.

We see this the more we investigate the real nature of music and the philosophy of hearing. A noise is a mixture of irregular sounds; a musical sound a series of sonorous shocks at regular intervals. The moment the shocks or taps begin to blend with each other, we have music. The wings of the humming bird act quickly enough to produce an agreeable murmur, whilst those of the pigeon do not; both fill the air with vibrations, but the rapidity in the first case destroys their individuality, and we have sound as distinct from noise. The number of vibrations produced by any sounding body determines the pitch of the note, and it is possible to determine, not only these numbers, but the limits of musical audition each way. The instrument called the Syren, invented by Cagniard de la Tour, and improved by Dove, very beautifully and effectively does the former, and illustrates one side of the latter. It is clearly described by Professor Tyndal and we must refer our readers to his account of it. If the vibrations produced by a body are less than 16 per second, we are conscious only of the distinct shocks, but if they are up to about 38,000 a second such vibrations

though beyond it, according to M. Depretz, they are unheard. The practical range in music is not nearly so high as that; it commences at 40 and runs up to 4,000 a second, or something like 7 octaves. 'In height,' says Helmholtz, 'the pianoforte reaches to A iv. with 3,520 vibrations, or sometimes to C v. with 4,224 vibrations. The highest note of the orchestra is probably the D v. of the piccolo flute, with 4,752 vibrations.' Here the difference between the eye and the ear, already referred to, comes out strongly. Colour is the result of different rates of vibration of waves of light, just as sound is of waves of air, or more strictly of ether. However, as Tyndall says, 'the quickest vibrations which strike the eye, as light, have only about twice the rapidity of the slowest, whereas the quickest vibrations which strike the ear, as a musical sound, have more than two thousand times the rapidity of the slowest.'

The air is full of sounds which are incompetent to excite our audition. The movements of insects, of our own bodies, of thermal changes, and of currents of air are most of them outside the range of hearing. The muscular movements necessary to write or walk do not take place in absolute silence, as we ordinarily imagine. Muscular contraction occurs in waves or puckers, with a slight rustling, such as may be observed by moving the ball of the thumb vigorously close to the ear. The murmur of a shell, poetically thought to be an echo of the sea, and likened by Tasso to memory, is due, Professor Tyndall says, 'to the reinforcement of the feeble sounds with which even the stillest air is pervaded.' There are hundreds of noises we hear in the dead of night that seem inaudible in the day. Furniture creaks with a sort of indigestion, as a wag says; minute echoes wander about like ghosts from room to room, or up winding staircases; the ticking of a watch seems to set the whole room alive with tremors, and the shiver of curtains, the rise and fall of the bed-clothes to rhythmic muscular action, and even the pulse of the heart, and the embrace of the current of life by the muscular rings of the arteries, all contribute their sounds to the all-receiving air. Wood-life, when not full of the hum of insects, or chirrup of birds, is still alive with sound. 'The trees are always talking, not merely whispering with their leaves (for every tree talks to itself in that way, even when it stands alone in the middle of a pasture), but grating their boughs against each other, as old horn-handed farmers press their dry, rustling palms together, dropping a nut, or a leaf, or a twig; clicking to the tap of a woodpecker, or rustling as a squirrel flashes along a branch. * * * Strange! The woods at first

convey the impression of profound repose, and yet, if you watch their ways with open ear, you find the life that is in them is restless and nervous as that of a woman: the little twigs are crossing and twining and separating like slender fingers that cannot be still; the stray leaf is to be flattened into its place like a truant curl; the limbs sway and twist, impatient of their constrained attitude, and the rounded masses of foliage swell upwards and subside from time to time with long soft sighs, and, it may be, the falling of a few rain-drops which had laid hidden among the deeper shadows.* In fact, when we come to think seriously upon it, there is no such thing as silence, that is, absolute silence. Heat and light, planetary revolution and human life, are all rhythmic and sonorous. The scale of sound seems infinite, running downwards and upwards into inaudibility. Increase the perceptive power, and you have simply revealed and not created, unless we prefer to take refuge in an idealism which affirms that what we do not hear does not vibrate. Harmony is no doubt a relation, yet we cannot add, with Coleridge, 'the *esse* of which is *percipi*,' though we may wisely incorporate what follows. 'The razor's edge becomes a saw to the armed vision, and the delicious melodies of Purcell and Cimarosa might be disjointed stammerings to a hearer whose partition of time should be a thousand times subtler than ours.'

Hearing and brain-power, or brain-sensitiveness, invariably go together, whether there be distinct musical perception and taste or not. This will not appear extraordinary when we have given a little attention to the scientific, psychological, and empirical aspect of the matter. Hearing is a very complex act; in fact, the ear is a sort of miniature musical apparatus. The external ear, as we have already pointed out,† bears in its physical characters certain well ascertained relations to the encephalic tissues, and to cranial development generally. It is large or small, flabby or congested, as the internal corresponding parts are so, and the shape of the helix has to do largely with the collection and intension of sound, being primarily designed for both. With its size and shape, therefore, there is some hint as to other physical qualities, but not absolutely reliable ones. A large ear, with erratically marked helix, is sometimes found associated with timid natures, but no organ, excepting the mouth, varies so much in idiocy, and yet most idiots are passionately alive to all sounds, and especially to musical sounds. We may dismiss the external ear, therefore,

* 'Elsie Venner,' by Oliver Wendell Holmes, p. 142.

† See 'Meliora,' No. 22. 'Idiots and Idiot Life,' p. 104.

as only a relative guide either in brain sensitiveness or audition. Probably we cannot do better here than quote Professor Tyndall's very admirable description of the internal ear, with which his volume concludes. The external orifice is closed at the bottom by the circular tympanic membrane.

'Behind that membrane is the cavity called the drum of the ear, this cavity being separated from the space between it and the brain by a bony partition, in which there are two orifices, the one round and the other oval. These orifices are also closed by fine membranes. Across the cavity of the drum stretches a series of four little bones; the first, called the *hammer*, is attached to the tympanic membrane; the second, called the anvil, is connected by a joint with the hammer; a third little round bone connects the anvil with the *stirrup bone*, which has its oval base planted against the membrane of the oval orifice above referred to. The base of the stirrup bone abuts against this membrane, almost covering it, and leaving but a narrow rim of the membrane surrounding the bone. Behind the bony partition, and between it and the brain, we have the extraordinary organ called the *labyrinth*, which is filled with water, and over the lining membrane of which the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed. When the tympanic membrane receives a shock, that shock is transmitted through the series of bones above referred to, and is concentrated on the membrane against which the base of the stirrup bone is planted. That membrane transfers the shock to the water of the labyrinth, which, in its turn, transfers it to the nerves. The transmission, however, is not direct. At a certain place within the labyrinth, exceedingly fine elastic bristles, terminating in sharp points, grow up between the terminal nerve fibres. These bristles, discovered by Max Schultze, are eminently calculated to sympathise with those vibrations of the water which correspond to their proper periods. Thrown thus into vibration, the bristles stir the nerve fibres which lie between their roots, and excite audition. At another place in the labyrinth, we have little crystalline particles called *otolithes*—the Hörsteine of the Germans—embedded among the nervous filaments, and which, when they vibrate, exert an intermittent pressure upon the adjacent nerve fibres, thus exciting audition. The otolithes probably subserve a different purpose from that fulfilled by the bristles of Schultze. They are fitted by their weight to accept and prolong the vibrations of evanescent sounds which might otherwise escape attention. The bristles of Schultze, on the contrary, because of their extreme lightness, would instantly yield up to an evanescent motion, whilst they are eminently fitted for the transmission of continuous vibrations. Finally, there is in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, discovered by the Marchese Corti, which is to all appearance a musical instrument, with its chords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to the nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of 3,000 strings (so Kölliker reckons) has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world, and rendering it fit for reception by the brain. Each musical tremor which falls upon this organ selects from its tensioned fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into unisonant vibrations. And thus, no matter how complicated the motion of the external air may be, those microscopic strings can analyse it, and reveal the constituents of which it is composed.'

This description will serve to explain the process of hearing much better than a diagram would, and will illustrate what we have to say. The combination of a membrane and four little sounding boards—for such the bones are—with a bony partition passing on vibrations to the labyrinthine fluid, thence to Schultze's bristles, Corti's organ, and finally through nerve filaments to the brain, serves to intensify as well as analyse sounds. Water is an excellent conductor of sound, transmit-

ting it at the rate of 4,708 feet per second, or more than three times faster than air, and both the external and internal moisture of the ear seem necessary to a high power of hearing; the internal, in fact, is absolutely indispensable. In this, hearing resembles both taste and smell to which moisture is essential. The tympanic membrane has been absent, and even the bones removed, or destroyed, or deficient, without any recorded impairment of hearing; yet we think the former, and indeed both, are essential to correct hearing. Savart's experiments upon stretched membranes, referred to by M. Ganot, are conclusive on this point, with the results of Dr. Edward Clarke's researches, as stated by Mr. Lewes,* though several curiously exceptional cases are on record.

All these minute arrangements, however, may be the same in two individuals, and their sensibility shall be different. A ploughman shall hear the same sounds without emotion that drive a Leech almost mad. How is it? We are driven back to find the difference in the brain, and to psychological facts to strengthen it. Mr. T. Wharton Jones records a curious double case in one family; a boy, whose hearing suffered after an attack of scarlet fever, and a girl who was born quite deaf and actually acquired hearing after an attack of the same malady.† Dr. Winslow tell us that hyperæsthesia of hearing is often the precursor of brain affections of several kinds, in common with the same condition of other senses.‡ Patients have been able to hear sounds in other parts of the house which healthy attendants could not possibly hear or even account for. It is also a common complaint with studious men, that they are troubled by noises which no one else hears to unpleasantness, and that the ear is the very last sense to sink into repose at night. Instances of this will readily suggest themselves to the experience of most of our readers. The history of musical compositions affords other illustrations. Where the sensibility is dull, the simple forms of melody prevail, and civilisation has produced a corresponding delicacy and complication in all kinds of music. Music and sense have thus advanced in parallel lines. Elaborate orchestral harmonies were unknown to the Orpheuses and Amphions of antiquity. There are, in fact, hundreds of persons still, who would exclaim with Byron's alderman's wife, 'Rot your Italianos; for my part I love a simple ballad.' The vocal executive faculty has also improved, as well as the exquisiteness of reception, though it may be

* 'Physiology of Common Life,' Vol. II., p. 320. 1860.

† See 'Lectures on Diseases of the Ear.' 'Medical Times and Gazette,' N.S., Vol. II., p. 755.

‡ 'Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind,' p. 570, *et seq.*



doubted whether any change has taken place in the human larynx itself. The power of the ear as a compensatory sense needs not be dwelt upon : every blind man illustrates it. He hears reflections and refractions of sound which escape ordinary observers, and can posit obstructions, whether quiescent or moving, in this way. We have often wondered whether the painful tension of face seen in blind persons is not due as much to this incessant activity of the ear and its brain connections, as to the blank occasioned by the absence of sight. The facial muscles actually seem to crouch and collect about the ear. A case has come under our own observations in which the whole nervous system seemed to act compensatorily in a stone-deaf man. He could not hear a pistol fired beside his ear, yet he was frequently found at instrumental concerts, where he states that he experiences the most extravagant and indescribable pleasure. The fact is not without interest as bearing upon the vibratory character of sense, as we have endeavoured to explain it. Whether the result in his case was simply a general quickening of special senses, or of the whole systemic sensations, we cannot tell ; the fact is indubitable. The individual is a farmer, has had a good education, and has not always been deaf.*

We cannot conclude our attempt to trace the correlations of sound and sense without a few words upon language. Whether speech be a directly God-given or mimetic sense we need not stay to inquire, nor need we concern ourselves with bow-wow, pooh-pooh, or ding-dong theories of the origin of language. 'All primitive speech was a hymn,' M. Cousin has said somewhere, but the statement is too poetical. It might hold good of languages where vowels were abundant and consonants very scarce, but such languages are not common. But Professor Müller agrees that there is no reason why languages 'should not have been formed entirely of vowels,' though he styles consonants the 'bones' of language, and says the Sanscrit word for consonants comes from a root meaning 'to render distinct or manifest.' Whether consonants tended to increase or not, one thing is clear, that they resist changes much more easily than vowels, and that their transmutation was an inevitable process in the development of later out of earlier languages, using the terms historically and not chronologically. The Rev. T. Clarke, M.A., who has popularised 'Bopp's Comparative Grammar,' says that there was 'probably, at first, only one vowel sound, and this being

*For an attempt to explain special and general music on the 'Hamiltonian Theory of Pleasure and Pain,' see our article, 'Music ; a Psychological Study.' 'English-woman's Domestic Magazine,' November, 1864.

considered the natural accompaniment of the consonant, had no written character assigned to it.' He states it to be that represented by *a* in *had*. 'In organic formation it corresponds to the guttural consonants, being a simple sound emitted from the throat. The first modification to which it was subject was probably the development of *i* as in *hid*, which corresponds in organic formation to the dental consonants. There was then produced *u*, sounded as *oo* in *hood*, which corresponds in organic formation to the labial consonants.'*

The illustration of painting in sound, given by Professor Max Müller, by which the Hawaiian word, *Hooiaiou*, when dissected, describes what we mean by the verb 'to testify' is a pretty illustration, yet nothing more. We can hardly build a theory on it, and if we do, how are we to account for consonants? They appear to faintly resemble the nodal points Professor Tyndall has shown to exist in a longitudinal string when set vibrating, and dividing itself by the coalescence of direct and reflected pulses, but we should hesitate to press the analogy, though it may be worth drawing. Speech resembles all sound in being a compound of noise and music. The consonants are noise, and the vowels music. In his interesting analysis of the physiology of speech, Professor Müller says, that while 'it is impossible to sing without at the same time pronouncing a vowel, it is perfectly possible to pronounce a vowel without singing it. * * * What we call vowels are neither more nor less than the qualities, or colours, or *timbres* of our voice, and these are determined by the form of the vibrations, which form again is determined by the buccal tubes.' We change, in fact, the form of the vocal instrument with each vowel, though whether all vowels, whispered or voiced, have a musical pitch, seems undetermined. Professor Tyndall's explanation of the synthesis of vowel sounds is too long to insert here, but it completes what Müller says. Different vowel sounds are produced by different admixtures of the fundamental tone and the overtones of the vocal chords; the overtones being in this case, as in that of other strings, the result of different rates of vibration of different portions of the same chord. The rate of vibration is practically uninfluenced by the resonance of the mouth, but the mouth by changing its shape by muscular action resounds to the fundamental tone or the overtones, and thus alters the *timbre*, or as he more happily styles it, the *clang-tint* of the voice.

The phonetic decay of language becomes interesting from

* 'The Students' Handbook of Comparative Grammar,' p. 45. London.

our point of view. It is due, says Professor Müller, to an economy of force and muscular power, the result of constitutional racial changes; or at least his statement amounts to that. How does this loss of vigour in pronunciation accommodate itself to what we have already noted respecting musical sounds? If phonetic decay were simple and constant in proportion to muscular relaxation, we should have no difficulty in the matter; but how are we to account for such changes as that of the raising and falling of certain letters, after the fashion of a three-spoked wheel, in Grimm's law? A Hindoo and Greek aspirate may sink into a soft check in the Gothic, and rise to a hard check in old High German; a soft check and a hard consonant may go through similar processes; but how can we account for the series by simple phonetic decay? We cannot; it is impossible. The second stage of an aspirate may be so explained, and also the second of a hard consonant, but the recovery puzzles us. May we not detect the force we want in what under other forms is called dialectical regeneration? The love of burlesque and of slang which comes out so strongly everywhere may help us, though we shall still be astounded by the regular, though by no means absolutely strict, rise and fall. The very principle of slang coinage is harsh and consonantal. We secure emphasis at the expense of softness or rhythm. This process is easily seen in a certain stage of childish life, and where expression is a facile power it follows a man through life unless controlled by the force of habit. May not the operation of these two forces, within necessary limits, have produced the changes Grimm has formulated? Max Müller's idea, that no language borrowed from the other, seems to militate against the notion, though it makes it at least plausible. The tendency to elongate foreign words in some language, and terms of endearment in all languages, falls within the same desire for novelty which may or may not be consonantal. We have, indeed, fancied that we have detected a sort of analogue to Grimm's law in our own tongue. Thus, the word *knowing*, whatever may have been its original pronunciation, did not always drop the *k*, as it does in ordinary current speech; but the slang pronunciation of it, now very common, raises the *k* distinctly into the form of a hard initial consonant for the sake of mere emphasis. These speculations may have no value at all, except as an endeavour to invoke simpler forces than those ordinarily employed to account for changes in language; but they have a very interesting bearing upon the psychology of vocal sounds which will bear study in the light of Professor Tyndall's researches. The whole history and behaviour of

singing flames, in fact, have remote bearings upon the same subject, more or less obvious, and more or less scientific. The vowel-flame is a curious phenomenon, because, as Tyndall shows, it is a demonstrator of the theory of vowel sounds, and is sensitive only to overtones, whilst marvellously affected by the letter *s* in whatever form it may occur. Whether *s* and *z* be produced by an interruption in the continuity of the particles of the air, as we find the hiss of escaping steam is formed, and as some seem to think, is also a matter hereafter to be investigated. The manner in which a sensitive flame will answer to a sound so long as it can be heard, though it be generated at intervals in a neighbouring room, seems to help us to better understand what we may term the responsive music of association, or the rhythmic revival of thought.

In fine, Professor Tyndall's researches upon sound open what is little less to us than a new kingdom of thought. It has long been the fashion to laugh at Hartley's doctrine of vibrations and vibratiuncles, but there is very much more truth in it than we have heretofore supposed. Science, in this case, helps metaphysics, and the correlation of force is but the initial thought that lands us in the correlation of sensational and intellectual states, though we are quite aware that we ourselves are open to the just criticism of being in haste to generalise the results of one branch of knowledge by applying them to another, and to the unjust taunt of maintaining that souls are only 'well-mixed bodies,' and immortality a dream. We lovingly leave, however, the whole region of mystery behind us. We may have widened the range of the sensible, but we have not destroyed the supranatural; it rises and rises above all until it seems like the golden *cirrho* of some blue summer's day.

LIFE IN LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

WHO is there in this age of excitement and fast living, when mind and body are goaded to the utmost point of rational endurance, that has not been made familiar with that dread disease we term insanity? In some one or other of its Protean forms it has visited many of us, either personally or relatively, and yet how few are able to form even a faint conception of the utter wretchedness commonly attached to that state of mind that isolates its hapless possessor from the endearments and sympathies of social life, placing him without

the pale of human friendship, and making him an object of scorn and contempt, rather than of compassion and tenderness?

The official statistics of lunacy show a very large number of the population of the United Kingdom who are annually reported as afflicted with this mysterious malady. In one portion of it the proportion is two to every thousand. The number of certified lunatics in England in 1863 was 31,957; this would give a proportion of one insane person in six hundred of the general population; but in London the proportion is one to four hundred. Restricted neither to age, rank, nor sex, this awful foe invades our homes and hearths, often with noiseless footstep, singling therefrom our choicest flowers, spring blossoms, or autumn fruits.

Enlightened medical skill, combined with Christian philanthropy, has done something to alleviate the condition of the sufferers, but even the wise and humane physician is often as unable to effect the cure of the mental disorganisation of his patient as to detect its true cause, and is constrained to confess that the odds in favour of a complete restoration to health and vigour are fearfully against him.

Who, in passing those costly homes of wretchedness, private madhouses, can imagine the misery, the agony, and, still worse, the mute despair that reign there? If a laugh should disturb the fearful silence it is a mockery, and in its boisterousness is truly 'the laugh that laughs not.' The expensive building, the enchanting pleasure grounds, strains of beautiful music, and the well-dressed inmates and dependants, with their aristocratic sovereign, the doctor himself, at the head, are too often the only visions presented to the minds of those who ever take the trouble to associate the poor lunatic, even for a few moments, with their most earnest thoughts. Could such look behind the scenes, recollecting that the traces of the serpent which once lurked in the shrubs and flowers of the primal Eden are presented here in pictures of burning fire, how would they gaze upon the *tableaux vivants*? Grief, passion, hate, and selfishness claim their share of dominion with love, sorrow, patient submission, and confiding gentleness.

We have conversed with some who affirm that because the old system of whipping, chains, and torture has been superseded by milder discipline, no further reformation is needed in our asylums. Our present object is to show that no social institutions require more vigilant notice than some of these places. Facts have been occasionally revealed which testify to the fearful abuses yet existing, and to the urgent necessity of a thorough reform in the whole system of the treatment of

lunatics; let not the insufficient palliatives often urged be considered, for they are utterly worthless! In many of our private asylums the whole machinery is defective, if not altogether wrong. True, the doctor depends mainly on his success for his good repute, and hence from him may have originated many of the improvements made of late years; yet he is to a great extent in the hands of his dependants, and in the selection of these it is seldom that moral excellence and power of intelligent perceptions are made indispensable qualifications for those who seek the onerous and responsible offices of nurses to the insane. Cruelty, cunning, and selfishness are frequently the most prominent characteristics of those who are employed; nor is it wonderful that, excited and irritated by such attendants, the patients are driven hopelessly mad for the residue of their lives. We fear such cases are not uncommon, for the power which is wielded by these subordinates is immense, and in a certain sense the issues of life and death may be said to be in their hands. So much depends upon the testimony of the hired nurse, that the doctor's verdict must be influenced by it; should the nurse be untruthful, it is easily seen what evil results to the patient may ensue. The nervous and dejected may be characterised as indolent, obstinate, and fretful, and their recovery greatly retarded. The faculty of moral suasion, in contradistinction from physical force, must be insisted on in a nurse, or the most disastrous consequences will ensue. The Act of Parliament which provides for the protection of the insane, specifies that 'No attendant shall be allowed to strike a patient, under penalty of immediate dismissal.' How frequently this rule is violated, any one conversant with the inner working of an asylum may certify. Those bruises and marks upon the head, neck, and arms, which the doctor and visitor are assured, with a pleasant smile, were done by the patient, are more conclusive than pages of argument, or even than facts which might easily be adduced. Let us refer to some which can be well authenticated.

Follow us in imagination to the private asylum situated in the midst of gardens and pleasure grounds, where all that taste and elegance can suggest has been employed to create a beautiful retreat for the insane.

Nature has woven her most fascinating landscape, of grass, trees, and flowers, and the song of bird and hum of insects is heard, making low, sweet music around. What matters it that the walls are thick and high, and that no gates uncloseth save at the bidding of the master-key? Who would care to escape from the quiet beauty and tranquil delights of that earthly paradise? It is noon, and the patients who have been

walking in the garden are suddenly summoned in by the shrill voice of an attendant calling out, 'Ladies, all in'—for a shower of rain has come on, and the health of such well-cared-for persons must not be endangered. In the midst of the bustle of hurrying indoors, there is one who heeds not the summons, and has gone off to the other end of the garden; there she is amusing herself with plucking flowers to put in her bonnet. See how she joys in her occupation, and stays to admire each leaf and petal before she forms her wreath. Perhaps she is thinking of the loved home, and the time when she first passed from the joyousness of maidenhood to the pleasures and responsibilities of the matron and mother; for the names of her children are on her lips, and she has fixed upon some flower to represent each. For a few minutes she has the luxury of being alone, and yet she looks round cautiously, lest she should be disturbed in her occupation. Her bonnet is decked all over, and she is just putting it on to return at her leisure to the house; but she is seized from behind by a great strong woman, miscalled nurse, who, in no select language, begins to reprimand her for the delay, and to belabour with blows and cuffs. The poor, terrified creature has set off at full speed, and her slight form and agile movements soon defy the efforts of her pursuer, who has forgotten to shut the garden door, and will, therefore, afford her patient the benefit of a second range. The chase continues till the fugitive is exhausted, and then, panting for breath, she is brought in, a second nurse in readiness to assist in securing her if necessary. Would the spectator think this a harmless freak of an irresponsible being, whose actions are not to be weighed in the ordinary balance of human jurisprudence, and consequently to be passed over in silence? Let him see what follows. With some difficulty the poor woman has been terrified into her ward, and then a scene ensues, which we only dwell upon because truth and humanity demand such revelation. '*Let's cure her!*' These words have a deep significance when they emanate from the lips of an asylum nurse. A bed quilt, being the nearest article at hand, is put on the floor, and the hapless victim thrown into it. Kneeling on the ground, the women have fastened it with tight knots, and then drag it down the passage to the bath-room. The water is turned on, the bath nearly filled, and the offender put in, the nurses keeping hold of the corners of the quilt, and moving their burden up and down till suffocation nearly ensues. Breathless and almost exhausted, the poor creature is asked 'if she will be good,' nor is the fearful punishment relaxed till an indistinct affirmative is wrung out of her. On one occasion a torture was

added to this, which we fear is not rare, namely, that of running needles into the thick part of the arm till the blood came. This is fine sport in the private asylum, nor would the days pass agreeably without some such recreation. The keys are another instrument always at hand wherewith to administer vindictive punishment should the patient have offended, however unwittingly, these functionaries; and many are the bruises and black marks left by heavy blows from these. In proportion to the imbecility and helplessness of the patient is the oppression and tyranny of the attendants. 'They have no mind for anything,' is an all-potent reason why they should undergo all the indignities that are heaped on them uncomplainingly. We have seen an ignorant young nurse, for a very slight offence, tie over the head and face of her patient a cloth very tight, and then take her under a tap running with cold water till she has been dripping with wet and in a most pitiable condition. This was a gentle, loving girl, who had been a teacher before her affliction, and who usually spent her leisure in recalling the natural and physical geography of the world. She was ever docile and affectionate, and could be easily influenced by the magic power of love. A third instance we shall adduce is that of a patient suffering from religious melancholy. Little can the dearest friend conceive of the intensity and depth of her mental agony, transfixed in the iron cage of Despair. One idea absorbs her being: it is this, she is lost for ever! The Bible to her is 'a spring shut up or a sealed fountain,' and the only angel who can open her eyes to the healing waters is the Saviour, whose name she dares not even utter. Imagine such a one left to the tender mercies of the hireling who never trembled at the dread name of God, or recognised Him as a tender Father. 'Religion's *drove* her quite off her head,' is all the idea the coarse and unpurified heart can associate with such affliction, and she must be laughed or tortured out of it. The Bible and every religious book is carefully kept out of her way, or if accidentally found in her possession, instantly pounced on and taken from her; while she is held up to her fellow-patients as a butt for raillery and sarcasm, and a large quantity of plain needlework (the very worst remedy that could be suggested for one in her state) is forced upon her. How frequently has the little volume of sacred poetry, so aptly and beautifully adapted to every phase of the Christian life, been wrested from her. The question arises, how far is the doctor cognizant of abuses proceeding from unsuitable or inefficient nurses? It is not uncommon for these medical gentlemen to stipulate when they are engaging their assistants, that their patients

should be treated well and kindly. This is not sufficient. No institution, whether public or private, can prosper if the master's eye is not ever upon it. Unfortunately, the testimony of the patient is never taken before that of the hired nurse, hence the strong hold of the latter. It is so easy to say that 'the invalid is not quite so well,' and under 'strong delusions to-day;' and it is so much less trouble for the doctor to believe a lie than to sift the matter himself. His own character and that of his nurses must be kept up at any sacrifice. True, there are honourable exceptions; and the medical superintendent of a large public asylum in the north of England has adopted the plan of walking through the wards when not expected, and, on finding patients ill-treated, has dismissed or reprimanded the delinquent nurse with a humane consideration for the patient worthy of honour and imitation. The doctor who is too apathetic, or too indifferent to the welfare of the unhappy beings committed to his care, to do this, is unworthy of his office.

But another great evil presses upon our notice, and we must give it a passing glance. It is the want of proper classification manifested in our asylums; in many, so glaringly as to attract the notice of the most casual visitor. How can a patient, all brain and nerve—or, indeed, *any* patient—improve, whilst the ear is too often pained with the oaths and coarse language of those who are hopelessly insane, or whilst the senses and mind are annoyed and irritated with the wanton freak of some idiot, to refer to whose habits alone would shock all ordinary notions of propriety? Yet how often are the quiet and inoffensive, and even the intelligent and educated, doomed to spend months and years in this awful companionship, where lack of sympathy and kindred spirits must greatly retard the progress of recovery, as well as render endurance much more difficult? Surely it would be a severe trial for a person in the fullest health and vigour of mind and body to be shut up constantly with a mischievous idiot, though pity and love may lighten the infliction; but where no such motives can be supposed to exist, is not the necessity fearful? There are minor evils, too, which need a remedy; amongst others, the system of cramming a patient who, from some cause not always tangible, has refused food, and must therefore be forced. Where the patient is in danger of inanition, of course, feeding must be resorted to; but can it not be done in a gentler and more humane manner? Is an iron spoon never forced into the mouth till the blood oozes, whilst the poor sufferer's throat is rubbed to enforce swallowing, and the hands are gripped so tightly as to leave the most

revolting traces of force and cruelty? Never should food be given to an unwilling patient but in the presence of a wise and intelligent person who can judge the amount of coercion necessary. Too often the nervous and timid are terrified into obstinacy, and the poor victim who has resisted every attempt of her severe, impatient attendants, has fed herself from the pig-tub an hour after; whilst the nurse has triumphantly bruited abroad the revolting act in proof of the wilful perversity of her patient, who will assuredly be more harshly dealt with on the morrow.

In county asylums, where most of the work is done by patients, much tyranny and oppression prevail, and often a weakly patient is compelled to work far beyond her strength. Here the nurses' power is often exercised in a most despotic manner, and labour is very unfairly divided. Young, delicate women, with the aged and infirm, are often taxed heavily, and have to pay the penalty by premature dissolution, or a prolonged life of helplessness and misery. The hale, strong, well-kept women, whose office it is to see the poor creatures work, but seldom put their shoulder to the wheel of household drudgery; the floors are scrubbed, bedrooms kept in order, windows and fire-grates cleaned, and the food cooked and brought into the wards, mainly by patients; and nearly all the washing of the linen and the ironing is done by the women under the supervision of laundry maids. This is a very laborious department, and much credit is due for the manner in which its several duties are performed. Male patients assist with the machine, and in conveying baskets of linen to the laundry. A very busy scene is presented here from Monday to Friday, when the newly-washed linen is returned to its respective owners. The bakehouse is generally attended to by patients, and the dough kneaded and baked by them. In one of these asylums known to the writer of this paper, an excellent library has been formed by the chaplain, consisting of nearly three thousand volumes. The selection is excellent, meeting the requirements of the educated and intelligent who may be unfortunate enough to be inmates, and the simple taste of the unlearned and ignorant. This good man keeps the wards constantly supplied with books, which are changed every month, whilst one extra is allowed for private reading to the more studious patient.

And here we must not forget to point out the importance of efficient religious instruction in our asylums. In many of the private ones, the office of chaplain seems to be only nominal, and altogether confined to the Sunday services; yet how many are there to whom the words of sympathy and

consolation would come like a refreshing shower, and upon whose broken hearts it would be as the excellent oil or as fragrant balm? It is in the time of sorrow and affliction that the mind is most susceptible of Christian influence; good resolutions must be strengthened, depression and alarm dispelled, and the spirit quickened and aroused to higher life by the exertions and ministrations of a good minister of Christ. One would think that something of Christ-like compassion and apostolic fervency must mingle with the teachings of such a one to these lost sheep. It is a touching scene when, in the church of the institution to which I have before alluded, the revered and aged pastor administers the Holy Communion to a little band of worshippers. Many interesting instances might be adduced to show that the efforts of the Christian minister and evangelist produce a very salutary effect upon the condition of the mentally afflicted. One gentleman who has spent many years in imparting religious instruction in a large prison in the neighbourhood of the asylum just mentioned, was upon one occasion supplying the place of the usual chaplain, who was prevented by illness from full discharge of his duties. One morning he came into one of the wards to read the Bible and to pray. Amongst the patients assembled was one woman who had been brought from her home a few weeks before in agony of mind at being separated from her two sons, and could take no consolation. Her nights and days were spent in lamentation and weeping. Poor soul! hers had been a hard life—one stern struggle for existence for herself and the lads; but a mother's long-enduring love had borne her up, and she had toiled, God only knows how long and patiently, that they might live. Once she told the writer of this paper she had worked day and night for a fortnight without rest, to make her darlings fit for their Sunday-school holiday. No wonder the bodily frame gave way, and that she sunk so low. Rest and change are not always to be had in a county asylum; and as she was so sad, and always fretting, she drew down upon herself the aversion of many. Hard blows, bitter taunts, and angry words were showered upon her in abundance, and, as the natural consequence, she grew worse every day. As soon as reading commenced, her sorrow seemed to break forth anew, and her sobs were distinctly audible. The minister was reading the narrative of the weeping sisters of Bethany, and our Lord's tender compassion and sympathy for them. But his voice faltered, and he was unable to proceed, for his ear had been arrested by the grief around him. He looked up, and, regardless of the angry frown of the nurse, who would have chided the poor sufferer, declared he could not go on

with the service till he had spoken with her and ascertained the cause of her sorrow. 'Oh, sir, my boys! my boys! my precious boys! I must see them!' was all he could elicit. 'Oh, you have sons?' he said, pleasantly. 'So have I; let us talk together a little bit. How long have you left them? What age will they be?' These and a number of similar inquiries soon gained the confidence of the poor stricken spirit, and she told her little tale of woe with much pathos to her sympathising listener. 'Jesus wept!' and could His faithful servant refuse to do the same? The Pharisee or the ceremonialist might be shocked at such an interruption to a religious exercise; but He who will have mercy, and not sacrifice, blessed the kindly words to the mourner's heart. She became more cheerful and resigned, and soon expressed a wish to attend the services of the church regularly, and to appropriate to herself the consolations of the Gospel.

And not less essential to the restoration of the lunatic is proper attention to the bodily needs. Much reformation is needed in the management of the table; the food is often so coarse and so badly cooked, as to be quite unsuitable for the more delicate and the aged. More attention to culinary matters would ensure the meat and other viands from being as unpalatable and unwholesome as at present. True, there are visiting days when magistrates may chance to come in at meal-times, and then a special order may possibly go to the kitchens for more care and additional pains, but these are special occasions and rather rare; and here a woman's judicious oversight and management are quite indispensable. The doctor may, and often does, indulge the sickly patient with a mutton-chop or a basin of arrowroot, but his consideration must be seconded by the matrons and other of the assistants, or it will be of no avail. Much responsibility devolves upon women in all these large institutions; order, comfort, cleanliness, all depend upon the efficiency and character of the matron, who has, or should have, all the domestic arrangements under her own care. If she and the doctors cannot work harmoniously together, there is an end of all social happiness, and the result is disaffection and partisanship on the part of both domestics and patients.

An asylum should represent a community wherein all have the same interests to secure; and, in a healthy state, should be an object of interest and even admiration rather than of repulsion and indifference.

In some places various trades are carried on, and the patient who has been builder, carpenter, or shoemaker in the world, has still opportunity to pursue his calling, and exercise his ingenuity. Many of the men are excellent gardeners and

husbandmen, and these occupations tend greatly to a speedy recovery to health and vigour; some are very ingenious, and make beautiful ornaments from marrow-bones, and spoons and stiletos with other articles. In the private asylums the arts and sciences and general literature may be cultivated very largely. We have heard an interesting lecture, on Milton, and one upon ventriloquism, with many droll illustrations, from a patient. In others, theatrical representations form part of the winter evenings' amusements, and, we are assured by one who knows well, with the happiest results.

Dancing is a recreation always resorted to in every asylum, and we cannot doubt that if it is judiciously managed, the weekly ball, as it is called, with its accompaniments of music and society, must be beneficial to the health and spirits of the patients. We have seen panoramas and dissolving views exhibited to the great delight of the patients. One gentleman, who had travelled in the East, once brought illustrations with him, and gave a short lecture upon them; the views were interspersed with music and singing, and much real improvement was thus placed within reach of every patient.

History furnishes us with Cromwell's appreciation of the amusements of dancing and music, in a little conversation with Whitlocke about the Swedish Embassy: 'How could you pass over the long winter nights?' the Protector asked of Whitlocke at the audience on return from his embassy: 'I kept my people together,' was the reply, 'and in action and recreation, by having music in my house, and encouraging that and the exercise of dancing, which held them by the eyes and ears, and gave them diversion without any offence.' Cromwell replied, 'those were very good diversions,' and seemed much gratified to learn these innocent pursuits had been encouraged. Life to many who have become the inmates of an asylum has been hitherto a race or a battle; the tension has been too tight, and the overstrained frame must be relaxed gradually, that the soul's powers once more may have full play, and the body be refreshed and recreated. In many asylums the weekly ball is thrown open to visitors, who are usually friends of the doctors, or other officers, and sometimes of patients. This is an admirable arrangement, and one that supplies additional inducement to the latter to behave with decorum and propriety. For some of the convalescent, readings from our best authors might be introduced, and conversaziones upon a given subject might be carried on in presence of the doctor and superior officers. But we must draw this paper to a close with a few words touching the vast responsibilities of those who have undertaken the care and restoration of the insane.

We rejoice to know that there are some amongst them who do not undertake their mission of mercy solely from pecuniary motives, but who are imbued with the spirit of the Master Himself, and who do all as in His sight.

These helpless ones have been entrusted to them that they may, if possible, be restored.

Good old George Herbert wrote—

'That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein;
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man?'

The temple may be in ruins, the soul a wreck, but again it may be restored to former grandeur and beauty.

Our asylums should conduce to this end by the intelligence, order, energy, and kindliness with which commands are given. 'A true ruler or master,' says an eminent writer, 'is to his dependants what music is to an army, where every head is thrown back, every limb is strong, and every eye flashes living fire, when the tones of the inspiring battle march bursts upon the ear; a loving heart, a commanding voice, a strong hand, these should be the dower of the merciful ruler.'

Men and women are needed in our asylums who are superior to the mass we see around us,—such as can inspire respect and implicit, child-like trust in the hearts of their charges. When governors and those in power are more faithful, a spirit of loyal obedience will be kindled amongst subordinates, and patients will no longer have to suffer from the caprice, tyranny, and eye-service of the attendant.

Above all we must not forget to recognise the fact of the supremacy of the one great Master. Faithful and true service will come from those who recognise this important truth, until it becomes a fixed and noble principle of action.

We cannot doubt but that He who marks the lilies and notes the fall of the sparrow cares much more for the creatures into whom He has breathed the breath of life; and there are some employed in our asylums who would do well to remember God's cognizance of the cruelty shown to His ancient Hebrew people by the eastern despot. 'I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their task-masters, for I know their sorrows, and am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians.'

Many many Pinels and Forbes Winslows arise in our land to exemplify the mighty influence and magic of love in the treatment of the insane, and many kind, noble, and compassionate souls like Caroline Fry, Samuel Johnson, and John Howard follow the example of Him who is recorded that when He saw the poor lunatic, 'Jesus had compassion on him and healed him.'

WORKINGTON-CUM-WEARING AND THE FAIRY FOREST.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in the township of Workington-cum-Wearing, the blacksmith, John Strongitharm, with his good wife Margaret, and their children Winifred and Walter. Poor but industrious and cheerful, they endeavoured to do their duty to their neighbours and to live lives free from reproach ; and so they did for a long time, with such success that they were in good favour with almost all in the town who had any acquaintance with them.

The town of Workington-cum-Wearing was as wretched a hole, to all appearance, as the worst of the most squalid and ugly towns that you could find even in the black country, or in Lancashire,—and that is saying sufficient, I can assure you. Houses of all shapes except such as are beautiful and noble, lined the sides of dark and dirty streets, over which hung a perpetual cloud of smoke, and throughout which prevailed a constant reek of cesspools mingled with foul exhalations from the adjacent river into which flowed all the defilements of drainage and manufacture. Judging by the look of everything about the town, one would be tempted to conclude that beauty, or poetry, or real cleanliness, even, had not the smallest corner in the minds of the inhabitants ; that the deity in whose honour all their structures were built was unmitigated Prose ; that filthy coal smoke was the incense they burned in worshipping him, and that street-slutch and dirt were the favourite offerings they laid upon his altars. And yet whilst everything seemed thus prosaic, hard, unsymmetrical, shabby, commonplace, and foul, every now and again the most remarkable, romantic, I might almost say magical occurrences took place in Workington-cum-Wearing ; and the township certainly lay on the very edge of, if not actually within, the great Fairy Forest.

I am well aware that in hinting that such was the situation of the town in which John Strongitharm, the blacksmith, resided, I suggest, of course, much more than can be credited, or even understood, by the more hard-headed and statistical-minded of my readers. The squalor and commonplace of Workington require nothing to make them believable ; every one adopts them as a matter of course. But this Fairy Forest ! If it were only a patch of valuable timber ; if it were but susceptible of being sawn up into good useful planks, it would, no doubt, commend itself to the approval of all. And yet I am bound to assert it as my unshaken belief,—I having spent in it myself many hundreds of delightful hours,—that

it was one of the most valuable and most substantial forests in the whole world; and although I may not succeed in carrying all my readers along with me in this conviction, for myself I abide most steadfastly in it, and shall certainly do so to my dying day.

I know well all the disadvantages I labour under, and how greatly I shall lower myself in the estimation of some, when I state that one of the most prominent peculiarities of this great Forest, was the uncertainty everywhere confessed as to its boundaries. It would appear, even, that on some days, or to some persons, it was much nearer than on others, and that it covered ground one day which it left unoccupied the next. The gate by which access was gained to it, would certainly be visible and obvious at one time, and quite invisible and undiscoverable at another. Even when visible, this availed nothing except it was close at hand; and not then, unless also the key was seen in the keyhole. It was no little perplexing, and vexing too, to see the gate before you one week, look whichever way you might; and then again not to catch sight of it for weeks, for months, or, it might be, for years and years. Two persons might be in one bedroom, in one workshop, or walking together arm in arm, and the Fairy Forest might be undeniably all around the one, but utterly invisible to the other. If the one from whom the Forest thus hid itself, had had much experience in it—if he were (so to speak) a Fairy Forester—he would recognise, by a light in the eye, and by a flush in the face, and by a sign upon the lips of his companion, that the hour of the Fairy Forest was upon him. It was often quite touching to see how kindly-hearted old people, who had not been able to discern the gate of the Forest, unless on the mountain, for long, hard, eye-bedimming, body-enfeebling years, would smile faintly, and forbearingly say to each other, ‘Hush, they are in the Forest, do not disturb them,’ when they saw the signs of the Forest hour upon children or groups of happy young people around them.

Now, the law of the Fairy Forest was thus:—you might be at work or at play; might be in the house or the shop, the street or the field; suddenly, without forethought on your part, the gate of the Forest would stand just before you. If you saw not alone the gate, but also the key in the lock of it, all was well. You then, of course, took the key between your fingers and turned it; straightway the gate would swing wide open without a sound, and out of it would rush forth in countless swarms, and in all their varied magnificence, the trees of the Forest, and as swiftly as an eye-glance take up their several stations around you. A veritable forest, indeed,

with trees of many kinds and sizes ; and not with trees only, but also with streams and spacious lakes, sunny green glades and dense leafy recesses, and everywhere the colours and the odours of flowers, and the songs of birds, the movement of wings in the air, and the quick plying of busy feet on the ground, and the glancing of busy fins, and the flashing of scales in the waters.

Distressing to the man of accurate and scientific mind, though this uncertainty as to the Forest boundaries must be, I am compelled reluctantly still to dwell upon it, whilst noticing that I found some diversity of opinion in the town as to the right explanation of this peculiarity. It was generally held that the Fairy Forest actually came and went away again ; that it covered acres of ground one day, which afterwards it left bare. Bare enough, I can testify, the spare ground always looked in that hideous township, when none of that glorious Forest foliage waved visibly over it. But others were of the opinion, in which, for reasons of my own, I shared, that the Forest was really at all times all over the district ; that the town was, in fact, embosomed within it ; that its roots were too deep in the soil ever to be withdrawn ; that it never spread and never retired ; but that it and all things that were of it had the property of becoming at pleasure visible, palpable, and audible, or the reverse. *At pleasure*, I say, but at pleasure of the Fairy Forest,—by no means at the pleasure of the inhabitants of Workington-cum-Wearing. To them it came, and it went from them, not as they, but as it pleased ; unless, indeed, they forced their way into by using unlawful enchantments, about which I shall have more to say by-and-by.

Access, or at any rate lawful access, to the Forest was gained, as I have said, only by the gate ; and not by the gate except when the key was in it. But, to children, entrance was always obvious and easy. I never saw a child in those parts, unless it were a very young one indeed, who had not evidently often been in it. This land of fairy usually continued very accessible up to a period lying between fifteen and five-and-twenty years of age, according to the more or less favourable cast of mind of the entrant ; and was a favourite and frequent resort with most young persons until the cares of life, the engrossments of business, the rust of idleness, or the canker of vice, began to be severe upon them. I met with only a very few people in middle life, and none in old age, who still were able to turn, or to find the key, or even to discern, on level ground, the gate of the Forest. The generality of persons, after the bloom of youth was rubbed off them, ceased

to believe in the Forest at all. Mention it in their hearing, and you evoked only a scornful smile; though some, regretting their loss of the key, grumbled bitterly, and groaned in complaint; and others shook their heads with an evident melancholy. The class first alluded to were by far the most numerous; a gesture of contempt was all they had to bestow on the thought of the Forest; or else a cold smile of incredulity, as disbelieving its very existence, and treating all their own actual experiences in earlier life as ridiculous dreams. Yet I often noticed a want of thoroughness, a sort of hollowness, in such denials; enough to convince me that if the gate, as of old, were to present itself once more, they would rush forward to grasp the key and be only too glad of it. As for others, I have known them decline into listlessness, and even sink into a pining sickness, and grow weary of their lives, solely because they had ceased to see their way into the Forest, as they used to see it in the golden period of youth. More than one foolish and wicked person has been known to commit suicide, entirely because the key of the Forest was no longer discoverable.

What it was that made the Forest so charming a place to be in, and so much to be regretted in its absence, cannot be described with any reasonable brevity. I might, and gladly could, fill pages upon pages, and indeed volumes upon volumes, with an account of things seen, heard, and done in the Forest; but a few hints are all that there will be room for here. The exhaustless variety of the experiences met with in the Forest may be judged of when it is explained that no two persons, on emerging from it, ever gave precisely similar accounts of the objects and occurrences they had met with in its interior. There was, no doubt, much general agreement about the leading features; but there was little or none concerning those smaller details in which, nevertheless, the essence of the interest of a narrative abides. Speaking loosely, it may be affirmed that the Forest was one thing to very young children, another thing to growing lads and girls, and still something else to the youths and the maidens. If you ask me to which of these it was most delightful, I shall be wholly unable to tell you. But I know well to whom it looked unspeakably the most glorious; and they were the visitants of the mountain of which I shall speak afterwards,—often poor and decayed-looking people, from whose faces for half a century or more the precious dews of youth had departed.

When a very young child turned the key of the gate of the Forest,—which always on first coming was opened by instinct,—its experiences would be something of the nature of the most

cheerful sunshine, striking down between broad or narrow gaps in the foliage of the forest, would be softened in all other parts by the most refreshful shade. The noise of the winds in the tree-tops would be eminently reassuring and soothing, having in it a constant suggestion of the most ample welcome and an unceasing invitation to active enjoyment on the one hand, and on the other to the most recuperative tranquillity. On almost every bough would sit some attractive or wonderful-looking bird; and from every feathered throat would be poured forth, at intervals, songs which could not otherwise be interpreted, than as expressive of delight at seeing, and an endeavour to conduce in all ways to the pleasure of, the young visitor to the Fairy Forest. As for the parrots and cockatoos, of which there were many, and of the most resplendent plumage, nothing was too kind for them to say in the child's hearing. 'Look at that dear boy,' one would say; and another would continue, 'What a sweet little fellow!' A third would remark on the rare excellence of his voice; a fourth on the superiority of his features and form. 'Make him welcome as the day to everything in the forest,' said a fifth; and then in grand chorus dozens of these talkative birds would unite in singing over and over again, 'Let him enjoy everything and have everything to-day, and a great deal more on the morrow.'

Whilst these delightful birds were thus saying and singing, the child would be wandering on amidst banks of the most beautiful flowers, which leaned forward as he passed, and stretched themselves out towards him, wooing him to pluck them. Or he would sit on the soft ground, and play with the pretty stones that abounded there, mingled with beads, and shells, and fossils, and strange coins. Sometimes, scraping up some of the dry earth, and dipping his hand in a tinkling rill by the side of the path, he would wet the dust with it, and make the most charming of mud pies, which assumed all sorts of amusing forms at a touch, yet left no appearance of dirt or stain upon his fingers. If, rising to his feet, he chose to run after one of the gay butterflies or humming birds that fluttered or flew past him, nothing could be more pleasing than the obliging demeanour and considerate conduct of the insect or bird. After indulging him with a judiciously-timed chase, never apparently out of reach, yet never really within it, it would just at the proper moment alight in his outstretched hand, and suffer itself to be handled with the most good-natured tolerance, never objecting by the least gesture to have its wings plucked or its plumage rubbed off, nor appearing to be any the worse for it, either in dress, health, or spirits. Did the child become hungry? It always soon did, of course,

bless it, else how could it be a child? All was well. The most ample provision was made for the gratification of its appetite. Bread, which in Workington came only as the result of labour and trouble, presented itself in the Forest in ready-cut slices in unstinted abundance. To turn this bread into apple, into pear, into plum, into apricot, into melon, into grapes, it was only necessary to select in the Forest a leaf from a fruit tree of the kind desired,—all of which grew everywhere,—and to place on the leaf, as on a plate, a piece of the bread,—and the bread at once assumed the desired appearance and flavour. Water from the rivulets or lakes, so plentiful in the Forest, took on itself the taste of milk, of tea, of coffee, of cocoa, or of any sort of syrup required, if only it were breathed upon by the child, and its name loudly uttered. There was indeed, frequently, a talismanic power throughout all the Forest in the spoken word. To say that a thing was such or so, was often to cause it to be so. Did a hedge, or a ditch, or a river cross the path you wanted to go upon? Say that the hedge was cut down, and very likely it would lie prostrate at once; say that the ditch was filled up, and it would, as likely as not, disappear forthwith; say that the river was dried up, and dried up it would be, very probably, and that in a single instant of time. If living creatures for play-fellows were wanted, they usually came on wings and feet whenever requested. You could fly a kite beautifully, by affixing a kite-string to a kite-bird, and it would soar aloft without a wind for hours together, and let you let it out, or pull it in and draw it back into your hand, as readily as though it were only made of cane and paper. Squirrels could teach you to play marbles; cats and dogs help you to trundle hoops with their paws, or whip tops with their tails. Place a stick betwixt your legs, and say, ‘Go on’ to it, and it became a live pony directly. Did you feel sleepy at length after so much play? You had only to cry ‘Mother,’ and without fail, in a moment, would come the answer, ‘I’m here, darling!’ and the Forest would yield you up at once, all its trees would run back quick as a lightning flash out at the gate and disappear, and the safe lap of your own dear mother and her kind arms would be underneath and around you.

With girls and boys somewhat older than such a child, matters in the Forest would go very differently. Not that the sights and companions familiar to the child would be wanting, if desired; but that others, still more pleasing now, would engross all available attention. The girls were hardly ever tired of playing with the live dolls of the Forest, which were always to be met with by visitors who liked them.

abundance. No sooner did a girl turn the key, and the gate swing open, and the trees of the great Forest rush forth around her, than she found herself, as likely as not, attended like a princess by a troop of these animated creatures ; some, solid lumps of wood with lath legs and arms, great round faces, lenticular glass eyes, and *chevelures* of flax ; others, more like thin, elongated, grown up ladies, with a yellow wooden comb deep embedded in each of their black, wooden heads, and with angular elbows and knees, and painted shoes that they must perforce go to bed in. There was also a newer generation of paper dolls, like babies, in charming undress ; very prone to cry when crushed in the waist, and some of them requiring an allowance of about half a minute for the opening or shutting of their eyes. There were, besides these, gutta percha dolls, and beautiful wax-work creatures, which I have no need to describe. It was wonderful to hear these lively little things chattering to each other, giggling, of course, on the least pretext, blushing, or smiling, or weeping, or stamping their feet, or promenading, or giving parties and balls, or playing at hide and seek, at kiss-in-the-ring, at blindman's buff, or any other familiar diversion. Did the girl who was a visitor in the Forest wish to nurse one of these creatures ? She had but to speak the word, and up it would jump to her bosom, and sit or lie as quietly on her arm as if it had been a common doll bought at Birmingham or Manchester. Had she prepared a cradle for it ? It would allow itself to be laid therein as passively as if it had been longing exactly for that ; and she only had to shake it once or twice, call it naughty, and tell it to go to sleep, and it proceeded at once to shut its eyes in the most obedient fashion, and went fast asleep for a whole twelvemonth, if desired. It was always a delight to the girls to be cutting out, and sewing, and trying on, and taking off clothes for these useful little companions ; because the scissors of Fairy land always know just where to cut, and where to stop cutting ; the wherewithal is found in profusion, be it silk or the most costly and attractive material ; and the needles, as is well known, require only to be started, in order to go on stitching of themselves with admirable skill and most judicious and praiseworthy industry, whilst the young human sempstress is engaged in doing anything else with which to fill up the time. As for the boys, they, meanwhile, found far other occupation ; it being their habit to kick the dolls whenever they saw them, despising them heartily, and their sisters for nursing them. For the boys, the great Forest of Fairy land was one wide, I may say boundless, scene of inexhaustible adventure. It was a land of seas and lakes to swim and to fish in, of mountains to

climb, of precipices to creep down the face of, of perils of all sorts to be braved, and of the most astounding victories to be won. In no respect was the Forest more excellent to such visitors than for its wild beasts and its savages. These were seldom to be seen, except by the boys ; and not even by them, unless it happened to be quite convenient. But did you wish to hunt ? Very well ; there was, for instance, always a buffalo, and probably a tiger or two, and a lion ; and if you did not mind what you were about, the beast would, as sure as fate, trample you to death, or spring upon you and tear you to pieces. But, then, you always *did* mind what you were about ; it being a characteristic, if not of people of your time of life generally, yet at any rate of yourself, always to do so ; and it was quite enough if in the very crisis of the ferocious animal's spring you seized a stick, or a lance, or a spear, or a gun, or anything else convenient, and holding up or pointing the weapon, made a fierce face at the animal, just as though you were not all the while inwardly afraid and shaking horribly in your shoes. The sight of your valour was always more than sufficient for the beast, though it were even in mad career ; it would stop in a moment, put its tail between its legs in the most abject way, crawl up to you like your slave, lick your feet in utter submission, and beg for its life in every possible manner. A similar tribute to your power and courage was always obtainable from the hordes of savages, who from time to time crossed your path in the prairies, or the savannahs, of which the great Forest contained any quantity in its ample bosom. Some, of course, you shot or speared ; others you bound with fetters ; with as many as you vouchsafed to maintain a good understanding with, you made treaties, and exchanged belts of wampum, and buried hatchets, and smoked the calumet of peace. Such were some of the favourite entertainments which the great Forest afforded to the boys. And both for girls and for boys the birds continued to sing unceasing songs of welcome and high appreciation ; always ending with the assurance, ' All this to-day ; all this to-day ; and a great deal more to-morrow.'

Delights still more advanced and varied were presented by the Forest to boys and girls of somewhat larger growth. There were, for example, the tiny fairies whose sports it was most interesting to watch, and who always, at first, showed themselves complaisant and propitious to them. And besides these, there were the full-grown fairies of the Fairy Queen ; the knights and squires, and ladies distressed and requiring assistance, or princesses prosperous and conferring the high favour of their smiles. There were palaces of costliest and

most romantic architecture. There were tournaments and scenes of high and chivalrous emprise, giants to be conquered, castles to be stormed, enchanters to be counter-plotted, tyrants to be confounded, and dragons to be killed. The young maidens of Workington were welcomed to the Forest by youths of noble mien and in princely attire, who entertained them with the most courteous phrases and the most agreeable manners. For the youths there were beautiful maidens of the Forest, who showed themselves equally friendly, and in whose society it was most delightful to spend the long, smiling hours. And ever and anon all the birds of the Forest would sing and say the most flattering things, always concluding with the suggestion of the marvellous and surpassing sweetness of the joys that were in store for the days to come.

Yet these predictions and all the bright anticipations they fostered seemed, as life went on, to be less and less likely to be fulfilled. The joys of the Forest, when accessible, grew more and more slack and sombre; the hours of the Forest more and more rare. If the gate were seen, the key that should have been in it became missing and lost, more and more frequently. The possibility of escaping from the smoke, the mud and the filth, the face-grinding necessities, and the heart-tearing miseries of Workington-cum-Wearing occurred less and less often; and the chain of hard, cold, pestilent Prose grew more and more heavy and impossible to be broken. The Forest would no longer show its gate close at hand; year after year, when it permitted itself to be seen for an instant, it appeared to be at a greater and more impassable distance. It was seen, its foliage looking indeed brighter and more golden than ever, if possible, but dwarfed more and more in the distance, and often hanging upon, and too often altogether dipping beneath the rim of the far horizon, and leaving only a dreary and howling waste between it and the spectator. At length, in most cases, all expectation of ever re-entering the Forest was dismissed from the mind. A dull look of heavy, settled acceptance of the loss of the joys of the Forest, sat perpetually on the faces of old people; in whose eyes no hope ever shone now of seeing anything better as long as they lived, than the smoke, and the dirt, and all the sordid experiences of Workington-cum-Wearing.

And yet it was never intended that the hope of the Forest should die; nor need they prove falsehoods which the birds sang, when they spoke of more, much more joy for the morrow. And some there were in Workington in whom the glad expectation never died, but grew, in fact, larger, and stronger, and deeper, and higher, and more resplendent to the last day

of their lives. For they not only possessed the great Waybook, a copy of which was in every house in the township, but it was their delight to read in it often, to abide by its instructions, and to feed richly on the hopes which such obedience always tended to multiply and increase. This Waybook contained the most ample and complete directions for obtaining the key of the Forest in perpetual possession. It asserted that the key seen in childhood and youth was only lent for a time; but that every inhabitant of Workington was free and invited to have a key made for himself that should be indefeasibly his own. How to fabricate such a key was minutely laid down; but scarcely anybody seemed to care to set about the manufacture. Some few maintained stoutly that the Waybook was all romance and mistake, and that it was impossible to make a key in the way it directed. Some protested that there was no Forest, and that it was wilful deceit to pretend that there was. Others, whilst allowing that the Waybook was right, were of opinion that the Forest it spoke of was a Forest that existed in ancient times, but not now; and that it had no connection at all with the Fairy Forest they had known in their youth. The Forest the Waybook spoke of could not possibly be that Forest; nor was the Workington it mentioned at all like their township. Others admitted generally that the Forest and township of the old Waybook, and those of the nineteenth century, were really identical; but none the more, on that account, did they seriously set about making a key. Either they did not care about the Forest at all, and persuaded themselves that mud, and smoke, and dirt were things far preferable to anything it could yield; or they put off the manufacture of the key till some later, less occupied, and more convenient opportunity, which in most cases, however, never occurred.

There were a few who, even from their youth up, not only read but were guided by the words of the Waybook. How matters went with such persons I will now briefly describe. It was declared in the Waybook that the Fairy Forest was in reality twofold; that there was a lower Forest, on the one hand, and an upper Forest on the other, and that the things in the upper Forest were to be looked for and gazed steadfastly at, as much as possible; though they at first seemed very dim, indistinct, and shadowy, and afar off, up away in the air above, and only became clear and near to those who learned to love to keep them in constant view. To these upper things, all the things in the lower Forest were to be referred, and put to school, as it were; so as to be brought into the strictest subjection to them. When, for example, the birds you first

saw in the Forest began to warble you compliments and praises, you had to say, 'Hush, birds!' and to bid them to wait for their orders on the birds of the upper Forest, who alone knew what birds ought to say or to sing. The parrots, on hearing this, would always look ashamed and miserable, would mope, and moult their feathers, and some of them would even curse and swear dreadfully for awhile. If you pitied them so much as to remove your restriction, and allow them to talk as they pleased, they would at once recover their spirits, and resume their flattering speeches; but then the parrots in the upper Forest would pass by degrees out of sight, so that you never again might behold them; and after that the parrots of the lower Forest would curse you to your face, and never more would say a word about you or to you, except what it was distressing to listen to. The same law held good with regard to all the birds of the Forest. If you persisted in hushing the birds of the lower Forest, and continued to bid them take their orders from the birds of the upper, they obeyed after awhile, but with a very ill grace; and their songs would sound now like melancholy chants and lugubrious psalms. Still you must persist. At length, by degrees, they would learn to sing out freely and clearly, and with hearty goodwill, and their songs would gradually become a hundred times more charming to your ears than before, and indeed most ravishing, although they never uttered a word of compliment to you now, but were always singing exquisitely about One to whom, they said, belonged all the trees of the Forest, and the birds upon ten thousand boughs.

In like manner, according to the directions given in the Waybook, were the flowers to be told to offer themselves to be plucked, not by yourself, but by those to whom their sister-flowers in the upper Forest ordered them to present themselves. Otherwise the flowers in the upper Forest would pass out of sight, and never again be visible; and then those in the lower would turn to things ugly and poisonous. Everything in the lower Forest was to be thus treated so as to make it obedient to that which answered to it in the upper; for the lower Forest, as to all its contents, was dependent upon the upper Forest for its beauty and glory; and it became at length a hateful place unless the upper Forest in all things held the mastery over it. It was necessary then to use the golden hours of the Forest always with this rule in view; otherwise the things in the upper Forest would finally disappear, and then, as I have hinted, the things in the lower would become changed into objects of repugnance and forms of horror.

If, however, unbeguiled by the flattering songs of the birds, and the suggestions of the fairies of the lower Forest, who always, when left to their own guidance, sought to deny that any upper fairies, or upper Forest, did, could, or had any right to, exist,—if, I say, uninfluenced by the mischievous counsels of these, or of the other inhabitants of the lower Forest, the youth or maiden continued faithfully to refer all things in the lower to the like things in the upper, and insist on their taking all their orders from them, by degrees the upper Forest descended to the lower, and became inserted in it, part in corresponding part, feature in corresponding feature. And such was the transcendent superiority of the Forest when the upper thus came in perfect coincidence with the lower, descending into and becoming one with it, that no one who had once fairly seen it so, could ever bear to see it otherwise. But it was one of the laws of the Forest, that the lower things, by degrees, ceased to heed what you said to them, and became altogether wilful and headstrong, and hopelessly disobedient to you, if you continued for a great length of time to neglect to command them to resemble the things in the upper Forest. So that at last you lost all power over them; and then you could never enter the Forest without yourself appearing changed into the form of something horrible or bestial.

The great Waybook was full of instructions how to avoid this dreadful result, and by what methods to secure the right education of the lower Forest, and the consequent descent and insertion of the upper Forest into it. It said that the real key of the Forest was a key forfeited and lost; that the key which admitted young people into the lower Forest, was but an imperfect one, and that its power to open the gate depended on conditions in the hand that grasped it, which could only endure for a little season. Thus it was, that in middle life that key disappeared altogether, having become entirely useless; and each person was advised to get made for himself an efficient and permanent key, in a manner described in the great Waybook. If begun early in life, this was a comparatively easy thing to do; the difficulty of getting a key always increased, in proportion as the commencement of the work was deferred. The fabrication of the key was accomplished by a peculiar process, involving in its conduct a series of changes, on which the right subjugation and consequent glorification of the Forest depended.

In possession of these necessary explanations, my readers will now be able to accompany me whilst briefly I recount certain adventures that befel John Strongitharm, the blacksmith who was introduced to them at the outset of this narrative.

Amongst John's neighbours in Workington was one, Will Weakithead by name, whose liking for idle gossip often induced him to lean with his arms on the top of the half-door of the smithy, in the hope of indulging in his favourite recreation. At such times everything in the smithy commonly became, if possible, still more active than before; for John, although he enjoyed a little wholesome gossip at fitting seasons, preferred that his work should be genuine whilst he professed to be doing it. Creak, creak, creak, therefore, the bellows would go with fresh diligence, and the fire would respond with great gushes of splendour to the repeated blasts from the big nozzle of the wind-engine; and then on the ringing anvil the sledge-hammer would resound, as the sparks flew about on all sides with as lively an emphasis as if they were so many red-hot asseverations of the impossibility of delaying his work. Thus out-generalled, the baffled Weakithead would reluctantly remove his arms from the door-top, and resume his journey, as soon as John, in such rough courtesy as the customs of the place enjoined, had acknowledged his presence in one or two hurried and scanty pauses amidst the voice-drowning labour of the smithy. It would have been well if this habit of declining to gossip with Weakithead had been maintained unbrokenly; but alas, there is no one on this wide earth who is always wise; there is, therefore, no one of whom it can be said that he is never unfortunate.

One day it happened that Weakithead had brought with him a fragment of news he felt sure would be interesting to John, if he could only get the thin end of it in between any two of the harsh breathings of the bellows, or of the sledge-hammer's provoking blows. The news was this,—that another Workington blacksmith who had long had the advantage of shoeing Bessemer, had offended Mr. Jolliman, that horse's groom; and that nothing but an application from Strongitharm was supposed to be requisite, in order to secure for him the highly lucrative job. Having succeeded in apprising John Strongitharm of this interesting circumstance, Will Weakithead was gratified to perceive that the blacksmith was inwardly pricking up his ears at the news; if not as a man does who is previously prepared to act upon it if it come, at any rate as is done by one who handles a proposition he deems it well worth while to consider. In fact, John actually thanked Will for the hint; and more than once, in the course of the day, the hammer failed to hit the exact spot it was aimed at, and the bellows, in mid career, suddenly forgot to blow. At night, when the children were safe in bed, and John and his wife could take counsel together, the matter became a topic of

earnest discourse between them ; for there was something to be said for, and something against, the project of applying to Mr. Jolliman for the shoeing of Bessemer.

It would make things more pleasant between me and my readers, I dare say, if I could here shut my eyes to, and say nothing at all about, certain peculiarities of this remarkable horse, and pass him off, if it could be done, as only a common, everyday, oats-grinding and hay-chewing animal. But it would be idle affectation in me, knowing what I do, to pretend that there was nothing but what is commonplace and unromantic about the squalid and miserable town of Workington-cum-Wearing. It will be better therefore to face the worst at once, and confess that this horse Bessemer, so-called, was indebted to art and science rather than to nature for his existence and powers. He was, in fact, a horse, not of flesh, but of steel ; with a hide as smooth, as hard, and as bluely bright, as a well-finished steel-horse could possibly be expected to exhibit. As for his interior, it was vulgarly-reputed to be stuffed to repletion with electric machines, galvanic batteries, or other queer things of the kind, from which went forth constant currents of action to all parts of the animal, making him a torpedo to the touch if handled unwarily, and brightening up his eye-sockets at times with a truly electric effulgence. To have ridden such a horse would, of course, have been quite impossible, but for the extraordinary precautions taken. The saddle, for instance, was of thick, padded silk, most soft, and safe, and comfortable, and indeed luxurious to ride on. Of silk, also, was the horse-cloth ; and of the like material were his mane and his tail ; the former, indeed, consisting of silk cords, each of which had its definite function to perform in the management of this remarkable creature. Pull one of these cords representing hairs of the mane, and the horse paws the ground ; give others a twitch with your hand, and straightway he ambles, he trots, he canters, he gallops, he kicks, he rears and is rampant, or he stands still. Pull without knowing what you are doing, however, and he throws his rider, and runs over all obstacles to self-destruction. Such were said to be the effects of a skilful or unskilful management of Bessemer ; how far accurately, or otherwise, the reader must judge ;—I give the report as I heard it. But this everyone admitted, that he was no common unskilled labourer who could control that horse ; and, indeed, only Mr. Jolliman and the squire his master ever attempted to ride him.

It is not often that a groom obtains so much worship as to be commonly spoken of, as was Bessemer's groom, by no less dignified a title than the word *Mister* indicates ; but then this

Mr. Jolliman, though a groom, was a man of parts, a fellow of great humour and wit, commonly polite almost to excess, and thought no little of throughout almost all the township of Workington-cum-Wearing. He was a more pleasant, good-looking gentleman groom, than you might meet with in the course of many a long summer's day; and few were the houses in Workington in which his fame was not great, as a real, genuine, gracious, good-hearted fellow. Matters apparently brightened up directly his round, cheery-looking face rose upon the common social horizon of Workington; and when he went away, people's spirits flagged, and their conversation grew slow, and there was a general feeling of loss from his absence. Such, moreover, was the loudness and wittiness of his speech, that he was commonly accepted as the township's oracle. Public opinion became thus, largely, his slave. He had only to say a man was 'a brick,' or a 'jolly good fellow,' in order to secure for that man a good reception almost in every circle; and Mr. Jolliman was in no wise sparing in his commendations. It was easy to get his testimony to your being as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived; but then you must live in constant compliance with all Mr. Jolliman's whims, and never venture to call the least of them in question. He liked you, for example, if you profusely gave 'coppers' to all the lazy beggars you met with in the streets; then you were a man of true charity, and the goodness of your heart was indisputable, no matter how many well-organised schemes you might neglect or cast scorn upon, for turning beggars into happy and industrious bees. He liked you to pay lounging vagabonds profusely for useless services which they volunteered; but never asked whether it would not be better to give away your spare money in other, less conspicuous, but more useful directions. He liked you to suck that big-boy's lollipop, the cigar. He liked you to put money on every coming 'event;' and if you did so, and paid all gambling losses 'like a man,' you might, with his full approbation, thrust your tailor, grocer, and shoemaker, into the *Gazette* without mercy, through neglecting to pay them their bills. Unless you had fashionable accomplishments and jolly good-hearted habits like these, you must not expect long to find favour with Mr. Jolliman.

Although I am not anxious to prolong this portion of my report, there is one peculiarity of this affable and popular groom's that I am bound to allude to. He scarcely ever appeared in public without some token of misfortune about him. How it was this genial gentleman got so knocked about, but few could conceive. There would either be a plaister on

his nose, or his cheek, or chin ; or he would have an eye or two blackened, or an arm in a sling, or one of his legs in splints and bandages, or be limping with a sore foot, or suffering from wounds in his hands, or from losses of bits of the ends of his fingers. And the oddest thing about it was, that those who watched him most narrowly, declared that all this mischief was of his own doing. They affirmed that the ingenious ways in which he unconsciously knocked himself about were quite unaccountable. From falling out of bed, to rolling over the side of his horse, or under its heels ; from stumbling over a buffet, to tumbling into pavier's or gas-pipe holes or water-pipe pits in the streets ; from running against the plainest lamp-posts, to knocking his arms about in the heat of conversation until his shoulders were dislocated ; nothing was too odd in directions like these for Mr. Jolliman to be heard of as performing. If, however, he were questioned, he would protest that there was no fault of his in the least ; that it was the most extraordinary thing in the world to see how fate went against him ; that luck was everything ; and that, as for him, he was the worst-used and the unluckiest dog in the world.

If this had been the whole of it, one would have thought less of the matter ; but there was another oddity of Mr. Jolliman's that I must confess struck me as insupportable. He would be on the most friendly, courteous, and genial terms with you, entertaining you with his sprightly and amusing discourse ; and then in a moment, by a sudden blow with his fist on your chest or your stomach, or a back-handed slap on the face, or a dig in the ribs with his elbow, or a slash anywhere with his penknife, or a stroke with his riding-whip, or in some other manner wholly unexpected, he would inflict the most unnecessary and inconvenient injuries upon you. So far from doing this designedly, was he, however, that he never seemed to be aware that he had indulged in any freak of the kind. He had a theory, indeed, that Providence watched specially over him, to keep him and his friends from all harm. If you accused him of hurting you, though only a moment might have elapsed since he did it, he would stare in surprise, and be prodigiously hurt and dreadfully offended ; and would ask you whether you had come there to insult him ? or what, did you take him for a brute or a villain ? and were you not ashamed of so grossly and cruelly libelling his character ? And if you were so ill-advised as to persist in the charge, he would curse you in the vulgarest manner, and become your bitterest and most implacable foe. It was you, and such scum as you, he would protest, that robbed him of his fair fame, and brought his enemies upon him. You might have ugly bruises

and wounds, he did not dispute that, but they were yours, not his, and you were a silly fool for having them. And such an oracle was Mr. Jolliman, that almost all the township acquitted and upheld him; and his boon companions whom he was always damaging in the way I have described, as well as public opinion at large, declared him to be nobody's enemy in the world but his own, and a thoroughly good-natured, sound-hearted gentleman.

There were those, however, whose thoughts of him were not in accordance with the popular opinion; and amongst them was the excellent wife of John Strongitharm, the blacksmith. For her part, she did not deny that to have the shoeing of the horse Bessemer would be in itself a grand business-advantage, especially to a poor man like John; since, as was well known, so hard was Bessemer worked, that he required shoeing all round weekly without fail; and the iron shoes, loosened and worn down thin, became by one week's friction turned into gold. As these were the perquisites of the blacksmith who shod him, he who had Bessemer to shoe, was, in a pecuniary sense, a made man in consequence. But then, as Mary could not but see, it was not the most desirable thing in the world for an industrious, sober tradesman like her John, to have much to do with groom Jolliman, considering the peculiarities of that generous-hearted person, as already described. Still, John could not agree to dismiss the subject from his mind; most of the night he lay awake, turning it over and over; and next morning he was out early, walking about his smithy with his hands in his pockets, and completely forgetting to light the fire. It resulted that nothing could be done in the way of work that day, until Mr. Jolliman had been seen. There would be no harm, John said, in learning whether the job was, or was not to be had; if it turned out to be at his option, he would not even then be compelled to accept it. Accordingly, the interview was sought and obtained; and, in short, John received and accepted the offer to become the shoer of Bessemer.

It was a fine sight to see the admiring crowd that gathered around the smithy at the week end, to see the famous horse shod by our blacksmith. Not like ordinary cattle could Bessemer be treated; not between his own legs could John take one of Bessemer's, as would be proper with a horse of flesh and blood. Stretching the leg out at right angles, the ponderous animal stood solid on the other three, whilst the new shoe was applied and the nails were driven home into the hard hoof by the thumps of John Strongitharm's heaviest sledge-hammer. Mr. Jolliman was very particular in pre-

scribing the precautions which John was to take. He insisted upon it, that John would be utterly unable to do the shoeing unless he stood on non-conducting supporters; that torpedo-shocks would otherwise be felt, and John's arms be thereby rendered much too weak for the work. And when John, who had already taken occasion to touch the horse without suffering any inconvenience from it, declared this to be unnecessary, Mr. Jolliman changed his ground, and swore that supporters were requisite in order to raise John to a proper level with his work. He therefore made him stand upon glass tumblers; and to strengthen these sufficiently to bear John's weight, as he averred, it was needful to fill each of them three parts full of brandy-and-water. Prudent Mrs. Strongitharm's successive proposals to substitute water, or coffee, or cocoa, or tea, or, well then, new milk, or even beef-tea, for the other fluid, were met *seriatim* by Jolliman with nothing but ridicule. There was no strength, he swore, in anything except strong drink; and what strong drink was so gentlemanly as good strong brandy and water? Upon tumblers thus fortified, therefore, the blacksmith was expected always to stand; and thence, swinging his great hammer, he would smite the nails on the hoof of Bessemer, till the steel horse's heavy body almost reeled with each shock, and the street was filled with the clang. It was not long before John came to pride himself on the cleverness he displayed in doing all his work upon tumblers. He could stand as upright as possible for any length of time, he would have you to note; and he protested that they who could not imitate him in this, were weaklings and fools. Whereupon Mr. Jolliman smiled most radiantly, and declared that John was a trump and a brick, and a thoroughly honest, good-hearted fellow. And so much did the perquisites of the job accumulate, that John, from being poor, became apparently most prosperous; set up a horse and gig of his own; and added room to room, and wing to body, till his old house was but a fragment embedded and lost in his new one, and the smithy retired in the background, obscure and almost totally hidden from view.

Amidst all this outward prosperity, however, it must not be disguised from the reader that a great change for the worse gradually occurred in the disposition and habits of John Strongitharm, after he was adopted as the shoer of Bessemer, and the boon companion of that animal's groom. He became less inclined to work, and more careless in doing it; fond of lounging, loafing, and gossiping; prone to spend time and thought more and more largely in betting and other amusements of similar low rank; and in all his ways more and more

like Mr. Jolliman. As for his wife, though her attire was richer than of old, her face was often pale and sad ; her eyes would follow John about wistfully, as if a chasm of separation were slowly widening betwixt them ; and the tears in the night-time when he lay by her side in a stupid snoring sleep, often made damp spots upon her pillow. Walter no longer found a playfellow in his father in the evenings when the day's work in the smithy was done ; and little Winifred now began to shrink timidly aside or into the background, behind her mother, if possible, with a look half-affrighted, when her father came home.

One day there came a dreadful catastrophe. Bessemer stood at John's smithy door to be shod ; the tumblers were brought out and charged with strong liquor, and John, as usual, mounted upon them to perform his customary duty. Every one must see, of course, that it is at all times difficult to stand erect upon tumblers ; but it is especially hard to stand on tumblers of brandy-and-water. Exactly how it came about, I cannot say ; but I suspect that the glasses had been filled a little fuller than usual. It is certain that John Strongitharm found them more slippery than he had expected them to be ; and just as he was lifting aloft his ponderous hammer to strike the first blow at the first hoof of the great horse of steel, he seemed to lose his balance, his foot slipped, and he fell headlong to the floor. At that moment, quick as thought, Mr. Jolliman gave a twitch to one of the silk cords of Bessemer's mane ; and, rapid as lightning, the leg was retracted and thrust forth again with terrible violence ; and the hoof, catching the unhappy blacksmith on one of his arms, which it smashed, kicked him at one blow—I scruple to say how far, lest I should not be believed—but at any rate, onward, and still onward, till he fell, a senseless heap, on the floor of a shop of the enchanted waters.

Whilst the insensate blacksmith lies there, only by slow degrees likely to come to his senses, it will be well to explain what kind of a shop this was into which he had been precipitated, and what was meant by the enchanted waters. It was the boast of those people in Workington who kept shops of this kind, that the enchanted waters sold by them were not only excellent for all sorts of purposes, however opposite and contradictory,—as, for instance, to cool you when too hot, to warm you when too cold, to send you to sleep if wakeful, and to make you wakeful if sleepy, to be food one day and physic the next,—but had the magic power of giving you access at any time to the Fairy Forest, and restoring to you all the joys of your youth. All that was requisite to gain this end, according

to these too-interested parties, was to pay for and drink a proper dose of the enchanted waters, which very soon would rise into, and, as it were, inflate, your head till it became like a balloon, and lifted you up bodily. And no sooner were you thus elevated above the ordinary Workington land-level, than you found yourself restored to the Fairy Forest. But although this was so, I am bound to add that there was a peculiarity about the Forest, when entered thus not with the aid of the key but by resort to the waters of sorcery, that these salesmen omitted to speak of, and that their customers always tried very hard to conceal even from themselves. The Forest was the rightful abode and the ultimate home of all the inhabitants; what was called death, in Workington, was, in fact, only a loss of the ability to discover in what part of the Forest was hidden the town, which up to that time had appeared to most people to have swallowed up in its own squalor and filthiness all traces of the Forest as once known in their youth. Reversing the old experience, the Forest became, after death, the reality, and the town the dream. But as for the aspect and character of the Forest,—that depended entirely on how it was entered,—whether with, or without, the lawful key. To such of the inhabitants of Workington as insisted on forcing a way into it by the aid of the enchanted waters, it appeared remarkably similar to the happy Forest of their youth at first sight, but very serious drawbacks were always met with within it. Even the beautiful humming birds, now, had long, fierce beaks; even the butterflies had wasp-like stings in their tails. The mud pies stained the hands dreadfully; and there were all sorts of bad smells about the flowers. The sounds of welcome did not prevail in the winds amongst the boughs of the trees of the Forest, as in infancy; nor did the birds care to bestow any but the most transparently hollow, if not downright satirical, compliments upon you. The wild beasts had a trick of growling too long, and scratching, and clawing too eagerly; and it was very difficult to keep the savages from playing ugly games with their knives in alarming propinquity to the scalp. The dolls, for their part, made faces at and were provokingly disobedient to those who attempted to control them; all things, in the Forest, in fact, seemed wild with disobedience and half mad with spite. The little fairies became mischievous brownies; the large ones of the Fairy Queen would dress themselves like sweeps or scavengers, instead of resembling the ladies and knights, the princes and princesses that they were in the earlier days. The Forest youths who met the women of Workington were always bent on doing them the most mischief they could. The Forest girls were only painted and pitiless systems to

men. Such, under all their disguises, the creatures of the Forest always proved themselves to be at the last to all who did not come there lawfully; and when the unhappy wretch who had forced his way in by enchantments was able to look at himself for a moment in the waters of the Forest, which mists now usually obscured, he saw too plainly that his own aspect had become more like that of a beast than of a man. There was, moreover, always something humiliating and disgraceful in the manner in which, ere long, such persons were compelled to quit the Forest and return to Workington-cum-Wearing. Usually they were pitched back, as by invisible hands, stupid, heavy-headed, bloodshot-eyed, and often wholly insensible; and when this effect wore off, they were always racked with pains and aches, and sometimes vexed with self-aborrence beyond measure. And yet, such was the frenzy with which many of the people of Workington were determined at once to live in the Forest, and yet not to wait patiently and provide themselves with their only true key, that the shops of those who sold the enchanted waters were more in number and more frequented than all the other shops put together. And when the clearer-sighted inhabitants proposed, as at length they did propose, that the sale of such evil waters should be forbidden, the outcry against them was something to marvel at, so positive was it, and so loud.

It was in one of these shops that John Strongitharm found himself, when at length he did succeed in finding himself at all, after his dreadful accident with the horse of steel. But as he lay there, with his broken arm jumping and hurting him, his body aching all over, his head all confused, and his eyes only able dimly to see, he remained for a long time without attempting to move, in order that he might obtain a clearer comprehension of the scene around him. Oddly mixed up with what he saw, many things seemed to be which he only remembered; and, to his crazy vision, the shop with its lustrous mirrors, its polished counters, its taps and its lifts, its busy waiters and its lazy proprietor, looked more like a smithy, and all that was being transacted therein lost its own outlines, through having them mingled with the illusions and dreams which a sick mind like John's was too sure to engender. A large, strange-looking smithy he thought it, lighted up with forge-fires of unusual glare, and having in its zinc-covered counter an anvil unaccountably high and prolonged. Behind it stood the figures of men, if indeed they were men; for to him they seemed to have lost many of the marks of humanity. They were actively occupied in drawing out of barrels and pumping from taps various red-hot liquids into small glasses;

then they threw the contents of the glasses upon the long shining anvil, and with their fingers stirred the little burning pools thus made round and round, until the liquid grew dim and cold and stiff, and hardened at length, and solidified. Just before it hardened, the artificers, who all seemed to John's eyes to be as busy as Birmingham, would take up the pasty mass in their hands, and form it into the shapes of different articles, which they presented to their customers in exchange for coin. He had not long made out thus much of the scene before him, ere one of the workmen caught sight of John lying in a corner of the smithy, and going up to him, gave him a kick, and ordered him to get up and either buy or depart. Staggering on his feet, John complied, and feeling in his pockets for coin, humbly requested the man to let him know what it was they were selling. 'This,' replied the waiter, pointing to an article which one of the artificers had just made, 'is a purse; whatever money is put into it melts down into treacle and brimstone, and so runs all away in a very short time. These buttons,' said he, showing John some just made, 'turn to rags and tatters all clothes they are sewed on. These hooks,' he went on to show and to say, 'are those we sell to fathers to scratch out the mental eyes of their children; and these padlocks we supply to mothers to fasten on their babes' mouths, to starve them to death. You see those wedding rings,' he went on, showing him a heap; 'they have the property of enlarging and developing coil upon coil, and of winding themselves round men married to the women who wear them, grasping them so tightly as to squeeze out, at length, the breath from their bodies, and to stop their hearts from beating. These boxes contain such medicinal comfits as we supply to men to give to their wives, to cure them of domestic comfort, maternal care, wifely affection, bodily and spiritual health and strength, and all such ailments and diseases. And these blue bottles are full of various figures, which throw people into fits of the horrors if they only uncork them. Come, make haste, make up your mind; what do you buy? what do you buy?'

John had just filled his pockets with a moderate assortment of these curiosities, when his attention was drawn suddenly to a new movement amongst the artificers, who seemed to run towards one part of the smithy. On inquiring what was amiss, John was told that the proprietor of the place had cracked his heart, and that the workmen were preparing to repair the injured organ. The occurrence was attributed to the interference of a wretched widow, whose only habit was the habit of spending all his time and money in

ment. She had at length come, with tears in her eyes, to entreat the proprietor not to let her son waste all his and her substance in his smithy; and although he had driven her out of the place with loud voice and offensive expressions, he had felt so inwardly disturbed by her entreaties, that his heart had slightly given way under the pressure. After what John had already seen, or seemed to see, in this devil's smithy, it was not easy for anything to surprise him; but he was somewhat astonished, it must be admitted, when he saw one of the workmen unbutton his prostrate and apparently senseless master's waistcoat, and opening a little door in the side, put his fingers in thereat and fetch out the damaged heart. It was not long before John discovered further that this organ was not only as black as iron, but was evidently constituted of that metal; and that the workmen were actually making it red-hot in one of the forge fires, preparatory to filling up the crack in it with gold. Then, having run in the gold, they seized the heart with their pincers, and whilst one held it on the long bright anvil, two of the others with alternate and rapid blows struck it with sledge-hammers, until the sparks of fire flew about on all sides in a brilliant fast-falling shower. But wonderful above all it was to John to watch these sparks, which continued to glow where they fell with undiminished brilliance, not one of them showing the slightest disposition to expire. On the floor they lay, burning and glowing, and growing every instant more numerous, until, as drop melts into drop when a thick rain shower falls until the ground becomes a pool, so spark ran into and coalesced with its neighbour sparks, until the floor all around the anvil appeared to be one sheet of flowing fire. To John's alarm, this flood, incandescent and ever deepening and widening, seemed soon to break for itself a road through a wall of the smithy; and following the course of the lava-stream with his eye, as an open window enabled him to do, he saw it creep on, destroying everything that opposed its passage, until it touched, and presently surrounded with a red-hot pool, a building that, on more anxious inspection, assumed all the appearance of his own mansion. To John's horror, the whole structure ere long smoked, and seemed to sink and disappear, as if swallowed up by the phlegethonian flood; and as its roof went under, John thought he could distinctly hear the heart-broken wail of Margaret his wife, and the piteous moans of his two dying children.

A sudden closing of the window by one of the workmen prevented John from gazing any longer at this dreadful spectacle. Reluctantly reverting to what was passing in the

smithy, he saw the red-hot heart lifted off the anvil, and cooled with much hissing and evolution of steam in a pan of water. It was then handed round from one workman to another, until all had shown by their gestures and expressions that they considered the job satisfactorily completed. To restore the heart to the chest of its proprietor was the work of an instant; and no sooner had it been reinstated, than the owner opened his eyes, breathed loudly and rapidly for a few minutes, and then rising to his legs, declared himself to be all right now. He soon took his place again amongst the men, and it was not long before he was heard loudly protesting that if that wretched widow came near him again, with her puling complaints, he would immediately send for a constable. Afterwards fixing his eyes on Strongitharm, whom now he seemed to see for the first time, he told him, in a voice of thunder, to get out of the place, like a drunken fool as he was; whereupon John, who had sunk to the floor, gathered himself up as well as he could, and crept out, dazed and miserable, into the open air.

What it was that made John so horribly miserable, is only partly explained, when I remind the reader of his broken arm and bruised body in the first place, and then of the terrible sight of his own home destroyed that he had either seen, or had seemed to see. There was still a third incentive to extreme wretchedness, in a burning pain in his throat, which seemed every minute to become more intolerable. John remembered too well, now, that whilst the artificers in that smithy of devils had been welding the heart on the anvil, he, on witnessing a process so extraordinary and incredible, had stood with eyes fixed and staring, and with his mouth held wide open in mute amazement; and had distinctly seen one of those sparks leap towards his own mouth just before he turned to look out of the window. A gloomy suspicion now seized him that that same spark had entered his mouth, and was fixed in his throat; for how else account for the painful sensation there, the scorching and the blistering?

Slowly, and with inexpressible misgivings, forebodings, shame-facedness, and regrets, John found his way at length to his home. He was received with, if possible, more than her usual kindness by his wife, who entreated him to regard all that was painful in the past as a hideous dream, and to assist her in making the future as bright as possible for themselves and their babes. John's arm was put into splints, and after awhile recovered something of its old strength, but never became able to wield as of old the great sledge-hammer. Mr. J. H. ... published it as a fact all over the township, that John Strongitharm had become a drunken beast, and

it was impossible to do any more business. Bessemer came no more to the smithy to be shod. In a few months the bailiffs swept away almost the whole contents of John's mansion, and ere long, gathering together the shattered wreck of their property, the blacksmith and his family retired to a low, poor part of the town, depending for a subsistence on John's diminished power and skill at the anvil, and on the arduous exertions of his faithful Margaret.

All, even now, might have gone well with John, had it not been for that wretched spark in his throat. But ever it burned, and glared, and scorched, and blistered him ; and he never could be persuaded to forget it for more than two or three hours together. The attention of his wife, of his children, and of all the neighbours was continually being recalled to it, not only by the constant efforts he made to quench it, the unquenchable ; but also by the remarkable way in which it lighted up his whole head, keeping his cheeks as in a state of perpetual inflammation, shining out especially all over his nose, bloodshotting his eyes, baking and cracking his lips, and parching all the interior of his mouth. The devices he resorted to, to quench it, were most pitiable. First he stuffed his mouth full of his children's school-books, which he tore up for the purpose ; and this he did, caring only to appease the spark in his throat, and disregarding altogether the loss of his children's education through their inability thenceforward to present themselves at school. One day he would be cramming their Sunday clothes down his throat ; the next he would be cooling the spark with pieces of their shoes and boots. Then he would select his own clothes, or his wife's, to thrust into his mouth, declaring that otherwise the spark would grow quite intolerable ; until he had not a coat nor a garment of any kind that was not a mere fabric of rags, and until his wife was so denuded that she was ashamed to go out into the streets, unless it were after nightfall.

If I were to describe minutely what varied materials all went the same way, in vain efforts to quench that terrible spark in the throat, I fear my readers would scout this narrative as being altogether incredible. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that beds and bedsteads, tables and chairs, bricks and mortar, house and home, all went by degrees the same miserable way ; until his wife almost lay down to die in utter heart-brokenness and despair ; and until, pitying their constant state of destitution and starvation, death came at length and took away to a kinder world poor little innocent Winifred and Walter. About the same time John Strongitharm fell under the care of the parish doctor in the Workington work-

house; and ere long, in spite of all his faithful wife could do to prevent it, John's bones were rattled over the stones, as is usual with paupers owned by nobody.

After that, by the assistance of friends, poor Margaret was put into a little shop, and by hard work and tight pinching managed to maintain herself bravely till the end. Often have I seen her, making her way slowly up the easy-sloping path that enables even the aged and the feeble to reach the summit of the mountain that overlooks Workington-cum-Wearing. On the top stands a church, through the east window of which, on a clear day, it is possible to get a glorious view of the great Fairy Forest. In order to succeed in the effort to do so, it is necessary to take a leaf of the Waybook alluded to in a previous part of this paper; and rolling the leaf round so as to make a tube of it, to hold it up to the eye, after addressing some words of humble, heartfelt invitation to Him who is Lord of the township and the Forest, and holds them both in the hollow of His hand. Then, immediately overhead appear angels of God, who bring wonderful lenses in their hands. These lenses are made of condensed light, clear as crystal, and like unto a jasper stone most precious. Through a telescope thus made, would poor, bereaved, storm-tossed, yet faithful Margaret gaze; and by its aid see clearly that great and marvellous Forest, with its gate almost close to her, and ready in a very short time to acknowledge for ever the mastery of her now nearly-completed key. With tears of rapture she would greet the Forest of her youth, come again close within sight, having in it all that made it then delightful; and not only all that, but things unspeakable, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. There, also, in those glorious glades, or in the magnificent palaces and gardens, she could see from that mountain top her Winifred and her Walter, so near that she could even hear their joyous greetings, and behold them stretch out their arms to welcome their rapidly-approaching mother. Her husband she never sees, for the merciful owner of the Forest has so constructed it that no one who enters it lawfully can so much as remember a single one of those, however near and dear they may once have been, who have fully had the opportunity, and have failed to use it, of obtaining their true and rightful Forest key. For neither can any old unhappiness, nor the cause of it, be recalled by those winners of the key whom that Forest finally receives; because from their eyes all tears are wiped for ever; it is theirs to eat of the Tree of Life; and to them the Fairy Forest glorified is the Paradise of God.

MRS. MAYFLOWER'S STORY.

'WHAT a face that woman has!' said my friend to me, as we were walking together one misty September morning between the overshadowing yews and hazels of Salterley Lane.

'You mean a fine face, I suppose?'

'Exactly. Not that she's what people call a handsome old woman; but there's something peculiar about her, and something, too, that reminds me of my mother, and she was one of the finest women I ever remember. I should like to know her history.'

'That was just what I thought a day or two ago, so last night I persuaded her to tell it me, and the result lies in a slip or two of paper in my waistcoat pocket.'

'So, that's the reason you left us to finish the croquet game without you! Ah, Master Richard, I've found you out! But don't you think you're a queer young man to leave bright eyes and rosy cheeks for a spell with wrinkles and gray hair? I can't say I admire your taste, though in this instance I won't blame you. That old woman's face possesses even me; and her very name's romantic—*Mrs. Mayflower*! Out with her history, old boy—let's have it, pure and perfect, with a spice of the Arabian Nights in it!'

'What! you haven't done with lollypops yet? I should have thought your wisdom teeth had rejected twist and toffy by this time. My old woman's history has no valley of diamonds or Aladdin's palace in it. But still she has had her magic lamp, if you will let me call a true affection by that name; and an acquaintance of hers has been haunted by a tyrannical old man of the sea as much as was ever Sinbad—a fatal companion that you and I had too much of once when we were shooting on the moors together five or six years ago. Do you remember?'

My friend Wood uttered a groan of disgust before he replied. 'Now *do* leave temperance alone, my dear fellow, for once. Isn't there enough of mist and dulness outside, without you pouring cold water into me by pailfuls by the recital of some horrid miseries that you choose to imagine proceed from those poor, dear, innocent charmers of existence, wines and spirits.'

'Nay,' said I, 'is it my fault if miserable mortals find brandy a deceiver and wine a snare, and come to grief in consequence? You asked for the woman's history, and I gave you a hint as to its tenour. If I had dropped you unwarned into the purgatory of drink, I think you might have blamed me. Now, I have saved you any undue palpitations and trepidations, and, like a considerate Virgil, have told you beforehand what are the peculiar punishments and troubles you are about to meet.'

If Wood had been a Frenchman he could not have given a more expressive shrug of the shoulders than that with which he prefaced his 'On with you! I know you'll manage to pour the tale into me before the day is over, whether I will or no, so I may as well take the medicine at once, and have done with it. But let me fortify myself against its consequences.' And, with a laugh and a look of

mock defiance, he took from his side pocket a small flask of brandy, and was about to put it to his lips, when a voice close to us exclaimed, 'Would you kill yourself, body and soul, young man? Put the bottle down! I've seen the evil of it! I've seen the evil of it!'

We both started at the unexpected voice, and, turning round, saw an elderly woman of tall stature, bearing on her head a pitcher of water that she had apparently filled from the spring now gurgling by the roadside not far from us. As though anxious to avoid further observation, she passed quickly before us, and disappeared behind a shielding corner of hazels that guarded the entrance to some fields, before we recovered from our surprise sufficiently to speak. Like a vision of the night, she had come unheard and unheeded, and like a vision she passed out of sight, almost as soon as she was recognised. Wood watched her for a moment, and, when she was gone, turned to me and exclaimed in a loud aside, 'Talk of the — and he's sure to appear! Our friend at the cottage, by all that's queer!' It was in truth the woman we had just been talking about. We had left her a few minutes before, peacefully weeding in her garden; she had risen up from her work, and given us the pleasant country 'good morning,' that is so freely bestowed upon the greatest strangers; and we certainly had not expected to see her again so soon. But here she had been nevertheless, with rebuke upon her lips, and a certain air of quiet command in her eye, that was not to be resisted. Wood could not conceal his annoyance at her opportune reproof; but he slowly replaced the flask in his pocket, and then, as though ashamed of his obedience, asked me in a tone of banter 'Why I had called up such a horrid spirit to disturb his peace of mind? For,' he went on, 'I shall certainly not believe her to be anything else. A ghost at the theatre couldn't have managed it much better! I raise my bottle to my thirsty lips. "Down!" says the hobgoblin, "Drink not! Beware!" And when I turn round to see the inconvenient ghost—presto! begone!—she is off—vanished—mizzled—like the smoke of a chimney, and nothing of her left! Don't tell me she's a living woman, unless the gift of fern-seed is still in the world.'

'If you will look behind these nut trees, you will find the mystery made clear,' said I. 'Here's the homeward path across the corn-fields; by this nearer way, no doubt, our ancient friend came to the spring. And see! there she is now, with her pitcher on her head, nearly half a field off; and though she certainly casts no shadow, for the very good reason that there is no sunshine, she has no unearthly look about her; and her pitcher is solid enough, every inch of it—good, well-baked, highly-varnished clay. Look, and be satisfied!'

'Ah,' said my friend, shaking his head mysteriously, 'it's all very well to talk of well-baked clay, and so forth; but how am I to tell whether that patch of red and brown yonder, that you call a woman with a pitcher, is not a delusion of the senses—an airy phantasm? Begone, foul vision! we'll none of thee! there to be no more cakes and ale in the world!'

have our flask of creature comfort on such a rhimy morning as this, because *you* choose to forbid it? Begone! I say, and drink your pitcher full of the cold, washy element if you will; but leave to me the bright, the strong, the cheerful helper and comfort of man, called alcohol! What would life be worth without it? Avaunt, spirit! and leave to me the brandy which I love! As a proof, witness this.' And the flask went to his mouth in earnest this time. 'Ah, that's something like!' (After a tolerably heavy draught.) 'That's what I call warming and comfortable! Take a drop, my dear fellow! You don't know how good it is! You will see the world through fresh spectacles—you will find life quite another thing. No? Then I'll have another, to keep the bottle in good humour. Why do you look so solemn? Don't you know that, like a bad boy, I always do just the opposite to what I'm told? It's so tempting to vex folk! If your friend the old lady with the pitcher hadn't been quite so imperative, perhaps I should have obeyed her better; as it is, you see what happens.'

I said little in reply, reserving my fire for a better opportunity, knowing well that this humour of his was not a favourable one to work upon. We reached our place of destination about noon—a quiet mere among the hills, the home of certain fish that we had an ambition to catch. The mere was a fine, solemn sheet of water, lonely and silent as we could desire; and after a little preliminary wandering, we undid our fishing tackle, fixed our bait, and sat down under the shade of some gray willows. The mist had by this time partially cleared away, and its remains, ragged as an old curtain, hung trembling on the further edge of the water, leaving the sky above us blue and lustrous with the warm soft glow of autumn sunshine. We enjoyed with double zest this bright termination to a dull morning; and Wood, who was always more of a talker than a fisherman, began presently to moralise upon the gullible nature of fish in general, that permits them to be caught by the snare of a bright-bodied fly, a sham and a delusion, containing in its bosom a quarter inch of piercing, deadly steel, instead of a morsel of comfortable meat. 'Talk of pity!' said he scornfully, after he had deposited a panting fish upon the grass, 'how can we pity such gross stupidity?' And as he said this, he threw his line afresh into the dimpling water, and fixed his bright, keen eye upon the float with the look of a man that feels himself superior to all the weaknesses of humanity as well as of fish. It seemed to me that his scorn was misapplied, and sat ill upon him; and I ventured to tell him so. 'The fish who has been saved from having the hook in his jaws more by hap than by cunning, should talk modestly of the mishaps of his companions. With all your wisdom, it seems to me you are in one respect own brother to that poor, dying grayling, and are as ready to snap at a painted fly as ever he was. The only difference between you is, that he is hooked and done for, and you are still at liberty. But how long will you continue so? especially as you are fond enough of the deadly bait to carry it always about you.'

'Peace, man of one idea!' he said, laughing. 'You put me in

mind of an oyster-killer, who no sooner sees the shell of the unlucky bivalve open the fiftieth of an inch but he's in with the knife. I babble of a fish and a fly—very harmlessly; I open my mouth a trifle, all unwitting of my doom, and in comes your trenchant weapon of temperance, and cuts me through and through. I should have thought you had enough of water before you to satisfy you for at least *one* day. Peace, I entreat.'

'By all means—but—'

He held out his hand imploringly. 'No more! Listen! I *must* stop your mouth, and to do it I will make a bargain with you. You shall let me alone all day, and not only me but my poor little flask of brandy; and to reward you I will, at night, sit on this identical plot of grass, and listen with all patience to the tale you want to impose upon me. You shall moralise upon it to your heart's content, and I will go home with you after that a sadder, if not a wiser man.'

It was agreed so, and we kept our contract; and when the parting sun flooded the wide, lonely water before us with numberless tints of orange and gold, we two sat by its side, and I read to my companion the following

TALE OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

'You're right, sir; people like me see many things in gentlemen's houses that set them a thinking. Many a time when I was at Spring Farm, mistress of everything, as you may say, I saw what made me wish myself in a little cottage like this, with no need to care about matters over which I had no real control. I'd a good home of it there, for it was a fine place, and there was plenty for everybody; but before I left it I'd a sadder heart than I'd ever had in my life before, and I often have a sad heart now when I'm thinking about it.'

I was standing at the speaker's cottage door when this was said. She was a noble-looking elderly woman, about sixty years of age. The evening wind had risen, and there was a gentle sough among the large leaves of the sycamores hard by, that made itself heard in the pauses of our talk; and this noise in the trees it was, I think, that caused my companion to say at last, rather abruptly, 'And when I stand here alone, sir, of a night, I often fancy I hear a sighing at my elbow, and a murmuring, just like Alf.'

'And who was Alf?' I asked.

'A deaf and dumb lad, sir, that lived at Spring Farm when I was there. I was very fond of Alf, and the poor lad loved me well enough, too, in his way; but the best of his love was for Mr. Edward. Ah, true, I forgot, sir; you're going to ask me who was Mr. Edward? He was my young master, Mr. Edward Stapleton, the only son of Mr. Greenwood Stapleton, the great sheep farmer, who made such a large fortune by his land and his sheep. He had just built himself a great new house at the farm, and had got into it all comfortable, when he caught a bad cold, and a rheumatic fever killed him in a fortnight or so; and poor young Mr. Edward was left alone in the world, as you may say, for his mother had been dead.'

many years. I was engaged as his housekeeper when he came of age; and a fine large house I had to manage, with plenty to do, and plenty to see to, for we had a great deal of company, especially at first. Mr. Edward was young, and handsome, and gay, and he was a great favourite at first with everybody. We had feasting and dancing, breakfast parties and dinner parties, lunches on the lawn and suppers in the great oak parlour, and I sometimes wondered how I managed to get through it all. Many nights have I lain awake for hours contriving fresh dishes for the company, so as to surprise and please Mr. Edward. He was very hospitable, and all the young men of the neighbourhood were hand and glove, as the saying is, with him, and there was something for everybody that came. Poor Mr. Edward! He was the openest-hearted young fellow I ever saw; everybody's friend but his own. And, then, how fond he was of Alf! Wouldn't let nobody make fun of him, or plague him, or harm him. He'd queer ways with him, poor Alf; and some there were who said he wasn't right sharp, because he was shy and strange with those who didn't know him, but that was only natural. You would be the same yourself, sir, wouldn't you, if you'd been like him, only half made, as you may say? How did we talk to him? Oh, by the deaf and dumb alphabet. I learnt it, and could soon talk with him as well, or better, than Mr. Edward. Sometimes Alf would try to speak in *our* way, when he was very eager, or very much troubled; but nobody could make much of his talk but me. But there's many things you can learn, if you'll try, sir. You wouldn't, perhaps, think these sycamores said anything; and yet they often whisper to me as plainly as if they spoke. Anyway, when they rustle about, as they're doing now, I always think of Alf. They're dumb, like him, and they're trying to tell us what they want in a dumb sort of way. But the air's getting cool, and maybe you're tired; will you walk in, sir, and sit down awhile?

I went in, and found her cottage as clean and pleasant-looking as herself. There was no sign of wealth in it, as may be supposed, but neither was there any of real poverty; and many little presents, arranged here and there on wall and mantel-shelf and table, that she was proud to call my attention to, showed that the old housekeeper had been respected and loved in the various families among which she had passed her life.

'And you live here alone?' I asked.

'Surely, sir. I've neither kith nor kin that would care to live with an old woman like me. And I find it best for me in many ways. But I've no want of society; plenty of neighbours are glad to come in and hear my "cracks" about old times, or to let me listen to theirs; and some of them have queer things to tell. Far more wonderful things than I ever met with. And some of them can tell tales, that would make your blood creep, of the trouble and distress caused by drink. And that puts me in mind of Mr. Edward, poor fellow! Ah, sir, I wouldn't talk of him at all, only as a sort of warning to people. And as he's dead and gone now, it can't matter to him.

'And Alf?' I asked.

'Well, sir, he's dead, too; poor lad! But, if you like, I'll tell you how it all happened. I was at Spring Farm when all was prosperous and grand; and I was there, too, when deep sorrow came and struck all that were in it. And the worst sort of sorrow, too—the sorrow that comes with the seeking. I've often thought what a bad thing it was for Mr. Edward Stapleton to be left with so much money, and with so little notion how to spend it properly. He'd had what they call a fine education; it had cost a deal of money I know, for he once showed me his school bills, to make me stare, I suppose, when he was looking over some of the old papers; but, to my mind, it wasn't a good education. So much for Latin and French and German—drawing and music and mathematics—dancing and fencing and riding—and a great deal besides for board and lodging and washing; but nothing at all for religious and moral education—nothing at all for teaching him how to govern his temper, and rule his household—nothing at all for teaching him to be sober and virtuous; and as nothing is given for nothing, in this world, they say it stands to sense they never taught him these things. If they did, however, it must have been by the way, and as things of small importance. Poor Master Edward thought them of small importance, I'm sure, when he came to live at home, so no wonder he soon went astray. He was what they call a first-rate shot, and could take the life out of harmless birds and wild creatures in a wonderful quick way; but I've thought since that it is hardly the life for a gentleman to pride himself on what brings pain and destruction upon God's little ones.'

'Rather a hit at us, is that—eh, Richard?' said Wood, interrupting me.

'Well,' I replied, 'cold-blooded creatures, you know, are not sensitive to pain; so that I don't see—'

'Ah, it's all very well to talk of cold blood and all that; but when I see one of those fish gasping and convulsed, and fluttering about on the grass, as I saw them one after another to-day, it takes a deal to convince me that they don't feel, and very keenly too! Feel? They feel pleasure, I trow; and, therefore, they must feel pain also; and if one of those fish could speak when he gets into the frying pan, he wouldn't say that the hook and the raw air were as pleasant as sugar-plums.' And while he said this, Wood rolled his eyes mischievously, first towards our well-filled basket, and then towards me, as though he enjoyed rousing a few admonitory pangs in my conscience. But I continued my reading.

'I'd an old master once, sir, that called all the beasts and wild birds and insects God's little ones; and he wouldn't have harmed one of them knowingly for the world, without very good cause indeed. So when I saw Mr. Edward going out of a morning with his gun in his hand, I often remembered my old master's words, and longed to say to him, "Don't kill anything to-day, Mr. Edward." But he would only have laughed at me, or perhaps have thought me out of my senses, and what was the use?

'Then he could ride beautifully, too; but his fine riding led him to racing and hunting; and his racing led to gambling—what they call *betting* upon horses—and he soon lost a fine sight of money that way. But money wasn't the worst. He lost his temper and his time, that would have been so much better spent in looking after the farm and the sheep; and he lost his sober habits, what little there was left of them, for I think from what I've heard him say that he lost the best of those at school. To think of them allowing boys to drink at school! Poor young man! I've felt heart-sick many a time when I've heard him ordering more wine and spirits; for whenever bad news came of his horses, he went at once to the worst comforters he could get—wine and brandy—and made himself half wild with drink. I've hid the spirit bottles more than once, but it was all of no use; out they must come again. And that's the danger of them, sir. When trouble comes, as it does to all, if you've been used to them before, you want them twice as much then; and, like wasps at a ripe pear, the desire for them never leaves you till it's eaten you up to the core. I got that notion of the pear from Alf. He came in one day to the parlour when Mr. Edward was busy among his wine, drinking it all to himself, ever so early in the morning, because he'd had what he called a — bad letter. He never used to swear, sir, till he took so much wine; but after that he was often using evil words when he was angry. So handsome as he was—and so well behaved, too, when he liked—quite a gentleman in manners. Alf came in upon him, as I said, with the outside of a large pear in his hand—a fine jargonelle—that had been scooped out by the wasps as clean as could be, and nothing scarcely left but the skin and the stalk, and he laid it down as still as a mouse on Mr. Edward's plate. "What's that, Alf?" asked Mr. Edward. He was fond of Alf, and let him come in and out just as he liked; and though he was no relation of his, but only a poor lad that his father had brought up from charity, he treated him as kindly, almost, as if he'd been his own flesh and blood. "What's that, Alf, my lad?" he asked, wondering, no doubt, why the boy should bring him such a good-for-nothing bit of fruit. "By jingo! they've scooped it out hollow enough, the vermin."

'But Alf never lifted his hands to speak, but stood looking at Mr. Edward with his bright black eyes in a half sorrowful, half affectionate sort of way, that was very taking. So, by-and-by, the master lifted up the empty pear, and made believe he was going to eat it, just to please the boy. But Alf didn't like to be treated so much like a baby; and his colour rose in a moment, and he took the pear and threw it smack out of the window, and then he burst out a crying, just for all the world as if his heart was broken. "Here, Mrs. Mayflower, take him out," said master, who was beginning to get cross. But I looked at Alf, and knew he had something to say, only he didn't know rightly how; and I said, "If you'd have patience with him a minute, sir, I think he wants to tell you something." And then Alf lifted up his head all of a sudden and gave over crying, and made motions with his bits of fingers, and said,

"Cousin"—he always called Mr. Edward cousin, though, as I said before, he was no relation. "Cousin," he said, "you're like that pear, and those bottles are the wasps; send them away." Mr. Edward laughed, but I reckon it was only with his mouth and not with his heart, for the next moment he took Alfy on his knee and said, quite solemnly, "Send them away yourself, Alfy, and stay and amuse me instead." And he drank no more that day. He chose to laugh about it afterwards, and to say that it was only because Alf was jealous of the bottles that he said so; but I think he knew better, and I dare say wondered, as I did, how a deaf and dumb lad could have so much sense. But it was like expecting water to run up a hill to expect Mr. Edward to give up the wine; and in awhile I gave up thinking of such a thing at all. I drank but little myself, though I'd many temptations, for I was getting to see the evil of it; and Alf and I were the only two who crossed the threshold of that house that didn't take it as freely as it was offered. Ladies and gentlemen, clergymen and doctors, farmers and tradesmen—nobody refused it; for Mr. Edward kept the best of wine, and offered it with a kindness and a grace that no one could resist. So they said, at least, when they wanted an excuse for taking it, though many of them who said this had no good word to give him behind his back. I saw how every one was cheating him right and left. I saw it all, and kept telling him of it, but it was of no use. I was but a servant, and it was not likely he should pay much attention to *me*. He knew nothing about farming—the labourers cheated him of their time, and the farmers cheated him of their money; but he was rich, and could have borne a great deal of loss in this way, if he had not drank and betted; and the one led to the other, just as much as this lane out yonder leads to the church.

'Well, sir, things went on in this way, and by-and-by Mr. Edward cared for nothing so much as hunting and racing and steeple-chasing. He was at all such amusements throughout the country, and looked the handsomest young fellow of all, wherever he might be. Horses were a passion with him; and, alas! poor fellow, he had in awhile another passion too. There was a certain Miss Gordon—people called her a fine woman—I could never see anything fine about her, except her size and her fine clothes; but he first met her at the hunt, where she was following the hounds in a black velvet habit, and with a scarlet feather in her hat,—I've never liked the colour of scarlet since I saw that feather! Mr. Edward was soon as madly in love with her as ever was poor young man for a woman who had no heart to love any man with. He worshipped the ground she trod on; nothing was too handsome or too costly to give her—pins and rings, and earrings and brooches, and all manner of things he used to be giving her—things that she ought never to have accepted if she didn't love him. He was riding with her and driving with her all over the country; and he always used to speak of her as his wife. One night I knew he was gone to see her, and expected he would be home about twelve. He used to be very irregular about coming home at night at all times, and I always made it a rule to sit up till

he returned, whatever time it might be; and many a sad, anxious hour I've had of it, sitting up for him—poor young man! He used to be home pretty early when he went to see Miss Gordon; but this night—it was in December, and the nights soon closed in—I'd scarcely got my tea-things put aside, and fetched out my knitting, when I heard master ride up to the farm-gate. In a minute he was in the house, standing in the room before me. I heard how he had flung gates and doors open before him; and he came in like a whirlwind. His face was enough to scare a body for life; you could not tell what it looked like. Now he was red, and now he was white; now he drew himself up as stiff as a poplar tree, and now he was all bent and shaking, and dropped into a chair, as if ready to faint;—then up again he jumped, as if he'd been shot, and paced up and down the room, flinging all before him to the ground, and stamping; and so through the house, and at last flung himself groaning upon his bed. I could hear him groan, as I sat down below, like one turned to stone with terror. He had ridden home on a new and valuable young horse, had flung the bridle upon its neck, and left it in the road, and it had galloped off at full speed, for all the gates and doors stood open. We had a boy in the house, and him I sent off after the horse. I got doors and gates made fast, and then I waited to hear something of master; but I heard nothing more that night. He was restless, and silent, and moody for several days, scarcely ever at home, and, I fear, took more wine and brandy than was good for him. I saw something was on his mind, but it was not for me to speak; all I could do was to look after things as well as I could. But about a week after, as he stood in the houseplace one day with a gun in his hand, he turned to me, and, looking at his gun, said, "Mrs. Mayflower," said he, "I shall shoot myself one of these days. I found Miss Gordon sitting on young Hunter's knee—yes, I did; I saw them through the window—they did not see me—*she* did not see me!" And with that he went out. Well, after awhile, things seemed to go on in their usual way again. Mr. Edward had met Miss Gordon somewhere in the fields, and they had made it all up again; and he was at her house as much as ever. There was riding, and driving, and drinking, and dancing.

'One Sunday master said he should go over to the Gordons for the day; he should go first to church, and as he should be out all day, he advised me to go and see my sister, who lived in the next town. I did so, but when I returned in the evening, I saw lying on the houseplace dresser a letter directed to Miss Gordon. This, I thought, was very odd, considering that he had been the whole blessed day with her. I wondered, too, whether master had come home, seeing the note. The boy coming in, I said, "John, what's this note for Miss Gordon here for? Have you got to take it over to her? Why, master's been all day with her, hasn't he?" "No, he hasn't!" said John, very short. "Master was at church this morning, but he weren't with Miss Gordon; and master was at home this afternoon, and now he's gone I don't know where; and I dare say he won't be home to-night. There's something wrong with

master!" This put me in a great fright, and I thought of those words about the gun, and was mighty uneasy in my mind. I thought of all manner of dreadful things, as I sat up hour after hour, through that miserable night, for master never came home. I thought, "perhaps he's shot himself—perhaps he's drowned himself in the brook—perhaps he's drinking himself to death with brandy;" for, as I said before, the poor young fellow always flew to the brandy bottle if he got into trouble. The next day went by—no master! I sent Alfy on to visit my sister for a day or two, for the poor child followed me about everywhere like a ghost, asking for Mr. Edward; and I told him one tale after another till I was ashamed of myself, and wanted sadly to be rid of him. No master the next night! The morning after, the postman came to the door, bringing a basket in his hand; it was uncovered, and contained rings, earrings, chains, brooches, bracelets—all open for every eye to see. "Here's a queer letter for your master from Miss Gordon," said the postman, handing in the basket. I turned sick. "What an unfeeling way to send back his presents, poor, dear lad!" I thought; "and he so proud! To send them back by the postman, who will talk about the queer letter, as he called it, all over the parish!" It was unfeeling, but just like Miss Gordon, who never, according to my thoughts, deserved the name of a woman, much less of a lady. "But what must I do with the things?" For a moment I felt as though it would be a relief if master never did come home. To see those things sent home in this way would drive him downright raving mad, if he already were not so. Well, there was nothing for it but just to set them down on the table in the parlour, and there leave them. Perhaps he'd never ask how they came there; perhaps say nothing to me nor any one about them.

'That evening Mr. Edward came home. I don't know how he came home. He seemed to be in the house as though he had slipped in like a ghost, or a moth attracted by the bright light I'd made in the parlour; for I'd had a great roaring fire built up in the wide chimney, and made all as cheerful and homelike as possible. "Mrs. Mayflower!" called master's voice to me, as I sat in the houseplace; and I was quite startled, for I'd never heard him come in, and for a moment thought, "Is that Mr. Edward's ghost?" I went into the parlour, and there he stood, more like a ghost than a man. He was as white as a sheet, and trembled all over. "How came these there, Mrs. Mayflower?" I blurted it all out at once, for the sense seemed to be gone out of me, how the postman had brought them that morning. He listened without a word, trembling just as much as ever; and he stood some time, and I stood, too. At last he said: "You know it's all over between Miss Gordon and me, Mrs. Mayflower; all over—and for ever! But she need not have sent these back!" With that he took the basket and all the pretty things, and flung them into the blaze of the fire. "Oh, Mr. Edward—Mr. Edward!" I exclaimed; "all those lovely bracelets and rings! Let me save them. *She's* not worthy of them, but some day you may like to give them to another!" and I tried to save the beautiful

the good by snatching at them with the tongs; but master forced me aside with a dreadful oath, and stamped his feet upon them on the hearth amidst the burning wood, and, as he stamped, his old rage and fury came over him, and he cried out all kinds of dreadful things—that he'd kill himself—drown himself—shoot himself—flinging up the window, and was throwing himself out; but I caught hold of him with all my might, and pulled him back. "Well, stay with me," he said. "I dare not be by myself—stay with me—be a mother to me. I am so very desolate!" And he laid his arms on the table, knelt down before it, laid his head upon his arms, and burst into violent weeping. After he had wept himself calm, he rose up, flung himself into the arm-chair by the fire, and said, "Mix me a stiff glass of brandy and water." "Nay, sir," said I, "your head's hot enough as it is; let me give you some tea." "Am I master in my own house, or not?" he shouted in a terrible voice. "I say, give me brandy!" So I said, "Certainly you are master in your own house;" and I brought him brandy, and, oh, sir, I wish that I hadn't. He wanted me to drink with him, but I declined. "But you'll stay with me—you'll stay with me all night, if I want you?" he said; "for I dare not be alone—if I'm alone I shall destroy myself." I stayed with him, and he sat by the fire; and glass after glass did he pour out and pour down his throat. He said never a word, nor moved, but he looked so dreadfully sad! Poor master! At last, about two in the morning, he dropped down from his chair. He was dead drunk; and, with difficulty, the boy and I got him to bed.

He was never like himself after this, but was moody and sad at times, with fits of reckless merriment between. He was not much at home; and the farm was neglected more and more. More than ever he took to going to races, and such like places; whether it were that he thought he should chance to see Miss Gordon, or whether it were that his mind was ill at ease and wanted excitement, I cannot tell. Alfy, poor dumb lad, would often go up to him when he was at home, and try to amuse him with his little tricks; and would follow him about from room to room, just for all the world like a dog, and if he got a smile, or a pat on the head, would be happy for a whole day after; but Mr. Edward seemed to think less of him now than ever he'd done, and though he was never downright unkind to him, the boy felt it, and took to sighing and moaning to himself, till it was grievous to hear him. When master was out, he would be after me, or he would sit in a corner, with his head down, for hours together; or he would steal to the gate that led into the road, and sit upon a big stone there, waiting and waiting for the first sound of the horse's feet that brought master home. He got thinner and thinner every day, and was fairly pining himself away; but what could I do? I knew how it was with the poor child; and that he was pining for the love that master had thrown away upon his brandy bottles and that cold-hearted Miss Gordon; but how to bring that love back to him I couldn't tell. And I was almost as unhappy as he was; everything seemed to be going to rack and ruin on the

farm, and people began to shake their heads when they talked of Mr. Edward. They said he'd a many debts about, and that Spring Farm would have to be sold—stick and stone.

Well, one night, master was out. He had been to a steeple-chase—a very grand steeple-chase it was. It had been talked about a long time before; but I had been hoping that Mr. Edward would not go to it, and I'd said as much to him. But when he had fixed his mind on a thing, he was not one to give it up. So he had several young men to lunch with him, and they all rode off as lively as a lot of young colts. Just as they were going out of the gate, Alf, who had been very quiet all morning, rushed out towards master's horse and clung to the bridle, and tried, with all the strength he had, to turn the horse round, making many signs and entreaties that master should not go. And, first, Master Edward laughed at him; and then he told him to begone, or he would whip him; and then, as the boy still tugged at the bridle, and refused to go out of the way, master, in his impatience, gave him a touch of the whip, and rode off. I know he wouldn't have done that if he'd been himself. Alf dropped the bridle at the first feel of the lash upon his shoulder, and threw himself upon the ground—all his length—and there he lay for two or three hours, and nobody could move him. I tried to persuade him to come in, but it was all of no use; he would neither stir hand nor foot. About three o'clock I carried him some dinner and laid it beside him, hoping it would tempt him to get up; but when I looked for him again at tea time, there was the dinner lying on the ground just as I'd left it, and he was gone! We sought for him high and low, but we couldn't find him; and Jack said he'd seen him walking on the highroad towards Everley half-an-hour before. "I reckon he's gone after master," said Jack. And I thought most likely it was so. He was used to wandering about very much as he liked; and as everybody knew him, and he never came to any harm, I didn't feel anxious about him. But as darkness came on, and he didn't come home, I sent two of the boys after him. It was a soft, balmy, April night, and the fresh smell of the opening leaves was all about the house. I stood looking out of the back door, and up to the starlit sky, and all looked so beautiful and peaceful; and yet I could rest nowhere. I walked to the back of the house, and I walked to the front, and I walked about the house-place, and about the parlours; but there was a strange feeling of dread and expectation upon me—a sense of horror that I could not account for. All at once, something passed me in one of the passages, and when I turned to look what it was, there stood Alf in the bright moonlight. He looked sorrowful, and turned his eyes slowly upon me, and said, with his fingers, "Master's coming," in a solemn way; and then he went on, and so upstairs. It didn't seem odd to me that he should say "*master*," when he always called Mr. Edward *cousin*; I only felt glad that, at all events, he was at home and safe; and as he never liked to be watched about, or questioned, I let him go to his room quietly, and said to myself: "He'll be as hungry as a hunter in the morning, and he'll want a good breakfast; and a good

breakfast he shall have, poor fellow! And I'll take him some gingerbread presently, and, if he isn't asleep, he shall have some." He was very fond of gingerbread, you must know. So, as I said, my mind was easy about him; but, somehow, I didn't feel a bit more comfortable. "If master's coming," I thought, "he'll soon be here; but yet it's odd, if Alfy saw him coming, that I shouldn't hear him. Master's horse would come quicker than he would." But still everything was quiet. The only sound was of the great clock tic-tac-ing in the hall; and it was getting very late—past midnight—so I went to the front door again, and I listened up the road, and down the road, but there was no sound of master. Only I heard a sighing at my elbow, just for all the world like Alfy sighing, when he was unhappy, and I started and turned about to see if he was beside me. But there was nothing. "How foolish I am," I thought; "I'll go and see the lad, and ask him where it was he met with master." So I went upstairs, a bit impatient at myself, and in I went to the poor boy's room; but it was all empty! Not a soul was in it, nor hadn't been that night, as far as I could tell. Where was he? I felt all topsyturvy as I turned to go down stairs, and a sort of cold trembling came over me; but I hadn't the slightest notion of the real truth. A cold blast met me at the bottom of the stairs that made me shiver, and, directly after, I heard a voice shout from the kitchen, "Missus, master's killed! Sam Hardy's brought th' horse home, and master's lying in a pool of blood i' the road!" It was Jack's voice, and it echoed through the house, and went into me like a knife. "Where is he?" I asked, as soon as I'd strength to speak. "Most upon a mile off—aside the coppice," was the boy's answer. "Why, Alfy told me just now that master was coming," I exclaimed. "Alfy! Law bless you, missus; why, Alfy's lying aside the master, as dead as a door nail! I seed him with my own eyes! But what mun I do?" My head was all in a daze, and my heart was thumping at my side till I could scarcely stand; but I managed to say, "Get the carriage out directly, and drive to master!" and then I felt sick, as if I was going to faint; but I couldn't faint—there was too much to be done for that. "If that wasn't poor Alfy that I saw, what was it?" I asked myself; but I'd no time then for thinking. In five minutes I'd sent one boy for the doctor, and the other was driving me as fast as the horse could go to the coppice. And there—what a sight there was! I shall never forget it to my dying day! There lay poor master stretched out across the road, his face covered with blood, and his head broken! and there lay Alfy, close to him, with a gunshot wound in his body, and a great pool of blood under him. They both seemed dead, for they neither of them spoke nor groaned when we moved them. I had them both put in the carriage and driven slowly home; and when we reached home we put them to bed, and by that time the doctor came. He shook his head when he saw Alfy, and said that all was over with him; but he said master might come round, and live a day or two—and so it turned out. He never gave a sign of life, except just a slight breathing, for two days. After that, he opened his eyes and said, "Where am I? Where's

my wife—tell her to come—where is my wife?” It was some time before he began to understand things, and then, from what he said, we made out that he’d met Miss Gordon at the steeple-chase, and had spoken to her—against her will, I dare say—for she had told him that she’d never loved him—not a morsel! and Mr. Hunter, who was with her, had said something about the basket; and young master, who was very fiery—especially when the drink was in him—had insulted him in some way, and they’d had words and threatened each other. This had driven him nearly wild, and he had taken drink of one sort or other in great quantities, till he was about mad; and then he’d rode home with a gun in his hand, vowing he would shoot young Hunter when he met him. He said he’d shot him, and that he was glad they would soon both be dead, and would fight it out in another world! This was all he told us before he died. But you see, sir, he hadn’t shot young Hunter at all. He was alive and well, courting Miss Gordon, I dare say, when my master shot, not him, but poor little Alfie in his place—mistaking him, I suppose. A gentleman met Alfie a little while before about the same place; and, no doubt, the lad had jumped out of the coppice as master passed, to welcome him, or to ask him to forgive him; and poor master, not knowing him, and thinking only of Mr. Hunter, had shot him dead, and fallen himself directly afterwards dead drunk from his horse. Oh, what misery it all was! Never—never shall I forget it! Young master and poor Alfie were put in one grave; and ah, sir, if there’d been no brandy there wouldn’t have been that grave! No brandy and no steeple-chases! And only to think, sir, that Spring Farm was sold in less than three months; and young Hunter and his wife, Miss Gordon that was, are living at it. I wonder she isn’t afraid that Mr. Edward will walk out of his grave to visit her!’

‘And you really think you saw Alfie’s ghost?’

‘Think, sir? I’m sure of it! What else could it be? “*Master’s coming*,” it said, as plain as plain could be. He wanted to tell me, no doubt, how it was with him and master. Poor little lad! I’ve cried many a time when I’ve thought of it.’

Wood stretched out his legs when I had finished reading, and yawned. ‘So that’s your grand housekeeper’s tale, is it? I’d looked for something much more wonderful. You may read such a tale as that, barring the exclamations and housekeeping details—(how women like to talk about trifles!)—in any newspaper. The ghost, of course, you wouldn’t find. That, I take it, is a bit of her own imagination. But it’s all absurdly commonplace!’

‘Well,’ said I, ‘there’s nothing much more commonplace than the fact of death; and yet, I believe, it is none the less awful on that account. And death by drink, common as it is, is none the less to be deplored and dreaded. The absurdity seems to me, that men hear of deaths such as young Stapleton’s, and take no warning. You won’t take a pint less brandy, I dare say, on account of it?’

‘What should you say if I promised to take no more?’

'That my tale, commonplace as it is, was at all events worth bearing and writing out.'

'Well—I won't promise, but I'll think of it.'

A smile on my face, I suppose, betrayed my pleasure. 'Now, don't call me a good boy,' said he, hastily, 'or I shall recant. I hate to be clapped on the back! I'm only about to do as I said before you began—go home a sadder, if not a wiser man. Hadn't we better pack up and begone?'

THE ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The annual meetings of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, were held for the year 1867, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the 22nd of October. They consisted, as usual, of the session in Conference of the General Council of the Alliance during the day, and of a public meeting in the evening.

The Conference of the General Council, held in the Assembly Room, was larger and more influentially attended than on any previous occasion. From south, north, east, and west of the three kingdoms the members came together, animated by one purpose—to grapple with a traffic which is at enmity with every good work,—and thoroughly agreed as to the plans on which this great enterprise must be conducted. The president of the Alliance, Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., who from the first has been the honoured head of the organisation, was, unfortunately, not able to be present; but a long and earnest letter from him, breathing sentiments of unabated hostility to the liquor traffic, and of unslackened determination to continue to lend his aid to the Alliance in prosecuting its work, was read to the Council by the president for the day, James Haughton, Esq., J.P., of Dublin.

The annual report of the Executive Committee of the Alliance, read to the Council by S. Pope, Esq., the honorary secretary, was, as usual, a lengthy document, full of the records of work done during the year in furtherance of the Alliance. On the question of policy, the Executive Committee declared in their report that they had endeavoured to press forward the discussion of their principles, without turning aside into

easier, and therefore more tempting, paths. They said:—'Year by year the Council has met under encouraging circumstances, rejoicing over hopeful progress; but year by year has the conviction deepened that the wretchedness and misery which are constantly caused by the liquor traffic, and the sad dangers which ever and again thrust themselves through the political self-complacency of society, can only be avoided by a firm, persistent, and courageous effort on the part of Christian men for the redemption of their country from the power of intemperance. Final success may come from a quarter and at a time least expected, but with so much to stimulate and encourage, and a result to achieve so vast and beneficent, unflinching faith, and cheerful ungrudging labour can alone deserve the triumph, or fully realise it when obtained.'

Amongst the resolutions passed unanimously at the Council meeting were the following:—

'That the numerous and unmistakable manifestations of the progress of the Alliance agitation during the past year afford the utmost satisfaction to the Council, and encourage all friends of the cause to prosecute the enterprise in which they are engaged, not only with unabated ardour and unrelaxed energy, but also without any compromise of principle.'

'That, as one of the results of household suffrage, the Council look forward to greatly increased support in their attack on the liquor traffic, believing that the greatest sufferers from the present system of legalised temptation are to be found among those whom the new Reform Act will enfranchise, and who will now be enabled to make their voices

heard in Parliament in condemnation of a system so utterly opposed to the best interests of the poor and the welfare of the nation at large. The Council therefore urge upon all their auxiliaries and all local organisations in county and borough constituencies, to make a special electoral canvass; so as to secure the support of the new voters, before they are committed to any political party, for such candidates only as will grapple with the acknowledged evil, by giving to the people the veto power over the issue of licences in their respective localities."

"That the Council most earnestly and solemnly urge all ministers of religion, teachers, and members of the various religious communities in the kingdom, laying aside all prejudice and apathy, to join the friends of temperance and social reform in carrying forward the movement initiated by the United Kingdom Alliance, so that their efforts and influence may be ranged on the right side in that great conflict between "the school, the library, and the church" on the one hand, and the legalised liquor traffic on the other—a conflict aptly described as a "war between heaven and hell."

"That the Council regard the appalling amount of pauperism, ignorance, and crime of the nation, with its consequent taxation, as constituting an intolerable burden on the industrious and sober portion of the community; and as the conviction is now almost universally felt that a vast proportion of these evils is the direct result of the liquor traffic, the Council call upon the Government to fulfil the promises of various leading statesmen by bringing in a bill dealing with the whole of the licensing laws, and to insert clauses giving power to the inhabitants of each district to prevent the granting or renewing of licences within their boundaries, when a large majority shall so determine."

"That whilst gratefully recognising the spirit of liberality that has been manifested in response to their appeal for increased pecuniary aid, the Council would earnestly urge those friends who have not yet subscribed to the Five Years' Guarantee Fund, to do so at once, in order that the entire amount of fifty thousand pounds may be forthwith completed."

"That the Council hereby record their profound and grateful acknowledgments

to their excellent and esteemed friend and fellow-labourer, the Hon. General Neal Dow, for his vast and successful exertions during the past fifteen months in aid of the Alliance agitation, by his able and eloquent advocacy of its principles and aim, and by the noble testimony he has faithfully borne in most of our large cities and towns. That this rare example of disinterested zeal and devotion, in behalf of a philanthropic cause in a country not his own—without fee or reward, in the interest of truth and humanity, given at a time of life when most men seek repose and comfort amid the quiet endearments of home—places Neal Dow in a high position amongst the benefactors of mankind. The Council beg to tender to their beloved friend a most affectionate farewell, praying that he may be conducted in health and safety to his native land and home; and that he may be long spared in health and strength, to work for temperance and prohibition, and for the freedom and elevation of the human race."

"That the General Council of the United Kingdom Alliance esteem it a high honour and privilege to welcome the great apostle and successful champion of the American anti-slavery movement, the world-renowned William Lloyd Garrison. And the Council hereby present to Mr. Garrison an earnest expression of sympathy and fraternal feeling, recognising in that gentleman one who has ever been not only the uncompromising enemy of chattel slavery, but the persistent and staunch friend of the temperance cause and of prohibitory liquor legislation in his own noble State of Massachusetts, and those other free and enlightened commonwealths that have adopted the same great act of justice, mercy, and magnanimity."

The presence of the Hon. Neal Dow, 'Father of the Maine Law'; of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, the great champion of the anti-slavery cause in the United States; of Archbishop Manning, primate of the Roman Catholic Church in England; added to that of many other leading and tried friends of the Alliance, rendered this Council meeting particularly memorable.

In the evening, the spacious Free Trade Hall was filled with a highly respectable and thoroughly unanimous audience, who listened with great pleasure, and rewarded with most hearty applause, speeches by the Chairman,

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., by Archbishop Manning, by the Rev. Sir Lovelace Stamer, Bart., by Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M.P., by the Venerable Archdeacon Sandford, and by General Neal Dow, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, Mr. S. Pope, honorary secretary of the Alliance, Mr. M. Dalway, presi-

dent of the Irish Temperance League, Mr. Charles Pease, of Darlington, Mr. Mawson, of Newcastle, Mr. W. R. Callender, jun., of Manchester, the Rev. Thomas Dilks, Dr. F. R. Lees, and Mr. Alderman Harvey, the venerable chairman of the Alliance Executive.

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.

Ankober stands on the crest of a mountain range, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea,—and a long weary march of four hundred miles we had over a horrible desert before we reached this more favoured spot. Heat and rain combined to our discomfort, our attendants were impudent and dis-obliging, our savage guides greasy bigots, and we had three of our number, Europeans, murdered in cold blood in their beds one dark night. Consequent whereon we were obliged ever after to keep watch and ward, time about, night and day, although we had given several hundred pounds to be allowed to sleep in peace after the fatigues of the day. The three unfortunates who were murdered at Goongoonta were sleeping on the ground within twenty feet of myself. Two were stabbed to death on the spot; the cry of the third set me sharp enough upon my legs, armed to the teeth. It was fortunate that the moon was out just then, for the rush to our beds was great, and the panic was not subdued until the crowd considered themselves secure behind the muzzles of our rifles. Luckily there was sufficient light to distinguish friends from foes, or the most fatal consequences might have ensued. But these night attacks are only alarming to the very young soldier; a little coolness and presence of mind in the leader being alone required to put matters in order again.

The climate is damp and cold, consequently the mountains are emerald green. All the European plants and herbs grow wild in the dells; many of the Indian ones, and some indigenous roses and jessamine and violets are in every cliff; and I see the famous

cow cabbage of South America is as common as the nettle. The people are Christians, have priests and monks and churches. All bow to the cross, and wear, as a symbol of their faith, a piece of blue silk thread round their throats. They possess a written language, 'Amharic,'—and some of their written accounts of saints' miracles, and the chronicles of their kings are highly amusing. The country is rich in grain and cattle. The King is despotic, and the present monarch happens to be a just and upright man. But still they are sad savages, eat raw meat, and have no idea of civilised life. The King seemed to appreciate the presents we brought for him, and I hope to see a greater display of Cashmere shawls and Delhi scarfs the next time I go to court. I am already in favour with royalty, as I possess a little mechanical skill, and can put a musical box or clock to rights. Besides His Majesty is exceedingly fond of guns and good shooting, and my rifle is perfect at long distances. Altogether I hope we shall get on well, and I do not fear the result, after the first campaign against the Galla and other pagans that dwell on the skirts of the empire.

This is the rainy season at present, and of course unpleasant. Winter, which is said to commence in October, is very cold and bracing; and although there is not much ice or snow, yet we old Indians can dispense with these northern delights. The King is sole proprietor of all property and free will. An exception he has made, however, for the first time, in our favour, and we were allowed to have our boxes intact without being subject to royal

handling or inspection. This was a great step at first to obtain, and although we are at present suffering from the intrigues of the emissaries of other nations, yet when the royal mind is disabused we shall no doubt become great allies. We are still in a most uncomfortable state. I am sitting on my bed and writing this on the top of a rough box ; but matters will mend.

I have been away from India for nearly a year, and have traversed a considerable portion of Southern Abyssinia, and collected much valuable information on many subjects,—amongst which the intelligence of a great river flowing into the Indian Ocean stands conspicuous. It is situate in the adjoining kingdom of Guarea, is described to be of great breadth and depth, and at a distance of five hundred miles from the coast; and if so, ships and steamers may penetrate to this very hotbed of slavery, and give a death-blow to the traffic by bringing the European goods, for which the slaves are bartered, to the very door of the seller. The Arab merchants, who have a long, dangerous land journey to perform, and a high price in the first instance to pay for the merchandise, would thus be driven from the field. The country is said to be rich in spices and gums, perfumes, ivory, and coffee; and the inhabitants would soon find out that the labour of the servant was more profitable than the price of the slave. At present ten thousand slaves are annually exported. The advantages of a fine climate are not to be despised, and with Guarea as a starting point, the innermost recesses of this mysterious continent might be explored. Were we not unavoidably detained here to counteract the intrigues of other nations, the quest would be the first to be undertaken, and is of such vital importance that sooner or later it must be seen to personally.

A race of pigmies, called Dokos, whose habits and peculiarities will be well worth investigating, are said to inhabit the vast bamboo forests that crown these, the highest mountains in Africa; and I can easily imagine from the effects of Indian unhealthy jungle upon the human frame, that a race of small wild men may be found in some degree bearing out the stories—hitherto considered utterly fabulous—of old Herodotus, the great father of history.

Here, I am afraid that much good cannot be expected under a lapse of many years, for Ethiopia has sadly retrograded from her ancient glory and splendour, although all the high sounding designations of a court are still in existence. Door keepers, master of ceremonies, master of the horse, and other appendages of regal state flourish and abound,—yet they are a sad burlesque on the reality. The Church too lies in the dust, fallen from her high estate. The abstruse doctrines that occupied the minds of Christians in the fourth century are still canvassed in this miserable country with the most fiery zeal, and result in the same evil effects of sect and party arrayed against each other in bitter rancour and hatred. The fasting of a child before its birth, the existence of the soul in the same state, the three births of our Saviour, and other speculations, perplex the mind to the exclusion, it may be feared, of all real piety and devotion. Half of the present rites, fasts, and observances, have been borrowed from the Jews. Indeed, the natives pride themselves on their great ancestor and founder having been the son of the Queen of Sheba and the wise Solomon,—and affirm that the youth on leaving Jerusalem, by the aid of a priest, his tutor, stole the holy ark from the Temple, and brought it in safety to Abyssinia. Laymen are not permitted to pass the outer enclosure of their churches, and are not admitted near the holy table. The service of the Church consists in reading the lives and exploits of sundry saints, and in chanting the psalms,—the priests all the time dancing, and screaming, and rattling cymbals, more like a set of drunken revellers, than persons engaged in divine worship. And the prophecy still remains to be fulfilled in its highest sense, that 'Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands to God.' We are considered Moslems, because we drink coffee and smoke tobacco, and only escaped excommunication by a timely present of money to the priests.

We have led a very busy life ever since our arrival here, having been employed in collecting information on every subject, and obliged to write it out sometimes in triplicate, to ensure that copies of the same may reach their destination. Then we accompanied the King on a military expedition against

the heathen Galla, and afterwards Harris and I traversed the extreme length of Northern Abyssinia to shoot elephants. We have designed a map of the kingdom, and are now intent upon a trip to the banks of the Nile, which forms the western limit of the Abyssinian dominions. Many drawings have been made, and some hundred specimens of rare birds, beasts, and plants preserved; so you see our time has been fully occupied, and—considering the conveniences of the country—tolerably well taken advantage of. From daylight to sunset one can work; the want of candles and lamps militates sadly against midnight labours. But the absence of vinous or spirituous liquors is a grand preventive against morning headaches or improper drowsi-

ness; and one always starts from one's couch before the sun with a clear head and a steady hand.

I can vouch for the truth of Bruce's story regarding eating flesh from the live animal, as I saw a savage on the line of march carry off a sheep on his back. The poor beast either could not or would not walk, so the savage, tiring under his load, threw the animal on the ground, and cutting off one of its legs, commenced his repast on the quivering limb, whilst the poor brute was left in its mutilated state for the next person who chose to take off a slice.—*Glances of Abyssinia, by the late Major D. C. Graham.*

VENTILATION.

Pure air is one of the great essentials of life, health, and vigour; but the great objects and important ends realized by an efficient ventilation of our houses, bedrooms, and halls, are not yet generally understood. If it were possible to shut up a single human being in a bedroom without ventilation, and the supply of fresh air cut off, he would soon die from the effects of the emanations from his own body and his own skin. Bedrooms, without ventilation, are but 'Blackholes' of poison; they lower the physical vitality; and the effects are seen in the etiolated and pale faces of the inmates, as well as in the loss of health, and in the weakness transmitted, in the first germs of existence, to children born under such conditions. This has led the author to an important discovery.

A series of observations extending over many years have enabled the writer to discover an intimate relation between the absence of ventilation and the physical condition of children of healthy parents, and to predicate the fact. For several years the author has drawn inferences in harmony with this discovery, that the vitiated air of a small or ill-ventilated bedroom so far

affects the blood and nervous force of healthy parents as to leave the heritage on their offspring, and the result of which is appreciable to the sight.

Many striking, conclusive, and even singular cases, confirm the discovery, and they render the subject of ventilation one of the utmost importance, and impart an additional interest to the subject.

A lady once called on the author with two of her daughters, in company with a friend. She was a tall, handsome, finely formed woman, with a large chest and a heathy constitution, and was in good circumstances. Her eldest daughter, about twelve years of age, was tall, fair, and appeared in good health. It was stated to the mother that some ten months prior to the birth of the young lady, her parents had resided in a badly ventilated house, or they had an ill-ventilated bed chamber. The lady was very greatly astonished, and made the following statement:—Prior to her daughter's birth they resided in premises where they were very much restricted for room to store the goods they sold as drapers, and these were piled up in the passages and in the bedroom. Consequently, there was little space for pure

air; she was grieved to think that five boys died while they were under those restricted conditions as to ventilation. They had since that time got into another and larger shop, added to the former one. There was now more space and better ventilation, and five children, three of whom were boys, were all living and in good health.

Many other cases might be given in confirmation of this discovery, but we will limit ourselves to the following letter, which illustrates this important fact, that the effects of defective ventilation are indicated by the children born under its influence, and can be predicated by the physical signs discovered by the author:—

‘Quarry Bank School House,

‘Brierley Hill, June 13th, 1867.

‘My dear Sir,—The fatal ignorance of a simple law of life brought forth the destruction of four of my dear children’s lives in early infancy, and has, I much fear, so vitiated the constitution of those now alive, with one exception, as to bring upon them premature decay. Since you opened my eyes to the consequences of a limited supply of air in our sleeping rooms, I have adopted your suggestion, and had a ventilator at the top of each window, so that the outer air has free egress and ingress. The door and the chimney remain open. The result is delightful repose, and a sensation of *rest*—sweet refreshing rest upon early waking. The baby, too, wakes to laugh, and crow, and play; and joy and thankfulness commence each day of life with us, in place of a feeling of weariness and disinclination for getting up, which only increased by remaining in bed.

‘All is now changed; instead of the late leaden dulness we spring up and get about the day’s duties blithely, for which, under God, I thank you, and pray Him that you may be the happy medium of bringing such life-knowledge to the millions whose days are too often commenced with weariness from breathing foul air in sleep, giving them that which may be said to steep them in foulness to the very lips, making the effort to leave the bedroom a painful one; enough surely to convince the most careful observer that to exclude the air from freely visiting the sleeping apartment is to convert the interior of our chambers into what the poor collier dreads as “choke damp,” or the deep well-sinker as “foul-air.”

‘Here, then, let me tell all whom it may concern, and who are they among all the house dwellers whom it does not concern? how I came to this knowledge.

‘Some three months ago Mr. Craig called on me and observed the unusual expression and cranial formation of one of my children *seven* years old, and to my great surprise asked us if we “were not sleeping in a close, unventilated bedroom during the twelve months which preceded his birth?” We were. No fire-place existed, no outlet or inlet for air, except the staircase which led up from the kitchen or *living room*, which was the name given to the part of the house in which we ate our meals and lived, in the part of Norfolk where we then resided. Within a year of his birth the little one lay dying, and no hope was given us by the medical gentleman, Mr. Raven, surgeon, of Litcham. By one violent effort of nature a reaction fetched, as it were, the dying child from the clutch of the grave. He is, however, a stunted, large fish-eyed, decaying child; his teeth come in all directions, crossing each other, and forming all sorts of angles and squares. Very precocious, too, and wise is the little fellow, and serious withal above child-lore, and delighting in nothing as a child.

‘I see hundreds of such elfish, dwarf-weird, uncanny, and blighted ones. Mr. Craig, are they the proceeds of close bedrooms? Then regard it as your special vocation to ventilate the subject for the benefit of all Her Majesty’s lieges, and regard this painful narrative as an offering laid upon the altar of public duty; and may it deliver future parents from the terrible crime of involuntary, because ignorant, yet still fearful crime of moral and physical infanticide.

‘Each case of the four little ones, who died through our living in unventilated rooms, would, I believe, be deeply interesting to you.

‘The bedroom we occupied upon our first start in married life was low roofed and without fire-place. Baby died when five weeks old. From its birth it was prematurely beautiful, and of wax-like delicacy of feature. In the next house to which we removed after baby’s death there was a well-ventilated bedroom, and a year after was born the whom you heard sing in the Brierley Hill School. Then our son was born in a room occupied by us for a year

before his birth, which was small and without fire-place, but there was a window.

'I find the other cases too painful for me to delineate. Poverty and ignorance killed three other of our children; ignorance of the first of Nature's laws—ventilation.

'I have opened a ventilator at the upper part of the room where we have the gas, and I am really astonished at the effect. The air is now cool and mild. While I write the gas is alight, and has been since 8-30; it is now 10-30 p.m., and all feel light and very pleasant. Wife, children, and myself, find our health much improved.

'May you have succours in your efforts to open the eyes of all to the

importance of this subject. Wishin you happiness and success,

Believe me to be,

Yours very sincerely,

'THOS. HY. DUFFIELD.

'Mr. E. T. Craig.'

The above facts clearly prove the evils arising from the absence of ventilation in our houses and bedrooms. The physical indications of this heritage will, when fully made known, be useful to the medical man and to the sanitary philosopher, and make an alteration in our bedrooms and dwellings an imperative necessity and public duty. The remedy indicated would save many thousands of valuable lives.—*Ventilation and Drainage*, by E. T. Craig.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love Divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain:
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power? self-entwined its life sinks low;
It can only live in loving; and by serving, love will grow.

Author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Ventilation and Drainage, in relation to Health and Length of Life, comprising the Sources of Spreading Diseases; Organic Poisons; Poisonous Sewage Gases; Pollution of Water; the Unseen Danger of Water Closets, London Main Drainage; Earth Closets; with Evidence Drawn from various Sources; Together with a Lecture and Discussion in the Town Hall, Oxford (the Mayor, E. T. Spiers, Esq., in the chair). By E. T. Craig, author of 'Shakespeare, Art,

and the Heritage of Genius,' &c Oxford: Chronicle Offices, High street.

The scope of this pamphlet is rather abundantly indicated in its lengthy title. Mr. Craig's opinion on the drainage question coincides with that of Mr. Bateman, C.E., who says:—'If these substances are to be converted into manure, with any prospect of profit, it must be by excluding them from the sewers, and preserving them in an

inoffensive state by means of a dry deodoriser. If this could be successfully done, the advantage to the sewers is sufficiently obvious, for it is these excrementitious matters which are the most offensive parts of their contents, and it would have the effect also of doing away with the existing system of water-closets, which, in a sanitary point of view, are quite behind the age.' In the main, we coincide with this opinion; not denying, however, that in certain soils and situations, and for certain kinds of crops, sewage irrigation will give a remunerative return; nor allowing, on the other, that the best method of dealing with excrementitious matters is to 'preserve' them by aid of deodorisers. The economical argument for the preservation of the strength of the land and the hope of the harvests of the future, involves something much more than such so-called preservation; which is, in reality, a partial destruction of the value of the manure, be the deodoriser simple ashes, or composite chemicals, or whatever else it may. The Chinese plan, in short, is what we shall have to condescend to come to at last; which consists in prompt removal of the manure from towns, without dilution, before time for putrescence to begin is allowed; and in an equally prompt restoration of the manure to the soil, before any of the valuable elements of the plant-food have been lost. On the subject of ventilation, Mr. Craig makes and quotes many sensible observations and explanations. Some of them are startling, perhaps excessively so; as witness those in the extract given amongst our 'Selections.'

Isabel Jardine's History. By Mrs. Harriet Miller Davidson. Sixth Thousand. Glasgow: Scottish Temperance League.

THE daughter of the lamented Hugh Miller should, by hereditary right, have much good material in her; and a perusal of the interesting tale which the Scottish League have published for her, proves that she has. Many and great difficulties beset the path of the tale-writer who aims at teaching the lesson of temperance, always so trite, yet, alas, never out of date or unnecessary. Considering these difficulties, Mrs. Davidson, in a literary point of view, has done well in this attempt, and her book, although the temperance it advocates is of the less robust sort, may be advanta-

geously placed in the hands of all who have leisure and inclination for works of fiction.

An Autumn Dream: On the Intermediate State of Happy Spirits. With Collections on the 'Separate State' and on the Immateriality of Mind: to which is appended a Dissertation concerning the Mind of the Lower Animals. By John Sheppard, author of 'Thoughts on Devotion,' &c., &c. Third Edition, Enlarged. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

ONE hundred and fifty pages contain the poem, in blank verse, called the Autumn Dream; the remaining one hundred and twenty pages are filled with notes and appendices. Of the appendices, consisting of collections of quotations from learned divines and poets, the first is, on the conscious state of the separate spirits of the saved, as a happy but expectant state; the second, on the question whether separate souls are wholly disembodied; the third, on the immateriality of mind; and the fourth, on the mind of lower animals, and the question of its future existence, with a dissertation on the opinions cited. The 'Autumn Dream,' which precedes these compilations, is the work of a mind of lofty aspirations and delighting to meditate on high and sacred themes. The structure of his verse is elegant and chaste; but he has no great originality of thought or inventive power of expression.

Remoter Stars in the Church Sky. Being a Gallery of Uncelebrated Divines. By George Gilfillan, author of the 'Bards of the Bible,' 'Night, a Poem,' &c., &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, 27, Paternoster Row.

IN his preface, the author remarks that there are in the Church many divines comparatively little known, whose talent and virtues entitle them to a greater recognition than they have received; and it is a gallery of such that he now opens to the public. He adds that he has added 'a paper on Robertson, of Brighton, who during his life was an uncelebrated divine, and who though known now as widely as the English language, is not yet thoroughly understood or appreciated by at least a large class of the community.' By way of preamble to his first article, the author remarks that what he now proffers is a

series of papers upon clergymen of great worth and talent, who owing to obscure position, remote situation, or the want of popular gift, have not obtained their proper meed of fame, and who may be called Remoter or Telescopic Stars in the Ecclesiastical Firmament. In so doing, he selects specimens from various denominations; and endeavours, in the course of his remarks, to abjure all sectarian bias, and seeks to write in a spirit—'broad, candid, and catholic.' The list of 'Stars' includes Dr. W. Anderson, Rev. James Everett, Rev. Samuel Gilfillan (the author's father), Dr. George Croly, Rev. Dr. John Bruce, Rev. Thomas Spencer, Alexander Nisbet, Rev. Alexander Davidson, Robert Murray MacCheyne, Charles Wolfe, Rev. John Jamieson, Rev. George Steward, Rev. Alexander Stewart, Rev. John Morell Mackenzie, and a host of others. Of these Mr. Gilfillan tells many entertaining anecdotes, and gives in his well-known sparkling and glowing style, rich with metaphor and bold of thought, sundry particulars of the manner and effect of their workings, and of the currents and conclusions of their lives.

Clerical Experiences in favour of Total Abstinence; being a Series of Papers reprinted (by permission) from the Church of England Temperance Magazine. Edited by the Rev. Thomas Yorke, M.A. London: Wm. Tweedie, 337, Strand.

It was a happy thought that occurred to the unknown lady, who generously contributed £20 in furtherance of her suggestion that the interesting articles contained in this volume should thus be gathered together. The result is a collection of twenty-eight autobiographical sketches by clergymen of

the Church of England, in which the circumstances in which they became total abstiners are described, the reasons for their so doing are explained, and the happy results are demonstrated. Every clergyman in the kingdom, not yet an abstainer, ought to be presented with a copy of this invaluable missionary volume; and earnest laymen everywhere might find in it persuasives to temperance action, which would be of great service to themselves and their social circles.

The New Saint Paul's. A Magazine. Edited by Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations by J. A. Millais, R.A. London: Virtue and Company, 294, City Road.

THE first number,—the only one before us,—contains some very well written articles. The editor's name is in itself a guarantee of superiority in this respect. He evidently intends that political and social questions shall receive serious and masculine discussion in his magazine, whilst not forgetting to provide for the lovers of lighter reading.

The British Workman. Monthly. The Band of Hope Review. Monthly. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

THESE largely circulated magazines preserve all the well-known features. The illustrations continue to be first-rate; and the matter illustrated is faithful, as from the first, to principles of domestic piety, temperance, and charity.

The Broadway. A Monthly Magazine. London: the Broadway, Ludgate. New York: 416, Broome-street.

A NEW magazine, mainly intended to promote the amusement of its readers on both sides the Atlantic.

